THE GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL




Helena Maguire



Girls Own Paper

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"The Sacred Spaces of the Sea."

From the Picture by W. H. Margetson,

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THE GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL

XXIII.

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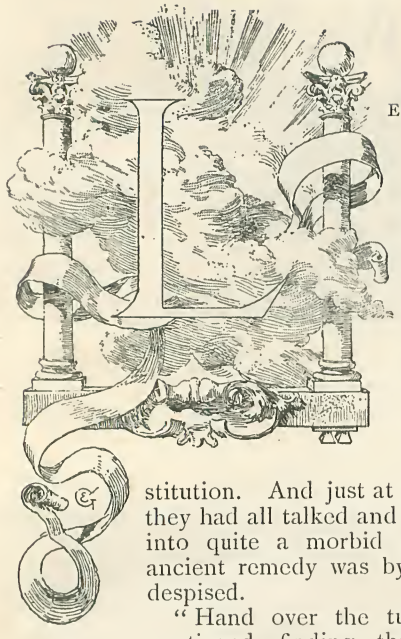
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SILENT STRINGS.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Lady Dye's Reparation," "A Cluster of Roses," etc.



All rights reserved.] "THE FOUR YOUNG VOICES SANG IT LUSTILY."



CHAPTER I.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

"LET'S have a tune," said Drew.

If they were in high spirits, Drew always proposed a tune; if they were very low down on their luck, he invariably suggested the same thing. His tune was like the patent medicine which is supposed to suit everybody's constitution. And just at this moment, when they had all talked and worried themselves into quite a morbid state of mind, his ancient remedy was by no means to be despised.

"Hand over the tum-tum, Addy," he continued, finding that there was no opposition. "There's nothing like a tune to drive dull care away. Now then, 'Long live the merry, merry heart.'"

He screwed up the old banjo, ran his fingers lightly over the strings, and began to sing in a sweet tenor voice. It was a very commonplace song about making the best of things, and carrying life's burdens with a jaunty mien; but every verse ended with a rousing chorus, which gave suppressed emotions a fine opportunity for relief.

"Long live the merry, merry heart
That sings through storm and rain,
For the clouds will part, and the merry, merry heart
Shall feel the sun again!"

The four young voices sang it lustily; but if you had been a keen observer, you would have noticed that each singer had a way of his own. Claud, the slight young man leaning against the mantelpiece, sang gravely, as if he felt a deep meaning under the gay swing of the lilt. Addy, sitting with her arms upon the table, lent her strong contralto with a good will. Sis, in an easy-chair, flushed and brightened, trilled in a clear soprano. As to Drew, he was sure to get intoxicated with his own performance, and when they came to the last verse, he jumped up, capering about the room, and bringing such full and mellow sounds out of the old banjo as it would yield under no other hand.

"There!" he cried, with a final flourish. "That'll do for the present, and I'm sure we're all a good deal better than we were when I began."

No one contradicted him. They had thrown off part, at least, of their load of depression, and were ready to look out upon the future with courage renewed. For it was not the present, but the future, which filled these four young people with doubt and dismay—that old fear of change and trouble unknown which always abides deep at the very core of humanity.

The house in which they lived presented its dull and dingy face to Worcester Street; but it was only Dr. Wilmer who cared to sit in the front rooms. His children were generally to be found in their old study overlooking the walled garden, a shabby room bearing many traces of the sportive moods of its occupants. But a modest bay-window, added long after the house was built, projected over a piece of turf bordered with flower-beds, and in summer the trees almost brushed its panes. It was here that the young Wilmers loved to sit; and to them this homely nook was full of tender associations.

There was neither light nor colour in the garden to-day; a network of bare branches was outlined darkly and delicately on the grey pallor of the December sky. But the ivy, always clinging lovingly to the rugged stones of Oxford, hung in heavy masses over the walls, and gave a cheerful touch to the wintry desolation. Christmas had come and gone; the year was very near its end.

"If only we could all go on living together somewhere——" began Sis. But Drew stopped her at once.

"It wouldn't be good for us, old girl," he said. "Families ought to split up and separate. We are all of one blood, but not all of one mind, you know. Claud and I have hardly a taste in common; you and Addy seldom think alike; and Kate—well, Kate stands quite alone."

"She never wants anything, and I want everything," Sis cried impatiently. "I'm made up of wants, and I can't be always satisfied with make-believe. It did very well while we were children. I used to lean out of the bay-window, fancying myself a ladye of high degree in her bower, and you serenaded me down there with the old banjo. But now I've got to be myself, and live a life of my own."

"I have wants, too," said Addy, in a calmer tone. "I want to put more life into my life. It is all too tame here. And Drew was right when he said that the partings were good for us. Pain is a grand thing; it stings us into activity."

"Bravo, Addy, you talk like a book!" roared Drew, applauding. "By the way, when do you mean to publish? Literature finds its way even into the wilds of California, and it'll be sweet to see 'Broken Ties,' by Addy Wilmer. Twenty-first edition."

Addy reddened.

"Drew, that's very mean of you," she said. "I left my portfolio here last night, but I won't be so careless again."

"You may be as careless as you like," Sis sighed. "There will be no Drew to peep at your scribblings. Do you remember the night when I left my big hat, trimmed with poppies, in the easy-chair, and he sat upon it and squashed it flat? Oh, Drew, old fellow, only stay at home and you may squash every hat I possess!"

"You possess two, and they're both awfully shabby," remarked Addy grimly. "Squashing couldn't make them much worse than they are."

"And the illustrious squasher will be far, far away!" added Drew, in a heartless manner. "In a happy land, far, far away, where brothers can make pocketfuls of money for good little sisters at home."

"But I'm afraid you won't like it out there," Sis said, with a stifled sob. "You never had any particular taste for cattle, had you?"

"I've never had a particular taste for any calling," admitted Drew. "If I had my will I'd be a troubadour, or a nigger minstrel. Don't fear for me, Sis, I shall take very kindly to the cattle, I assure you. And I daresay I shall get home in time to see Claud made a bishop. As for you, of course you'll promise not to be married till I'm here to give you away."

"Don't be lured into making rash vows, Sis," said Claud, who was still leaning against the mantelpiece.

"I'm not going to a happy land, you know; and I sha'n't be far, far away, but quite near enough to look after you."

"I wouldn't have too much to do with that chap if I were you," said Drew. "He won't be nice when he comes out of the London slums. Just wait till I return all bright and breezy from my ranch, with my manly cheek bronzed by Californian suns, and my purse heavy with honest earnings. 'There's a brother for you!' the admiring crowds will say."

It was not yet late in the afternoon, but the dull sky was growing darker behind the roofs of the neighbouring houses. Addy stirred the fire into a bright blaze, and then proceeded to light the lamp.

"It is silly to sit moping in the dark," she said, "and the tea-bell will ring in a minute or two."

"I forgot," cried Sis, starting up, "Amice is coming in presently. And here she is!" added she, as someone knocked at the hall-door.

Drew bounded off the window-seat into the middle of the room; and Claud, suddenly turning round towards the fire, appeared to be deeply interested in the photographs on the mantelshelf.

Addy glanced at him furtively, but Sis had eyes for Drew alone. At the sound of the tea-bell they all moved towards the door, and took their way into the dining-room; but Claud was the last to leave the study. He lingered long behind the others—so long, that Kate Wilmer looked for him with a faint shade of anxiety on her quiet face. She fancied that someone else was looking for him, too. There was a waiting expression in Amice Hinton's golden-brown eyes. Beautiful eyes they were, as clear as a wood-stream touched with sunshine.

The Wilmers clung to old-fashioned habits, and sat down to the tea-table in the manner of long ago. It was a tempting little meal; the plates of brown bread-and-butter and home-made cakes were arranged artistically among bright Japanese pots of fern. A black oak sideboard filled one side of the room. Dr. Wilmer sat in an oaken arm-chair with a high back, and his venerable head looked as white as snow against the dark background. To-day he was in a happy mood, well pleased to have Amice Hinton sitting by his side.

"My girls are too easily cast down; you must cheer them up, Amice," he said. "They don't like parting with Drew, but what better can be done for the lad, say I? My brother went out to California thirty years ago, and he has got a berth all ready for Drew. It isn't as if he were going into the world to seek his luck; the luck's waiting for him to come and take it. Yet Sis nearly went down on her knees, and begged me to keep him at home."

"Perhaps it won't be a very long separation," suggested Amice, looking at Drew kindly.

"Oh, a score of years or so," said the doctor airily. "Nothing to make a fuss about, eh? But girls magnify little things."

Dr. Wilmer was a man whose feelings had never given him much trouble. He got over his sorrows with an ease which astonished some people. Even the death of a wife whom he had apparently worshipped had left him unshaken; and when he found that his eldest girl was as good a manager as her mother, and that none of his comforts were lacking, he was quite satisfied. As a doctor he had never achieved a high reputation, and had retired rather early from practice. If he had worked longer there would have been a better provision for the children, but he had no intention of wearing himself out. He meant to spend his last days in ease, and let the young people do as well as they could.

As for the boys and girls, they were not long in finding out that they must not expect sympathy from their father. Their mother's money had but just sufficed to send Claud to Balliol, and educate Drew and the others. Her death had been to them all an unutterable pain; the sense of loss was ever present in their lives. Naturally they sought comfort in each other, clinging together in a group which was never broken up, loving with a deeper love than many families know.

"A score of years!" repeated Amice incredulously. "Then we shall not see him again till we are really old. Life isn't long enough for such a big piece to be cut out of it. No, no, he must come back sooner."

Drew's handsome face coloured with delight. He had not attempted to conceal his devotion to Amice, although it had never been expressed in words. It was an open secret. And Sis, intensely grateful to her friend for being kind to her dear boy, flushed with pleasure, and then trembled on the verge of tears.

Kate, sitting behind the urn, looked downward for an instant, then glanced at Claud.

She was always quiet, and to-day the traces of patience and fatigue about her eyes and mouth were more evident than usual. It was this look of constant self-repression which heightened her likeness to Claud. Both were small and slight and pale, both had steadfast grey eyes, and lips that were tender, yet firmly closed.

That swift glance at her brother gave her a heart-ache. She saw in his face the signs of silent pain, borne with the mute heroism which was a part of himself. No one else would see what she saw. Kate was a woman who knew how to keep other people's secrets as well as her own.

There was something almost severe in the expression of Claud's features just then. Someone, who did not understand him as Kate did, looked wistfully at the grave face across the table, and wondered if he disapproved of anything she had said or done. Amice always lost confidence in herself when Claud was near. In her eyes he was a modern Saint Ignatius, and although she felt abased in his presence, she reverenced him from the very bottom of her heart. Was it anything more than reverence? She did not dare to ask herself this question. She shrank from looking into her innermost self, afraid of something that might be hiding there.

Meanwhile, Drew was gazing at her with eyes full of worship. Dear Drew, he was grateful for the merest crumb of kindness! And she was really so fond of him that she could not help being kind.

It was quite dark when Amice said that she must go home. She lived in Beaumont Street, and of course it was Drew who went with her to her own door. He was a favourite with Mrs. Hinton, who was a widow, and no one was surprised that he was gone a long while. The others went back to the study, and sat round the fire awaiting his return.

(*To be continued.*)

PURITY.

By the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London.

(Preached in St. Paul's Cathedral at the annual service of the Girls' Friendly Society.)

"Happy are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."



THE BISHOP OF LONDON.
(Photo by Elliott & Fry.)

There is nothing more inspiring in the world than a great ideal. If we are happy enough to have one, it acts almost insensibly as an uplifting force upon our character. We rise in the morning with it, and it gives the day a fresh and vigorous start. In the heat of the day it is with us through the monotony of committees and the drudgery of work to encourage us and cheer us on. And when night comes we take our ideal with us to rest; and we test the day by how far we have lived up to the ideal which is the inspiration of our lives. And it has that effect upon the individual, it is the very *raison d'être* of a society. A society lives for its ideal. If we humbly inquire why our Lord Jesus Christ founded His Divine Society, it was because He knew that in this rough-and-tumble world ideals can only live if they are encased in a society. And He trusted the ideas and the ideals which He left to the world to the care of a Divine Society which He called the Church. So, again, what would the world be without ideals? It is ideals which purify the world. As the poetess says—

"How poor were earth if all its martyrdoms,
If all its struggling sighs of sacrifice were swept away,
And all were satiate mirth!"

It is hard enough with ideals to keep the world anything like pure, but without ideals where would the world be?

And if that is true of any great ideal, how specially true it is of the magnificent ideal which fires and inspires this Society. I suppose there is no society in the whole of England which works with greater zeal, which throws greater enthusiasm into the cause than this Society, and it is because it is inspired by a magnificent ideal.

What is the ideal of this Society? What is the message which it tries to send throughout the world? I know of no better way of summing it up than in these words our Lord used Himself, "Happy, happy, happy are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Everybody wants happiness. The world is seeking for happiness. There is nothing the people will not spend if they think they can get happiness. You see the whole world spending for it, yearning for it; and this Society stands in the middle of the world, and it says, "We have the secret whereby to teach the world happiness. It is not got by money, it is not got by power; it cannot be bought. The pure in heart are happy. The light heart and the merry laugh, they are the heritage of the good. The shining bands that come down the glades of time with their merry laughter and their bright looks, they are the pure. And the crowning triumph and glory of their happiness is this: that they see God. There is nothing between. Like their guardian angel they always behold the face of their Father Who is in Heaven."

That is your ideal, is it not? That is your message, and every year that passes proves it true. It is a coincidence, in one sense a sad coincidence, but it has a lesson, and this very afternoon we had a meeting, the annual meeting of the great central society of this diocese for rescue work, and it would only need a very short acquaintance with the work of such a society as that to know the misery and the unhappiness of the other side. Oh, my sisters, keep those girls of yours safe in your country villages; keep them folded with protecting care in guilds in your country towns. Think no trouble, no time, no prayer too much to shield and guard their souls, for if you could see the speechless misery of the child of God who has lost her chief jewel, there is no unhappiness in the world to compare with it.

But it is not only the sight of the terrible contrast which makes us know that your message is a true message which you give to the world; it is founded on the positive experience of those who have tried themselves. Doubtless there are many among you who have passed through great troubles this very year; perhaps you have belonged to those families who have lost their nearest and their dearest in the war. You have had, since your last gathering in St. Paul's Cathedral, many private troubles and trials to bear.

But I put this to you: Is it not true that in the midst of trouble and under the worst anxiety there is a possibility of happiness which nothing can take away? But when the New Testament promises us joy which no man can take away, it is not a dream—it is a living reality which we can possess every day. It depends not upon having trouble or no trouble, but it depends upon the conscience. It is bright weather with us, it is sunshine with us when the conscience is pure and the blue sky of God's love can be seen. We know that it is only dark with us when some cloud comes between. We find out and we know for our own souls that "Happy, happy, happy are the pure in heart, for they see God."

And so again, to look in a third direction. Do you not know it from watching the lives of those for whom you work? That is where your hearts are this morning—with those bands of bright girls up and down England in the districts from which you come. They are your glory and your crown; they are the ones you are thinking of; they are to you who are lonely more than mother and father and home; they are meat and drink to you. And those of you who have your homes, they add a new brightness and give a new glory to them. Have you not found from watching, then, that your motto, your message is a true one, Happy, happy, happy are the pure in heart? They are happy when they are good. It is only when something comes between, when some entanglement, some shadow comes into their lives, it is then you see their looks downcast; it is then they are ashamed; it is then a cloud has come over their bright young lives. It does not depend upon their poverty, or their riches; it does not depend upon their success in life, or their failure from a worldly point of view. It depends upon the communion between them and their heavenly Father being kept pure, and then those girls are happy. And it is because you have seen this in your work; it is because thousands that you know have been kept good, and kept, therefore, happy through this society, that you come to make your Eucharist this morning. That is the meaning of this touching gathering from one end of England to the other. You come to thank God for those girls who are your glory and your crown. You come to thank God to-day that you have been privileged in your small measure to do something to keep them round the throne of God.

But secondly, you come here not only to thank God—though I do hope that all your hearts will go up in this great Eucharist which you offer God this morning—but you re-dedicate your services to the glorious cause you have taken up. You come here after refreshing your souls, you come here to go back to do, if possible, ten times better work than you have done as yet. Sometimes your friends will be saying to you, "You spend too much time over the Girls' Friendly Society," and something in your heart says

to you, "Well, why not spend less time? Why not use this time to get happiness for myself? Perhaps it is foolish of me hour after hour on the fine days and on the evenings, when I might enjoy myself, to dedicate my time to this cause." Never believe it. My sisters, in this great central church, in the light of the message of to-day, think over how glad you will be to have spent your time in such work when you meet Jesus Christ face to face. What crown can you take Him as bought with the time which He has given you—and every moment of time is marked with the blood of our Saviour—what better crown can you give Him, and what better present can you make Him than the girls you bring Him through this use of your time?

Or again, you not only dedicate your time, but you dedicate your powers, and your gifts, and your talents. It is quite true, very likely, that if you use those social gifts of yours to the very full, you might have more friends in the world, you might be a shining light in society, you might have more worldly friends, and what the world would call "a better time." But would it bring you more happiness? Could there possibly be a purer and a brighter happiness than seeing those young lives the better for you? Is there any greater treasure in the world than what is almost the worship of their loving heart which they have for you who work among them? Why, if you tried it for a month you would say, "Oh, not this, this is the counterfeit, not the true gold: I will continue to use my gifts and talents in the old work which has brought me much happiness already."

Then thirdly, dedicate your prayers; and every girl in your class should know that they are prayed for. Keep your home such a pattern of a home that they must seek to imitate and follow. We have had one or two sad books written lately on the life of the upper classes and what goes on in country houses, which is staining the imagination and lowering the ideal in every class. They are a great deal read by a lower class than that to which you belong; and if once the lower class really believe that the life of the upper class is anything like what those books portray, you will never do any good by societies in which you work for their benefit. It is only if they believe that you are trying to lift them up to a standard of purity of life which you practise yourselves, and of which you make your own home the pattern, the model, it is only so long as you do that, that you have any moral influence over them at all.

Go forward, then, go forward strengthened by the Communion with our blessed Lord Himself; go forward lifting high again the old ideal; go forward to ring again to every country village and every town in England your glorious message—Happy, happy, happy are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. And you will find, please God, in your own souls, that for every atom of self-sacrifice, for every gift of time, you have a joy yourselves which no one can take from you.

*** We are indebted to the Editor of the *G. F. S. Magazine* for her courtesy in enabling us to print this address.

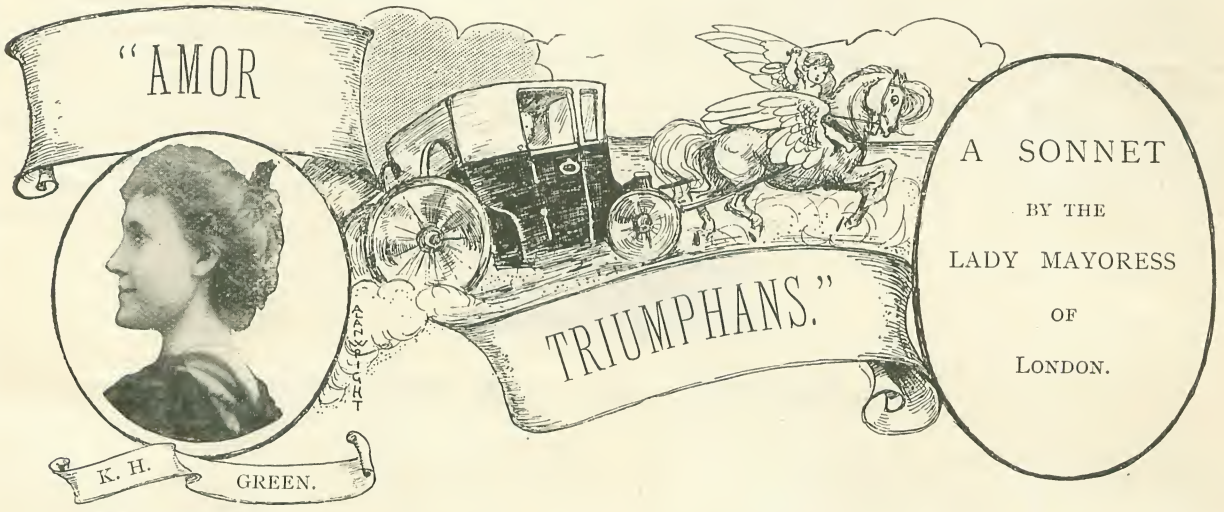


Photo by Ellis & Walery.

They say Love soars triumphant over Pain,
Despair and Disappointment, Grief and Loss;
Then with what rapture should I snatch my cross
And wreathe with thorns my bleeding brows again.
Who would not gladly wear Grief's iron chain
So Love the fetters did with gold emboss?
Or deem Joy's gaudy merchandise but dross
Who could through Woe Love's pearl of price obtain?

Tho' Grief be strong, and terrible Despair,
Yet stronger Love and more majestic still,
That so shall teach me through long troublous years
To trust God's guidance and abide His will,
Till in the strength of Love that casts out care
I shall arise and bless God for my tears!

ORTOLANS.

(*Emberiza Hortulana.*)



ORTOLANS.

YES, I must confess the ortolans were a great failure!

I saw the name in a list of living birds for sale, and immediately my thoughts went back to old Roman times, when no banquet was deemed complete without its dainty dishes of ortolans served in a hundred ways known to the famous chefs of antiquity.

Not having ever seen the bird, I did not know whether it was large or small, beautiful or commonplace. It was to me only a romantic name, but somehow I could not resist taking advantage of this opportunity of becoming the possessor of a pair of birds of such historical interest. Great, therefore, was my disappointment when I opened the basket in which they had travelled from London, to find two dingy birds, very like sparrows in size and colouring, wild little creatures fluttering about in their cage, looking very miserable and unpromising as pets.

As they evidently required more space, I let them loose in an outdoor aviary with a grassy floor and plenty of room to fly about.

So pleased were they with this change that one little captive presently lifted up his voice and sang a sweet little warbling song. This was the first and only time that I ever heard either of them attempt to sing.

For several months I tried my best to make the ortolans happy and to induce them to form a nest in a secluded corner of the aviary where building materials were supplied, but they were entirely unresponsive. They chirped, they basked in the sun, they became in good condition, with sleek plumage, and they developed excellent appetites, but as a little girl once remarked, "they wouldn't have any habits." So on a bright summer's day I opened the aviary door and let the captives go where they pleased.

They remained near the house for a few days, and then I saw them no more.

North Africa is believed to be the winter resort of this bird, so it may be that my released captives enjoyed a few months' residence in our woods and fields, where they would find insects and grain of various kinds, and that then instinct taught them to migrate to their own country.

There are establishments in the South of Europe where these birds are caught on their way south in large numbers; they are then fed upon millet seed until they are plump and fat enough for the fate which awaits them.

I had the curiosity to look in a modern cookery book and found more than a dozen recipes for serving these poor little victims of gastronomic luxury.

ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.



A GIRL-PAINTER AND HER PAINTINGS.

I THINK, as far as anyone can attain his ideal, Miss Fortescue Brickdale must have done so, in her forty exquisite water-colours lately exhibited in London. We see the gorgeous colouring of a Byam Shaw, like his, never inartistically brilliant; the mediævalism of a Burne-Jones; the tenderness and quaintness of a Rosetti; the pre-Raphaelism of a Millais, fused together by the unique style of—a Brickdale.

And the best of it is this. Each painting is a pictured thought. Like those of Mr. Watts, which many of you know in the Tate Gallery, these pictures have a message in each for those who look with the eyes of the mind as well as of the body. But these are the work of a woman well under thirty. Some are full of life, of youth, of activity, others tell of thoughts that lie too deep for tears, some speak of wealth, some of poverty; joy, grief, birth, death, sin, innocence crowd upon us as we gaze. Tread softly, for these pictures show the holy of holies—the inner chamber of the mind of a girl, full of her great ambitions, her lofty thoughts, her sparkling fun, her tears, her prayers—all that is best and cleverest and holiest in her.

I often think when we talk, as most of us amateurs do, of pictures, just taking them as a matter of course, how unutterably stupid the artist who hears must consider us!

And now, girls, I will tell you something. I was asked to give a short account of Miss Brickdale's life. I got to know her and went to tea. When, on my speaking to her about this, she suggested telling me something of herself, I—ran away! Yes—from the subject. I felt I could not let that woman uncover, for me to give to the world, what the poorest and even the worst of us women who are not famous may keep for ourselves—the history of her life. Some may like to give it—yes—not this woman, I could see that. And I said I would just tell the Editor that I couldn't! Not the way to make a successful interviewer, is it? But then I don't mean to be one—of people.

This is an interview all the same. Of whom? you ask. Why, of a picture! Let us look at it, see what it has to tell us, and listen to the voice that each one of us has in her, to speak to herself of the things that are lovely, that are of good report. Hush!

TO-DAY FOR ME. (*A Picture.*)

A lady sitting in a meadow, and, kneeling at her feet, a little child. The latter is the easier to describe. Just a simple wee bundle in a white frock, with a plump, happy, baby face, a blue ribbon binding her hair. The little one has her hands clasped on the lady's knees, and is looking up as she repeats her assertion. "To-day for me!"

Yes, baby, to-day—all is to-day around *you*. The

fleeting brook hard by, the meadow flowers, and the child's companion. Why, surely she is a very impersonation of to-day, with face fair, but pale and fading, and white head-gear that seems to vanish as we gaze. The dress is a brilliant scarlet, looking with the grass beneath it like a scarlet poppy—that sleepy reminder of to-day's end. The lady holds a yellow flower, the "day-lily," which "to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven." On the white coif rests a crown tipped with that emblem of passage, a thistledown.

Across a little bridge beyond passes a veiled figure—To-morrow, on her way to oust her pale predecessor in the ranks of time. The child sees not the transitoriness; to her the lovely lady, the running stream, the sweet flowers are all-sufficient. She plays with the daisy-chain and the bubble the lady holds towards her, and cries, "To-day for me."

Ah, baby! For your sweet content, your fearless yet innocent joy, what would we not give who are older and said to be wiser?

Thank God for those years in which we can cry in all innocence and trust, "To-day for me." It cannot, must not be for long. Play on, little one, and let your sweet happiness be your thanks.

What is it that appeals most to us in the annals of child troubles? Surely that those who should be living for to-day are thinking of to-morrow, whether for bread, for care, for affection, for play, or for joy. The most obvious case, that of the poor, anxious, never-young town child, we are indeed considering, and most of us try to patch the sad rent in a life which was created to begin with to-day—the to-day of a few short years, transient almost as the sun's journey from east to west.

Sisters, aunts, teachers, nurses, all who have to deal with such little ones, see to it that these are not in this way "offended" by you; let them, for pity's sake, have their to-day in every sense.

Forgive me, girls, for springing upon you (as they say) a social sermon. I have seen (we all must so often) the defrauding of the children of their special heritage—to-day. Don't let us cheat them, then, of health, of joy, of gentle leading, of our patience, nor of companionship with their own kind, of fresh air and sunshine, wholesome food and quiet sleep, of Nature's "big picture-book" out of doors. All these go to make up the child's to-day. And, ah, don't let the children we deal with, in whatever relation, be robbed of their hour of *affection*. We don't know how like a sensitive plant is the little child. Touch the plant and its leaves will close; hurt the baby heart, and it may close for ever. I know a woman well whose reserve is as marked as her sweetness. As a child of three she came to her young mother to be taken up. "Oh, go away, baby, I can't have you now," was the response, not unkindly, only carelessly and without showing it was not meant as a rebuff. That child told me as a woman that never since has she asked anything of anyone if she could help it.

Two more thoughts. Girls, are you not in one sense too ready to echo baby's cry, "To-day for me"? The girl who knows she is undertaking more than is good for her strength, and yet clings to that first place in her class, that long bicycle ride, that service which she is too tired to make into a reality. Says mother, "It's beyond your strength, dear; don't try it. You will suffer for it later." And the girl persists, crying, "To-day for me."

The girl who, seeing the slim waists in the fashion plates or some silly advertisement, alters her figure, hair, face, from what God made it, and, heedless of warnings, cries, "To-day for me!"—the day of the admiration from those who admire such shams.

The girl who is bent on "love in a cottage," regardless whether she and "he" can turn that home into a paradise—a paradise of good management, hard work, small ambitions as to luxuries, and of good temper. She too says, "To-day for me."

The girl (perhaps a servant, perhaps a mistress) who yields to temptation in the way of wine or such things. "Habit, did you say? Many fall this way? Nonsense, it picks me up when I'm tired, that's all. To-day for me."

Ah, girls, fill up the rest for yourselves! And now look again at the happy picture and think thought two.

Child, take your fill of to-day's joy, freedom, innocence.

Girls, you too (many of you, at least, thank God!) need not look beyond to-day, except as we have said, and to Heaven. Rejoice in your youth, in the lovely world, the glorious interests, the dear ones at your side, the flood of life that flows in you and often makes you feel like an ecstatic Welshman I knew, who in a speech remarked, "I feel so happy to-day, I could jump over the moon if my legs were long enough!"

But when a girl sets her feet "where womanhood and childhood meet," the very change from child to "grown-up," the state of transition, the wider outlook, the new knowledge of sorrow, sin, and suffering, her own awakening mind and emotions, all go often to make her sad, cynical, gloomy, severe, according to her nature, until that nature has adjusted itself to its new conditions. She goes about saying how sad life is, how uncertain is married happiness, and that she shall never risk it, or that the innocent joys that till now have pleased her are dull, etc., that all is vanity, and so forth. Wake up, child! Life and all that it holds for you is from God. It is He Who gives you this to-day—the to-day of "bread-and-butter sixteen, sweet seventeen, and blushing eighteen." Take gratefully this time and its joys, even its sorrows and difficulties, and sing in a new sense your morning hymn—

> "At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
> Thine own gift of this new day: . . .
> Lest we turn its gain to loss,
> Mark it, Saviour, with Thy Cross."

Too soon must we leave behind us the time when the only additions to our to-day were the clouds of glory trailing behind us from the home whence we come. Too soon we shall need a Christ to tell us to take no thought for the morrow. While thinking what must be thought of past and future, if any can in this sense become as a little child, all the happier, nay, the better, for her. Surely we all may rest by the river, may lean for a moment on the joy which is given to us lest we faint by the way, content that the morrow is veiled for us.

And a Day shall come, that To-day which shall be no fading flower, no frail evanescent thing, the To-day for which the worlds are waiting, on which we shall cry to all eternity, "To-day for me!"

"Sleep that Knits up the Ravelled Sleeve of Care."

We are out under the sky on a common, methinks, and are looking towards higher ground.

Before us is a lovely mass of flowering hemlock, and under this, among briars and weeds, we see in the fore-ground—a pair of clogs! Yes—such a pair! Dusty, battered, derelict indeed. They have belonged to a man—a tramp. And sure enough, beyond them, leaning against the bank beneath the snowy blossoms, is the owner—asleep! The shoes do but match the rest of his attire—ah! and his wan, weary face.

Weary? What is this absolutely peaceful look, this expression of rest deeper than mere sleep? Not death—no.

"To sleep, perchance to dream," says Hamlet in his gloom, but this is a different dream.

Look! On rising ground to the right stands a little figure—just a little girl such as the tramp himself may possess—beautiful only with the health and innocence of childhood. But—but—she has wings! Yes—a child-angel. And as an angel she is making music: she holds a violin and draws her bow across its strings. Fain would we ask if the painter has dreamed the tune, if so, whether it be the Träumerei (Dreams) of Schumann—that of his Children's Scenes, which touches the very keynote of pathos, of heavenly consolation and peace.

This child then is helping gentle sleep to "knit up the ravelled sleeve of care" for the wanderer, whether his dream

TWO PAINTINGS BY



"TO-DAY FOR ME."

MISS FORTESCUE BRICKDALE.



"SLEEP THAT KNITS UP THE RAVELLED SLEEVE OF CARE."

be of his own darling here, or of what he and she may be hereafter.

Maybe he gets a wider glimpse of "the things that are above." It is not for us to know.

I have seen in sunny Italy, in smiling France, in smutty London many a sweet "Riposa" or pictured rest of the Holy Family on their Egyptian journey, as artists have loved to paint them, the Christ-child asleep on His mother's breast, while round Him watch child-angels, making music. Many famous angel-musicians I know, glorious and stately by Raphael, severe, pure, exquisitively bright by Fra Angelico, many a lovely mortal child of ancient or modern art, but never has picture of child or angelic being appealed to me as does this ministering child-angel, who lifts a wearied, perhaps sordid soul into the smiling radiance of dreamland. And, like the artist, the sleeper is "dreaming true."

Play on, sweet child! Play to us too "sweet fragments of the songs above." Let us too forget the cares, sorrows, nay, joys of earth! Help us too to soar "On the music's outstretched wings" to the realms of light and life!

A Welsh Spinster.

FOR SELF AND COUNTRY.

By MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

CHAPTER I.



Winnie Norman's face was brighter than it had been for some weeks past, as she put the finishing touches to the tea-table and went to the window to watch for her husband's return.

Through all the three years of their married life Laurence and she had been growing nearer and nearer together, and she had often been tempted to a little feeling of superiority as she heard the complaints of some of the young wives of her acquaintance. How could one expect a man to be patient and agreeable if one flew at him with domestic difficulties before he was well inside the house? Her pride was to have everything comfortable for her husband on his return from the city, and if there were worries of which he must be told, to wait until he had had his evening meal in peace, and was settled in an easy-chair before a bright fire.

One dark cloud they had known, for not even the best of management can keep sorrow outside the door; but the little grave that lay across their lives only served to endear them the more to each other, and Winnie had some ground for her assertion when she told her friends that she had one of the happiest homes in London.

And yet, in spite of all her boasts, a shadow of coldness and distrust had fallen upon her home in the last few weeks that no efforts of hers could dispel. Laurence no longer met her with a smile when he returned, nor poured out the tale of his daily experiences as they sat together in the evening; he was moody, reserved and out of spirits, and all her questions failed to elicit any explanation of his depression. It was all so unlike him that it made her heart sink with anxiety, and though after a time she forbore to worry him with inquiries, she could neither sleep at night nor dismiss the burden for a moment from her thoughts by day.

On the previous evening, however, she had noticed a change in his manner, and when he started off to his work in the morning he had given her one of his old smiles as he said, "I've been a bear to you lately, little woman, but I'll tell you all about it when I come home to-night."

She had hardly known how to wait through the long hours of the day, and the only way to relieve her impatience had been to throw herself into elaborate preparations for his comfort.

Seven o'clock came at last, and as Winnie stood by the window she saw the well-known figure turning the corner of the street; she flew to the door instantly, and her first glance at Laurence's face showed her that the cloud had not returned. She was content now to wait until he chose to speak, and her talk flowed freely and happily as they sat at table, but when they returned to the drawing-room, and Laurence drew her down beside him on the sofa, a sudden silence fell upon her, and her heart beat quickly.

"Winnie dear," he said gently, "I have something to tell you. I know that it will be a trial to you, but you must try to be brave for my sake."

He paused a moment, but she said nothing; a dim fear had seized upon her that robbed her of speech.

"I know that I have not been like myself for some time," he went on, "but I have made a decision at last, and I am much happier. There is a call for men for the war from my volunteer regiment, and I feel that it is my duty to offer to go."

"Laurence!"

He had expected that cry of dismay, and he pressed her closer to his heart, but the eyes that looked up to his had a certain pride in them in spite of their pain. All women like to think that those whom they love are brave, and she was conscious that her husband was suddenly exalted in her eyes when she found him ready to give up all he held dear for the sake of his country.

"So you think you can part with me?" he said, a little jealously.

"Oh, Laurence, it will be like tearing my heart out of my body to let you go," she cried, "but it is the hour of need, and you are so brave, so noble——" Her voice died away, and husband and wife clung closely together in emotion too deep for words.

"And when must you go?" she said at last.

"I must go immediately. A detachment of our men are out already, and they want twenty-five more to supply the places of those who are incapacitated. We shall sail with the regiment that is going out next week."

"But your work?"

"I have arranged all that with the partners; they were very kind, and said that it was my duty to go, and they would get a man in to do my work while I was away. I am glad that you do not try to hold me back, dear; there are many men who cannot leave their families, but if I should fall, you have enough money of your own to keep you from want, and we have no children to provide for."

It was the only word he had said that had hurt her. If he should fall there would be nothing that could comfort her except the touch of those little clinging arms that she would never feel again. But it was not the time to speak of her secret sorrow, and she was silent.

"And now you must help me to get ready," he said, "for there is no time to waste."

She leaned her face against his, and he felt her tears upon his cheek, but she uttered no word of repining, and when she stood upon the deck of the troopship to say her last farewell there was a brave smile upon her lips, and a ring of unfaltering courage in her voice.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GOOD WIFE.

By the Author of "How to be Happy though Married," "The Five Talents of Woman," etc.

ARE our readers familiar with the sketch of a good wife, which is given by Fuller in *The Holy State*? If not, they will like to have a few of the wise and witty remarks which it contains brought to their notice. It is one of those possessions for all time in literature which are as fresh and up-to-date as they were when first given to the world.

The first note of the ideal wife, according to Thomas Fuller, D.D., is that she "commandeth her husband by obeying him." Think of all that is implied in this, you who make so much fuss about the little word "obey" in the Marriage Service. Let the poor man fancy that he is the head of his house if it amuses him to do so. What does it matter so long as you are the neck that turns the head? Let your husband feel that you are managing him not for selfish purposes, but for his own good, and he will not object.

Fuller agrees with the poet Pope that the good wife is—

> "She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
> Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules."

"She never crosseth her husband in the springtide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing water, and then mildly she argues the matter. . . . Surely men, contrary to iron, are worse to be wrought upon when they are hot, and far more tractable in cold blood."

With this compare what Robert Burton says. In his *Anatomy of Melancholy* he tells of a woman who, hearing one of her "gossips" complain of her husband's impatience, told her an excellent remedy for it. She gave her a glass of water which, when he brawled, she should hold still in her mouth. She did so two or three times with great success, and at length, meeting her neighbour, she thanked her for it, and asked to know the ingredients. The neighbour told her that it was "fair water," and nothing more, for it was not the water but her silence which performed the cure. Fuller's good wife "keeps home if she has not her husband's company," but he is not as hard in this respect as were some of the older divines who said that a woman should go out of doors only three times in her life—to be baptised, married, and buried.

Commenting on the fifteenth verse of that chapter in the Book of Proverbs (the thirty-first) in which the "praise and properties of a good wife" are also set forth, Fuller says, "The woman hath her work within the house, and therefore can make the sun rise by lighting of a candle. 'She riseth while it is yet night.'" He did not approve of tea being sent up to a house-mother's bed, and of her remaining there until a late breakfast. He would rather agree with the great Duke of Wellington, who said that when we turn in bed in the morning it is time to turn out.

The clothes of the good wife portrayed by Fuller are "rather comely than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing it." Music and painting are accomplishments, but dressing is a necessity, and all women should show their appreciation of art by putting on their dresses artistically. It is the wearer that makes the success of a gown. Speaking to a wife George Herbert said, "Let thy mind's sweetness have his operation upon body, clothes, and habitation." The ideal wife dresses according to her husband's purse, and does not think that a "gown, like a stratagem of war, should be used but once." She does not expect her husband to begin, as regards expenditure, where her father left off. "She doth not so remember what she was by birth, that she forgets what she is by match."

Referring to a matter which he wished to be made known, a man said, "I have taken the best way of publishing it. I have told it to my wife." This was not the sort of wife contemplated by Fuller, for he says of that good lady, "her husband's secrets she will not divulge."

"Especially she is careful to conceal his infirmities." Before the days of Board Schools a bridegroom, who worked in the garden of the Rector of his village, after being married, put his mark in the register. The bride did the same. Knowing that she was one of the best writers in the school, the Rector's daughter asked her why she made a mark instead of writing her name. "You see, miss," she answered, "my Jack is the dearest and nicest fellow in the world, but he is no scholar, and I thought that his not being able to sign his name would be less noticed if I pretended to be equally unable to write."

If her husband be "none of the wisest," the good wife "so orders it that he appears on the public stage but seldom, and then he hath conned his part so well that he comes off with great applause." This means that the man is prevented from making a fool of himself. How much worse sermons would be if ministers of the Gospel never married! One clergyman known to me preaches most excellent matter, but his manner spoils it. He makes grimaces, and has many awkward tricks which cause people to laugh. Of course he is a bachelor. I know another clergyman who preaches very well when his wife is in church, and very badly if she be absent from home. Probably she sees, when at home, that her husband "hath conned his part," or he may be afraid of a lecture after the service if he does not do well.

A good wife is always nipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in the wrong direction. She keeps him in shape by pruning. If Johnson's wife had lived, there would have been no hoarding up of orange-peel, no touching all the posts in walking along the street, no eating and drinking with disgusting velocity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married, he never would have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat.

When her husband is absent, the good wife becomes "deputy husband," and manages his business so well that he seems to have been at home when abroad. When he is sick, she does not show sorrow, for fear of putting him in low spirits, and because she is so busy nursing him that she has no time for idle tears. The children of the good wife, "though many in number, are none in noise; she steers them with a look whither she listeth." The mother of the Wesleys was in this as in other respects, a good wife. She managed her large family so well that the "odious noise of crying children" was not heard in her home.

And when the children of the ideal mother grow up she "makes their hands to clothe their backs." Every girl, no matter what her position in life may be, should be taught to make her own clothes, and to do some work by which, if it ever became necessary, she could earn a living. The good wife "makes not her daughters gentlewomen before they be women." This was a protest against those who thought in Fuller's day, what some think even now, that work is only "genteel" which is comparatively useless, and that idleness is less degrading than so-called menial work.

"The heaviest work of her servants" this good wife "maketh light by orderly and seasonable enjoining it; wherefore her service is counted a preferment, and her teaching better than her ways."

Method is the oil that makes the wheels of the domestic machine run easily. The orderly arrangement of a household by no means depends upon the amount of money that is spent in it, but rather upon the orderly habits of its mistress. Of course, clever servants can do a great deal, but even they become demoralised in time, when the mistress and the young ladies of the house are not orderly.

PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.

CHAPTER I.

Pixie O'Shaughnessy was at once the joy and terror of the school. It had been a quiet well-conducted seminary before her time, or it seemed so, at least, looking back after the arrival of the wild Irish tornado, before whose pranks the mild mischief of the Englishers was as water unto wine. Pixie was entered in the school-lists as "Patricia Monica de Vere O'Shaughnessy," but no one ever addressed her by such a title, not even her home-people, by whom the name was considered at once as a tragedy and a joke of the purest water. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had held stern ideas about fanciful names for her children, on which subject she had often waxed eloquent to her friends. "What," she would ask, "could be more trying to a large and bouncing young woman than to find herself saddled for life with the title of 'Ivy,' or for a poor anæmic creature to pose as 'Ruby' before a derisive world?" She christened her own first daughter Bridget, and the second Joan, and the three boys Jack, Miles and Patrick, resolutely waving aside suggestions of more poetic names even when they touched her fancy and appealed to her imagination. Better err on the safe side, and safeguard oneself from the risk of having a brood of plain awkward children masquerading through



"'SHOW THE LADY WHERE YOUR NOSE OUGHT TO BE, DARLING.'"

life under names which made them a laughing-stock to their companions. So she argued; but as the years passed by, it became apparent that her children had too much respect for the traditions of the race to appear in any such unattractive guise. "The O'Shaughnessys are always beautiful," quoth the Major, tossing his own handsome head with the air of supreme self-satisfaction which was his leading characteristic, "and it's not my children that are going to break the rule." And certain it is that one might have travelled far and wide before finding another family to equal the O'Shaughnessys in point of appearance. The boys were fine upstanding fellows with dark eyes and aquiline features; Bridgie was a dainty little lady, *petite* and delicate as a French miniature; while Joan (Esmeralda for short, as her brothers had it) had reached the superlative of beauty, so that strangers gasped with delight at the sight of the exquisite little thing, and the hardest heart softened before her baby smile. Well might Mrs. O'Shaughnessy waver in her decision! Well might she suppose that she was safe in relaxing her principles sufficiently to bestow upon baby number six a name more appropriate to prospective beauty and charm. The most sensible people have the most serious relapses, and once having given rein to her imagination nothing less than three names would satisfy her—and those three the high-sounding Patricia Monica de Vere.

She was an ugly baby. Well, but babies often were ugly. That counted for nothing. It was really a bad sign if an infant were conspicuously pretty. She had no nose to speak of, and a mouth of enormous proportions. What of that? Babies' noses always were small, and the mouth would not grow in proportion to the rest of the features. In a few months she would no doubt be as charming as her sisters had been before her; but, alas! Pixie disappointed that expectation, as she was fated to do most expectations during her life. Her nose refused to grow bigger, her mouth to grow smaller, her small twinkling eyes disdained the lashes which were so marked a feature in the faces of her brethren, and her hair was thin and straight, and refused to grow beyond her neck, whereas Bridgie and Esmeralda had curling manes so long that, as their nurse proudly pointed out to other nurses, they could sit on them, the darlints! and that to spare. There was no disguising the fact that she was an extraordinarily plain child, and as the years passed by she grew ever plainer and plainer, and showed less possibility of improvement. The same contrariety of fate which made Bridget look like Patricia, made Patricia look like Bridget, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy often thought regretfully of her broken principle. "Indeed it's a judgment on me!" she would cry, but always as she said the words she hugged her baby to her breast, and showered kisses on the dear, ugly little face, wondering in her heart if she had ever loved a child so much before, or if any of Pixie's beautiful sisters and brothers had had such strange, fascinating little ways. At the age when most infants are content to blink, she smiled accurately and with intent; when three months old she would look up from her pillow with a twinkling glance, as who would say, "Such an adventure as I've had with these cot curtains! You wait a few months until I can speak, and I'll astonish you about it!" And when she could sit up she virtually governed the nursery. The shrewdness of the glance which she cast upon her sisters quite disturbed the enjoyment of those young ladies in the pursuance of such innocent tricks as making lakes of ink in the laps of their clean pinafores, or scratching their initials on newly-painted doors, and she waved her rattle at them with such an imperious air that they meekly bowed their heads, and allowed her to tug at their curls without reproach. The whole family vied with each other in adoring the ugly duckling, and in happy Irish fashion regarded her shortcomings as a joke rather than a misfortune. "Seen that youngster of mine?" the Major would cry genially to his friends. "She's worth coming to see, I tell you! Ugliest child in Galway, though I say it that shouldn't." And Pixie's company tricks were all based on the subject of personal shortcomings. "Show the lady where your nose ought to be, darling," her mother would say fondly, and the baby fingers would point solemnly to the flat space between the eyes. "And where's the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, sweetheart?" would be the next question, when the whole of Pixie's fat fist would disappear bodily inside the capacious mouth. "The Major takes more notice of her than he did of any of the others," Mrs. O'Shaughnessy would tell her visitor. "He is always buying her presents!"—and then she would sigh, for alas! the Major was one of those careless, extravagant creatures, who are never restrained from buying a luxury by the uninteresting fact that the bread bill is owing, and the butcher growing pressing in his demands. When his wife pleaded for money with which to defray household bills, he grew irritable and injured, as though he himself were the injured party. "The impudence of the fellows!" he would cry. "They are nothing but ignorant upstarts, while the O'Shaughnessys have been living on this ground for the last three centuries. They ought to be proud to serve me! This is what comes of educating people beyond their station. Any upstart of a tradesman thinks himself good enough to trouble an O'Shaughnessy about a trumpery twenty or thirty pounds. I'll show them their mistake! You can tell them that I'll not be bullied, and indeed they might as well save their trouble, for, between you and me, there's not a five-pound note in my pocket between now and the beginning of the year." After delivering himself of which statement he would take the train to the nearest town, order a new coat, buy an armful of toys for Pixie, and enjoy a good dinner at the best hotel, leaving his poor wife to face the irate tradesmen as best she might.



"REPEATED HER VOW TO BE GOOD."

Poor Mrs. O'Shaughnessy! She hid an aching heart under a bright exterior many times over as the pressure for money grew ever tighter and tighter, and she saw her children running wild over the country-side, with little or no education to fit them for the battle of life! The Major declared that he could not afford school fees, so a daily governess was engaged to teach boys and girls alike—a staid old-fashioned maiden lady, who tried to teach the young O'Shaughnessys on the principles of fifty years ago, to her own confusion and their patronising disdain. The three boys were sharp as needles to discover the weak points in her armour, and maliciously prepared questions by which she could be put to confusion, while the girls tittered and lazed, finding endless excuses for neglecting their unwelcome tasks. Half-a-dozen times over had Miss Minnitt threatened to resign her hopeless task, and half-a-dozen times had she been persuaded by Mrs. O'Shaughnessy to withdraw her resignation. The poor mother knew full well that it would be a difficulty to find anyone to take the place of the hard-worked, ill-paid governess, and the governess loved her wild charges, as indeed did everyone who knew them, and sorrowed over them in her heart, because she saw what their blind young eyes never noticed—the coming shadow on the house, the gradual fading away of the weary overtaxed mother. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had fought for years against chronic weariness and ill-health, but the time was coming when she could fight no longer, and, almost before her family had recognised that she was ill, the end drew near, and her husband and children were summoned to bid the last farewell.

The eyes of the dying woman roamed from one to the other of her six children—twenty-two-year-old Jack, handsome and manly, so like—oh, so like that other Jack who had come wooing her nearly thirty years ago; Bridgie, slim and delicate—so unfit, poor child, to take the burden of a mother's place; Miles, with his proud overbearing look, a boy who had had especial claims on her care and guidance; Joan, beautiful and daring, ignorant of nothing so much as of her own ignorance; Pat, of the pensive face and reckless spirit; and last but not least, Pixie, her baby—dear, naughty, loyal little Pixie, whom she must leave to the tender mercies of children little older than herself! The dim eyes brightened, the thin hand stretched out and gripped her husband by the arm.

"Jack!" she cried shrilly—"Pixie! Give Pixie a chance! Take care of her—she is so young—and I can't stay. For my sake, Jack, give Pixie a chance!"

The Major promised with sobs and tears. In his own selfish way he had adored his wife, and her last words could not easily be put aside. As the months passed by, he was the more inclined to follow her wishes, as the few thousands which fell to him at her death enabled him to pay off his more pressing debts and enjoy a temporary feeling of affluence. Jack went back to his office in London, where he had betaken himself three years before to the disgust of the father who considered it more respectable for an O'Shaughnessy to be in debt than to work for his living in the City among City men. Pat and Miles remained at home ostensibly to help on the estate, and in reality to shoot rabbits and get into mischief with the farm hands. Miss Minnitt was discharged, since Bridgie must now be occupied with household duties, and Joan was satisfied that her education was finished. And the verdict went forth that Pixie was to go to school.

"Your mother was always grieving that she could not educate your sisters like other girls, and it was her wish that you should have a chance. I'll send you to London to the best school that can be found, if I have to sell the coat off my back to do it," said the Major fervently, for there was no sacrifice which he was not ready to make—in anticipation, and he hoped to discover a school which did not demand payments in advance. He patted the child on the shoulder in congratulation, but Pixie was horrified, and, opening her mouth, burst into howls and yells of indignation.

"I won't! I sha'n't! I hate school! I won't go a step! I'll stay at home and have Miss Minnitt to teach me! I won't! I won't! I won't!"

The Major smiled and stroked his moustache. He was used to Pixie's outbursts, and quite unperturbed thereby, although a stranger would have quailed at the sound, and would certainly have imagined that some horrible form of torture was being employed. Pixie checked herself sufficiently to peep at his face, realised that violence was useless, and promptly changed her tactics. She whimpered dismally, and essayed cajolery.

"It will break me heart to leave you. Father darlin', let me stay! What will you do without your little girl at all?"

"I'll miss you badly, but it's for your own good. That brogue of yours is getting worse and worse. And such a fine school, too! Think of all you will be able to learn!"

"Me education's finished," said Pixie haughtily. "I know me tables and can read me books, and write a letter when I want, and that's all that's required of a young gentlewoman living at home with her parents. I've heard you say so meself—a hundred times, if once."

It was too true. The Major recognised the argument with which he had been wont to answer his wife's pleas for higher education, and was incensed, as we all are when our own words are brought up against us.

"You are a very silly child," he said severely, "and don't understand what you are talking about. I am giving you an opportunity which none of your brothers and sisters have had, and you have not the decency to say as much as 'thank you.' I am ashamed of you. I am bitterly ashamed!"

Such a statement would have been blighting indeed to an ordinary child, but Pixie looked relieved rather than otherwise, for her quick wits had recognised another form of appeal, and she was instantly transformed into an image of penitence and humiliation.

"I am a bad, ungrateful choild, and don't deserve your kindness. I ought to be punished, and kept at home, and then when I grew older and had more sense, I'd regret it, and it would be a warning to me. Esmeralda's cleverer than me. It would serve me right if she went instead."

It was of no avail. The Major only laughed and repeated his decision, when Pixie realised that it was useless fighting against fate, and resigned herself to the inevitable with characteristic philosophy.

Her outbursts of rebellion, though violent for the time being, were of remarkably short duration, for she was of too sunny a nature to remain long depressed, and moreover it was more congenial to her pride to pose as an object of envy rather than pity. On the present occasion she no sooner realised that go to school she must, than she began to plume herself on her importance, and prepare to queen it over her sisters.

"You had better make the most of me, my dears," she announced in the morning-room five minutes later, "for it's not long you'll be having me with you. I'm off to a grand London school to correct me brogue and learn accomplishments. It will cost a mint of money,

and father can't afford to send you too; but I'll tell you all about it when I come back, and correct your accent and show you me fine new clothes!"

"Thank you, darling!" said Bridgie meekly, while Esmeralda stifled a laugh and turned her lovely eyes on the ugly duckling with a glance of fondest admiration. Both sisters had overheard the shrieks of ten minutes before and could still see tell-tale tear-marks, but nothing in the world would have induced them to say as much or check their darling in her newly-found complacency.

After all it was not until some months had elapsed that the dilatory Major discovered a school to his liking, and even then he allowed his own engagements to interfere with the date of her arrival, for he insisted upon accompanying Pixie himself, and could not see that it made the least difference whether she arrived at the beginning of the term or a few weeks later on. Miss Minnitt protested faintly, but soon relapsed into silence, and consoled herself by turning seamstress and helping Bridgie and Joan with the school outfit. It was a case of making new lamps out of old, for little money was forthcoming to buy fresh material, and, with the best will in the world, the workers were still unskilled in their efforts. Bridgie's tender heart was pierced with sorrow as she looked at the dismal little outfit spread out on the bed preparatory to packing—so poor, it seemed, so shabby, oh, so black, black, black and sorrowful! Poor little Pixie going forth alone into the unknown world—little, wild, ignorant Irish girl bound for a strange land among strange people! Would those fine English girls laugh among themselves and jeer at her untamed ways? Would they imitate her brogue in their thin mincing voices, and if so, how—oh, how would Pixie conduct herself in return? Bridgie was barely twenty years old, but since her mother's death she had grown into a woman in thoughtfulness and love for others, and now it weighed on her mind that it was her duty to speak seriously to Pixie before she left home, and prepare her in some sort for the trials which might lie before her. If she did not, no one would, and it was cruel to let the child leave without a word of counsel. She lay awake wondering what to say and how to say it.

"It's no use telling Pixie not to get into mischief, for she can't help it, the darling! It's the nature of her, but she has such a kind, loving little heart that she will never go far wrong."

The next day she watched her opportunity and took advantage of a quiet moment to speak her words of counsel.

"You won't be disappointed if school isn't all you expect, will you, dear?" she began nervously. "I have heard girls say that they felt dreadfully lonely and homesick at first, and when the pupils are all strange to you and chums with one another, you may think they are not as friendly as you could wish. And the teachers may seem stern. Miss Minnitt has spoiled us by being too mild and easy, and you will feel the difference. You have run wild all your life, and it will seem strange to be allowed out for walks only. But, Pixie, I want you to remember that you are our pet and baby, and that our happiness depends on you. If you get a good report and bring home prizes, the pride we shall feel, the airs we shall be giving ourselves, going into Galway and telling everyone we meet on the street; but if you are disobedient and we hear complaints, it's covered with disgrace we shall be in the eyes of the county! Now, there will be good girls in that school and bad girls, and lazy girls and industrious ones, and girls who would tell the truth if they were to be shot for it the next moment, and girls who would trick and deceive to get a mean advantage over another. Patricia O'Shaughnessy, which are you going to choose for your companions?"

Pixie fairly jumped upon her seat with surprise, the use of that seldom-heard name impressing her more than anything else could possibly have done with the importance of the occasion. A murmur of protest did duty as a reply, and Bridgie continued impressively—

"Yes, I am sure you will choose the right sort of friend, for the honour of your name and the family to which you belong, but you must be industrious with your work as well. Now that I have left off lessons I wish I had worked twice as hard, for I feel so ignorant and stupid beside other girls; and you are clever, Pixie, and can do well if you choose. Don't be troublesome to the teachers, dearie; it must be maddening to have to teach day after day, and they have to be cross now and then—the creatures!—to relieve their feelings. And if you feel tempted to be rude and naughty, just remember that you are mother's little baby, and that the last thing she asked was that you should have your chance! Perhaps she sees you still, Pixie! Perhaps God lets her be a white angel to watch over her boys and girls. If you thought mother was watching, you never could do anything to grieve her!"

The ready tears poured down Pixie's face. She sobbed and moaned, and with clasped hands repeated her vow to be good, good, good; never to be naughty again so long as she lived! And Bridgie wept too, smiling through her tears at the impracticability of the promise, the while she clasped the dear little sister to her breast.

(*To be continued.*)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

DRUGS often deteriorate by keeping, and some increase considerably in strength; so it is not wise to use medicine that has been kept for years; and be very careful to get all drugs from reliable chemists.

RICE is much nicer steamed in a basin than boiled in water. Some water and the rice should be placed in the basin, and this should be placed in a saucepan with water not up to the top of the basin, and then boiled hard, with the saucepan lid on, till done.

IF a lamp-wick gets very short, and another cannot be procured, sew a piece of tape of the same width to the bottom of the wick, which you can then use to the very last bit.

IF you use a stylographic pen, be careful to refill with thin fluid ink, so as not to get it clogged.

A LACE scarf is a difficult thing to use, but it can be made into an elegant wrap by cutting a silk yoke to fit the shoulders and then sewing the scarf on to the edge, from which it will hang.

CHILDREN are fond of putting beads and stones and such things up their nose. This is a very dangerous practice. To extract them, put your finger on the opposite nostril and blow sharply into the child's mouth; the stone should then drop out. If it does not, the child should be taken to a doctor at once.

Answers to Correspondents



Rules

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than one question may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of "The Girl's Own Paper," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

To all my dear girl-friends and correspondents.—This column is open to all readers of the "G. O. P." who need advice or help that I am able to give. I wrote some time since asking my correspondents to send letters of reasonable length, and to express their wants and confidences as concisely as possible; also to write straight through one full-sized sheet of note-paper, instead of on several small ones. I still receive some unreasonably long letters, and, were my time and strength greater than they are, I should delight to have them of unlimited length. But I want all of you to understand that an old lady like your mother-friend must, perforce, husband both time and strength as far as possible, or give up the work which God has so greatly blessed, and which she dearly loves. I need say no more on this subject, I am sure.

Now about the correspondents I have introduced to each other. As a rule they have been successful and wonderfully blessed, even beyond my most sanguine hopes. Failures have been rare indeed. There has been, however, considerable delay in bringing some volunteers into touch with others. The mating has been difficult, despite abundant offers. It would be useless to bring those together whose ideas on certain subjects would be likely to clash. So I wait for the right opportunity, asking God's blessing and guidance.

Some volunteers have caused much trouble by giving incomplete or incorrect addresses, hence my own letters of introduction, and others from those who have written at my request, have been returned through the "Dead Letter Office." I now ask that all who wish to be brought into correspondence will kindly repeat their offers, with full and correct names and addresses—not for publication in this column. I will then do my best to give them opportunities of mutual helpfulness.

Last, but not least, I beg you all, my dear ones, to offer thanksgivings for past blessings, and to join your prayers with mine for a continuance of them during the year we are beginning.

Your affectionate mother-friend,

RUTH LAMB.

LIDDLE, C. (British Guiana).—Your letter, dear girl, has made me very glad. Every day brings new proof of the delightful bond of union which our Talks in the Twilight have established between girls of many nationalities, and belonging to every branch of that Church of which our dear Lord is the Head. You are indeed far away as regards the space which separates us, but in another sense near and dear to me. I love to read and to pass on such words as yours. "I am one to whom our Lord has been exceedingly merciful." Spared to live when life had seemed hopeless and now in perfect health again, you are full of glad thankfulness and you can say from your heart, "I hope to live ever to Him and for His service, and to let every act of mine be 'in His name.'" How sweet for you and your beloved mother to be in such perfect accord in all that is best! I return your dear message with interest and hope to hear from you again.

NANNIE.—You will have read my reply in the July Part Supplement, page 4. I sympathise with you far too much to think of scolding you. The irritability is doubtless owing to constant ill-health, and I do hope and pray that both mind and body may receive the healing touch of the "Great Physician."

ROWENA GORSE.—I knew your correspondence would prove a real blessing, and that the date of its beginning would be a happy one for you. I am delighted with all you tell me of your Correspondent's goodness, about your home, your work, and the dear mother. Most of all with your last words, "To be more like Him Who died for us, to live daily the true Christian life is the only life to content me." May God bless you and give you the desire of your heart in all its fulness.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RED POPPY and FLORENCE HARRIS.—You should procure a small knitting manual. At any fancy-work shop they would give you the advice you needed, especially if you obtain a little wool or needles there.

PARMA VIOLETS.—Scent in soap is certainly bad for the skin, and the less powerful scent you employ the better. A little *eau de Cologne* in tepid water is nice for rinsing the mouth after brushing the teeth. No one applies scent to the hair.

LAND'S END (Sheerness).—Captain John Brown was a violent agitator for negro emancipation in the United States. He fought in the struggles to prevent Kansas from being made a slave state, 1855, attempted an insurrection at Harper's Ferry, Oct. 16th, and was executed Dec. 2nd, 1859.

DORCAS and A. B. C.—This is one method employed to glaze shirts, collars, and cuffs. Put them into boiled starch, hang them up to dry; then put them into cold starch (raw), into which put a teaspoonful of borax.

CHARLIE MACLELLAND (New Zealand).—St. Etheldreda was a daughter of an East Anglian, and was buried in a splendid marble coffin in the Church of Ely, she having founded that church on the site of which the cathedral now stands. She also founded a convent there, of which she was abbess, and earned an exalted reputation for her piety and good works. She died A.D. 679. St. Etheldreda was known by the more homely appellation of "St. Audry." At the St. Audry fairs, which used to be held at Ely in olden times, cheap laces, toys, and necklaces used to be sold, which were called "tawdry laces," or "t' (*i.e.*, the) Audry laces." An old English ballad says—

"One time I gave thee a paper of pins;
Another time, a tawdry lace."

Ely Cathedral is dedicated unitedly to St. Peter and St. Etheldreda, and her name appears on the English calendar on October 17th. Your motto is a good one, and we are glad you appreciate our magazine.

M. O'FLAHERTY.—Your illustrations for articles on fashions would be done very suitably in Indian ink. You might obtain orders from ladies' tailor houses as well as from editors of fashion magazines; but you must show your work, and personal interviews are usually more successful than correspondence.

JANIE.—We have already named some pleasant holiday homes to CAROLINE R. There is also a very charming place at Sevenoaks, Kent—a large house, standing in four acres of land, with shady walks, lawns—and Hever, Penshurst Castle, Knowle Park, Westerham, and other places of interest are within a walk or bicycle ride. The terms are only 15s. a week. For visitors who can only get from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning, the charge is 5s., and from Saturday afternoon till Tuesday morning, 7s. 6d. Address, Miss Mason, Oakwood Lodge, Ide Hill, Sevenoaks, Kent.

ADELLE.—Cycling tours are arranged by Messrs. Lunn and Perowne, and Messrs. Sewell and Crowther, both for the United Kingdom and the Continent. Messrs. Cook undertake to do the same. In connection with the National Home Reading Union, co-operative holidays are arranged for on behalf of working people. Board and lodging for a week, including daily excursions, are provided under the auspices of the Union above-named for 30s. Apply to the Rev. T. A. Leonard, Colne, Lancashire.

JAS.—The curling of hair depends on its formation. If the tubes are flat, it will curl in any kind of atmosphere; if round, no appliance will keep it in curl for any length of time. Ostrich feathers are curled by flattening between a knife and the thumb.



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PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

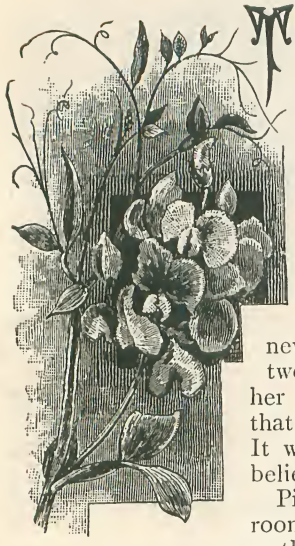
BY MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.



"'PAT, PAT, BE KIND TO MY FERRET.'"

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CHAPTER II.



THE morning rose clear and fair, and the sun shone as cheerfully as if no tragedy were about to be enacted, and Pixie O'Shaughnessy would presently run out of doors to sit swinging on a gate, clad in Esmeralda's dyed skirt, Pat's shooting jacket, and the first cap that came to hand on the hat-stand, instead of starting on the journey to school in a new dress, a hat with bows and two whole quills at the side, and her hair tied back with a ribbon that had not once been washed! It was almost too stylish to be believed!

Pixie entered the breakfast-room with much the same stride as that with which the big drum-major heads the Lord Mayor's procession, and spread out her dress ostentatiously as she seated herself by the table. The armholes stuck into her arms, the collar was an inch too high, and the chest painfully contracted, but she was intensely proud of herself all the same, and privately thought the London girls would have little spirit left in them when confronted with so much elegance. Bridgie was wiping her eyes behind the urn, Esmeralda was pressing the mustard upon her, the Major was stroking his moustache and smiling as he murmured to himself—

"Uglier than ever in that black frock! Eh—what! Bless the child, it was a mistake to let her go! The house will be lost without her!"

Pat and Miles were conversing together in tones of laboured mystery—a device certain to arrest Pixie's vivid attention.

"On Sundays—yes! Occasionally on Wednesdays also. It does seem rather mean, but I suppose puddings are not good for growing girls! Two a week is ample if you think of it!"

"Good wholesome puddings too!" said Pat, nodding assent. "Suet and rice, and perhaps tapioca for a change! Very sensible, I call it. Porridge for breakfast, I think they said, but no butter, of course!"

"Certainly not! Too bad for the complexion, but cod liver oil regularly after every meal. Especially large doses to those suffering from change of climate!"

The Major was chuckling with amusement; Bridgie was shaking her head and murmuring, "Boys, don't! It's cruel!" Pixie was turning from one to the other with eager eyes and mouth agape with excitement. She knew perfectly well that the conversation was planned for her benefit, and more than guessed its imaginary nature, but it was impossible to resist a thrill—a fear—a doubt! The bread-and-butter was arrested in her hand in the keenness of listening.

"Did I understand you to say no talking allowed?" queried Pat earnestly. "I had an impression that on holiday afternoons a little more liberty might be given?"

"My dear fellow, there are no holidays! They are abolished in modern schools as being unsettling and disturbing to study. 'In work, in work, in work always let my young days be spent!', Pass the marmalade, please! The girls are occasionally allowed to speak to each other in French, or, if they prefer it, in German or any other Continental language. The constant use of one language is supposed to be bad for the throat. I hope, by the way, father, that you mentioned distinctly that Pixie's throat requires care?"

Pixie cast an agonised glance round the table, caught Bridgie's eye and sighed with relief, as a shake of the head and an encouraging smile testified to the absurdity of the boys' statements.

"There's not a word of truth in it, darling. Don't listen to them. They are only trying to tease you."

"I'd scorn to listen! Ignorant creatures, brought up at home by a lady governess! What do they know about schooling?" cried Pixie cruelly, for this was a sore point on which it was not safe to jest on ordinary occasions. Miles rolled his eyes at her in threatening fashion, and Pat stamped on her foot, but she smiled on unabashed, knowing full well that her coming departure would protect her from the ordinary retribution.

After breakfast it seemed a natural thing to go a farewell round of the house and grounds, escorted by the entire family circle, and a melancholy review it would have been to anyone unblessed with Irish spirits and the Irish capability of shutting one's eyes to unpleasant truths. Knock Castle sounded grandly enough, and a fine old place it had been a century before; but for want of repairs it had now fallen into a semi-ruinous condition pathetic to witness. Slates in hundreds had fallen off the roof and been left unreplaced; a large staircase window, blown in by a storm, was still boarded up waiting to be mended "some time," though more than a year had elapsed since the accident had taken place; the walls in the great drawing-room were mouldy with damp, for it had been deserted for many a day, because its owner could not afford the two big fires necessary to keep it aired. Pixie sniffed with delight when she entered the gloomy apartment, for the room represented the family glory to her childish imagination, and the smell of mildew was irresistibly associated with luxury in her mind. The dining-room carpet was worn into holes, and there was one especially big one near the window, where Esmeralda, who was nothing if not artistic, had painted so accurate a repetition of the pattern on the boards beneath that one could scarcely see where one ended and the other began! The original intention had been to disguise the hole, but so proud was the family of the success of the imitation that it became one of the show places of the establishment. When the hounds met at Bally William, and the Major brought old Lord Atrim into the house for lunch, he called the old gentleman's attention to it with a chuckle of enjoyment. "My daughter's work! The second, Joan here—Esmeralda, we call her. She'll be an artist yet. A real genius with the brush." And the old Lord had laughed till he cried, and stared at Esmeralda the whole time of lunch, and when Christmas-time came round, did he not send her the most beautiful box of Winsor and Newton paints, the very thing of all others for which she had been longing, so that it seemed after all that it had been a good thing when the terriers Tramp and Scamp had scratched the thin web into a hole! The ceilings were black with the smoke of fire and lamps, but the silver on the oak dresser would have delighted the heart of a connoisseur, and the dinner-service in daily use would have been laid out for view in glassed-in cabinets in most households, instead of being given over to the care of an Irish Biddy who tried to hang cups upon hooks with her head turned in an opposite direction, and had a weakness for sitting on the corner of the table to rest herself in the midst of washing the china.

Outside the house the garden was an overgrown wilderness of vegetation, for the one gardener, realising the impossibility of doing the work of the six who would have been required to keep the place in order, resigned himself to doing nothing at all, or as little as was compatible with the weekly drawing of wages. The stables were empty, save for the two fine hunters which were necessary for the Major's enjoyment of his favourite sport, and the rough little pony which did duty for all the rest of the family in turns. The row of glass-houses looked imposing enough from a distance, but almost squalid at a nearer view, for as the Major could not afford to keep them in working order, broken panes greeted the eye in every direction, and flowers were replaced by broken pieces of furniture and the hutches and cages of such livestock as white mice, guinea-pigs, and ferrets. Pixie had many farewells to bid in this quarter, and elaborate instructions to give as to the care to be lavished on her favourites during her absence. The ferret was boarded out to Pat, who had no idea of doing anything for nothing, but for the fee of a half-penny a week, to be paid "some time" in happy O'Shaughnessy fashion, was willing to keep the creature supplied with the unsavoury morsels in which its soul delighted. The white mice looked on coldly with their little pink eyes, while their mistress's own grew red with the misery of parting from them, and the rabbit seized the opportunity to gnaw Bridgie's skirt with its sharp little teeth; but for Pixie the keenest pang of parting was over when she saw no more the floor with its scattered cabbage-leaves, and the door closed behind her, shutting out the dear mousy, rabbity smell associated with so many happy hours.



"'DON'T FORGET TO SPAKE A GOOD WORD FOR OULD IRELAND.'"

Outside on the gravel path old Dennis was sitting on a wheelbarrow enjoying a pipe in the sunshine. He made no attempt to rise as "the family" approached, but took the pipe out of his mouth and shook his head lugubriously.

"This is the black day for us, for all the sun's shining in the skies. Good luck to ye, Miss Pixie, and don't forget to spake a good word for ould Ireland when the opportunity is yours. The ould place won't seem like itself with you and Mr. Jack both going off within the same month. There's one comfort—one frettin' will do for the pair of you." And with this philosophic reflection he stuck the pipe back in the corner of his mouth and resigned himself to the inevitable.

"Pixie darling," said Bridgie nervously, "I think we must go back to the house. It's time—very nearly time that you were getting ready. Father is going to drive you over in the cart, and he won't like to be kept waiting."

"Aren't you coming too?" queried Pixie eagerly. There was a look on Bridgie's face this morning which reminded her of the dear dead mother, and she had a sudden feeling of dread and longing. "I want you, Bridgie! Come, too! Come, too!"

"I can't, my dearie. Your box must go, you know, and there's not room for both. But you won't cry, Pixie. It's only babies who cry, not girls like you—big girls, almost in their teens, going away to see the world like any grand lady. You may see the Queen some day! Think of that, now! If you ever do, bow to her twice, once for yourself, and once for me, and tell her Bridget O'Shaughnessy is hers to the death. I wouldn't cry, Pixie, if I were going to see the Queen!"

"Is it cry?" asked Pixie airily, with the tears pouring down her face and splashing on to her collar, which had been manufactured out of the strings of an old bonnet, with only three joins at the back to betray the fact that it had not been cut out of "the piece." "It's not likely I'll cry, when I'm going on a real train and steamer, and meals on the way right up to to-morrow night! You never had lunch on a train, Bridgie, and you are eight years older than me!"

"'Deed I didn't, then. No such luck!" sighed Bridgie regretfully, making the most of her own privation for the encouragement of the young traveller. "That will be a treat for you, Pixie, and there are sandwiches and cakes in the dining-room for you to eat before you go. Come straight in, for I brought down your coat before going out. You must write often, dear, and tell us every single thing. What Miss Phipps is like, and the other teachers, and the girls in your class, and who sleeps in your bedroom, and every single thing that happens to you."

"And remember to write every second letter to your brothers, for if you don't, they won't write to you. Girls get all the letters, and it isn't fair. Tell us if you play any games, and what sort of grub they give you, and what you think of the English as a nation," said Miles, helping himself to sandwiches, and turning over the cakes to select the most tempting for his own refreshment, despite the young housekeeper's frowns of disapproval. "Stick up for your country, and stand no cheek from the English. You understand, of course, that you are to be the Champion of Ireland in the British metropolis?"

"I do!" said little Pixie, and her back straightened, and her head reared itself in proud determination.

"And if any English upstarts dare to try bullying you,

just let them know that your name is O'Shaughnessy, and that your ancestors were Kings of Ireland when theirs were begging bread on the streets! Talk to them straight, and let them know who they are dealing with!"

"I will so!" said Pixie. She chuckled gleefully at the anticipation, but alas! her joy was short-lived, for at that moment the shabby dog-cart passed the window, and the Major's voice was heard calling impatiently from the hall.

"Ten minutes late already. We shall need all our time. Tumble in, now, tumble in! You have had the whole morning for saying good-bye. Surely you have finished by now!"

The children thought they had hardly begun, but perhaps it was just as well to be spared the last trying moments. Bridgie and Esmeralda wrapped their arms round the little sister and almost carried her to the door, Pat and Miles followed with their hands in their pockets, putting on a great affectation of jollity in their anxiety to disguise a natural regret; the two women-servants wailed loudly from the staircase. Pixie scrambled to her seat and looked down at them, her poor little chin quivering with emotion.

"Bridgie, write! Esmeralda, write!" she cried brokenly. "Oh, write often! Write every day. Pat, Pat, be kind to my ferret. Don't starve it. Don't let it die. Take care of it for me till I come back."

"I'll be a mother to it," said Pat solemnly.

And so Pixie O'Shaughnessy went off to school.

(*To be continued.*)

MADEMOISELLE JANOTHA AND HER CAT.

AN INTERVIEW WITH "WHITE HEATHER."



NATALIE JANOTHA AND HER PET.

"MAY I come in?" No answer. I enter, and find the room empty. I take a place in a comfortable chair, and look through the windows left wide open on to the green trees that surround me, when suddenly, as if by magic, there appears from the outside, on the window-sill, a splendid black cat. The elasticity reminds me of a panther, the dignity of pose is that of a lion. A powerful head, with pointed sharp ears, with eyes that are like two intellectual searchlights, a golden necklace, and a greeting in quite weird tones, make me realise that it is "Prince White Heather," who has left his balcony, his grass, his flowers to see who is the visitor.

After shaking the extended little paw, subtle yet powerful, I turn to the lady who enters the room, full of anxiety as to the safety of her treasure. My interest awakened, I explain that I want a few facts concerning White Heather for the fair readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

The lady begins, "Yes, this is White Heather. As you see, he is quite black—this means 'good luck,' therefore this name was chosen, though his names are legion. John Oliver Hobbes calls him the 'Marquis of Haddock,' at the Court of Berlin he is named 'Othello,' the celebrated Dr. Irwin Palmer, who saved Miss Janotha's hand (the hand of a *pianiste* remember) when by sheer mistake White Heather dangerously wounded it, calls him henceforth 'Shajtan'; besides he has an unpublished vocabulary of pet names in all languages of the world. But I daresay you would like to know all about him?

"At a bazaar given for the Sailors' Home he appeared, a few months old, in the hands of the sole lady survivor of the *Elbe*. Miss Janotha bought it to exterminate mice. All Royal visitors who honoured her by their visits were welcomed by this pet, who shared their gracious notice. The late Empress Frederick honoured by a visit that beautiful place where music-flowers held their sway. But the time for travelling came, and so it happened that White Heather accompanied Miss Janotha everywhere. In America the late President invited White Heather to the White House, and several little locks of his hair were kept by the fair Americans for 'good luck.' A collection on the steamer was made by White Heather, and resulted in twenty guineas additional gift to the 'orphans.' Let us add that the only partridges on that journey were kept for White Heather! In this country he has been everywhere—Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Channel Islands, with the red letter days of Osborne and Balmoral. Her Highness the Princess Eva called her doll White Heather. Her Majesty Queen Alexandra graciously petted White Heather. He paid a farewell visit to the *Maine*, bound on her charitable voyage. Among the illustrious names who know this little *mascot* are such great ones as Mr. Gladstone, Sir Henry Irving (who calls him Sphinx), Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who in her wonderful voice exclaimed, 'Regardez ses yeux.'

"But let us follow him to Rome. There he was bidden to the Quirinal, to the beautiful Queen Margherita. At Monaco the Princess of Monaco saw him at the Castle, and always inquires kindly after him. In Germany, Holland, France, everywhere he has been welcomed and interviewed. He has been painted by Gutzon M. Borglum, in Paris by Steinlen, and in England by Louis Wain. His travelling coats and baskets are usually chosen by his good fairy, Mrs. John Morgan Richards. Let me add that he is a great *gourmet*, fish and birds being his usual fare—haddock boiled without salt, partridges, grouse, or mallard duck when in America; water is his only beverage."

The interview proper ended, let me remind the readers that Miss Janotha, who possesses this little *mascot* friend, is the Court *pianiste* to the German Emperor. She was born in Warsaw. As a child she studied with private tutors; her English governess had the historic name of Miss Rhodes. Her musical talent was shown very early, as she took part in a charity concert when only seven years of age.

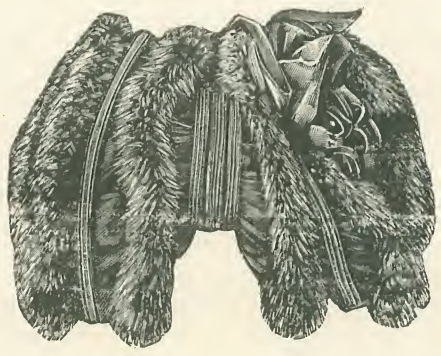
Soon afterwards she left for Berlin, where she studied specially under the great Madame Schumann, and played often with Professor Joachim. Under his direction she played the great piano "Concertos" with the Royal High School Orchestra. She was introduced to the German Emperor and Empress when only thirteen or fourteen years old, and the late Empress Augusta always called her "her dear child." In order to replace Madame Schumann at concerts in London, Miss Janotha was sent to this country, and her visits since that first great success have been frequent. Sometimes it seems as if she belongs to England, as at all great charities one sees her name. Our beloved Queen

Victoria very often commanded Miss Janotha to play, honouring her by bestowing upon her the Victoria Badge and decorating her personally with the Jubilee Medal. And recently her Majesty the Queen Alexandra sent a beautiful photograph, signed, to her.

A short time ago Miss Janotha, as a tribute of her devotion to her late Majesty, organised the Memorial Concert at the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor took the chair, and, though the City can boast a history of nearly 700 Lord Mayors, this permission for a concert was the first given. Madame Sarah Bernhardt recited, Mrs. Marchesi-Brema sang, Miss Opp recited a poem written by the Lady Mayoress, Messrs. Ben Davis and Bispham gave their artistic help, and the Welsh Ladies' Choir, conducted by Mr. Novello Davies, sang the German Emperor's "Song to Ægir."

Of course White Heather was present, and held a court in the drawing-room, reminding one and all of Dick Whittington and his cat.

It is with commendable sisterly pride that Miss Janotha, to conclude, tells us that her brother, Major Janotha, has recently been created Knight of the Order of the Red Eagle and decorated with the Verdienst Order by his Imperial Majesty the German Emperor. MARY DE G.



UNDERLYING PRINCIPLES OF WORK.

BY MRS. IENSON.

AFTER choosing my title, it has seemed to me a little assuming—not that it was so in my mind at all. I do not propose to go down to the fundamental bases of life; but between the surface, where our lives have to be carried on, and the fundamental truths in which those lives must be rooted, and by which they exist, there lies a large region which connects the two, which is like the middle distance in a picture, linking foreground and background. We often want some principle, deeper than our surface thought, able on the one hand to touch that, and, on the other, to be rooted in the deepest depths of our life and hope. Sometimes we find, as a practical matter, that to apply a vast motive to a small act ends in failure. We do not like it to be so, but it is. Here comes in the value of these middle principles, rooted far more than appears at first in the depths of life, and yet really in our power to grasp and put in motion, enabling us to bring the two together so that the connection we failed before to effect may thus be eternally complete.

These middle principles still are underlying principles; therefore we must give ourselves trouble to work for them. We cannot reach them without thought, and we must not expect, therefore, to find them in the ordinary surface causes which lead us to undertake work. Let us consider these, the surface reasons, first of all. I suppose they are something like the following—

Because someone asks me.
Because all my friends work.
Because I am wanted.
Because I like being wanted.

Not that I wish to underrate these reasons. Some of them have their roots much deeper than perhaps at first appears—in corporate feeling, real kindness, response to need, etc.; but often such work is undertaken hastily, or, at any rate, without considering the matter all round and in relation to the whole of life. Someone asks us—how more than pleasant to say yes!—besides it is the right thing to work; all round, all one's friends are busier and busier; it does not do to fall behind; it will throw us with such a nice set of people; it is so delightful to be wanted, to be told, and sincerely told, that no one could do this special work as well as oneself; and it is so full of stimulus and satisfaction to exercise faculties that we feel within—and so we accept it. There is nothing wrong in all this; on the contrary, there is much that is good. Still, let us try to go a little deeper and ask ourselves first, "Why should we work at all?" After that, we will try to see what principles should govern the choice of work, and, most fundamental of all, what methods of work we should set before us.

I.—WHY SHOULD WE WORK?

What is "work"? It is activity in some region of our created life. We were born that life should be manifested in activity. Look through the whole creation; wherever life appears there is activity—functions in the living things made to correspond by their activities to the world outside them, made to use and be used by the surrounding universe. In the vegetable world, in the whole animal world we trace this, right up to humanity; and one of the great sources and stimulus to activity is the provision for the necessaries of life. We see this running through all organic life, and when we reach humanity we find that for the majority of men too there is a similar necessity, drawing out a similar activity. But for those who have not this imperious need, for those who are not obliged to labour for daily bread, what should be their attitude to life? Surely, in obedience to the law which we see governing the whole creation, we should regard our leisure as the free payment of our activity. We receive our wages first, and do the work afterwards. Let us look to it that we so do it as to justify our creation.

II.—CHOICE OF WORK.

And now what principle should regulate our choice of work? Roughly speaking, there are three kinds of activities—bodily, mental, spiritual. There is no sharp line of division; they intertwine and mix, but in all work one or other of these activities is the most prominent. We must decide for ourselves which special branch shall be ours. What shall guide us in this decision? Mainly, I

should say, three things—our desire, our faculties, our circumstances. I am speaking now of those to whom the call to work does not come with that clear and definite preponderance which practically leaves us no choice. We all desire this. We would so willingly be spared the difficulty of choosing, and be strengthened by one clear call; but this is given to comparatively few.

Mostly our choice of work has to be a kind of equation between desire, power, and circumstances (in which we include need). Let us take desire first. This is most important, and is, I think, fully recognised as such now, though when I was young it was underrated. Other things being even, desire is a very safe guide, and our natural one. It is generally, too, a very fair indication of some kind of fitness; and we may reasonably hope to find within us faculties corresponding to it. On similar lines runs the principle that we should, if possible, with regard to any fresh work, take what would naturally link on with some previous occupation. Natural guides have much of the divine in them, and the best we have to give generally lies in that direction; and, however moral it may be for us to choose work which will, we think, bring out and strengthen some part of our character which we know to be weak, it is not likely to be particularly attractive to those who are thus invited to become a practising school. But, given desire, and, as far as we can judge, faculty, we have to look to outside circumstances; to the need which calls us; to the possibilities of our times; to the other calls of life; to the problem which so often comes, "you may not be the ideal person for this, but you are the best attainable." This is all very complicated and difficult, needing much wise consideration to give each point its due value, and to strike the balance.

Sometimes, of course, the need is so great and the supply so limited that we do not, and cannot, ask ourselves whether we have any special desire or fitness for the work. Necessity is laid upon us; we must respond, and trust God for the rest. But ordinarily it is a plain duty to exercise sense and judgment in choosing or accepting work, and we shall find, I think, that a sound decision lies in rightly adjusting these three conditions—desire, faculty, circumstances.

III.—Methods of Work.

The work once chosen, what are the principles which should guide us in the doing of it? What are the methods which we can trust? What are the principles of work?

And here I must ask your forgiveness if I seem to be enouncing platitudes, to be having what I once heard described as "a firm grasp of the obvious," and to be sheltering myself under the flattering name of principles. The two are one. A platitude is only a principle in which familiarity has bred contempt; a principle which has been heard, but not thought out or lived by, which has fallen on soil in which living elements are exhausted, or on a heart dead through indifference. The fault may lie with the speaker or with the hearers, but there are no platitudes to the living soul.

Let us take, first, the principle that our work should be professional and not amateur. The fact that it is voluntary work should increase and not diminish the instinct and desire for perfection. Let there be no ragged edges; let it be accurate, punctual, precise. I am speaking just now more of organisation, and all the immense amount of detail it involves, rather than individual work, to which I shall come shortly. Let me guard myself against being supposed to mean any *unnecessary* time spent on detail, any fussing or niggling, for every great society sometimes shows a tendency to over-organisation, and having to answer endless questions presses the instinct of perfection very hard; but let us simplify organisation as much as we will, there is still plenty left which has to be done well, punctually, accurately, up to time, needing infinite patience. And we have to remember this, that it is not as if imperfectly-done work was moderately satisfactory, and finished work more so. Poorly-done work gives the doer no satisfaction at all (how little then to the one benfited?), whereas work done with finish is an artistic thing, and yields a true artistic delight. It doesn't matter what it is if it is done according to its own laws of perfection; the satisfaction is according to those laws too. Of course, we must always aim at the best kind of work we can do, and not let ourselves drop upon a lesser kind to which we are capable of giving a more complete finish. The higher the work the less we can ever be self-satisfied. In higher work the perfection, so to speak, passes out of our sight—the coping-stone of the arch is placed by other hands than ours—but let us see to it that in the lower bases of the arch which may be entrusted to us there is no scamping. Simplify organisation to the utmost—that seems to me a very important work at the present day, when over-centralisation is becoming a very real danger—but do not on that account despise any unnecessary detail; that is the only way of gaining a right to be believed as to what details are *unnecessary*.

Let us now, in passing on to other principles, turn our minds to the real work of our Society (for it is only the size which necessitates the great organisation), the formation and sustaining of character in individuals. To be a friend; to be a witness; or to be at hand in a difficulty, and yet to know when the struggle must be fought out alone; to have definitely before us the aim of helping towards the establishing of character, of grit, of purpose, of perseverance; to know when to pour the oil in and when the wine; in fine, so to touch and deal with a soul as to best enable it to do without us. What a programme! Yet it has to be ours; mercifully it is so great that there seems no room in it for anyone to dream that the strength could lie in *them*.

Let us lay down three laws—

1. That we cannot teach what we have not learnt.
2. That our work will, on the whole, be worth to others what it has cost ourselves.
3. That discouragement is the surest test of quality.

When we have come to this point—work as it is directed to character—this requires the whole of us—every faculty of brain and heart that we have; there can be no distinction between secular and religious; you can't separate the character and the soul. And what is true of work in every other region, is still more deeply true in religious work. We shall find these three simple principles become more profoundly true as they penetrate down and down to the centre of our being.

I.—We cannot teach what we have not learnt. People know that, with regard to all handicrafts, all skilled labour, all purely intellectual things. No one would try to teach even a child a language of which they had not attained some mastery. But it is every day set at nought when we get into the deeper regions of character and spirit. True, the conditions are slightly different, because, otherwise, we should have to be perfect before we helped anyone at all; but in these deep things we must be *moving* along a road ourselves if we are to be any use in inducing any others to set out. We must *have been* learning, we must *be* learning, before there will be any savour in our help.

How little this is effectually believed, when in so many schools religion is the only subject which is supposed to need no preparation, Scripture the only book which can be understood without explanation. When we ourselves have a young life committed to us, or have promised to befriend one, and we put before it truths which we are not livingly trying to make our own, where is the effectual belief? We may say, "But this soul, this personality, has been given into my charge. I know what I am telling her *is* truth, though just now it is not living to me. Am I to hold it back, knowing it to be the cure for her ills, because I myself am lagging behind what I know?" The answer is clear—"Cast out first the beam out of thine own eye." Take a lesson from the everyday world—the simple lesson of not teaching what we have not learnt. The children of this world are wise in their generation; let us learn from them, for religious work follows the same laws as other work.

What a light it throws on this subject when we carefully follow our Lord's explanation and illustration when He has taught His disciples to pray. By the story of the man who persistently seeks a boon from his friend at midnight, and

by directing our attention to the way earthly fathers behave to their children, He shows us that the conditions of all prevailing power are alike, and that true love manifests itself in the same way on earth as in heaven; that God's gifts are not obtained by some ethereal fanciful ecstasy; that human effort in all regions is crowned and blessed by the same spirit of effectual persevering desire; and that the perfect love that denies glows in the heart of the earthly father with the very same divine fire.

II.—Our work will, looking on life as a whole, be worth to others what it has cost ourselves. This truth follows from what we have just been considering, and, though it lies in regions where observation is difficult, it is revealed to us from time to time in magnificent instances; and when we have once grasped it, we know it for a fundamental law of the spirit. Through the whole world, wherever spirit is concerned, this is so. Think of many a great inventor, who lived a life of poverty and obscurity, but whose value each generation now understands more and more. Think of pioneers, of geniuses in whom a divine flash of inspiration of future possibility—dislocating, probably, present laws and modes of thought—has become, long after they had passed away, the binding power of a new reach of knowledge. Let this law, true in littleness as in greatness, be our anchor in days of darkness and discouragement. No effort is lost, no sincere, well-considered attempt is in vain, however little at the moment it accomplishes what we intended; it may be that by it we may become aware of some mistake or misconception of ours which we can put right. We may have to be taught this way, and this way only, the reason of our failures. Never mind! The cost to ourselves has been given; the value, whatever it is, lies in God's hands.

III.—Lastly, Discouragement is the surest test of quality, by which I mean this: It is the law of action and reaction that in every work, of every kind, the temptation to discouragement must come, and its office is to test the quality of the work. It is not that good work is done, and then discouragement comes, and the work flags; no, it is the proof that the work was not good, the disclosure of fatal elements in what looked outwardly so well. Let us see what happens so often. A work is begun, possibly a little hastily; no pains are spared, and it is pressed on, and then, gradually it is borne in on the worker that the city cannot be carried by assault. Deep depression ensues. "I can't go on; I am not suited for this place, these people." Whatever may be the materials of the work, there is not in the whole world a more crafty wile of the Evil One than the power of discouragement. It simulates modesty. "I am not suitable, it is too hard for me, I shall only spoil it, let a better person come." But is there any real difficulty about which we are not tempted to feel ourselves a little unsuitable? Let us go further; let us inquire within, and we shall probably find that, in our secret soul, success alone seems the only thing that would really bring out our full power. A great friend of mine said to me once, "If I was only happy, I could be quite good." What a pathetic misplacing of thought!

But if we will only grasp the fact that our work has not been tested till discouragement begins, and that if we will only stand firm, the hall-mark will be set upon our true metal, would it seem so very hard? It is like the examination after the preparation. It is just our splendid opportunity of finding out what we are made of. Are we to take our place with the poor creature of no spirit, or stuff, or will we press eagerly forward to be trained and to be made fit for the Master's use?

Discouragement comes so easily in any form of work on character. We throw our whole souls into some genuine good desire to help someone to see differently and do differently. All goes well at first. By-and-by the person ceases to be interested or stimulated by us. Our work seems useless; we are tempted to leave off and say we are not the right person. But don't we know well enough by ourselves how slow work in the human heart is? What about our own weaknesses? Are they easily cured? Why do we expect to do in a few months what takes God our lifetime? The growth of the spirit is an organic thing, and can't be simply added on and on from the outside.

We know this with regard to ourselves—it would be strange if we didn't—how long it takes to form a habit, or break one; to get a sullen temper changed into a sweet one; an exacting heart into a generous one. All has to be growth, and yet in our work discouragement allies itself with our natural impatience, and we listen to its lies. Wounded vanity often plays a far greater part in it, too, than we at all know. We resent the fact that it is we who have failed. Of course, this is not clear before our eyes. There is confusion—a mixture of disappointment and sorrow, a real love of the work and real desire to put it into abler hands. But the sting has often a very personal source. How shall we help ourselves? We know where to look for strength, and how we need it; but I think we can help ourselves very much by a particular attitude of mind.

Don't let us take ourselves so tragically, even so seriously—let us beckon to that lovely and divine thing, humour, to come and save us; let us ask ourselves a question which little girls sometimes use as a taunt in their quarrels—"And she asked her who she thought she was?" Let us ask ourselves who we suppose we are that we shouldn't make mistakes and have failures? Let us be amused at our own weaknesses; to begin with, that is much the best road to shame—and therefore improvement—in little things. Let us delight in catching ourselves out. Let us walk round the corner and surprise the interesting and tragic figure which our egotism makes of ourselves, and we shall find under its disguise a poor little ugly shivering thing, full of self-pity, self-admiration, self-absorption. Let us have no mercy. Humour is the sworn foe of egotism; when humour comes in at the door, egotism flies out at the window. It is the most reverent of spirits; it tears off the trappings of false dignity, but it walks hand in hand with reverence in the presence of sincerity, and in the discernment of hidden reality. It reveals to us our own weakness, and shows us the true strength we have overlooked in others. The study of human nature is the most fascinating in the world; it is full of the most absorbing interest, relieved by the play of irony. Let us turn the absorbing interest on others, and keep the irony for ourselves. I am speaking to those who are in earnest and devoted. Let the many-coloured light of humour play round the image of ourselves which we cherish in our hearts till vanity, self-pity, and mock-tragedy vanish in laughter. Let us take to ourselves with joy this glorious salt of life, killing the weeds, keeping the offering pure, giving savour to the whole.

Let us throw open our doors to this beautiful radiant helper—this sweet and wholesome companion by day and by night—and we shall find her very closely allied to her whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all whose paths are peace.



CLEMATIS.

By NORA CHESSON.

Her eyes and hair are dark as night,
Her mouth is like a rose in this—
It is so red, so sweet to kiss.
And she has chosen clematis
In some vague dream of twilight hours
To be her emblem of all flowers.

Her cheek and throat are hawthorn-white;
No blossom that the privets bear
Matches the whiteness of her brows.
She is a shrine wherein no vows
Have dared aspire—no voice dared rouse
The echoes that lie sleeping there.

She has but seen for eighteen years
Suns rise and set, and rainbows wrought
Out of wild skies all thunder-fraught.
For storms that were she takes no thought,
Nor has she ever chanced to see
The portent of a storm to be.

She holds against time's gift of tears
Her talisman of happiness.
None looks upon her save to bless
And every touch is a caress;
Life is so kind to her that is
As white-souled as the clematis.



"THE WHITE HOUSE CLASS."

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

PART I.

There was great excitement at Merton House. The master and mistress were going out to dine. This in itself was no extraordinary thing. But as it was a vice-regal dinner-party to which they had been bidden, this particular feast excited much interest. First of all, the dress proper for such an occasion had to be thought of; feathers and lappels arranged according to the Chamberlain's order; ancient buckles fished out of a grandmother's chest; diamonds burnished up and fresh flowers begged, borrowed or stolen.

It was early when Mrs. Merton set forth in the festive chariot, it was late when she returned. It was very late when she showed her face next morning, for the dinner had been heavy and her sleep deep in consequence.

Now, I should not have mentioned this dinner-party save that it determined Mrs. Merton to give all her growing-up daughters a course of cookery lectures. It came about in this way. Mrs. Merton went, as usual, to a certain little white house round the corner to tell a certain invalid, there resident, of how the grand dinner-party had gone off. It had not been a success in one way; though a cook had been hired for the occasion at one hundred pounds for the week, the dinner was sadly lacking in many points. The lemon sponge had been lemon rock, the ice pudding full of lumps, the soup cold, the *entrées* uneatable.

"It has determined me, dear Miss Benson," concluded Mrs. Merton, as she finished the recital of all the defects as well as the pleasures of the last night's entertainment, "to have Linda and Lucilla and Eva taught the rudiments of cookery at all events. If Lady Carnforth had known anything about it, she would never have allowed her guests to go hungry away from the table."

"Probably not," answered little Miss Benson calmly. "Such a thing as housewifely training amongst the 'upper suckles,' as Jeames Yellow Plush called them, is almost unknown."

"And it is almost as sealed an art in our middle-class circles as well," moaned the mother of five. "It ought to be one of the courses in our elementary schools. Isn't it Mr. Ruskin who writes, 'The education of girls should begin in learning how to cook'?"

"Yes," answered Miss Benson. "And he says even more than this. He considers a knowledge of cookery to imply a pretty extensive acquaintance with most other things. Give me my commonplace book, dear, and I will look it up."

Mrs. Merton brought the thick strongly-bound volume to her old friend, for, alas, Miss Benson was tied to her couch with an incurable disease. From that couch, however, radiated more light and wisdom than from most of the scholastic centres in our midst. Mrs. Merton, at least, relied almost more entirely on the old lady's sound sanctified common-sense than on anything else in this world. So near the veil of futurity lived Miss Benson that she seemed to have drunk in a sibylline spirit, and to have a stock of good advice on almost every subject. The



CLEMATIS.

quotation she was looking for was quickly found. She bade Mrs. Merton read it aloud.

"A knowledge of cookery means the knowledge of all herbs, and fruits, and balms, and spices, and of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, and savoury in meats; it means carefulness, and inventiveness, and watchfulness, and willingness and readiness of appliance; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers, and the science of modern chemists; it means much tasting and no wasting; it means English thoroughness, and French art, and Arabian hospitality; and as you are to see imperatively that everybody has something pretty to put on, so you are to see yet more imperatively that everybody has something nice to eat."

Mrs. Merton was silent for awhile. This extract had altogether raised the subject into a higher realm than that of an ordinary kitchen. Then she broke out.

"If cookery is indeed all that Mr. Ruskin claims it to be, however are we foolish enough to leave it to the ignorant women called 'plain cooks'?"

"I think, my dear, we do not leave it as much as we used to do. Kensington has done much towards making it into a fine art. It trains its students on a sound principle; it supplies reasons for each act of the culinary calling. For instance, it tells its students why potatoes are peeled thinly and why turnips are peeled thickly; it gives rules about the proper course of events in a kitchen—why onions should be shred before potatoes are cut if we wish to eliminate their particular flavour from a knife; it teaches economical habits, it insists on cleanliness."

"I had thought I might teach the girls myself," said Mrs. Merton hopelessly, "but you and Mr. Ruskin show me how little I know myself, after all."

"You know enough to teach your young fry," answered Miss Benson firmly. "All the same, I think you had better not do so. The fact is, one of the chief moral lessons taught by learning how to cook is self-reliance. It is far better that too much help should not be given at the commencement. For this reason I, who seem a useless log lying on this sofa"—Mrs. Merton made a gesture of denial—"am a far more competent teacher than an active mother could ever be. Lucilla and Linda will have to cultivate their powers of memory because I cannot get off my chair to fetch forgotten ingredients for them."

Miss Benson looked quite pleased at the prospect of her cooking lectures, and Mrs. Merton gave in gratefully. A somewhat lengthy conversation followed the compact. In it Miss Benson spoke of the observation required by cooking, of the self-control cultivated by preparation of dainties which might never be tasted save in the preliminary stages, of the accuracy indispensable, of the alertness acquired even by the most lethargic young person when a few minutes may turn a light sponge into a piece of lead, of the deftness and delicacy of touch so valuable; lastly, but by no means leastly, of the habits of tidiness and cleanliness engendered by the culinary art when properly understood. Mrs. Merton went away from the White House thinking more of the moral than the economical side of the classes to be given her young fry. She felt that Miss Benson would raise the subject even higher than Mr. Ruskin had done, that her three daughters would understand more forcibly by means of her instruction than by any other the sacredness of food and our responsibility in connection with it.

His wife enlarged on all these points to Mr. Merton when he came home from the City that night. Manlike he thought more of the physical than of the spiritual side of the question.

"Why, my dear, I shall be able to retire from business years sooner than I had contemplated, for Lucilla and Linda and our little Eva will require about half the *dot* I had thought would be necessary for them! Any man will jump at the chance of such virtuous and educated wives. They have each a certificate for swimming, haven't they?" Mrs. Merton nodded. "Well, if any suitors come, I had intended to meet them armed with that fine piece of parchment. 'Here,' I would say, 'is a wife who will help you out of deep water whenever you get into it. Is not she a valuable person?' But if Miss Benson teaches my girls all she intends, I shall wave a far more important document in my right hand. 'Here,' I shall say, 'is the hall mark on Lucilla and Linda and the rest of them which shows that any of them are capable of keeping you out of deep water.'"

Mrs. Merton smiled. Her husband would have his joke, as she knew. But there was truth in what he said, nevertheless, for, by teaching the girls cooking, her old friend was giving them a good dowry of common-sense and usefulness.

Not many days after this a small group were gathered in Miss Benson's kitchen. It was a "lovely" one, if loveliness consists of perfect adaptability to a purpose; it was long and rather low, with thick rafters intersecting its ceiling. Originally a barn-like excrescence from the house, these rafters could not be hidden, but were found useful for hanging up flitches of bacon and the home-cured hams Miss Benson delighted in. The windows were two; in one of them was placed a solid square table, in the other a small couch on which lay the mistress of the house. Behind it on a writing-table—Miss Benson supplied her housemaidens with many luxuries not usually given to servants, and had cheerful willing service rendered in consequence—rested a cookery-book, a ledger and pencils. Ranged on the walls were cover-dishes and jam-pans in silver and copper and block-tin. Roses peeped into the two windows, and God's sunshine permeated the room, lighting up its comfortable corners, and allowing no place for dust or *débris* of any sort. A tile-patterned linoleum was on the floor, pretty prints bound with red braid, and therefore easily replaceable when an annual turn-out called for spotless prints, a bookcase full of intelligent readable volumes, a bright steel range and a glowing fire. These were some of the object lessons which surrounded three demure apron-clad figures on the morning of Miss Benson's opening lecture. What was taught thereby I will tell in our next paper.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

A Catch Somewhere.

A lady, wishing to insure her house, said at the end of her inquiries, "You don't ask who set the house on fire, do you?"

"Oh, yes," replied the clerk, "we should want to know all about that!"

"Then I won't insure," said the lady. "I thought there was a catch about these insurances, and now I see where it is!"

Quite a Mistake.—Human nature readily falls into the mistake of thinking that those who make the most fuss and noise in the world are doing the most work.

A Good Motto.

On every banner blazon bright:
"For toil, and truth, and love we fight."

Cures for Melancholy.—Melancholy was considered by the old herbalists as a disease. They had several "secrets" purporting to cure it, which were at one time in great request. It is, indeed, no wonder that dames and maidens were fond of gathering simples, when we consider the cheering virtues which were attributed to them. A syrup of borage and bugloss, they were told, cured melancholy, caused light hearts, and took away grief. Who would not drink a cup of this mixture to the dregs?



FOR SELF AND COUNTRY.

By MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

CHAPTER II.

Grey dawn on the veldt! The stars were still shining coldly overhead, and a keen whistling wind swept now and again across the kopjes, making the soldiers shiver under their blankets. The fierce heat of the day had died away with the sun, and many a poor fellow sighed in his uneasy sleep and turned on the hard ground as he dreamt of home with all its comforts.

One man in the little encampment made no attempt to sleep, however. Crouched under the shelter of a hillock, he lay with his head supported on his right arm, while the bandage round the other and the dark stain upon his khaki sleeve showed that he had not escaped scatheless from the fight of the preceding day. His eyes were fixed upon the starry sky overhead, and his brow was furrowed with a look of care.

"Why don't you lie down and get some sleep," said a voice in his ear, and turning his head, he saw his friend, Bernard Lester, looking at him from under the folds of his blanket.

"I'm not sleepy," said Laurence.

"Then you must have fever," returned Lester. "A man who has been in the saddle all day is bound to be sleepy when he turns in unless there is something wrong with him! I told you that you ought to go into hospital."

"Fancy going into hospital when there is the chance of the biggest fight we've had yet!" said Laurence scornfully.

There was silence for a minute, and then Lester spoke again.

"I can't make you out," he said. "You were always such a peaceable fellow in the old days, and now you seem to have a sort of fighting madness that drives you beside yourself. What's the meaning of it, Norman?"

"The meaning of it is that I fancy the Boers are upon us now," said Laurence, evading his friend's question; and raising himself to a kneeling posture, he swept the horizon with his field-glass.

In another moment he had snatched the bugle from the sleeping lad at his side, and the soldiers sprang to their feet like ants swarming from a nest. Laurence's sleeplessness had been the salvation of his company—Lester knew it if no one else did, and he followed his friend with blind admiration as he plunged recklessly into the thick of the fight. Wherever the rain of bullets was hottest, there Laurence was to be seen, his helmet off, his wounded arm hanging helplessly from the shoulder, and his eyes ablaze with excitement.

"He must have a charmed life!" muttered Lester, and even as the words passed his lips a stab of horrible pain shot through him, and he fell forward upon the blood-stained field.

Laurence saw him fall, and rushing towards him, he raised his friend in his arms and tried to bear him out of the struggle. Twice he was struck by a bullet and nearly fell, but each time he staggered on again, and reaching the Red Cross Station at last, he laid his burden down. Then a great darkness seemed to swallow him up and he knew no more.

It was towards the evening of the next day when a message was brought to the Colonel that his presence was urgently needed at the hospital.

"Of course I will see him," he said, when the doctor had explained who it was that had asked for him. "He deserves every praise for his conduct of yesterday. If it had not been for him, the camp would have been surprised."

There was none of the triumph of success on Laurence's face, however, when the Colonel came up to his bedside. His forehead was drawn and lined with pain, and his head rolled uneasily from side to side.

A look of compassion came into the Colonel's face, and sitting down beside him, he laid his hand gently on the restless fingers.

"I am sorry to see you in such suffering," he said. "But you must cheer up. I shall mention your brave conduct of yesterday in my despatch, and from what the doctor tells me you will recover from your wounds and be able to enjoy your rewards."

"Yes; I shall not die, I cannot die!" said Laurence. "I have something to say to you, sir—that was why I sent for you. Perhaps I shall be allowed to die if I make my confession."

"Tell me all about it, then," said the Colonel kindly. He had no doubt that Laurence was delirious, but he saw that there would be no ease for him unless he were allowed to have his way.

"You talk about my courage," said Laurence, fixing his eyes eagerly upon the Colonel's face, "but I am a coward, a coward! I came out here to escape my fate. I thought I should have been able to pay back the money that I took, but I had no luck, and I knew I must be found out. I could not face it, and sooner than lose my wife's love and my employer's trust, I determined to come out to the war. Death perhaps would be kind and shield me, and if not, I must trust to suspicion falling upon someone else in my absence. But now my eyes have been opened. Poor Lester is dead!—as white a soul as ever lived—and I am left alive with this sin upon my conscience. I thought that to sacrifice myself for my country would be taken as a sufficient atonement, but it has not been accepted, and I cannot rest till I have confessed my guilt."

He paused to gasp for breath, and cold drops stood thickly on his brow. The Colonel saw now that this was no delirium, and his heart swelled with pity.

"What do you want me to do for you?" he asked.

"I want you to take down my confession and have it witnessed," said Laurence. "I cannot rest till that is done, and perhaps when it has been sent home, death may after all save me from disgrace."

"And is there nothing else?" asked the Colonel, when the confession was duly written and attested.

"Yes; promise me that you will not mention me in despatches! It was not courage that made me act as I did—it was reckless despair, and it is not right that I should take any reward for it."

"I think you are straining things too far there!" said the Colonel. "The King loves a good soldier, and you fully deserve the best reward he can give you."

"But I am not a good soldier," said Laurence. "It was not for my country I fought, but for myself. I could not look the King in the face, and the only way I can show that I honour him is to keep out of his sight."

"Well, you shall have your wish," said the Colonel, seeing that it was the only way to quiet him, and as he passed out of the hospital, he could not repress the thought that death would be a happier fate than to return with honour stained and love estranged.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE FIDELIO CLUB.

CONDUCTED BY ELEONORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

OPENING ADDRESS.

IN the course of my wanderings over the British Isles and the Continent it has been my good fortune to meet numbers of girls who loved music, and many who played on the piano, middling well, well—sometimes very well.

But nearly always I have had to listen to the same tale. Lessons over, there was no further incentive to practise, and parents complained that they had wasted fees on teachers, while their girls never had anything to play when called upon to divert the company after dinner.

That is very hard on the parents undoubtedly. The old saying has it, "He that has paid for the piper may call for the tune," and it does not seem fair that the tune should not be forthcoming.

And yet—my sympathies are all with the girls.

Nobody but the musician knows how lonely it is to live in the world of music without congenial companionship. You may paint pictures alone and be quite happy. Every canvas or card becomes a friend as soon as your thought is imprinted upon it. But you cannot keep on practising alone. All the heart in you cries out for sympathy, and so the work becomes perfunctory, mannered, or slovenly, and finally it is dropped.

To help these musical hermits is the object of the Fidelio Club. Schumann's last printed words were these: "In every age there is a secret band of kindred spirits. Ye who are of this fellowship, see that ye weld the circle firmly, that so the truth of Art may shine out more and more clearly, shedding its radiance everywhere."

Every girl or boy—for there are also musical boys belonging to this fellowship—may join our circle, and month by month we will study together three tone poems—an easy one, a difficult one and a moderately difficult one.

Now, to excel at the pianoforte three things are necessary—mind, emotion and muscle. Where these three things are equally cultivated, the result is more or less pleasing, according to individual temperament, but they must all be cultivated. Without mind the pianist becomes a musical freak, without emotion he is a pedant, without muscle he may be a "mute, inglorious Milton," for neither mind nor emotion can find expression.

The man who can write his name in capitals all over the world is the man who has all these qualities in abundance and—one in excess. I would define musical genius as the possession of everything and "a bit more." The three greatest pianists before the public to-day will exemplify my theory. D'Albert is the apostle of mind, Paderewski the apostle of emotion, Rosenthal the apostle of muscle. Yet it is only thoughtless people who say that they cannot listen to Paderewski playing Beethoven; he plays him superbly, but his "bit more" is on the side of emotion, therefore he plays the emotional Chopin as nobody else can play him, his cultivated mind preventing the music from lapsing into silly sentimentality.

In the same way there are those who regard Rosenthal as a musical mountebank, and these again are wrong. His execution is dazzling, too dazzling, but when he exercises it upon a piece such as Schubert's "Wanderer Fantasie," the great mind and warm emotion are at once made manifest.

D'Albert, too, is not the pedant that he is sometimes painted. The "bit more" has to be on the side of mind before such works as Beethoven's "Waldstein Sonate" or Schumann's Fantasie, Op 17, can be revealed in all their majestic beauty, as they are revealed by him alone.

It will be seen from these examples that our "bit more" is a gift to be cherished. It is that which makes a performance interesting, the want of it which makes it dull.

We all have it, more or less, and I want every member of the Fidelio Club to find out where his or her "bit more" lies.

If the composer who gives most pleasure be Bach or Beethoven or Brahms, it is safe to infer that mind is in the ascendant. If Chopin, Mendelssohn, or Grieg be the favoured one, emotion is uppermost. If Liszt and the modern firework school be the idols, then muscle is all too strong.

Having found out where the chief talent lies, the student of music must cultivate the lacking qualities, but by no means must she try to check or dwarf her natural gift, for in that lies each one's individuality.

For our difficult piece we will this time take Chopin's Scherzo in B flat Minor, and, parodying a famous benediction, we may say, "Let warm emotion wait on muscle, and mind on both!"

Personally, I always find it a good plan to practise a piece like this in sections—that is, I read it through once, marking with a pencil all the difficult passages. Then I work at those till they are obstacles in my path no longer. And when I next play the music through I can understand what it all means.

The four-note phrase at the beginning is the first stumbling-block. It looks simplicity itself, but that is just its contrariness. It is most horribly difficult, and much depends on it. There must be no jerking, no sticking on the second note of the triplet. This can only be accomplished by lifting the B flat before starting the triplet, and to avoid the hole resulting from this shortening of the minim the pedal must be used exactly as marked here—

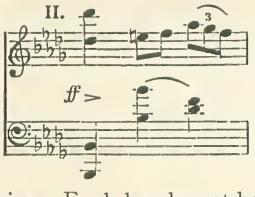


Hold the pedal again while lifting the hands high from the three B flats at bar 5, as if you wanted to carry them with you to the big chord which follows. That is in fact what we want to do.

Bar 70, after the modulation into A major, begins another uncomfortable passage which will need special attention. It is easy, however, compared with the elaboration of it which follows its repetition on the next page.

After this we return to B flat minor, and when we have mastered the next page, we may say our work is done.

When! I said at the outset that this was a difficult piece, and without considerable previous training it is no use to attempt it. The passage beginning thus—



taxes all our energies. Each hand must be practised alone, very slowly and very firmly. After this, all is easy enough till we come to the last chord—



It is not at all easy to hit on the right notes with the two hands going in opposite directions. But this is simply

a mechanical difficulty which can be as easily overcome anywhere else as at the piano, and with a considerable saving of our own and our neighbours' nerves. I have done it myself, so I know!

Put two flat buttons—or anything you like—on the table, about as far apart as the extreme ends of the keyboard. Now place your two hands in the middle of the intervening space, then let them spring simultaneously to left and right and try to come down on the buttons with your little fingers. You won't do it at first, but when you succeed, you must shift the buttons to another position and practise again. You will soon become expert at measuring distances accurately, and it is quite an amusing table game meanwhile.

When you have mastered the trick, you will be able to play the last chord of your Scherzo as well as Rosenthal himself, without having pounded the piano out of tune!

Now having given so much thought to the technical side of this composition, let us consider it under its poetical aspect. What does it mean? The first four notes were explained by Chopin himself. "It is a question," he said, and he desired the rising inflection to be carefully observed. But it is marked *Sotto voce*.

Considering the "wonderful sweet air" that follows, I take this question to be—Hark!—less a question than an admonition to listen to that which follows.

And what follows?

"Hark, hark, the lark at Heav'n's gate sings!"

Is not the melody beginning at bar 94 like the rapturous carol of a bird? If we interpret the piece in this spirit, we can picture the whole scene as follows—

Hark! (example I). The singer is not yet ready; he flutters up and down and tunes his little throat; then, as he soars higher and higher, he pours out his flood of song.

At the modulation into A major we have another thought. The lark has come back to his tiny mate, and he croons to her as he sways on the bough.

But she wants him to sing again, and how persuasively she pleads!

IV.



He is a very tease of a husband, and, instead of obliging with an *encore* at once, he flutters about, pretending to fly away, but really always coming back. He goes a trifle too far—as teases often do—and we soon have a quarrel (example II.), which goes to prove that birds in their little nest don't always agree.

But hark! (example I.) he is going to relent and repent, and now we have the beautiful song again.

Hark, hark! call all the birds together in great excitement, and finally, tired of their attentions (example V.), our singer flies up alone to Heaven's gate while his little lady returns to the nest (example III.).

V.



* * * * *

For a piece of moderate difficulty we will take Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," No. 6 in book V. of the *Lieder ohne Worte*. I am taking familiar compositions at first, because we shall thus be best able to understand one another.

Mendelssohn and Chopin were contemporaries and friends. They were both born the same year—1809.

Chopin gave expression to all his best thoughts and feelings on the piano; Mendelssohn did not. He was a more cultivated musician than his Polish colleague, and one instrument did not satisfy him when he had something great or grand to impart. So his best work was given to chorus and orchestra, the piano being only used by him as a relaxation and a means of giving pleasure. Hence it comes that his pianoforte music is more graceful than great; but it is charming, and it is easy to play and to understand.

A pretty story is told about the composition of the piece which we are going to analyse. Mendelssohn was devoted to children, and his sister Fanny's little son and daughter were his special pets.

One day they stood at either side of *Uncle Felix* while he played to them. It must have been playing under difficulties, for first the boy would pull one of the hands off the instrument, and then the girl would do the same with the other.

But one isn't Uncle Felix for nothing, and in spite of his mischievous tormentors, or, perhaps, inspired by their gay pranks, he succeeded in fashioning the pretty piece to which afterwards the name "Spring Song" was given.

Now, in learning the piece, it is a good plan to keep this story in mind, and, practising the arpeggio accompaniment first alone, lift each hand as soon as it has played its open chord clearly and evenly, just as if they were being pulled away, only without the jerkiness that would inevitably follow that proceeding with any other player than Uncle Felix.

Next, practise the melody alone, and sing or whistle it till you get the right feeling, and it really sounds like a song.

It must be rather quick, and blithely gay. Be careful with the phrasing. There are stops in music just as well as in poetry or prose. For instance, you must not join the A beginning the second bar to the following E. The ascending phrase ends on A and the new one begins the answer to it at E, so the hand must be lifted between the two notes.

If you sing the melody, take breath at the end of each slur, and this will give the right interpretation.

Last of all, play melody and accompaniment together, taking the pedal with each octave in the bass and holding it as long as the treble and bass harmonise. Notes that sound well together may be joined by the pedal—not otherwise.

I have not space for an easy piece to-day, but my little friends shall not be forgotten when the Fidelio Club meets again next month.

RULES OF MEMBERSHIP.

Every reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER (boy or girl) can become a member.

I.—After reading the "Opening Address," fill in the coupon at the bottom of this page, and send it to the Editor, THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., with "Fidelio Club" written on the outside of your envelope at the top left-hand corner.

II.—In the space marked "Mind, Emotion, Muscle," underline the quality of which you believe yourself to be possessed most, and cross out the other two, thus—

~~Mind~~ Emotion ~~Muscle~~

III.—Every member may, each month, make one suggestion—that is, she (or he) may name a composer, a piece, or a style of composition to be analysed for practice.

IV.—Every member may also ask one question each month, and this may have reference to any piece that has already been discussed, or to any difficulty experienced in practising.

V.—Such suggestion and question must always be accompanied by a "Fidelio" coupon, and will, with the answers, be published in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

VI.—Members may join at any time.

FIDELIO CLUB COUPON.

(*To be filled up by intending members.*)

Name.....

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Age. Under 12? Under 16? Over 16?

Pseudonym (if desired).....

Chief musical characteristic—

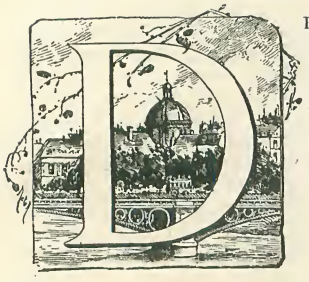
Mind? Emotion? Muscle?

SILENT STRINGS.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Lady Dye's Reparation," "A Cluster of Roses," etc.

CHAPTER II.

GOOD-BYES.



REW did not come back till the bell was ringing for eight o'clock supper, and they could all see that he was in radiant spirits. Sis began to think that it was rather heartless of him to be so happy when he was going away. But Kate knew that he saw a hope shining across the years of separation, and guessed that Amice must have been kinder than usual. How lightly he spoke of those years of banishment! How certain he seemed of a happy return!

"You are so sure, Drew—so very sure!" said Sis, regarding him with troubled eyes.

"It's the sureness that makes a fellow succeed," he answered. "Faint heart—you know the old adage. And I believe that you may lay the blame of many a failure on a faint heart."

"Your heart would carry you through anything," Addy said. "I wonder if you will ever know what faintness is! No, I think not. You would not know it even if you were beaten."

"I could take a good deal of licking," said he gaily.

All the young people went back to the study when supper was over. Dr. Wilmer took his way upstairs to his well-warmed bedroom, and left them to their own devices. For an hour they sat talking over the fire, and then Drew, yawning, made a move. Addy and Sis followed him, Kate and Claud lingered still.

A silence fell upon these two as they sat gazing into the red hollow of the embers. It was Kate who spoke first, and her voice was singularly quiet and low.

"You have made up your mind, Claud? You see your path clearly, and you feel that you must tread it alone."

"Yes," he answered. "I have overcome the greatest temptation of my life. It came to me before I set my foot on the way. Don't think that I undervalue human happiness because I have put it from me. I do not undervalue it; I know how good it is. But it is not meant for me, Kate; and, if I grasped it, someone else would be left with empty hands. We all know that Drew loves her dearly; he is not the kind of fellow to get over a disappointment, and she is just made for him."

"You feel that she is not made for you?"

The sister bent towards him as she spoke, her hands resting on her knees, her grey eyes shining in the firelight.

"I do feel it. I had a hard fight before I admitted the truth to myself. Amice could not help me in the work that I have to do. I daresay she thinks that she can be very strong; but, Kate, girls are prone to deceive themselves about their strength. By-and-by she will settle down with Drew contentedly enough, and be glad that I did not ask her to share my lot. And no one will know what a battle I have fought with my own heart."

She laid her hand gently on his.

"Claud, you have done well to decide. The austere life has a certain stern joy in it—yes, you are right."

They rose to their feet, and then the deep voice of Great Tom of Oxford began to toll eleven. There is always a prayerful tone in the note of the bell, and both stood in silence, listening, until the last stroke died away upon the night.

The room which Kate occupied was small, a mere slip of a room next to the doctor's. It was as neat and bare as a cell, with no furniture in it that was not absolutely necessary, and very few ornaments. All the pretty things that she could find had been transferred to her sisters' rooms; for those two girls life should be as fair and sweet as she could make it. She had promised her dying mother that she would be the guardian of the family, and the trust had been faithfully fulfilled. They were far from being rich; if Kate had taken her full share, the others would have lacked some of those little luxuries that girls find it hard to do without. She made all her sacrifices so silently that no one thought about them. The wheels of the household ran smoothly; Kate was the head, ruling and guiding with a quiet hand; and even Claud had never fully realised how much time and strength were used up in that guidance. Their few friends always spoke of the eldest Miss Wilmer as a good woman, but not so attractive as Addy and Sis; and one or two had been heard to say that she was rather uninteresting. Now and then, however, some had caught a glimpse of an inner self which surprised them; but such glimpses were very rare indeed.

To-night Kate knelt down in a corner of her little room, and gave thanks for Claud, and the strength which had been given him. Claud had chosen the right way, a rough and lonely way, it is true, but the best. His sister knew the force of his character, and the purity of his intention, and felt that the flowery path would never have satisfied so strong and delicate a soul. And yet, poor Claud! The suffering had been very plainly written on his face to-day.

"There are lives," she thought, "whose earthly mission is to give up their dearest things to others. They are not called upon to prove their devotion by dying, but by living. Claud and I have seen our road clearly."

The next day was Drew's last day in the old home. Brave as he was, he showed some slight signs of giving way as he went round the old study, saying good-bye to the things that he had known from his boyhood. Battered books, shabby whips and sticks, and fishing-rods, they all wore the faces of familiar friends; but when he came to the old banjo, he lingered over it long.

"I wouldn't leave you behind, you dear old tum-tum, if I could help it," said he. "But I mustn't burden myself with too much luggage, and you'd take up an awful lot of room. But you've done me good, many and many a time, and I'll never forget you as long as I live."

He laid the banjo down upon a chair and suddenly bolted off in search of Addy and Sis. Kate took it up quietly and put it away in a corner.

"I don't think anybody will care to touch it while he is away," said Claud, who was standing by.

"No," said Kate. "Its strings will be left to dust and silence. There are silent strings in many lives," she went on dreamily, "strings which are full of

music that has never been called out of them. Stay there, old tum-tum, and be mute in patience."

A great gloom fell upon the old house in Worcester Street when Drew was really gone. The weather seemed to add to the general depression; it rained a little, snowed a little, and then settled down into a dense fog. Standing at the study window, you saw a few black boughs rising above a grey sea of mist; it seemed almost impossible to believe that light and bloom could ever return to such a scene of desolation. A fire crackled cheerfully in the grate; Addy was resolutely bent upon doing some needlework; Claud, with his head propped on his hands, sat at the table with a book before him; but Sis, sitting in the dreary window-seat, pressed her hot forehead against the ice-cold glass, and let the tears stream continually over her pale cheeks.

"Sis," said Claud, raising his head at last, "you had better come away from that window, and get warm by the fire. Do you know that you are bearing your sorrow very badly?"

The words were not sternly spoken—Claud was stern only to himself—but there was a note of authority in the quiet voice.

Sis rose disconsolately, and sank into the vacant easy-chair by the fireside.

"I am so miserable," she wailed, wiping away a fresh stream of tears. "It seems so hard that there should be any partings. We—have loved each other better than brothers and sisters generally do."

"Why, Sis, do you really expect to go through life without a heartache?" Claud asked. "You are bound to suffer through your feelings if you do not hold them in check. Love without sacrificing yourself to love. Remember I am not speaking for the present only, but for all your life to come."

There are certain moments when someone who speaks seems to utter a prophecy. We listen with a thrill, feeling that we have heard the echo of an advancing fate. Sis stopped crying, and looked at her brother with wide eyes. Addy dropped her needle and raised her head with a strange earnestness shining on her face.

"That is what I fear for Sis," she said after a pause. "She will sacrifice herself to love. She will keep nothing back—all will flow in one direction. What shall we do to teach her wisdom?"

"We mustn't sermonise her," he answered, with the smile which always won hearts. "But we'll try to find something that will fill up the long days. As for you, Miss Addy, you are absorbed in your story-writing. Stick to it with all your might."

"I do stick to it," she said frankly. Now that Drew was no longer near with his banterings, she was not afraid to speak of her great hope. "I took courage, you know, after my little tale won the prize offered by the *Ruby Magazine*. And I think a great deal of Kate's opinion. She encourages me very much."

"Kate's judgment is not likely to err," Claud remarked. "She is critical—fastidious, I should say. But very few men or women have read and thought so much."

"And yet how little time she has had for reading and thinking!" Addy cried. "She is always doing, up and doing, that we may have leisure to follow our own pursuits. What should we have been without Kate? Dear, splendid, unappreciated old Kate!"

"Hear, hear!" said Sis, forgetting her grief for a moment. "Three cheers for Kate! No, not three cheers, but a million cheers. We shall go through life cheering her in our hearts to the very end."

"That will content her," Claud said. "There's nothing so sweet as the applause of hearts. At this very minute she is sitting with father while he reads bits aloud from the paper, and darning my socks. She hates to be read aloud to, and I can scarcely believe that she is intensely interested in darning. But if she didn't sit with father, Addy or Sis would have to be with him."

"I wonder how we can let her do so much for us," said Sis in a tone of self-reproach.

"Well, my dear girl, you are the one who can help her best," replied Claud, turning on her suddenly. "You are not going to be a writer, as Addy will be; and you have skill in household management and all sorts of useful and ornamental gifts. Just copy Kate and share her duties. She'll give some of them up if she finds you are fit to take them. Work with her, Sis, and then you won't have any time left for fretting."

"I will." Sis spoke firmly. "I have been forgetting that I'm eighteen; and you have all treated me as if I were a child. I won't be the pet of the house any longer—I'll be the drudge."

There was a burst of laughter from Addy and Claud. Any girl more unlike a drudge it would be difficult to find. Sis was the beauty of the family, and hers was the kind of beauty that ripens with years. As yet the bud had scarcely burst from its sheath; she was slight and tall, and her shapely head was crowned with an abundance of dark hair—so dark that the pearl-white skin looked dazzling in the shadowy setting. Eyebrows and lashes were black as night, and under them shone the big, granite-grey eyes, full of gentle tenderness. It was a sweet face, with a faint rose-bloom on the cheeks, and a wistful, pleading look that touched the heart. Addy was not pretty; the lower part of her face was too heavily moulded, and the nose was not satisfactory. But the hazel eyes, glancing under long lashes, were shrewd and kind, and the complexion was fresh and pure, so that very few people would have called her absolutely plain. She rejoiced in Sis's beauty, and made her the heroine of several stories. For it was so convenient, she said, to have a lovely sister at hand when you wanted to describe a girl's charms.

It must be admitted that they had all been spoiling Sis from her childhood. The little thing, who had wailed so piteously for her dead mother, had been soothed and petted by Kate and Claud when their own hearts were nearly breaking; and Drew had been a most loving playfellow. She was the doctor's favourite child, although she was not of much use to him. For Kate, who ministered devotedly to his wants, he had never a word of gratitude; but if Sis came for a minute to his side, his face brightened. So she had lived her sheltered life—a sweet flower, carefully tended and guarded by protecting walls.

"'Stay as you are, and be loved for ever,'" their hearts had said to her a thousand times. And yet they all knew that Sis would soon begin to pine for a wider life.

Two days after that talk in the study Claud, too, took his departure from the old home. He was not going beyond London; but how they missed his step and the sound of his quiet voice! And then, as Sis said mournfully, he would be exposed to all sorts of horrors in the East-end. A broken head, a black eye, smallpox and diphtheria were among the least of those evils which, she imagined, were waiting for him in the slums. He would come back to them on a flying visit perhaps, hopelessly maimed and disfigured for life!

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

DOBBIN.—Your first question was interesting enough to deserve a special reply, which you have doubtless read. We should like your writing better if the loops to your letters, g's especially, were not so enormous. It is very legible and neat, and is so far satisfactory.

NATALIE GORAINOFF.—We congratulate you on your English translation of the verses by your poet Apouchtine. You might improve the effect by having the longer lines all of the same cadence. For instance, instead of

"Through the dark hours near this window,"

you might have

"Through the dark hours beside this open casement,"

or words to that effect, to match the length of your first line, and so on throughout the fragment. We always find your letters interesting.

JAPONICA.—The author of the lines you quote is Robert Browning. They occur in a poem, "Pippa Passes." Pippa is a girl from the silk mills at Asolo, out on her one day's holiday in the whole year, and she sings—

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world."

DRUCE.—Your lines "The Mushroom Field" are simple and pretty, and you attend on the whole to the rules of metre.

"Especially in windy weather"

is not a good line. We do not undertake to reply by post to our correspondents in this column: *vide* Rules. The description of your field is pleasant, and you have evidently an observant eye and a heart to enjoy the beauty around you. We only use the work of experienced writers in our magazine.

CLEOPATRA.—The mandoline is a far easier instrument to learn "without having lessons" than the violin. Indeed, so to learn the violin would, we should judge, be absolutely impossible; but you might teach yourself the mandoline by the help of a printed *Mandoline Tutor*. The *Dallas Mandoline School* is sold at 1s. 11d., *Ellis's Mandoline Tutor* at 2s. 3d., and there are other instruction books.

HIS LITTLE GREY PAWS.—Dear child, as you are only thirteen years of age, you can scarcely hope to write verses "good enough to publish." You have a great many years before you in which to study the work of others before you can expect yourself to win a hearing; but your lines on "Spring" are pretty, and you have no incorrect rhymes or blunders in metre. If we were to find fault, we should hint that it is scarcely true that spring—

"Triumphs over all our woes."

But this is a poetical licence, and we like the glad, cheery tone of your verses.

CHRIS.—You can obtain full particulars of the Erard Centenary Scholarship for pianoforte playing and the Erard Centenary Scholarship for harp playing by writing to the Secretary, Royal Academy of Music, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, London, W.

MISS MASON writes that her "Holiday Home and Home of Rest For Young Ladies in Business," Oakwood Lodge, Ide Hill, Sevenoaks, Kent, is still much appreciated. The terms are 15s. per week for board and lodging; week-end, 5s. For vacancies, send a stamped addressed envelope, and state age and occupation, to MISS H. MASON, as above.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

V. E. C. (*Training for Teaching*).—It is interesting to receive a letter from a correspondent in Turkey. Your parents are doubtless right in wishing you to come to England to be trained for the teaching profession. A Jewish boarding-school, however, is not easy to find, as most Jews avail themselves of the ordinary schools and colleges in this country. We think that you would do best to attend some first-rate day-school, such as the North London Collegiate School, Camden Road, or Bedford College, Baker Street, and make arrangements to live with a Jewish family in London.

M. E. F. (*Waitress at Dinner Parties*).—This is an excellent employment for one who, like yourself, lives in London, and has some regular daily work besides. The Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, 22, Berners Street, W., has for many years made a specialty of sending out waitresses for parties, and we strongly advise you to ask the Secretary to be kind enough to enrol you among the young women upon her books. Several of the large West-End caterers who send out dinners also supply waitresses. You would receive at least 3s. a night and your expenses. With regard to the handing of wines, the practice varies much at different houses, some people offering fewer wines than others. At dessert place in front of the host the decanters which will previously have been given you for this purpose, and the water jug in front of your hostess. In handing dessert, begin with any large fruit, such as pine-apples, oranges, or apples, and offer candied fruits or sweets afterwards; or, if preferred, leave the guests to pass the small dessert about among themselves. Hand the dessert first to the lady whom the host has taken in to dinner, and so on, straight round the table, ending with the host. But if there is another waitress to help you, she could begin at the other end with the gentleman who takes in the hostess, and you would each then wait on one side of the table. In handing coffee to the ladies after dinner, it is better to hand first to the lady taken in by the host, as she is presumably the principal guest of the evening. But this is of no great consequence. Hand to the ladies otherwise as they sit, not taking special notice of their social order. Only you should avoid handing first of all, for instance, either to the hostess or to a young unmarried lady. A good principle in the matter is to avoid the appearance of picking and choosing among the company, and to assume that everybody is more or less on an equality.

E. M. T. (*Drapery Assistantship in Cape Town*).—We think it would be rather a risky experiment to go out to the Cape in search of a situation as an assistant in a draper's shop. You could hardly secure such a post before leaving England, as a draper would not care to wait so long while he could engage assistants upon the spot. The voyage would be expensive, the lowest fare being ten guineas; and the cost of living at the Cape just now is so high that emigrants are specially warned not to go out unless they have ample private means. We certainly think that you would be wiser to remain at home or else to join your brother at Winnipeg.

L. C. (*Lady's Maid*).—By taking dressmaking and millinery lessons at some good school of housewifery and domestic economy you could best fit yourself to fill a post as lady's maid. In most large towns there is now some technical institute where teaching in domestic subjects is given to girls. By learning the scientific dress-cutting system you would doubtless be profited. You ought also to try to take a few lessons in hair-dressing. At the present time hair-dressing is so complicated and important that very many ladies leave it entirely to their maids. If you wished to go out to the United States, you would have to travel at your own expense, unless you could secure an engagement to a lady going out; but to some parts of Australia it is possible for domestic servants to get assisted passages. On this subject you should apply to the Secretary of the United British Women's Emigration Association, Imperial Institute, Kensington, W.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

BY MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.



"CONVERSING AFFABLY WITH THE MEN WHO WERE WASHING DOWN."

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CHAPTER III.

MAJOR O'SHAUGHNESSY and his little daughter reached London on the following afternoon, after a comfortable and unadventurous journey. Pixie had howled dismally all the way to the station, but had dried her eyes at the sight of the train, and brightened into the most hilarious spirits on boarding the steamer. She ate an enormous dinner of the richest and most indigestible dishes on the menu, slept peacefully through a stormy passage, and was up on deck conversing affably with the men who were washing down, long before her father had nerved himself to think of dressing. The journey to London was a more or less disappointing experience, for if she had not known to the contrary, she was not at all sure that she would have recognised that she was in a strange land. What she had expected, it was impossible to say, but that England should bear so close a resemblance to her beloved land seemed another "insult to Ireland" as Pat would have had it, and that it should in some respects look better, more prosperous and orderly, this was indeed a bitter pill to swallow. As the train neared London, and other passengers came in and out of the carriage, Major O'Shaughnessy became conscious for the first time what a dusty, dishevelled little mortal he was about to introduce to an English school. He was not noticing where his children were concerned, and moreover his eye had grown accustomed to the home surroundings, but the contrast between these trim strangers and his own daughter was too striking to be overlooked. Pixie had wriggled about until her frock was a mass of creases, her hat was grey with dust, and she had apparently forgotten to brush her hair before leaving her cabin. The Major was too easy-going to feel any distress at this reflection. He merely remarked to himself whimsically that "the piccaninny would astonish them," meaning the companions to whom she was about to be introduced, and decided then and there to take her straight to her destination. This had been the only point upon which he and his young daughter had been at variance, for from the start Pixie had laid down as her idea of what was right and proper that her father should take her for the night to "a grand hotel," introduce her next morning to the Tower, the Zoological Gardens, and Madame Tussaud's, and deposit her at Surbiton in the afternoon. The Major's ideas on the subject were, however, that an exacting little daughter was a drawback to a man's enjoyment of a visit to London, and that there were other forms of amusement which he would prefer to a visit to the beforementioned historic resorts. With accustomed fluency, he found a dozen reasons for carrying out his own wishes, and propitiated Pixie by promising that Jack should take her sight-seeing before many weeks were over.

"I'll tell Miss Phipps that I wish you to go out with your brother on Saturday afternoons, and you'll have a fine time together seeing all that is to be seen. Far greater fun than if we tried to hurry about with not a minute to spare."

"I like to do things now," sighed Pixie pensively, but as usual she resigned herself to the inevitable, and a box of chocolates, bought at Waterloo, sufficed to bring back the smiles to her face and restore her lost equanimity.

The arrival at Kingston Station was a breathless experience, though it was a distinct blow to her vanity to find that no deputation from Holly House was in waiting to receive Patricia O'Shaughnessy with the honours she deserved. No one took any notice of her at all. Even the cabman, when directed to drive to Holly House, preserved an unmoved stolidity of feature, and had no remark whatever to offer on the subject. How different from dear friendly, outspoken Bally William, where each man was keenly interested in the affairs of his neighbour, and the poorest peasant upon the road felt himself competent to offer advice on the most intimate family matters! Pixie felt a chill of foreboding as she drove through the trim Surbiton streets and noticed girls like herself walking demurely beside mother or governess with laced-in boots, gloved hands, and silky manes flowing down their backs in straight uninterrupted flow. She looked down at her own new stout little boots. Sixteen buttons in all, and only one missing! Such a pitch of propriety made her feel quite in keeping with her surroundings, and she had kid gloves too—dyed ones—which looked every bit as good as new, and left no mark at all except round the fastenings and the lobes of the fingers. She gave a wriggle of contentment, and at that moment the cab turned in at the gate of Holly House.

The name of the house seemed to have more appropriateness than is usually the case, for the garden was surrounded by a thick holly hedge, and the beds were planted with holly-trees so dark that they appeared to be almost black in hue. To the eyes of the new pupil there was something awe-inspiring in the sight of the grim flowerless beds and the foliage which looked so stern and prickly—almost as bad as the pieces of broken glass which are laid on the top of high walls to prevent escape or intrusion. The house itself was big and square, with a door in the centre, and at the top two quaint dormer windows, standing out from the roof like big surprised-looking eyes. "Dear, dear!" they seemed to say. "If this isn't Pixie O'Shaughnessy driving up to the door! Wonders will never cease!" The hall was wide and cold, and, oh, so clean—"fearful clean," thought the new pupil with a sigh as she stepped gingerly over the polished oilcloth and gazed awesomely at spotless wood and burnished brass. The drawing-room had none of the splendour of that disused apartment at Knock Castle, but it was bright and homelike, with an abundance of pretty cushions and tablecloths, a scent of spring flowers in the air, and a fire dancing cheerily in the grate. Pixie's prejudices received a shock at the sight of so much frivolity in a drawing-room, and she could not echo her father's admiration. She seated herself on the edge of the sofa and began to paint imaginary pictures of the mistress of this fine house. "She will be tall, with yellow hair. She will have cold fingers and a nose that looks thin and has a hump in the middle. No, I don't believe she will, after all. I believe she'll be fussy, and then they are small and dark—dark, with eye-glasses, and those funny red cheeks that are made up of little lines, and never get lighter or darker. And she'll have a chain hanging from her waist with a lot of things that jingle, like the lady in the train. Oh, me dear, suppose she was old! I never thought of that. Suppose she was old, in a cap and a black satin dress, and chilblains on her hands!" And then the door opened—it was really a most exciting occasion—and Miss Phipps came into the room.

She was not in the least like any of the three pictures which Pixie had imagined—she was far, far nicer and prettier. She was tall, and so graceful and elegantly

dressed as to be quite dazzling to the eyes of the country-bred stranger. She had waving brown hair, which formed a sort of halo round her face, a pale complexion, and grey eyes which looked at you with a straight long glance, and then lightened as if they liked what they saw. She was quite young, too, not a bit old and proper; the only thing that looked old were the little lines about the eyes, and even those disappeared when her face was in repose. She came forward to where the Major was standing, and held out her hand with a smile of welcome.

"Major O'Shaughnessy! I am very pleased to see you. I hope you have had a good journey and a comfortable crossing." Then she turned and looked at the crumpled little figure on the sofa, and her eyes softened tenderly. "Is this my new pupil? How do you do, dear? I hope we shall be very good friends!"

"Oi trust we may!" returned Pixie fervently, and with a broadening of the already broad brogue which arose from the emotion of the moment and made her father frown with embarrassment.

"Ha—hum—ha—I am afraid I have brought you rather a rough specimen," he said apologetically. "Pixie is the baby of the family, and she has been allowed to run wild and play with all the children about the place. I hope you will not find her very backward in her lessons. She has had a governess at home, but——"

"But she wasn't much good, either!" interrupted Pixie, entering into the conversation with the ease and geniality of one whose remarks are in the habit of being received with applause. "I didn't pay much attention to her. I expect there's a good deal I don't know yet, but I'm very quick and clever, and can be even with anyone if I choose to try."

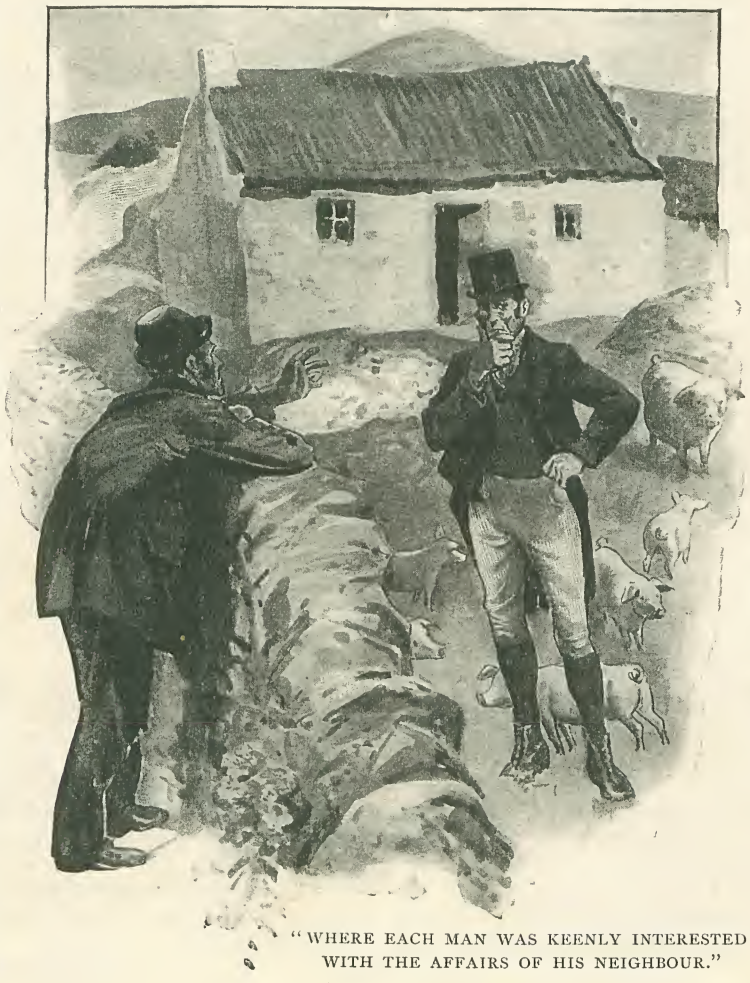
"Then please try, Pixie! I shall be disappointed if you don't!" said Miss Phipps promptly. Her cheeks had grown quite red with surprise, and she pulled in her upper lip and bit at it hard as she looked down at her new pupil and noted the flat nose, the wide mouth, and the elf-like thinness of the shabby figure. "'Pixie'! that's a very charming little name, but a fancy one, surely. What is your Christian name?"

Father and daughter gazed at each other appealingly. It was a moment which they had both dreaded, and the Major had fondly hoped that he might escape before the question was asked. He remained obstinately silent, and Pixie nerved herself to reply.

"Me name's not suited to me appearance," she said sadly. "I'd rather, if you please, that ye didn't tell it to the girls. I am always called Pixie at home. Me name's Patricia!"

Miss Phipps bit her lip harder than ever, but she managed to control her features, and Pixie was relieved to see that she did not even smile at the mention of the fatal name.

"It's rather a long name for such a small person, isn't it?" she said seriously. "I think we will keep to Pixie. It will make school more home-like for you than if we changed to one to which you are not accustomed." Then turning to the Major, "I am sorry my head mistress, Miss Bruce, is not at home to-day, as I should have liked you to see her. She is very bright and original, and has a happy knack of bringing out the best that is in her pupils. She directs the teaching, and I am the housekeeper and sick nurse of the establishment. Would you like to come upstairs and see the room in which Pixie will sleep, or shall we wait perhaps until after tea?"



"WHERE EACH MAN WAS KEENLY INTERESTED WITH THE AFFAIRS OF HIS NEIGHBOUR."

The Major declared that he could not wait for tea. He had kept the cab waiting at the door, and was all anxiety to get the parting over as quickly as possible and return to the fascinations of town, so he discussed a few business matters with Miss Phipps, and then took Pixie's hand and accompanied her up the staircase to the third floor bedroom which she was to share with three other pupils. Two windows looked out on to the garden in front of the house, and an arrangement of curtains hung on rods made each little cubicle private from the rest. Pixie's handbag had already been laid by her bed, and she felt quite a swelling of importance as she surveyed her new domain, wherein everything was to be her very own, and not shared with someone else, as had always been the case at home. The Major gushed over all he saw and professed himself as more than satisfied, but he was plainly ill at ease, and after walking twice round the room was all eagerness to make his escape.

"I'll say good-bye to you now, Pixie," he said, "for your bag is there, I see, and you would be much the better for a wash and brush. It's no use coming downstairs again. Be a good girl, now, and Jack shall come

often to see you! I'm happy to leave you in such good hands, and it's a lucky child you are to have such a school to come to! It will be your own fault if you are not happy."

"I've no doubt I'll be very comfortable, thank you," Pixie said pleasantly, lifting her cheek to receive his kiss, with little sign of the emotion dreaded by the two onlookers. Her father had never been as much to her as the other members of the household, and her mind was too full of the new excitements to allow her to realise his departure. He hurried out of the room, followed by Miss Phipps, and Pixie withdrew into her little cubicle, pulled the curtains closely around her and felt monarch of all she surveyed. A dear, little white bed, so narrow that if you turned, you turned at your peril and in instant dread of landing on the floor; a wonderful piece of furniture which did duty as dressing-table, washstand, and chest of drawers combined; a single chair and a hanging cupboard. Everything fresh, spotlessly clean, and in perfect order; absolutely, if you can believe it, not a single broken thing to be seen! Pixie drew a quick breath of admiration, and wondered how long it could possibly be before she succeeded in cracking that lovely blue and white china, and exactly what would happen if she spilt the water over the floor! She was so much occupied in building castles in the air that ten minutes passed by and she had not moved from her seat, when suddenly there came the sound of footsteps running up the stairs, the door was pushed open, and tramp, tramp, in came her future companions, hidden from sight, but talking volubly to each other as they took off hats and jackets after the afternoon walk.

"The new girl has arrived!" cried number one in a tone of breathless excitement. "I saw her box as I came through the hall. I peeped at the label, but hadn't time to read it properly."

"I did though!" cried another. "A funny name. O' something or other. 'Shog—nessie,' or something like that. Such a shabby old trunk! Looked as if it came out of the Ark."

"It will be rather fun having an Irish girl, don't you think?" number two suggested. "They are untidy and quarrelsome, of course, but it is funny to hear them talk, and they make such droll mistakes. I shouldn't like to be Irish myself, but it will be a pleasant change to have a Paddy among us!"

"Well, I hope she isn't quarrelsome in this room, that's all!" said a third speaker, who had hitherto been silent, "because if she is, I shall feel it my duty to give her a taste of Home Rule that she may not appreciate. And if she snores I shall squeeze my sponge over her, so you may tell her what she has to expect. There's nothing like training these youngsters properly from the beginning!"

"Twelve years old! I call it mean to put a child like that in this room! You are fourteen, I'm fourteen, Ethel is fifteen; we ought to have one of the older ones with us. We will make her fag for her living. She shall get the hot water, and fold up our nightgowns, and pick up the pins. All the same I shall be kind to her, for the credit of the country, for Irish people are always imagining themselves ill-used by England. If I had thought of it I would have drawn a picture for her cubicle as a delicate little mark of attention. An Irishman with his—what do you call it?—shi-lee-lah!"

The speaker stopped suddenly as she pronounced this difficult word, for a curious muffled sound reached her ears. "What's that?" she asked quickly, but her companions had heard nothing, so she retired into the cubicle next Pixie's own to brush her hair, slightly raising her voice so as to be heard more easily by her companions.

"She lives in a castle! I heard Miss Phipps telling Miss Bruce when she was sending the labels. 'Knock-kneed Castle' or something like that. Every second house in Ireland is called a castle, my father says. It's no more than a villa in England, and all the people are as poor as Job, and have hens in their parlours and pigs on the lawn. They don't know what it is to keep order. What are you grunting for, Ethel? It's quite true, I tell you!"

"Dear me, I'm not grunting, I'm only washing my hands," cried Ethel, aggrieved. "What's the matter with your ears this afternoon? I don't care where she lives so long as she behaves herself, and knows how to respect her elders. I wonder what she is like!"

"Irish girls are mostly pretty."

"Who told you that?"

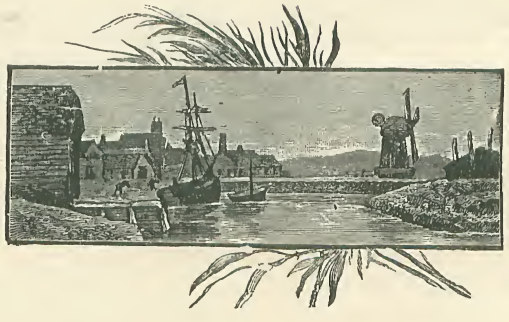
"Never mind, I know it. It's always raining over there, and that is supposed to be good for the hair, or the complexion, or something. And they are so bright and vivacious. If an author wants to make a specially lively heroine in a book, the father is Irish, and the mother is French. Perhaps she'll be the beauty of the school, and then won't someone we could mention tear her hair with rage?"

"Well, I don't know about being pretty," said Pixie's neighbour reflectively. "We have had lots of Irish servants, and they were plain enough. But the name sounds interesting—'Miss Shog-nessie—The Castle—Ireland.' It certainly sounds interesting. I'd give something to know what she is like."

"If ye'll step inside the curtain, ye may judge for yerself," said a deep rich voice suddenly from behind the curtain which was furthest from the door.

There was silence in the bedroom—a silence which might be felt!

(*To be continued.*)



MISS KATHLEEN PURCELL.

SOLO HARPIST.

By K. M. CORDEUX ("Daniel Dormer").

A DAINTY little lady stepping across the lawn in a gown of soft flowered muslin, white and pink. So in memory I can see Miss Kathleen Purcell, the well-known harpist, when first she came to stay with us at our cottage in the country.

And her joy in all things rural was so pretty. The blue wide sky, the trees, the flowers, sunshine and sylvan shade, peace and the song of birds each in turn enchanted her; yet her work claims almost all her time, and she dwells of necessity amidst the noise and bustle of town. An arduous life is hers; frequent long journeys have to be undertaken to fulfil engagements, and her strength and energy are taxed to the utmost to meet all that her success entails. But she loves her life and would not exchange her work, with the numerous and varied interests it brings, for any other lot. She is greatly touched and impressed by all the kindness and sympathy she receives everywhere, especially from many of the great artists of the day; though no one, knowing her, would be surprised at such kindness shown to one herself so charming and so kind. From the beginning her life has been picturesque.



MISS KATHLEEN PURCELL.

It was in a Moorish castle in Algiers, lent by the Government to her father, General Purcell, R.A., that Kathleen first saw the light of day. And when she was about five years old her father obtained the command at Dover, so she was taken to live in the beautiful historic castle there.

From babyhood she has been familiar with the harp. Her mother, her grandmother, and her mother's sisters all played upon it, and at Dover her own two eldest sisters began to take lessons.

It was not, however, until a few years later, when her father was stationed at Clifton, that Kathleen was allowed to begin her studies. Then, being very tiny for her age, she had to stand to be able to reach the larger strings. The lady who first taught her was the eldest sister of W. G. Grace, the distinguished cricketer, and the friendship between teacher and pupil lasted till the death of the former—which, however, happily did not occur until they had shared together some of the delights of that success to which the teacher had contributed so largely, and of which she felt so justly proud.

At the age of fifteen Kathleen had succeeded in passing no fewer than fourteen musical examinations in connection with the Royal Academy of Music and Trinity College; and it was at one of these that Mr. W. Cummings heard her play, and, being greatly struck by her talent, advised her to come to London to study under Mr. John Thomas—the harpist to Queen Victoria, who contributed to this magazine a paper on "How to Play the Harp" some years ago.

After three years spent in serious work, having gained every award available, her first engagement offered itself, at which the harpist met with unqualified success, receiving most kind and valuable encouragement on every hand.

In the profession Miss Purcell is known as "the princess in the *Arabian Nights*," partly on account of her wonderful harp, which came to her in the following romantic way.

Amongst her acquaintances she numbered a very lonely little old lady, who lived apart in the simplest, most quiet manner possible. During a brief holiday Miss Purcell went to stay with this old lady and took with her a little harp she had. After she had played for some time one

day, the hostess, who had been listening very intently, looked up and said, "My dear, I have been looking for a daughter like you all my life, and to-day have found her!" And from that moment the two were very fast friends.

It transpired subsequently that the apparently poor little old lady was the widow of a baronet, and that although she chose to live in such strict retirement and simplicity, she had enough and to spare of this world's goods.

She lived just long enough to see "The Fairy Harpiste," as she called Miss Purcell, in possession of the most beautiful harp ever made; and then she died very suddenly, deeply regretted, for though tiny in body, hers was a large, tender loving soul.

Could you see this "fairy harpiste" playing, and listen to her exquisite melodies, you would not wonder at the title given her. Bending towards her beautiful instrument, her fragile face wrapt and earnest, her delicate hands caressing the strings, she looks truly like a visitant from another world; while the air becomes transported, entering into the spirit of her music, and responds, whispering her *pianissimo* passages ecstatically to those around who listen with breathless silence.

One cannot help hoping that her famous ancestor, Henry Purcell, the great English composer, may now and then gain a glimpse thus of the fairy descendant on whom the mantle of his genius has fallen.

FOR SELF AND COUNTRY.

By MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

CHAPTER III.



UT the relief of death was not to come to Laurence. None of his wounds were mortal, but he was likely to be laid up for some time, and in the crowded state of the hospitals, the doctor advised that he should be sent back to England. Once on ship-board, with healthful sea-breezes around them and good food to eat, most of the sick began to recover, but the gnawing care at his heart prevented him from reaping the benefit of his surroundings. Silent and sad he lay under the awning on deck and watched the waves rolling past in their monotonous race; before he reached England the Colonel's communication would have been received by his employers and by his wife, and the prospect before him filled him with dull despair. It was no wonder that his heart sank lower with every day that passed.

"I suppose your wife will be at Southampton to meet you," said the man who lay on the next mattress; "mine will, bless her little heart! I don't believe wild horses would prevent her from coming down; she knows how I am wearying for a sight of her!"

Laurence turned over the pages of his book in pretended absorption, but in reality his heart was too full to answer. He, too, was wearying for a sight of his wife, wearying with a bitter longing which seemed as if it would break his heart, but he had no hope that she would be there; never again should he see her eyes raised to his with the light of love in their dark depths, never again should he feel her dear arms about his neck, nor hear her voice in the sweet accents of perfect and unshaken affection.

Southampton was reached at last, and while every soldier who could struggle to his feet, was crowding to the vessel's side to look out for welcoming friends, Laurence lay still on the deck with closed eyes and quivering frame; his conflict was before him and not behind, and with all his heart he wished that he was back in South Africa.

"Laurence, my darling!"

A soft voice sounded in his ear, and in another moment Winnie's arms were round him and her lips were pressed to his.

A terrible pallor gathered on his brow, and he tried to disengage himself from her embrace.

"You do not know! You have not had the letter!" he gasped with trembling lips.

"Yes, dear, I know all," she said. "I will tell you everything when you are stronger."

"Tell me now!" he said; and, seeing his agony, she sat down beside him and told him all.

"And you have promised to repay the money with your own income?" he said. "I cannot let you do it! And what will you have to live upon, for who knows when I shall be able to work for you again?"

"You must let me do it," she said. "I went down and saw the heads of the firm, and I would take no denial, for I knew that there would be no happiness for us otherwise. I am to pay them £200 a year, keeping £100 for ourselves until you are able to work. I have found someone to take the lease of the house off our hands, and I have engaged two rooms in which I shall be able to manage without a servant. I shall have everything ready by the time you come out of Netley Hospital, and you are not to worry about anything until I have nursed you up and made you strong again."

"Oh, my dearest, what can I say?" he cried, as he covered his face with his hands. "Every word goes to my heart like a knife! I wanted to be rich for your sake, that was how it all began, and now I have dragged you down into poverty and disgrace."

The scalding tears trickled between his fingers as he spoke, but Winnie bent down and kissed them away.

"I do not mind poverty," she said, "and as for disgrace, the real disgrace would have been if you had kept silence about the past and come home as a hero. You have shown that you have true courage, and that is all I shall ever think of."

He stretched out his arms to her, but no words would come to his lips; such love as this had something in it that was not of this world, and he could only receive it with thankfulness and awe.

But one further trial awaited him, and when Laurence had recovered strength enough to go down to the office, he felt his former misery return upon him in all its force.

Silent as he had been upon the subject of his brave deeds, they were not so unknown as he would have had them be, and the head of the firm took him by the hand and uttered cordial words of congratulation.

"You have done well for your country," he said, "and therefore we are willing to give you a fresh start. I wish I could say that the past should be entirely buried, but unfortunately the tale has leaked out in the office, and for the sake of discipline we can only offer you a junior post. But there it is for your acceptance, and I can assure you that we shall trust you as fully as we did before."

"I don't know how to take it," said Laurence that night, as he told his wife what had passed; "I would do anything to escape from going where everyone knows my story. I could have begun a new life better in a new place."

Winnie said nothing; she knew well how hard the trial would be, but she knew also that her husband's new-born courage would not desert him now.

Nor was her confidence misplaced.

"I will go," he said at last, looking at her with the strength of resolution in his face, "it is the only way in which I can show my sorrow for the past. I shall never be able to fight my country's enemies again, but I will fight against self, and learn of you the true courage which endures to the end."



TO ART STUDENTS.

By A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D.

PART I.

THE EYES OF OUR UNDERSTANDING.

THE eyes with which we see are mental, not physical; in our minds, not in our orbits. Even in so-called physical sight, where the external world is pictured upon the sensitive retina, it is the mind that really *sees*—in other words, that interprets all the innumerable vibrations that pass to the sight-centre in the brain from the retina along the optic nerve. Conscious vision requires, therefore, a conscious and a healthy mind as well as two optical instruments that we call eyes.

Art students have this brought home to them in a special way every time they note how differently the same view or figure is seen by different people. As a matter of fact, no two people really see the same thing; each one views the external object through the individual mind far more than with the external eye.

A man is coming down the street to meet half-a-dozen of us as we stroll up it. In him the one sees his father, another his teacher, a third his landlord, a fourth a friend, a fifth an enemy, while the sixth sees only an elderly, spare, male figure to which nothing characteristic attaches. To a man in society the gay throng is filled with interest as he recognises most of the faces; to the man out of it, it is almost as meaningless as the shifting pattern of a kaleidoscope: the former has the eyes of his understanding open, the latter shut.

These are instances when the eyes of the mind are used in conjunction with the eyes of the head; but we are perfectly familiar with the use of them by themselves. When we say, "Oh, yes, I see it clearly," we allude to mental sight alone, though it is curious and interesting to note that when we are trying to grasp a point—that is, mentally to see it clearly—we often put on a strained expression with our eyes, as if it depended on physical vision as well, when we know it does not.

Mental vision, at any rate of a conscious nature, is, we believe, the prerogative of man as distinct from other animals. They have life, but we have light, or rather the life in us *is* light, as it is not in animals. We read in St. John i. 3, "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." All life comes from God, but life is light to men only, not to the rest of creation.

"The 'light' of the body is the eye" (of the body) and the "light" of the mind is the eye (of the mind); and just as we have two eyes with which to see man, so have we three eyes, with which to see God. The three eyes of our understanding are the three abstract senses, as distinguished from the five special senses. They are *reason* and understanding, connected with the intelligence; the *æsthetic sense*, or sense of beauty or emotional sense; and the *conscience*, or the moral sense. It is in virtue of these three that we are "in the likeness of God"; and it is not a little remarkable to note with what a voice of authority they all speak. They are absolute, not relative, and admit of no reasoning. "Two and two *are* four;" such a thing *is* beautiful; right *is* right, and wrong *is* wrong; and there is no more to be said about it.

The *sense of reason* was given to be the light of man, by which he might know the wisdom and ways of God. The *sense of beauty* was given in that we might have the capacity of admiring all His works, both material and spiritual, and thus worship and adore Him. The *moral sense* was given that His will might be reflected in our souls, and that we might do it.

Thus perfectly was man originally equipped. But then in came sin, and cataracts and blindness (well-nigh complete) closed the eyes of our understanding: so that with regard to reason, "The world by wisdom knew *not* God"; with regard to the æsthetic sense, "When we see Him, there is *no* beauty, that we might desire Him"; with regard to conscience, "They call evil good, and good evil."

But in due time Christianity descends into a blind world, and Christ Himself comes for the "recovering of sight to the blind"; and by the operation of the Spirit of God the cataracts of man's spiritual eyes are removed and mental sight is restored; and what a wonderful moment it is in a life-history when the spiritual vision is regained!

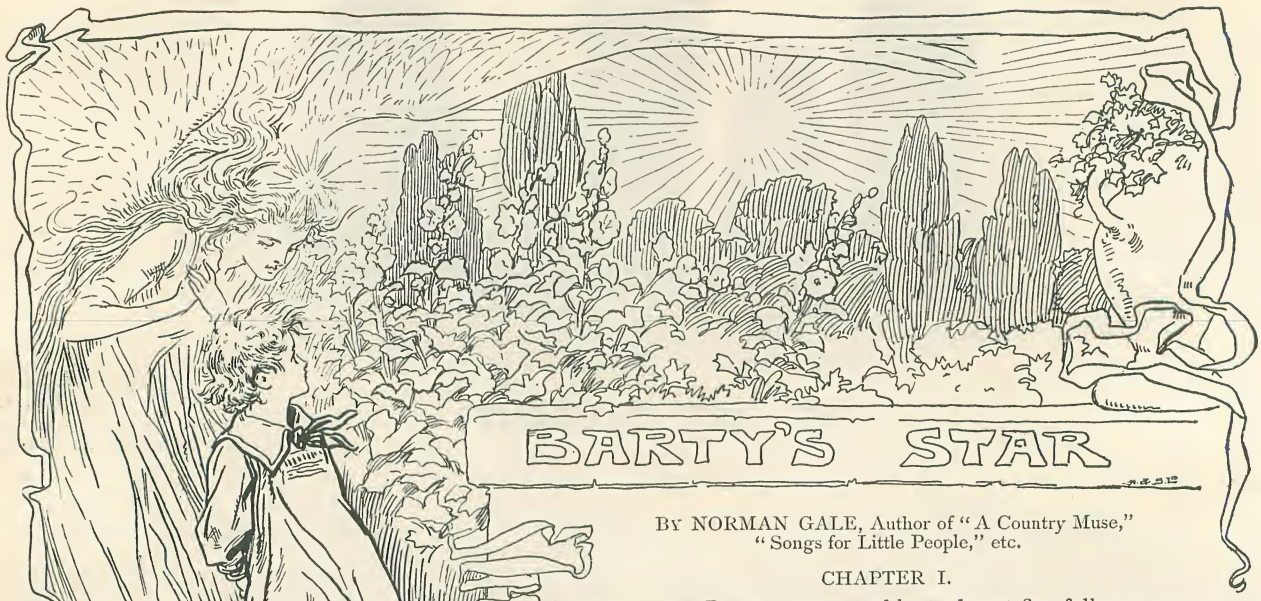
No wonder, when the reason is once more enabled to enjoy God, the seer cries, "O the depths both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out. For of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things. To Him be glory for ever. Amen."

And again, when the sense of beauty is in its highest sense restored, and can at last rise above the material, and sees the invisible, they can "behold the beauty of the Lord," their eyes can "see the King in His beauty," and their cry is, "He is altogether lovely!"

The moral sense, too, is regained, and we walk "in the fear of the Lord all the day long," and serve Him "with reverence and godly fear."

Thus man, in God's own wonderful way, more than regains his lost powers, and the art student, the eyes of whose understanding have been thus opened, lives and moves not only in communion with his art but with his God. That abstract sense of beauty which it is so peculiarly his most richly to enjoy, sees everywhere in nature the created vestment of the Uncreate; hears in the sweetest songs the echoes of the Infinite; and all art thus becomes in a sense sacred, and nothing is common or unclean. To have the difference of "eyes and no eyes" and the value of spiritual sight brought home to the mind, spend, as I did lately, two consecutive Saturdays in the country, the one with a man who never could rise above the material and the obvious—above that which the eyes of the head could picture, the other with one who, with restored sight, saw with the eyes of the understanding in every hedgerow plant, in every fleecy cloud, in every soaring lark, the graceful handiwork of his God and Father.

(*To be continued.*)



By NORMAN GALE, Author of "A Country Muse," "Songs for Little People," etc.

CHAPTER I.

BARTY—short for Bartholomew—wished to be made clear in his mind about the starry syntax of the heavens. His first grievance, in so far as celestial matters were concerned, was the strange conduct of the somebody or the something guilty of biting a huge silver mouthful out of the moon, treating it as if it were a mere bun. I sank in his estimation when I offered the true reason. It was so flatly, so egregiously absurd that the piercing mind of infancy refused to entertain it for a single moment. Partly from native genius, partly from native obstinacy, my small son—whom I sometimes used to offend for several hours by calling Bartimæus, a name which his dread of ridicule magnified into a covert insult—gave his wits to the birth of a theory deserving high praise from Simplicity herself; a theory for which I have ever since had rather more than a sneaking fondness; which, upon occasions, when romance has been uppermost in my moods, I have accepted and been thankful for with a real and reaching cordiality, even to the extent of putting half-a-crown into Barty's money-box. When Barty was wont to dash off his impromptu explanations of tides, or lunar waxings and wanings, or comets, his tongue could scarcely perform its appointed service at a fast enough rate; the essence of eagerness sparkled in his eyes, and a magicianly nimbus, coming I know not whence, appeared to surround his head. God bless the little magpie! With what portentous labour do our dry-as-dust astronomers sift suggestions, weigh atoms, measure speeds and bring into public notice fresh conjectures as to the original scheme whereby the round and running giants were started upon their long journeys in monstrous jackets of flame! And behold, there was Barty, as yet unable to boast five full summers, who could produce a really valuable hypothesis between his plucking of a Solomon's seal and an auricula. If any devotee of exactness demands to know which of the rivals, Barty or the academic observer, was the nearer to likelihood, I must perforce allot the second place to my illuminated Jackanapes; but as even the Royal Astronomer himself is little more than a fumbler, I prefer the colours and raptures of Barty's theories to the austerity of those put forward by his senior. Ask a scientific gentleman why the ocean is never absolutely at rest, and he will give you the true cause of this perpetual movement. When I asked Chatterbox the Golden, he very quickly offered a solution, beside which the information signed and sealed by his elder was tame to a degree. I fear none but little folk in pinafores will believe Barty to be correct in this particular case, but I wish he were.

"The sea's always moving its back, it is," he said.

"Yes. Do you know why?"

"Because a great, big, large, huge monster under the sea wags and wags and wags his tail."

"Indeed. May I ask why he always wags his tail?"

"Because all the little fish tickle him."

"Thank you, Barty. Perhaps you can tell me why treacle is so soft, when rocks, as a general rule, are hard?"

But at this exciting moment, just as Barty's mouth was getting full of words, his mother snatched him up in her arms, kissed him, and declared that he should not be treated in such a fashion any longer.

The devouring agent in Barty's theory to account for the gradual growth and fading of the moon was a black mouse, so portly that it could not get through our lodge-gates—a detail which the mouse's creator always insisted upon whenever his friends and relations turned the conversation towards this vexed question—with a bad habit of nibbling at the sun's go-between. This black mouse, being of a contrary nature, always fed on brightness. It nibbled and nibbled and nibbled. To be brief, it nibbled. But it never quite contrived to swallow the last morsel, because a cat as long as Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square—which Barty had carefully inspected when he first paid the metropolis a visit—came gambolling through the sky and frightened it away from licking up the crumbs which had fallen—who on earth knows where?—during the course of the meal.

"What does the cat gambol on?" I asked at the time when Barty invented this legend; "for the sky isn't a gravel path or a tesselated hall or a grassy lawn."

"No, but it's a blue lawn," replied the sage, evidently disdainful of my ignorance.

"A blue lawn? Very good. I concede the point."

Then, the mouse—Barty was dreadfully offended once when I spoke of his apparition as a rodent. He generally turned nasty when I used a word he did not understand, and thereupon refused to fire off his penny pistol in my presence. Just like him!—being driven away miles and miles till it reached a hole where it could attend to digestive processes without fearing its pursuer, the few crumbs of moon began to grow.

"How's that, Barty? They can't grow; they aren't mustard and cress. My boy, let me beseech you not to deceive a trusting and a doting father."

"They grow just like the grass, of course," said this bigoted astronomer.

"But I don't know how the grass grows."

"Yes, you do, daddy. It grows like nettles."

"Very well. I was only asking for information."

So the moon grew again beautifully, whereupon the cat conveniently retired in order to allow the mouse to resume nibbling. The chase, the digestion, the increase, the fresh attack of the rodent—*pace* Barty—thus the story continued for ever. Barty was extremely proud because his tale had no end, as the tales in books have. These he considered to be defective inasmuch as their tellers had appointed boundaries for them. Now that he is older he still thinks very small potatoes of authors because they cannot write stories which go on for ever; and, when one comes to think about this peculiarity, it certainly is weak of them.

By communing with Barty's original intellect I began to see how foolish I had been to rest content with such a lot of customary notions. I made up my mind to learn as much from him as I possibly could before he grew up and became one of the common human atoms. In those early days of directness, when his unconventional philosophy and imagination united in such a stimulating amalgam, it would have been almost criminal upon my part had I persisted in neglecting the fountain of his wisdom. I am ashamed of myself for thinking so long that I knew more than children. What ridiculous assumption! The most precious knowledge, I see now, belongs to the milk-tooth stage of existence. As children grow up they gradually forget the details of the world from which they last came. I used to wonder why they stared so strangely when I told them a simple fact in simple language.

Now Barty has cleared up that mystery, just as he has cleared up several others. When children fix their eyes upon their elders in that manner, they are not marvelling at the information, they are wondering, I believe, why things on this earth are so different from the things on the earth from which they are, comparatively speaking, recent arrivals. Our atmosphere is hostile to their ancestral memories. The moment they draw breath here they begin to exhale recollections of their former globe, so cunningly does the Overseer prevent them from the pains incident to comparisons. Luckily the knowledge goes away at a gentle rate of speed, and thus we are enabled to get a few hints. Is it not almost agonising to reflect how painfully memory must shrivel before the newcomers are able to understand our speech? Steady any child's eyes for a moment, let his look pierce yours—this is easier than for yours to pierce his—and perchance an inward light may appear to play upon and warm your brain. This is not always so. When it is so, then your memory returns and breaks over the old shells, so faintly, so faintly, as if she were the most musing of all gentle sea-tides. I suppose I was once as wise as Barty. I hope so, and I hope I gave a share of my deep knowing to some adult person, just as this sage of nearly five years has imparted some of his to me. Of course we never were upon equal platforms. Understanding this from the outset, I did not resent the signals of impatience which often twinkled in his eyes when my clumsier intelligence, sated by custom, overloaded with imitations and borrowings made as my wisdom little by little declined, failed to work as quickly, as pointedly as his own. Remembering how rapidly this world eclipses the last, I did all in my power to confront Barty with what I imagined—it was the merest guesswork—might be opposites to things seen and heard in that climate whence he has so wonderfully travelled; and I tried to keep on my best behaviour, in so far as dangerous nicknames and polysyllables were concerned, lest, offended, he should fall into a state of silence. Fortunately there were few occasions when I could not open his mouth by the key of finance. Evidently his past life was spent where monetary symbols were either not employed at all, or else were entirely different in character. Barty could be corrupted by even the smallest coin of the realm. I have made extraordinary mental purchases from him at the cost of a farthing; and often have received nothing in exchange for a bribe forty-eight times larger. This would happen when certain mundane novelties, too marvellous to encourage in his brain remembrance of joy and strangeness in other shapes, pulled him away from thoughts of his earlier playgrounds, business localities, and domestic concerns. When I looked at Barty, as I was never tired of doing, whether he were grimy or fresh from the sponge, I felt sure he was a good husband and father long ago; and I thought he must have had good children who were an honour to him, who hastened from the ends of their earth when they heard Death's arrow was quivering in so treasured a target, anxious to place their bowed heads beneath his blessing hands, eager to catch the uneasy words labouring from his dying lips.

In the presence of flowers Barty was more silent than at any other time. When lupins were blossoming, I found it very difficult to extract from him information of the sort for which I suffered so keen a thirst. With some flowers close at hand he would be moderately communicative; with others near he would not open his mouth. His eyes almost spoke to those which silenced him. A small perplexity gathered between his brows.

"Are you not old friends of mine?" he seemed to ask them. "Where have I seen you before? Tell me." And he always appeared to be waiting, waiting, waiting for the answer. Did he once dwell, think you, in a land of speaking flowers? It is possible. It hurt my heart to watch him when he stood in front of a lupin, his queer little pucker making a vertical trench between those lustrous eyes of his; and especially was I grieved if, when the boy was standing thus tranced, thus greedy for a petal to reply, thus sore at the closed mouths of old companions who, as it seemed, once used to exchange sweet syllables with him, the nurse came with the news that dinner was ready. It was sad to see Barty's dumb protest. Not a foot of lawn did he cover without turning his head in hopes to catch the accents of long ago. I think I can tell what he saw once upon the planet whence he journeyed hither. Snowdrops or some flowers extremely like, yes; roses, yes; lupins, never! He accepted snowdrops, crocuses, carnations without comment, but he shouted for joy when he first saw a crown imperial, a lupin, a monkshood, and, without exaggeration, upon experiencing each glorious surprise, leaped six inches upward and outward from his mother's arms.

When he was four years old he most loved such blossoming spires as lupins, larkspurs and hollyhocks, from which I gathered that his late home was rich in tall flowers, and he would listen to the foxglove's curtseying belfry so long that his mother's face began to wear a look of dread, for she feared that some mysterious magnets were exerting their influence to draw the boy away from her bosom. And, indeed, Barty always seemed anxious to follow the flowers that marched with such enthusiasm through the air in a heavenly direction. Had he been a contemporary of the immortal Jack, whose Christian name has been lost in the fog of ages, I doubt not he would have climbed beanstalks and carved monsters no less illustriously than the hero in the fairy-tale. Tall trees bewitched him. Well I knew what rents would gape in his knickerbockers when he came into his climbing years. I tried in vain to make him worship moss and other growths which cleave to the breast of the common mother, timid children that think themselves safest when cuddled close to the most generous of all bosoms. Your poplar is all for seeing the world, but moss has a stay-at-home heart. Barty's controlling desire was to look upward, and I have often seen him stand on

tiptoe, flap his arms, and make efforts to fly, enamoured of the easy fashion of travel employed by birds. In his garden he would rarely consent to plant seeds of a lowly habit. Whenever I produced a packet of seeds—sleeping princesses whom the two sweethearts, soil and sun, were to kiss awake in right season—the child invariably asked, "Will they grow as tall as giunts?" If I described them as future dwarfs, his eager eyes lost a shade from their brilliant colour, dulled because there was no promise of towering height in the brown specks. Ah, little boy, little son, I used to reflect, do you search for ladders whereby to escape from this prison of lawn and lilac and nursery and human regulations? Must your heart be ever pressing against the invisible bars of this visible cage? Do the ascending flowers act only as signals for your direction? Never mind the lean poplar that pierces the heaven's blue cloth with a green needle; and never mind the ambitious lark that serves as a link between the music of earth and the melodies of paradise. Cease to imagine the stars are always beckoning to you with beamy fingers.

I am here reminded to mention Barty's uncanny powers of vision. On nights of extraordinary beauty, when the eternal diamonds in the firmament were displaying the chief of their lustre, the child was usually restive. Often he used to creep from his bed, run to the window, pop his head under the blind, and gaze at the glory above him with glories to us so precious that we would not have exchanged them for all the glittering couriers of space. I think God must have loved to watch him then—so fair, so fragile, so spotless an innocent holding converse with the heavens in the dead of night. I very well remember one particular occasion when I found Barty thus enraptured. Drawing up the blind, I revealed his starlit head, and asked him at what he was looking so steadfastly.

"That star between the trees."

"Between what trees?"

"That and that." He pointed a tiny forefinger at each of the boundaries.

My unassisted eyes failing to discover a star between the two elms which rose up just across the lawn, I put on my glasses. What was my astonishment to scan a piece of space about the size of a large blanket and the colour of indigo, which was utterly without stars able to be glimpsed by grown-up vision? Barty—he was at this time not much more than three years old—insisted upon the presence of the luminary.

"Point, dear," I said.

I knelt down and glanced along the slender index raised for the purpose of helping me. He was aggrieved when I again told him there was no star in the patch of heaven between the elms. Tears came into his eyes.

"I am telling the troof," he said, mistaking my emphasis for an accusation of falsehood.

Instead of answering, I began to wonder. Can children see their home in the last system from which they came? How soon, how gradually do they lose this from the firmament as all the mundane controls pull them away from their bright penetration and leave them with a lessened galaxy? As the last abode fades from sight, remembrance of its intimate beauties, its fragrances, its thorns, also fades, I suppose. Sad, is it not?

(*To be continued.*)

MY LAUNDRY.

By A LAUNDRESS.

PART I.

A SOLDIER, far-famed for his courage on many a field of battle, said to me the other day, "I have retired from the army, but you cannot think how sad it makes life to wake up morning after morning and feel that I have no definite work to do." And yet is not this same sorrow—this sad unrest at the aimlessness of their lives—at the bottom of the discontent of so many well-to-do women when they first pass from girlhood into womanhood?

It is the higher education of women which has driven this fact of the miserable sadness of a life without an occupation more deeply home to us. Perhaps you will answer me, "But what about our grandmothers? There was no talk of work for women then; they happily and gladly frittered away their time." Yes, quite so, but consider how different education was in their day. Spinning, writing letters with rather bad spelling, a little reading, a good deal of embroidery, a little music, and a smattering of French probably completed their educational life; and they passed quite easily from the light school work to the conventional life of their homes. Nowadays a girl goes through a severe course of education at a high school or college; lectures, classes, examinations and real hard work, which utterly unfit her to commence at eighteen or nineteen years old an aimless existence. The sudden change from this hard work to a life in which she wakes up morning after morning with nothing to do, except arrange the flowers, or write an invitation, or pay a call, turns many a healthy young girl into a complete nervous invalid. What has she got to do except enjoy herself and think of her own ailments, taking notice of every tiny ache or pain and making the most of it? The greatest Teacher the world has ever known said these words, "He that loseth his life shall find it," and in the hidden meaning of that inspired word is the secret of strong robust health; it is those who lose themselves in work and in the lives of others who find their own true life.



THE MANAGERESS AND HER HUSBAND.

It is, then, to meet a most pressing and vital need that so many different kinds of occupation have recently opened and are still opening their doors to women. Not so very long ago if a lady lost her money or wished to work, there was but one opening for her—that of the poor despised governess. Then after the Crimean War, and the noble example set by Florence Nightingale, followed the craze for hospital nursing. By

degrees every hospital was inundated with applicants, and thence arose—owing to the supply being so much beyond the demand—the very bad position in which nurses found themselves. Some time ago a daily paper opened its columns to the ventilation of their woes; much harder work than a domestic servant's, wretched pay, bad food; these refined ladies having to wait like servants upon the visiting medical staff and answer their questions with a "Yes, sir" or "No, sir." What caused a self-sacrificing nurse to find herself in this position? Simply a glut in the market. If a nurse objected, or found the terribly hard work too much for her strength, the door was open, she might go, there were hundreds of others waiting only too eagerly to take her place. But this has all changed now, and lady nurses are not so easily obtained.

By degrees other occupations have opened their doors to ladies. Ladies have bought places of business and started shops for selling bonnets, hats, blouses, dresses, flowers, for providing lunch and afternoon teas. We find a countess's name in large letters on a brass plate over one shop, and a lord's daughter-in-law is not ashamed to advertise her name over another! Then we have our lady book-binders, our lady doctors, lady typists, lady lecturers, lady journalists, lady clerks, and in America lady lawyers, ladies on the Stock Exchange, lady brewers, ladies everywhere and in everything!

Personally I do not belong to any of the trades I have mentioned. I am a laundress, that poor despised woman for whom no abuse seems strong enough when a handkerchief is lost, or a shirt-front not glazed to a man's idea of the pink of perfection! Whoever heard of anyone taking an interest in their laundress forsooth! When or how your clothes are washed, I suppose you have not a notion, nor do you care so long as they are well done. I think a great deal of good would be done in the world if girls who are going to marry and have houses of their own would make up their minds never to employ any laundry without taking the trouble first to go and look at it. I should like to take you round some of the wretched laundries in Notting Hill and Shepherd's Bush. I should like you to feel the heat of the ironing-rooms, and to see the dirt and squalor of many of the places. I should like you to see for yourselves the hard driven look of the women, the bad conditions under which the work is done, the long hours, which even the Factory Act has failed to abolish. And then I should like to take you to my own little laundry only seven miles from the Marble Arch and yet close to orchards and green trees, with fresh air blowing all around and about it.

What made me become a laundress? I cannot tell you; somehow I slipped into it, and very interesting I find it. If you girls find yourselves at a loose end without any occupation, come and learn my trade, and then you can go and start a like business for yourself. There are plenty of openings; people are only too glad to hear of a laundry where the work is well done, and where chemicals are not employed. We are over-run with customers and have had to buy the garden next to us and to double our buildings to try to keep pace with our work. But remember, when I recommend you to start a business for yourself, I only recommend it after you yourself have been thoroughly trained, and I only advocate the starting of laundries on sound commercial principles. We work for the ordinary amount of time, we give fair wages, and we only employ skilled labour.

Come and see my laundry with me. We will take an omnibus from the Marble Arch, and then we will get, at Uxbridge Road Station, on to the top of an electric tram. They may not be nice when you are on a bicycle or in any other conveyance along the road, but when you are on one of them, I think an electric tram perfection! So smoothly we glide along, we are so high up, we get such fresh air above the fields and gardens of Acton and Ealing. The seats are so comfortable, I lean back in a corner as I whiz through the air and dream! At last we reach our turning. We dismount and walk down the road past lots of small houses, each with its tiny gay garden, until we reach our laundry. We knock, and a nice little maid opens the door. The first room to inspect is our office upstairs Everything is neat and in its place, a large desk occupies the middle of the room, a writing-pad and several ink-pots are arranged on it, also a basket in which the letters are placed as they arrive. On the wall are two cases, one labelled "paid," and the other "unpaid" bills, it is always a satisfaction to see how much larger proportion the former takes than the latter!

Sit down for a moment, and we will show you our office tomes. Here is the wage-book with all the names of those we employ neatly entered, and their daily or weekly takings against their name. First of all come the washers, then the girls who run the calender, the driers, the preparers, the ironers, and then the weekly hands; the head packer and sorter, the engineer, the book-keeper. A woman who receives a daily wage is always one low down in the wage-earning scale. It means such a hand-to-mouth existence. We are always so glad to encourage our workers to take their earnings at the week-end instead of at the day-end. Our manageress does not appear in this wage-book. She is at the tip-top of all, and receives her cheque every fortnight. Ironing is very well paid work, and a good ironer—a best body-linen or shirt ironer is reckoned as the highest—can earn £1 and more for four and a half days' work—say, from Tuesday morning until mid-day on Saturday.

(*To be concluded.*)



THE DRYING-GROUND.

SILENT STRINGS.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Lady Dye's Reparation," "A Cluster of Roses," etc.

CHAPTER III.

AN INVITATION FOR SIS.

The winter was passing away. The earliest flowers were bursting their sheaths in the old-fashioned borders of the college gardens. Green things were putting forth shoots of new life in the wonderful nooks and crannies of Oxford. There were clear skies and long days; the sunlight crept in among the deep shadows of the grave old walls, and quaint carven faces, hidden in the dark months, peered out again from arches and doorways. Here and there, in some grey corner, you caught a glimpse of silver cherry-bloom, and heard the merry twitter of innumerable birds. The breath of spring seemed to stir up Sis's desire for change and a wider scope. She began to be restless and weary of the common duties of home.

Claud's gentle hints had not been without an effect upon the girl. She had fallen quickly into the habit of helping Kate in a hundred little ways. Her deft fingers did many things with a natural skill which surprised the elder sister. Best of all, she had begun to share with Kate the duty of sitting with Dr. Wilmer. Through long evenings she had listened with apparent interest to the scrappy readings from the newspaper, working all the while as if her bread depended on her needle.

"But I can't go on being so unnaturally good for ever!" she cried one morning, holding an open letter in her hand. "And this is my first invitation—my very first, you know."

The doctor had just gone out for his daily stroll, and Sis was in her old place in the bay window. The garden had awakened from its winter sleep, and the white stars of the narcissus shone out here and there. It was the flower that Sis loved best—perhaps because Drew had said one day that it was like herself. She had gone out early to gather some of its blossoms, and had put them into a tall green glass on the study table.

"Of course, it is very nice to have an invitation," Addy said. "But I wish we knew a little more about Judith Fayne."

She was sitting at a shabby old desk with some sheets of foolscap before her, but while Sis sat in the bay window she could not collect her thoughts.

"Oh, I know her quite well," replied Sis quickly. "Don't you remember that she stayed two months with the Irvins last summer?"

"But you didn't know the Irvins very well," said Addy, "and they went away in the autumn."

"Yes; but they were charming people. Besides, how is one ever to make friends if one doesn't take one's acquaintances on trust?"

"Friends," Addy repeated thoughtfully. She drew the slender glass vase towards her and bent her face over the pure white flowers.



"'YES, FRIENDS. WE CAN'T GET ON IN THE WORLD WITHOUT THEM.'"

"Yes—friends!" said Sis with emphasis. "We can't get on in the world without them."

"We have to get on without them when they are called away," Addy answered. "The scent of this narcissus makes me think of Mary Leigh. The last time I ever saw her she had some flowers like these lying on the quilt. I have never had a real girl-friend since she died."

"But you are hard to please," Sis said. "Mary Leigh was a saint, of course, but I don't think I want a saint for my friend. I do want a nice, cheery, amusing worldling, who won't bore me with goody talk and regrets for dead people."

Addy laughed good-humouredly.

"I'm sorry I bored you, dear," said she, pushing the vase away.

"You see, Addy, you are wrapped up in your stories," remarked Sis in a serious tone. "And the story-people are very good company, I suppose. Anyhow, they can come and stay with you, and so you never feel the lack of companionship."

"Poor Sis!" Addy spoke affectionately. "I'm sure you must find the old house dull sometimes. We do miss Claud and Drew so dreadfully, don't we? Let me read Judith Fayne's letter again."

The tears were in Sis's eyes as she handed the letter to her sister. Kate, in the kindest way possible, had said that it would be unwise for so young a girl to go far away among strangers, and had then seemed to think that the matter was settled. Her mind was preoccupied with household affairs, and she had not realised Sis's desire to see more of the world. Sis had been so good and useful of late that Kate had believed her to be quite contented with her lot.

"It isn't a bad sort of letter," said Addy, musing. "But do we ever know people through their letters? Handwriting tells us a good deal, I believe. Well, Sis, I don't quite like this hand."

"What is the matter with it, Miss Fault-finder?" Sis demanded.

"There are too many flourishes. There's something cunning in the twirl of the 'y's,' and that 's' is really spiteful. On the whole I think you had better not put your faith in Judith."

"You won't make me dislike her, and I know you are only pretending!" cried Sis with a little stamp of her pretty foot. "Oh, Addy, I do want to go to North Heatherway! If you had the merest atom of kindness, you would try to soften Kate's obdurate heart!"

"As if our Kate could possibly be hard! We'll talk it over presently, dear; but pray don't sit there and weep. When I was in the garden early I saw you leaning out of the window like the Blessed Damosel. There was a Rossetti and Burne-Jones look about you—a wan, willowy, woe-begone, wasted woman you were!"

"All those 'W's' don't apply to me," said Sis, with great dignity. "I know I am sweet and white and slender, like the narcissus—Drew has often said so—but I'm not Burne-Jonesy in the least. Dear old Drew, I wish he would come back for a minute just to take my part!"

Addy laughed.

"We are always taking your part," said she. "And I daresay you'll get your desire granted, only we shall worry ourselves all the time you are away."

Sis ran out of the study in high spirits, feeling that she had won Addy over to her side. Then she went all over the house in search of Kate, and found her at last in her little cell of a room, putting on her plain bonnet at the cottage looking-glass. There was rather a troubled expression on the thin, pale face which the glass reflected, and a quick ear might have caught the sound of a low sigh.

"Oh, Kate, are you going out? Wait a little while. I want to have a long talk with you at once," said Sis impressively.

"I cannot wait," Kate answered in her patient voice. "I am going to see the new charwoman."

"What do we want with a new charwoman? Oh, I know that Mrs. Cross has had a bad fall, but until she is well Martha must do extra work."

"Martha cannot do any extra work, Sis. That terrible cold has left her very weak."

Kate fastened the collar of her cloak as she spoke, and began to put on a pair of well-worn gloves. Sis was nearly dancing with impatience.

"Very well, Kate, I shall have to go with you," she said in a resolute tone. "Don't say you can't wait, I sha'n't be a minute."

The elder sister gave a sigh of resignation, and Sis dashed off to her own room. Catching up a soft hat of grey felt, she pressed it firmly on her head, got into a reefer coat, and ran downstairs to join Kate at the hall-door.

Along the narrow pavement of Walton Street they walked side by side, the woman patient and tired, the girl full of excitement and energy. Arguments and entreaties were poured thick and fast into Kate's unwilling ears till her head began to ache, and she could scarcely recall the number of the little house she had to visit. At last when Sis paused for breath she contrived to speak.

"I can't bear to deny you a pleasure, child," she said. "But these Faynes are strangers, and one doesn't know if you will be happy with them. And it is quite a long journey to North Heatherway. I should think it must be rather a desolate place."

"Desolate! Why, Kate, the scenery is magnificent—something like Scotland. I am pining for a breath of strong bracing air and a sight of the hills. And I want to get out of our tiny world into a bigger world, the first glimpse of a strange face will do me good. You don't know how tired I am of grey walls, and bells, and ugly caps and gowns, and all the everlasting monotony of Oxford. I'm simply craving for a change."

They had passed the University Press, and were drawing near the street where the charwoman lived. Sis called up all her forces for another onslaught.

"Do speak, Kate. It's that awful silence of yours that nearly maddens me. Are you afraid to let me travel alone? I'm not a bit nervous, and you can put me under the care of the guard. Do you think it will cost too much? One must spend a little extra money sometimes. Oh, Kate, you are wearing me out!"

Her delicate cheeks were flushed, her eyes were shining feverishly under the grey hat. She was blissfully unconscious that the passers-by regarded her with furtive looks of admiration. Kate could hold out no longer; sorely against her will she had to give in.

"My dear Sis, I am not a dragon set to guard you," sighed she. "Take your own way, and go to North Heatherway. We will fit you out as well as we can."

"Oh, Kate, you are an angel, a perfect angel! Must you really go down that disgusting street? Well, then, I'll walk back, and I think I'll look in on Amice. I'm so happy that I must talk to somebody."

Amice Hinton and her mother lived in one of the grey-fronted houses in Beaumont Street, on the right hand if you turned your back to Worcester College. In summer, when the hall-door was open, you could look

through the house to the garden behind it; and the widow and her daughter loved their old home. To that house Dr. Hinton had brought his bride; there Amice was born; and there the doctor had ended his hardworking life. He had died in harness, a noble death for a man to die, and there were no fears for wife and child to darken the closing hour. They were provided for, not richly, but comfortably; for them there would be no struggle, no care about their daily bread. So the good doctor went peacefully to his rest, and the two he had loved lived on under the old roof.

When Sis entered, Amice was just setting forth to do some marketing, and the girls went out together into the sunshiny street. The great trees in front of St. John's were touched with misty green, the fresh light shone on the weather-beaten walls. Sis was eager to pour out the story of her great gladness.

"Amice, I am really going to North Heatherway. Kate has given her consent, but I had hard work to wring it out of her. She is full of absurd misgivings and objections."

"But Kate is never absurd in anything," Amice said. "You see, Sis, there is a good deal of the child in you still, and you don't know how you will fare among strangers."

"But I can't spend my whole life among relations," replied Sis. "And you cannot think what it feels like to be at home without the boys. It broke my heart to part with Drew."

"Oh, no, it didn't," said Amice, speaking with all the superior wisdom of her one-and-twenty years. "Of course it was a grief, but it takes more than that to make a heart break."

"Well, it was a great pain anyhow. And then we had to say good-bye to Claud."

"He has not gone very far," Amice answered.

There was a soft content in her voice, but her companion was too self-absorbed to notice trifles; and then came a brief silence.

Amice Hinton was a girl who always made an impression on people at first sight, not only because she was very pretty, but because her beauty was of a most uncommon kind. There was such a glory of golden light in her eyes and on her soft curly hair, that you never criticised her features, but got dazzled at once. She was fresh and radiant as a May morning, and yet, once or twice lately, a faint shadow had flitted across the brightness. Only her mother had seen it, for mothers know their daughters' faces better than a scholar knows his book. And it was hardly a shadow that Mrs. Hinton had seen, but rather a toning down of the light.

"Judith Fayne is a darling," said Sis, breaking the pause suddenly. "You met her once or twice in the summer, didn't you? We saw a great deal of each other."

Amice's thoughts had wandered away from Sis and her affairs. She had to collect her scattered ideas before she could reply.

"Yes, I saw her with you several times. I think she was a pretty girl, extremely fair."

"As fair as a Swede. Drew said she reminded him of a big cabbage rose, she was so pink, and there was so much of her. And she is brimful of life and fun, one can't be dull when she is near. Oh, Amice, I have never stayed in a real, out-of-the-way country house, and it will be such a new experience! Shouldn't you love to go into the country?"

They were walking on towards Carfax, past the shops and the quaint old inn, where the long trailers of a green creeper hang down into the yard, swaying gently in the wind. Amice lifted her face a little, with a sudden smile like a sun-ray.

"No; I should just love to go to London," she answered in a hurry, the words coming out in a quick, rippling fashion. "I want to see the good work that some are doing there—doing it quietly, without a thought of pleasing self or getting praise from men. I want to go into the wretched courts and alleys to learn how much Love can do—Love with a great L, Sis."

Even Sis, self-occupied as she was, gave a little start.

"Why, Amice," she said wonderingly, "I did not know you cared so much about that kind of thing. I can't picture you in a London slum; you are not meant for such a place."

"What place am I meant for?" Amice asked.

"A beautiful home, surrounded with luxuries, and flowers, and pictures, and all delightful things. You are not made to plunge into dirty courts and alleys; it takes a stronger, rougher sort of woman to work among the London poor."

The great light went suddenly out of Amice's face; she was paler and quieter for the rest of the walk. Sis, forgetting her surprise in a minute, went back with renewed zest to her own concerns, while her companion visited the market stalls, giving her orders in a calm, perfunctory way.

"Shall we go a little farther?" asked Sis. "It is such a lovely day, and I don't want to go indoors yet."

"My mother will be wanting me," Amice replied, "and you will be busy with your preparations. I think we have been out long enough this morning."

Sunbeams and shadows were still at play about the old city; a fresh breeze came sweeping up Beaumont Street with a scent of cherry-blossom in its breath. But there was a sort of hush in Amice's voice and smile as she stopped at her own door and said good-bye.

A string which had vibrated was silenced. She went quietly into the house and entered the room where Mrs. Hinton sat at her hand-machine, making garments for the poor of the parish. The work ceased when Amice came to her side, and the mother raised her eyes with a look of welcome.

A sweet, old-fashioned mother was Mrs. Hinton, always wearing a modified widow's cap on her white hair, always dressed in a soft black gown which seemed to have been taken out of a press where dried rose-leaves had lain. It was a faint perfume that clung to her, like sweet memories of a summer gone by, and Amice loved it, for it breathed of motherhood and home. She bent down tenderly to kiss the kind face.

"Have you had enough of the sunshine, dear?" Mrs. Hinton asked. "It is beautiful out of doors to-day."

"It is beautiful indoors too," Amice answered. "I am come in to sit here and work with you."

If one string was silenced, there was music in her life still. Is there any life that is quite devoid of melody? Amice, as she went upstairs to take off hat and coat, was asking herself this question, and as she stood for a moment at the window, Browning's lines went singing and thrilling through her soul.

"The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once; we shall hear it by-and-by."

(To be continued.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

ALICE W.—Probably the neuralgia is partly to blame for the "habit of grumbling," of which you are painfully conscious. Nervous ailments always incline us to look at the darker side of things. I hope you are better, and that the Talks on "Thanksgiving" and "Praise" have helped you, as you liked them so much and hoped they would do. It would indeed be worse than mockery to profess belief, and declare your faith in certain doctrines, when all the time your heart did not go with your words. By so doing you would fulfil the prophecy quoted by Christ, "This people draweth nigh unto Me with their mouth, but their heart is far from Me." Faith is the gift of God. Ask for a larger measure of it. Pray in earnest, "Increase my faith." True prayer cannot be in vain. You write, "I wonder you don't get out of patience with your girls. It must be hard answering so many letters, and you always seem to say the right thing to everybody." Dear Alice, I will tell you why I do not get out of patience. I dearly love my girls, though they are nearly all unseen, and personally unknown, for the sake of my Master who loved me and gave Himself for me. How can I think of what He is to me without wanting others to share the blessing? I look back on my own girlhood, and all on through a long life and, seeing my own sins, failures, and mistakes, I know that I might have been spared much sorrow and cause for repentance had I been willing to take God at His word, seek His guidance, and obey His commands. So I want to help others through my own experience. As to saying the right words—I ask God to give me the right ones, relying on Christ's promise to the first disciples, and believing they were meant for all circumstances, and for those of to-day as much as for them. "Take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak." One blessing I am deeply thankful for, and which I ask God to give you also, namely, "the contented mind" which is a continual feast.

WINIFRED ("HOPE" is used by others as a *nom-de-plume* and been given many more times than it could be applied to newer correspondents).—You write, "I think the best cure for a pessimist would be to give him the Twilight Circle Columns to read." You are struck, and often shamed by the word-pictures of girls struggling against worse difficulties than you have ever experienced, and glad to think there are so many brave good girls in the world. My dear, I have read the whole of your long letter with profound interest and sympathy. Read Twilight Talk on "Prayer"; parts of it may help you. I am quite sure that those inner promptings—those messages with which the sense of hearing has nothing to do—ought always to be taken as coming from God when they would lead us to firmer faith in Him and greater submission, patience, and self-effacing love for Him. We are often slow in learning to take God at His word and to believe that He does speak to us by an inner voice of which the outer world knows nothing. Whence can holy desires and encouraging thoughts come, if not from the teaching of the Holy Spirit? As to the trials and disappointments alluded to, I do feel for you very much; they must have been terribly trying. Do not lose heart or imagine for a moment that prayer and honest effort with it can be in vain. Let the thought of my other brave, good girls stimulate you to new effort, instead of shaming you. I shall look hopefully for a brighter letter soon.

A NEW READER.—I think your bodily ailment has much to do with the depression from which you suffer. Try to look at the bright side, and instead of fretting over inability to do more, do the best your health will permit, humbly dedicating the little to Him you long to serve more fully and worthily. Do not brood over the thought of death, but try "to live unto the Lord," and leave results in His hands. You have much cause for happiness in the love of good parents. Remember your mercies, dear child, and never again allow yourself even to think those three terrible words quoted in your letter.

ROSE kindly offers correspondence in the Braille writing to anyone who would care for it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NELLIE.—You could probably obtain silkworms at Covent Garden Market. If not still to be had there, you might at least be given an address.

ELFIE SIMPSON should take off her gloves when she sits down at the dinner-table before taking soup. Many put them on after the dessert course, but some do not.

A. L. should read the voyages and investigations of the ocean-bed by the ship *Challenger*. The appearance is much the same as that of the land above water. It is considered to occupy three-fourths of the world's surface. At the depth of a quarter of a mile the darkness is intense, so far as sunlight is concerned, but it is ablaze with the light of phosphoritic fish and crustaceans, varying in colour, all of the brightest hues. At the extremest depth there is no plant life; the swarms of creatures are strange and uncanny in appearance, and are in continual warfare, feeding on each other. The water is icy cold at a depth of upwards of a mile, and brilliantly illuminated. Here sea-fans emit golden-green and lilac hues, and blue scintillations are emitted from sea-pens. It would take a volume to give you even a sketch of what you wish to know about our discoveries in the far depths of the ocean bed, and we must only refer you to the publications of the investigators in H.M. ships the *Challenger* and *Albatross*.

MAGGIE.—To make "cheese-balls," take a cupful of grated cheese, a tablespoonful of flour, a saltspoonful of salt, the white of two eggs, and a little cayenne pepper; beat up the mixture lightly, dip your hands in flour, make into balls, and fry in hot lard.

ROSE.—We advise you to apply to the Secretary of the Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution, 32, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W. If you became a member of the society, and paid subscriptions at a small rate, you might make yourself eligible for a pension, when past work, of from £15 to £20 per annum. No one is admitted to membership who is not in good health at the time she makes the application. Subscriptions are graduated according to the age of the intending member, as in all insurance societies.

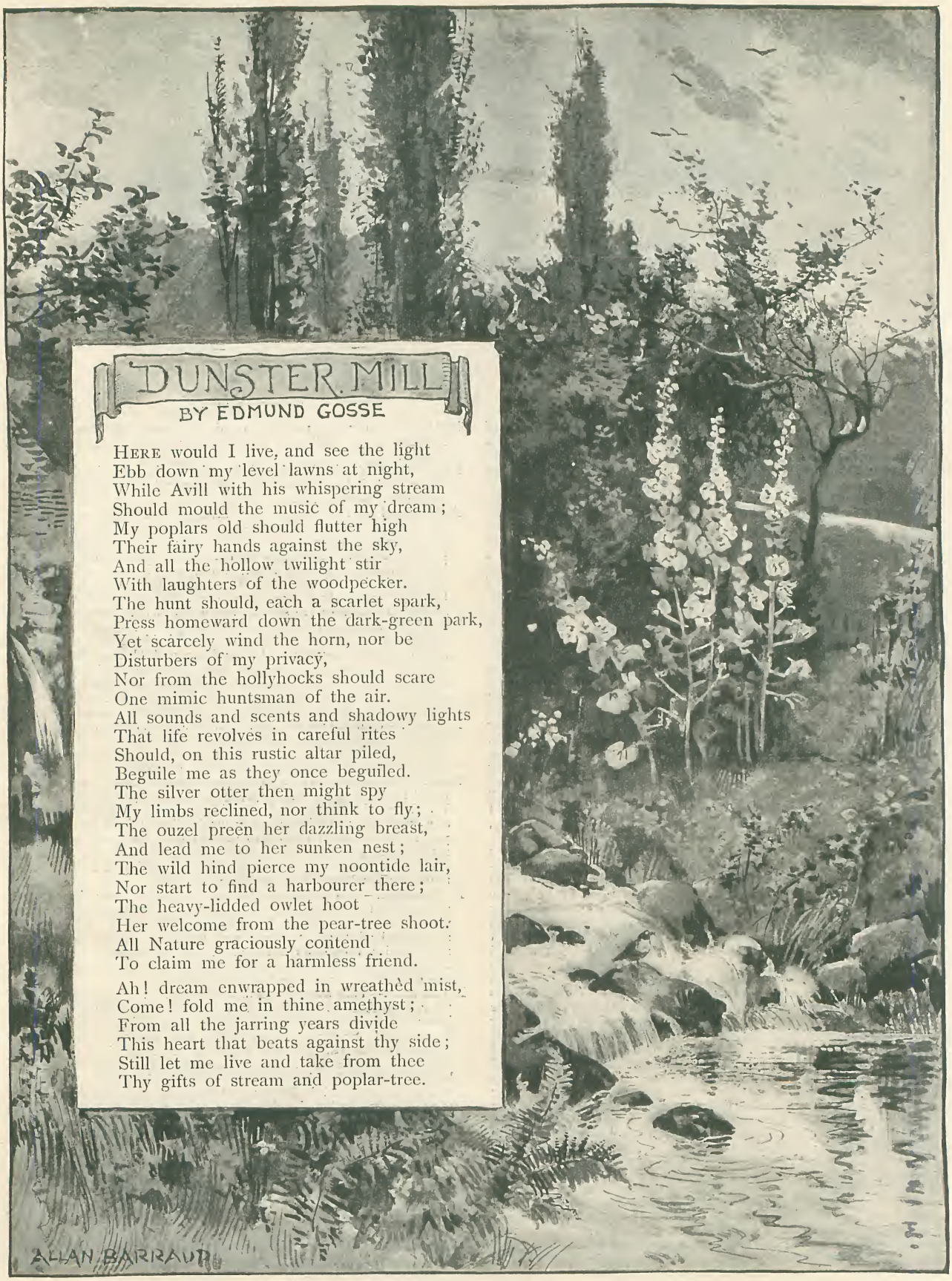
FLORODORA.—You had better ask for information from those friends who tell you to sell the "silver paper" (so called) which has been used to cover sweetmeats. We know that it is employed in hospitals in Switzerland, to which people send it free of any charge. We do not think it is used in this country. You might inquire of your doctor. In either case you would not be likely to obtain money for it. Inquire at a confectioner's whether they would buy it.

ECCENTRIC.—Your name but ill describes you. We quote your words, "I cannot bear the thought of being called 'an old maid.' My wish is to marry someone who has but a short time to live, just to change my name!" So you would mislead a man who would marry you, without fortune, and give you his heart and home, in the hope that death, his death, would shortly free you from the solemn vow, made before God, to "love," as well as "honour and obey!" "How are you to set about it?" By frankly telling the misguided man of your hope and expectation that he will soon be dead! May God deliver him from falling into the hands of such a traitor. A wish of such a nature is the first step to murder!

EGYPT had better see the infant and a doctor, and ascertain of what the parents died, whether of drink or other disease. She should judge for herself, even at the early age of one year, whether the child were likely to have any mental capacity, whether straight-limbed, broad-chested, and having a good facial line (in profile). To take a child on a mere advertisement would indeed be (as the old proverb says) to "buy a pig in a poke."

J. BARRINGTON.—You could obtain a pattern of a riding-habit skirt at many places. Weldon would supply one at a little less cost, we think, than some of the others.

OVER ANXIOUS.—A special column with reference to persons who have been lost sight of by their families will be found in several weekly papers. Consult them and advertise.



DUNSTER MILL

BY EDMUND GOSSE

HERE would I live, and see the light
Ebb down my level lawns at night,
While Avill with his whispering stream
Should mould the music of my dream;
My poplars old should flutter high
Their fairy hands against the sky,
And all the hollow twilight stir
With laughters of the woodpecker.
The hunt should, each a scarlet spark,
Press homeward down the dark-green park,
Yet scarcely wind the horn, nor be
Disturbers of my privacy,
Nor from the hollyhocks should scare
One mimic huntsman of the air.
All sounds and scents and shadowy lights
That life revolves in careful rites
Should, on this rustic altar piled,
Beguile me as they once beguiled.
The silver otter then might spy
My limbs reclined, nor think to fly;
The ouzel preën her dazzling breast,
And lead me to her sunken nest;
The wild hind pierce my noontide lair,
Nor start to find a harbourer there;
The heavy-lidded owlet hoot
Her welcome from the pear-tree shoot.
All Nature graciously contend
To claim me for a harmless friend.

Ah! dream enwrapped in wreathèd mist,
Come! fold me in thine amethyst;
From all the jarring years divide
This heart that beats against thy side;
Still let me live and take from thee
Thy gifts of stream and poplar-tree.



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PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

BY MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

PIXIE'S first week at school was a period of delirious excitement. Above all things in the world she loved to be of importance, and occupy a foremost place with those around her, and she was proudly conscious that her name was on every lip, her doings the subject of universal attention. New girls were wont to be subdued and bashful in their demeanour, and poor unfortunates who arrived after the beginning of the term, to find other pupils settled down into regular work, were apt to feel doubly alone. By this time those arrangements are



"EMPHASISING EVERY SENTENCE WITH IMPASSIONED GESTURES."

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determined, which are of such amazing importance to the schoolgirl's heart — Clara has sworn deathless friendship with Ethel; Mary, Winifred, and Elsie have formed a "triple alliance," each solemnly vowing to tell the other her inmost secrets, and consult her in all matters of difficulty. Rosalind and Bertha have agreed to form a pair in the daily crocodile, and Grace has sent Florence to Coventry because she has dared to sharpen pencils for Lottie, the school pet, when she knew perfectly that it was Grace's special privilege, and she is a nasty, interfering thing, anyhow, and ought to be snubbed! What chance has a poor late-comer against such syndicates as these? There is nothing for her but to take a back place, and wait patiently for a chance at the beginning of another term.

Pixie O'Shaughnessy, however, has never taken a back place in her life, and has no intention of beginning now. On her very first evening the two head girls entered the school parlour to find a small, ugly girl seated in the middle of the hearthrug on the most comfortable chair which the room afforded, and were invited in the most genial manner to "Shtep forward and take a seat!"

"Its rhemarkably cold for the time of year!" remarked the small person, making no sign of giving up her seat, but waving blandly towards the cane chairs by the wall. "I'm the new girl, and I come from Ireland. Me father brought me. I'm the youngest of six, and I've come to school to correct me brogue, and be polished up. As soon as I've finished, I shall go back to me home!"

The head girl came over to the fireplace, and stared downwards with wide grey eyes. She looked almost grown-up, for her hair was twisted round and round like a lady's, and her dress reached to her ankles.

"That's very interesting!" she said slowly. "I am glad you have made yourself comfortable, for from what you say I expect we shall have you with us for quite a long time. Can't you tell us some more family details while you are about it!"

"I can so!" said Pixie with emphasis, and sitting erect in her seat she folded her hands in her lap, and began to talk. The room was filling by this time, for the quarter of an hour before tea was a cosy holiday-time, when the girls could talk without restraint, and compare notes on the work of the day. One by one they approached the fireside, until Pixie's chair was surrounded by a compact wall of laughing young faces, and thirty pairs of eyes stared at her from head to foot, back again from foot to head. Her black skirt was so short that it was like a flounce, and nothing more; from chest to back there was no more width than could be covered by the scraggy little arm, the feet dangled half way to the floor, and the hands waved about, emphasising every sentence with impassioned gestures. At the end of ten minutes what the pupils of Holly House did not know about the O'Shaughnessy family may be safely described as not worth knowing! They had been treated to graphic descriptions of all its members, with illustrative anecdotes setting them forth in their best and worst lights; they had heard of the ancient splendours of the Castle, and the past glories of the family, and—for Pixie was gifted with a most engaging honesty—they had also heard of the present straitness of means, the ingenious contrivances by which the family needs were supplied, and even of one tragic episode when the butcher refused to supply any more meat, just when one of the county magnates was expected to dinner! It had been a ghastly occasion, but Bridgie went and "spoke soft to him," and he was a decent man, and he said it wasn't for "all the mutton in the world," he said, that he would see her shamed before the quality, so all ended as happily as could be desired!

"I wouldn't tell stories like that if I were you, Pixie," said the head girl gravely, at the end of this recital. She had not laughed as the others had done, but looked at the little chatterbox with a grave steady glance. Margaret had gained for herself the title of "School Mother," by thinking of something better than the amusement of the moment, and being brave enough to speak a word of warning when she saw a girl setting out on a path which was likely to bring her into trouble. "I wouldn't tell stories like that!" she repeated, and when the swift "Why not?" came back, she was ready with her reply. "Because I am sure your people would not like it. It is all right for you to tell us about your brothers and sisters, and it was very interesting. I wish Bridgie and Esmeralda had come to school with you, but we don't tell stories of our home doings of which we are——" She was about to say "ashamed," but the child's innocent eyes restrained her. "About which we are sorry! We keep those to ourselves."

"But—but we got the mutton! He gave us the mutton!" cried Pixie, agape with wonder. It seemed to her an interesting and highly creditable history, seeing that Bridgie had had the better of the butcher, and the family credit had been maintained in the eyes of the neighbourhood. She could not understand Margaret's gravity, and the half-amused, half-pitiful glances of the older pupils.

The girl standing nearest to her put an arm round her neck and said, "Poor little girlie!" in such a soft tender voice that her eyes were overflowed at the moment, and she returned the embrace with startling fervour. Pixie's emotions were all on the surface, and she could cry at one moment and laugh at the next, with more ease than an ordinary person could smile or sigh. When the gong sounded for tea, she went downstairs with her arms twined fondly round the waists of two new friends, and there was quite a quarrel among the girls as to who should sit beside her.

Miss Phipps was at one end of the table, and Mademoiselle, the resident French teacher, at the other, and between them stretched a long white space flanked by plates of bread-and-butter, and in the centre some currant scones and dishes of jam. These latter dainties were intended to supply a second course when appetite had been appeased by plainer fare, but the moment that grace was said the new-comer helped herself to the largest scone she could find, half-covered her plate with jam, and fell to work with unrestrained relish, while thirty pairs of eyes watched with fascinated horror. She thought that everyone seemed uncommonly quiet and solemn, and was casting about in her mind for a pleasant means of opening the conversation, when a sound broke on her ears which recalled one of Pat's prophecies with unpleasant distinctness. Mademoiselle was talking in her native tongue, and it was not in the least like the French which she had been accustomed to hear in the school-room at Bally William. The agonising presentiment that her ignorance was about to be discovered before her school-mates reduced Pixie at one blow to a condition of abject despair. She hung her head over her plate, and strove to avoid attention by keeping as quiet as possible.

"They speak too quick. It's rude to gabble!" she told herself resentfully. "And I know some French meself. '*J'ai, tu as, il a. Nous sommes, vous êtes, ils sont.*' Listen at that now!" She felt a momentary thrill of triumph in her achievement, but it quickly faded away as further efforts showed how scanty was the

knowledge upon which she could draw. "*Je suis faim!*" was the only phrase which occurred at the moment, and appropriately enough too! She stretched out her hand to take a second scone, but was immediately called to order by Miss Phipps's soft voice.

"Bread-and-butter this time, Pixie! You are not supposed to take scones until you have had at least three pieces of bread. You must do as the other girls do, you know, dear!"

"Oi like a relish to my tay!" sighed Pixie sadly, and five separate girls who happened to have their cups to their mouths at the moment, choked hopelessly, and had to be patted on the backs by their companions, the while they gasped and panted for breath. All the girls were laughing; even the victims smiled amidst their struggles, and Mademoiselle's brown eyes were sparkling with amusement. There was not one of them half so beautiful as Esmeralda, or so sweet as Bridgie, but they were good to look at all the same, reflected the new pupil critically. Right opposite sat her three room-mates—Flora, plump and beaming; Kate, sallow and spectacled; Ethel, the curious, with a mane of reddish-brown hair, which she kept tossing from side to side with a self-conscious, consequential air. Margaret sat by Miss Phipps's side, and helped her by putting sugar and milk into the cups. Glance where she would, she met bright, kindly smiles, and her friend on either side looked after her wants in the kindest of manners. Pixie did not know their names, so she addressed them indiscriminately as "darlin'," and was prepared to vow eternal friendship without waiting to be introduced.

"Do you always speak French at meals?" she asked under cover of the general conversation a few minutes later, and the reply was even worse than her fears.

"We are supposed to speak it always, except in the quarter of an hour before tea, and on Sundays, and half-holidays. But of course, if you do not know a word you can ask Mademoiselle, or look it up in a dictionary, and the new girls are allowed to get into it gradually. Miss Phipps is a darling; she can't bear to see a girl unhappy, and of course it is difficult to get into school ways when you have been taught at home. I have been here for two years now, and am as happy as possible, though I cried myself sick the first week. If you do what you are told and work hard, you will have a very good time at Holly House."

Pixie looked dubious.

"But aren't you ever naughty?" she queried anxiously. "Not really bad, you know, but just mischievous! Don't you ever play tricks, or have pillow fights, or secret suppers up in your room, or dress up as bogeys to frighten the others?"

"Certainly not!" Eleanor Hopton was a proper and dignified young lady, and the straightness of her back was quite alarming as she frowned dissent at the new comer. "Frighten people, indeed! Do you call that not naughty? It's a most wicked and dangerous thing to do, and you would be punished severely if you attempted it. I have read of people who died of fright. How would you feel if you played bogey, as you call it, to startle one of the girls, and she had a weak heart and died before your eyes? You would feel pretty miserable then, I should say."

"I would so! I'd get the fright myself that time, but suppers now—suppers don't hurt anyone!" urged Pixie, pushing aside one objectionable proposition and bringing forward the next with unconscious generalship. "Don't you ever smuggle things upstairs—sausages, and cakes, and puddings and cream—and wake up early in the morning—early—early, before it is light—and eat them together, and pretend you are ladies and gentlemen, or shipwrecked mariners on desert islands, or wild Indians, or anything like that, and talk like they talk, and dance about the room?"

"Cer-tain-ly not! The very idea!" cried Eleanor once more. "I never heard of anything so silly. Why on earth should one sit up shivering to eat things in the middle of the night, when one can have them comfortably downstairs at the right hour? I should not think of doing anything so foolish."

Pixie sighed heavily. This was England indeed. For the first time since entering the house she realised that she was a stranger in a strange land. Eleanor's calm common-sense was so entirely foreign to her nature that she felt a distinct chilling of the new affection. The companion on her right looked more sympathetic, and she addressed her next remark in that direction.

"We were for ever playing tricks on one another at home. Bridgie and Esmeralda sleep in the same bed, and one day Pat—that's the second boy—the next but one to me—he went to Bridgie and he says—'I've played a fine joke on Esmeralda. Ask no questions, but just wait up until she gets into bed to-night, and you'll have the best laugh you've had this side Christmas.' Then off he goes to Esmeralda, and 'Keep a secret,' says he. 'Let Bridget be the first to get into bed to-night! Make an excuse and sit up yourself to see the fun, for she'll have a fine surprise when she lies down.' The girls guessed that they had been taking the laths off the bed as they had done once or twice before to let a visitor fall through on to the floor; and it was a very cold night, and they were tired, for they had been working hard mending the staircase carpet; and says Bridgie to Esmeralda, 'Just hurry up, can't you! I never did see such a girl for dawdling. Get into bed,' she says, 'and don't sit up all night.' 'Oh,' says Esmeralda, smiling, 'I've a fancy to brush out me hair. Take no notice of me, but just lie down and turn your face to the wall, and I'll be as quiet as a mouse.' 'I never can sleep with a light in the room,' says Bridgie, quite testy. . . . I was in my own bed in the dressing-room, so I heard what they said, and was stuffing the bedclothes into my mouth not to laugh out and spoil the fun. 'If you are going to make a night of it, I'll sit down and read, and you can let me know when you are ready.' 'You will catch cold sitting in that draught!' Esmeralda says, her own teeth chattering, for it was mortal cold, and there was a hole in the window above her head, where Pat had thrown up a stone when he wanted to wake her one morning, and couldn't spare time to walk upstairs. 'And you know, Bridget, you are always delicate on the chest.' 'It'll be on your head, then,' says Bridgie, 'if I am made ill, keeping me up when I'm longing for my bed! Come, dear,' wheedling her to see if she could get round that way, 'leave it alone now, and I'll brush it for you in the morning. It is beautiful hair, and Mrs. Gallagher the laundress was saying to me this morning there wasn't its match in the country.' And Esmeralda said afterwards that she was too cold for compliments, so she up and said it was her own hair, and she'd brush it when she liked, and how she liked, without interference from anyone, and at that they grew mad, and began quarrelling with each other, and throwing up everything that ever they did since they were short-coated, and meself lying trembling on me bed, to think what would happen next. Joan—that's Esmeralda—she would have sat up all night, she's that obstinate, but Bridgie grew tired, and says she, 'I'm not going to catch me

death shivering here for all the jokes on earth, so here goes, and I don't care what happens,' and with that she throws herself down on the bed; and—would ye believe it!—nothing happened at all. The bed was as right as it had been all its life, and the boys had had their joke without any trouble."

Pixie finished in the midst of a dead silence, for one by one the speakers round the table had paused to listen to the soft Irish voice, and the story once begun had riveted attention. Some of the girls laughed outright, some held down their heads to conceal their smiles, some nudged their companions and looked demurely at Miss Phipps to take their cue from her face. She was undoubtedly smiling, but she looked worried all the same, and gave the signal for rising in a hurried manner as if anxious to allow no time for comment. The girls rose and filed slowly past, Pixie skipping complacently in front, with her arm round another new friend, whom she was prepared to adore even more fondly than the rest. Only Margaret remained behind to assist in putting the room in order, and when the door shut Miss Phipps looked at her under raised appealing brows.

"I am afraid we have rather a difficult subject there, Margaret! Poor little thing! Her father says she has been allowed to run wild, and it will be difficult for her to get into school ways. She doesn't mean to be forward, but of course we can't allow her to go on like this. She must be taught wholesome respect and reticence, but I don't want to be too hard upon her at first. She's a lovable little creature, and I've no doubt will be a favourite with the girls. They like to be amused, and I fear they may encourage her for the sake of their own amusement. You must help me, dear, by setting a good example and checking her gently when she gets excited."

"I'll try!" said Margaret, but she looked by no means hopeful of success. "I did try before tea. She was telling the most extraordinary tales about home, and I said it was not right to repeat such things, but she seemed quite puzzled. She doesn't seem to have the same ideas that we have, or the same feelings about things."

Miss Phipps sighed and shook her head.

"She is a difficult subject," she repeated anxiously, then her face lighted up suddenly and she began to laugh. "But you can't help liking her!" she cried. "Funny little mite! I am growing quite fond of her already."

(*To be continued.*)

SOME SKETCHES OF FARM LIFE IN MANITOBA.

PART I.



I HAD often heard of the great North-West of Canada, and in fact had received an invitation from some cousins to visit them in Manitoba; but when the invitation was given, the chances that I should ever be able to accept it were so remote that I never gave it a second thought. About nine years after, however, circumstances made it possible for me to accept the invitation given so long before; and one day, towards the end of May, 1897, I found myself in the train, on my way to my cousin's house six miles north of Winnipeg.

I cannot describe the feelings with which I passed through the country, I who, all my life before, had only once been out of England. The awful loneliness of some parts along the track, the miles and miles of bush; then the vast prairie with here and there a few farms, the journey along the lakes—all was so utterly different from anything I had ever seen. I was very glad when the journey was ended, and I reached Winnipeg to find my cousin waiting for me.

Winnipeg is the capital of Manitoba, and is growing rapidly into a fine city. I had the good fortune to see it at its best in June, 1897, at the time of the Diamond Jubilee, when the principal street, Main Street, was beautifully decorated with three triumphal arches, and many of the houses and stores also. Canadians are very loyal to their Queen, and were not at all behind the rest of her Majesty's subjects in the rejoicings over the sixty years of her reign. Winnipeg boasts a Cathedral and a University, and there also is the training college for students who wish to take Holy Orders.

I did not see much of the country round Winnipeg, except just the six miles out to my cousin's home. His house is built on the north bank of the Red River, a deep treacherous river, but with some very charming spots along its banks. There I stayed for about seven weeks, and had my first insight into "Life in Manitoba." The people round were principally English, and the clergyman was English too; but still, most of them had been in Canada long enough to have learnt Canadian ways. Here I took my first lessons in washing, ironing, baking, etc. In the meantime, while I was learning how to manage my house, my husband was near Brandon on a farm, as it had been thought advisable for him to work out for a year, before starting to farm for himself, and by that means to learn the difference between English and Canadian methods. I proposed, if possible, to try to get work in the same farm as "indoor help," as they are called out here; but if that could not be managed, to go and board in Brandon and give lessons in music or French. Accordingly, after staying for about seven weeks with my cousins, I said good-bye to them and started for Brandon, little thinking what an unpleasant experience was in store for me. Owing to the carelessness of one of the post office officials, my letter to my husband telling him when to meet me, was put into the wrong box, and went off on a journey to the North-West Territories with a traveller who got his mail in a hurry, and put all the letters into his bag to read on the train. That letter reached my husband after I had been in Brandon a fortnight. I arrived at Brandon at 10.30 P.M., an absolute stranger, and there was no one to meet me. I fortunately knew the name of the lady with whom I was to board. After waiting some time, hoping my husband would come, I started off under the guidance of a boy, and arrived to find the house in darkness and everyone in bed. After some trouble we succeeded in rousing the mistress of the house, only to find that she did not expect me, and in fact had no bed vacant. However, as by that time the boy had departed, I refused to go anywhere else, and at last she managed to let me have half her bed. I was there two days before my husband came into town,

and my relief was great when I heard his voice inquiring for me.

While I was in Brandon there was an awful wind-storm, almost a cyclone. It did a great deal of damage, and though it was not half as bad as the real cyclones they had in the States, still, it was as bad as I wish to see. I went to the door just before it reached us, and the feeling of oppression was terrible; there was not a breath of air, and it was just like standing at the door of a furnace. We could see a dense cloud coming up, and it became gradually darker, till just as it passed over us we could scarcely see each other. The cloud was fine black dust which penetrated everywhere. Our nerves were strung to the highest pitch; I, for one, never having experienced anything of the sort before, wondered what was coming next. Suddenly there was a crash, and we thought the roof was gone—by that time it was raining in torrents. When we summoned up enough courage to go upstairs, we found that my bedroom window had been blown right in, and on going outside we could see that the chimney was gone. That was the extent of the mischief to our house. Opposite to us was a row of seven or eight rather small houses. They looked very funny without a single chimney on any of them. The City Hall had part of the roof taken off, and many houses suffered. It was some days before the bricklayers had a spare moment, they were so busy repairing damages.

I stayed in Brandon about five weeks, and then went out to the farm where my husband was.

(*To be continued.*)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

CHILDREN'S NURSE.—"*I should be much obliged for particulars of the course of training which can be obtained in Liverpool by girls who wish to train themselves to act as nurses to children. It would be more convenient for me to be trained in Liverpool, if it be possible, than to attend one of the training institutions which are in London.*"—NORTH-COUNTRY MAID.

NORTH-COUNTRY MAID could be very well trained in Liverpool, we are glad to tell her. An excellent course has been arranged by the Liverpool Ladies' Sanitary Association, the offices of which are at 8, Sandon Terrace. A three months' course can be taken on payment of eight guineas. This includes the following subjects: nursery sanitation, the care of infants, cooking and laundry-work, ambulance, needlework (with special reference to the making of children's clothes) and kindergarten work. At the conclusion of this course the student is recommended to go for a time to a hospital or convalescent home for children, and the Association helps the student to make the requisite arrangements for this purpose whenever possible. Sessions begin in January, April and September.

BOTANY AND GARDENING.—"*I am a Board School teacher, aged twenty-three. I find the work very trying to my eyes, and I am afraid I must give it up before long and find some other employment. I am very fond of botany, and have made a special study of it. How could I turn my knowledge of this subject to account? I should like to take up gardening, but I must if possible receive a small salary and be able to support myself. I was a great expense to my parents during my two years at college, and now I am able to help them I do not wish to cause them any expense.*"—ST. GEORGE.

Our correspondent ST. GEORGE certainly ought not to continue her Board School work if by so doing she is running any risk of losing her eyesight. At the same time it is by no means easy to name any kind of work which is likely to offer her so good an income or occupation of a character so congenial to one who has all along been trained for educational work. What naturally suggests itself is that she should seek a situation as teacher of botany and gardening in a school. Several women are employed in this way, and we think the tendency is to make gardening a frequent subject of study in girls' schools. But then we fear that teaching even in this modified form is still open to the objections which have arisen in connection with school-work. There must always be a good deal of literary study involved in teaching, and a certain amount of reading of indifferent handwriting in correcting the pupils' papers. Microscope work also, which is almost inseparable from botanical study, is trying to the strongest sight. In gardening alone it is not easy for girls to compete with men-gardeners, who have usually undergone a long course of training, and are besides much more capable of hard rough work out-of-doors than are women. At the same time we are far from wishing to discourage our correspondent altogether. A good general education, such as she has evidently had, would in itself help her in botanical and gardening work. And it is possible that a year or two spent in a horticultural college would enable her to recover much of the strength of her eyesight. We advise her to write to the Secretary of the Technical Education Board of the London County Council, St. Martin's Lane, asking him whether she could be considered eligible for one of the scholarships which the Board awards to some students at Swanley Horticultural College. Failing this, she might find it advisable to study at the Gardens of the Royal Botanical Society, Regent's Park, where special classes have been organised for women students.

ASYLUM NURSING.—"*Having observed with interest an answer to a correspondent in a recent number of the 'G. O. P.,' in which a girl was recommended to train for asylum nursing, may I venture to ask whether this occupation is not, like so many others, overstocked? If it is not too difficult to find work of this kind to do, I should be glad to nurse those who are suffering from mental disease.*"—A LOVER OF USEFUL WORK.

We are glad to be able to reassure our correspondent, and to tell her that in asylum-nursing there is a wide field of usefulness open to all those who have a talent for nursing and a wish, like our correspondent, to do what they can to alleviate human suffering. It may interest A LOVER OF USEFUL WORK, and also others of our readers, if we quote from a letter which our previous reply on this subject has evoked. A lady who has herself been a nurse writes, "In many asylums there are vacancies. At one asylum girls are engaged before they are eighteen, and begin with a salary of £16, rising by £1 a year to £20. For every five years of service a good conduct stripe is earned which is worth £2 a year, and a nurse who is promoted to be in 'Charge of Ward' earns another £1 a year. Uniform, board and washing are included in these terms. The governing body of a large asylum in the south of England has lately advertised for nurses of the age of thirty, also with a beginning salary of £16. It is always possible to be promoted to a matronship, and thus to obtain a good salary. After two years' training at the asylum the nurse should take the Medico-Psychological Association's examination." The pecuniary conditions of asylum nursing, it will be observed, are not very favourable, and for this reason educated women, unless they feel a strong call towards this painful kind of work or have some private means, are more disposed to take to general nursing. At the same time there are no doubt many well-paid positions for those who rise to matronships or are willing to act as nurse-attendants to difficult private patients. But on the whole it seems to be highly desirable that asylums should offer their regular nurses an improved scale of pay if they wish to secure the services of a really superior class of women.

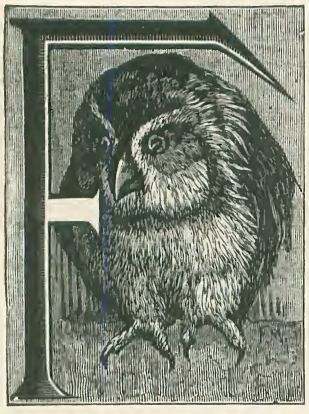
IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART I.

FAMILIAR WORDS.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen."—2 Cor. xiii. 14.



OR yet another year, if God spares me, you and I, my dear girl-friends, are to enjoy our familiar gatherings In the Twilight. None of us wish to give them up. How can we, when we know that God has blessed them in such abundant measure? If I did not feel that He has hitherto given me the words to speak and prepared your hearts to receive the message, I should be lost in wonder at the known results of our simple "Talks." As it is, I can only thank God and take courage to go on in the strength that He shall give, never doubting that He will again add His blessing, if we unite, as heretofore, in asking for it. We must "ask in faith, nothing wavering."

I am going to speak to you on the familiar words already quoted—those of the Apostolic Benediction.

I suppose that no words are more familiar to us all, except perhaps those of the Lord's Prayer. We hear them at the close of each religious service we attend in public. We add them to our private prayers, and ask that the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost may be with us all now and evermore."

There is an old saying, "Familiarity breeds contempt." God forbid that I should suggest the possibility of conscious contempt on the part of any of us towards the familiar words before us. But I appeal to you, my dear ones, to look into your own hearts and ask yourselves whether you have never used these and other familiar words without a thought about their meaning? I will go further still and ask whether you have yet fully grasped the meaning of that Apostolic benediction and prayer combined.

Do not imagine that I mean to shirk my share of responsibility in this matter. I know well that, as a child, and for many a year beyond mere childhood, I repeated "the grace of our Lord," etc., in as meaningless a fashion as the youngest amongst you can have done.

In a letter which I had from a girl correspondent some weeks ago were these words: "When I read the Talks I can hardly believe you are so old, for you seem so young, and anyway, I am sure you have a young heart."

It is just because I am so much older than most of those with whom I have been brought in touch through our "Twilight Talks" that I can enter into the varied wants and feelings of those who gather with me. I look back through the long stretch of years and see the way by which I have been led, the rough places I stumbled over, the temptations overcome, and those also which proved too strong for me. I know something of the preciousness of opportunities I failed to seize, of my having wilfully preferred ignorance when it was only needful for me to listen humbly to the teaching which was able to make me "wise unto salvation." How often have I wandered from the narrow way in thought, word and deed, been ungrateful for and forgetful of abounding mercies, and failed to love Him "Who loved me and gave Himself for me!" For all these things and more, heart and memory condemn me. The list is too long for me to finish. But it is by glancing backward and noting how much I did amiss or left undone, that I am enabled to advise and help others.

Age, of necessity, does one of two things for us: it makes us either harder or more tender in our dealings with our neighbours or in our judgment of their motives, more especially in our intercourse with the young. Hence the wonderful sympathy and confidence that exist between you—the dear companions of these twilight hours—and myself. I am enabled to love you the better because I have learned to understand something of the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the communion, or fellowship, of the Holy Ghost." I feel tenderly towards the erring and wilful ones, and I would say no word to pain or discourage any, but everything that is pitiful and helpful to each and all. How have I learned so to love and feel for you, my dear ones? By my own experience of the unfailing "love of God." I know how good, kind, pitiful, tender, forgiving and merciful He has been to me, His oft-times disobedient and rebellious child and servant, all through the years of a long lifetime.

How sweet and precious the familiar words are when we have been enabled to grasp their full meaning! What is the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ? The freely-bestowed love, favour and bounty of Christ. It means that He gave Himself to us who deserved only condemnation, first by His life, to teach us how to live, then by His shameful death upon the cross, to pay the debt of punishment our sins merited. Christ took the form of man, but not of one who was rich and powerful, or who sat on a throne as the head and ruler of an earthly kingdom. He, "being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made Himself of no reputation and took upon Him the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of men. And being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Jesus showed His grace or favour by laying aside all the outward and visible signs of that glory which was eternally His, and going through each stage of human nature for our sakes. He lived as a poor man, He toiled and fasted, He knew weariness and hunger, He endured the most severe temptation when, humanly speaking, He was least fitted to resist it, but never for a moment did He, even in thought, consent to what was wrong. All that Christ did, all that He suffered in life and in death, went to make up what is meant by the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." In that we claim our share, and that is what we ask for others when we use those old "familiar words." It was of His own will that He laid down His life for us. The power of the Godhead was His through all the sorrows of the manhood, for, speaking to the disciples, did He not say, "I lay down my life for the sheep. No man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again."

This, too, was part of the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." Try to think how vastly the preciousness of this grace was increased by the fact that it was only needful for Jesus to will it, and the burden of the flesh could have been cast aside and all the glory of the Godhead resumed. But then the work of redemption would never have been accomplished, the commandment received of the Father would not have been obeyed, and countless millions, who have obtained salvation through faith in Christ, must have died in their sins. As it was, the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ" knew "no variableness nor shadow of turning." It endured the anguish in Gethsemane, though it wrung drops of blood from the pores of the suffering body, and that cry thrice uttered, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me!"

"Exceeding sorrowful even unto death," with sorrow of the soul which far transcends that of the body, the "grace

of our Lord Jesus Christ" knew no change. Even after the anguished cry came the words of submission, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." Forsaken, mocked by a sham trial and taunting words, crowned with thorns, smitten, spit upon, betrayed by one of the twelve, silent in the face of false witnesses, crucified between malefactors, tortured with thirst, His grace failed not. He bore all for you and for me. "We see Jesus Who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death," that He by the grace of God "should taste death for every man." All men had sinned and incurred the penalty of sin, so Christ, to redeem a world lying in wickedness and condemned in God's sight, took our nature upon Him and suffered in our stead.

Did the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ end when He cried, "It is finished," and yielded up the ghost? Far from it. The work of expiation was accomplished. The Divine Justice was satisfied, and by Christ's death of shame and suffering, God and man were reconciled and Heaven opened to every believing soul, but the grace is endless.

Grace gives Christ's righteousness to cover our sin. It gives us access to God, and, so to speak, clears the way to the presence-chamber of the Most High. Conscience brings the memory of old sins and a sense of utter unworthiness which weigh heavily upon us, but the Holy Spirit reminds us of "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," and we, realising its power and believing in its efficacy, feel the burden fall from us. We rise to claim the privileges He bought, and understand that we, who were alienated by sin, are now counted as friends, because He made peace for us "through the blood of His Cross."

Christ's resurrection was another glorious proof of His grace, for in it we see a pledge of our own. Note His words to Mary Magdalene as she turned away weeping from the empty tomb, and failed at first to recognise Him Who stood before her as her beloved Lord and Master. "I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God."

After the "Last Supper" Jesus told Peter, "Thou canst not follow Me now, but thou shalt follow Me afterwards," and you will all remember how impatient the disciple was, and his question, "Why cannot I follow Thee now? I will lay down my life for Thy sake." I copy a few lines from an old commentator, which are so simple, quaint, and expressive, that I know all of you, my dear ones, will like to read them, if they are not already familiar.

"Poor Peter, thou wast sincere, but thou didst not know thy own strength. Thou wast at this time willing to die, but when the time came thou wast not able. Christ must first die for Peter, before Peter can die for Him. Let no man think he can do anything good without the immediate assistance of God."

Peter lacked that grace which God alone can bestow, which enables us not only "to will, but to do of His good pleasure." A little later on that memorable night Jesus left a further message of cheer which would come to the penitent Peter when, after his cowardly denials, he wept bitterly. He would then have learned his own utter weakness and the truth of the Master's words, "Thou canst not follow Me now." But those others, spoken a little later, would bring comfort to his anguished heart and turn his thoughts from earth to Heaven, though not meant for him alone. "In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

Was not the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ beautifully exemplified towards those whom He was soon to leave? All through that chapter (St. John xiv.), He was preparing His disciples for the inevitable separation, but cheering them with sweetest promises that He would be their Mediator with the Father, Who would give them another Comforter to abide with them for ever.

Through the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ" those who truly believe become the children of God. "And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." In whom also we have obtained an inheritance described elsewhere as "incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

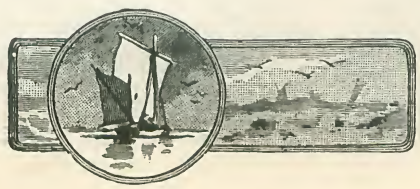
You see, we are not born "heirs of God," in the first instance, and only children, by birth or adoption, could, amongst the ancient Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans, legally inherit property. It was a common thing for people who had no child to adopt one from another family, especially if they had property to bequeath. The child thus adopted ceased to belong to his own parents, and was incorporated into the family entered by this act of adoption. He was bound to those who had taken him as their own, and received the same inheritance as if he were theirs by birth. If a person after adopting a child had other children of his own, this fact made no difference to the former. The inheritance was equally divided between the real and adopted children. The Romans had special laws which settled such matters fully.

Is it not a delightful thought that no matter how large the family of our Father-God is, the heritage is in proportion. Every child of God will feel that no matter how many additions are made by adoption through grace, there is enough and to spare for each and all. Earth does not bound it. Time cannot diminish it, for the portion of each believing child of God becomes truly His when earth and time have been left behind, and he has passed the threshold of eternity.

In England, amongst our old families who have owned great estates for many centuries, you know that, as a rule, these pass to the eldest son, through having been entailed or settled on the heir from generation to generation. The portions of younger sons, or of daughters, are often very small in proportion to their rank and social position. The "lion's share" goes to the eldest-born, or, failing a son, to the nearest male heir.

How different it is with heirs of God, though only children by adoption and grace! Their, or shall I not say "'our Elder Brother' for our sakes became poor that we through His poverty might become rich." Not rich according to the fashion of this world, which passeth away, but as heirs of that incorruptible and undefiled inheritance which is eternal in the Heavens. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ gave us all that could make true happiness here, and perfected it for us by opening "the kingdom of Heaven to all believers."

I hope, my dear ones, what I have said thus far will have cast a new light on those "familiar words," about the meaning of which some of you may have thought little, even when using them. So far I have only touched on the first clause of that Apostolic Benediction, with its marvellous fulness of meaning. The other portions I hope to take as the subject for our next Talk together. In the meanwhile try to find other passages of Scripture which illustrate the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." The subject is by no means exhausted, and the more fully you grasp "its meaning, the more will your heart rise in wonder, love, thankfulness and praise to Him Who loved you and gave Himself for you."



HOW A GIRL SHOULD DRESS.

By "NORMA."

In the fashions for the coming winter I am glad to notice that in the tweed costumes and heavy cloths there is a marked tendency towards shorter skirts. Soft dresses of silks and *crêpe* still have trains. For our English climate this tendency is in the right direction. How much better it would be to see well-hung short skirts than badly-carried trains! But in the winter, if our skirts are to be very short, do not imagine for a moment that a skirt which has once had a train can ever look smart or hang well by simply being denuded of its tail. A smart short skirt is cut upon an entirely different principle from the long clinging one. Americans have always been very sensible about having their practical tweeds and home-spuns made with practical short skirts; but let me emphasise the fact again that these short skirts were cut short at their birth.

I certainly think that the majority of English girls look much better in short skirts—by short I mean just clearing the ground—for the simple reason that not one in a hundred knows how to carry her skirt. Why is it that a little Italian or French girl, however poor, knows just how to pick up her skirts? And why are their feet never dirty in the dirtiest weather? I have watched them long and often and practised their art until I have almost mastered it.

If your skirt is cut in the mode of this or last year, with a plain back and flowing out from the knees, put your hand right back to the placket-hole and take the two edges of the opening in your fingers firmly together—not a whole handful—and lift the skirt up on to the right or left hip according to the hand you carry it in; now rest your hand upon your hip, taking care not to turn out your elbow awkwardly. You will find, if you have understood me, that your skirt will be off the ground all round.

I wish English girls of any class carried themselves and their dresses as well as the poor girls of Italy and France. It is not conceited to be careful how you walk and carry your head, so do not be bullied into thinking so at school. When you are standing at ease, don't slouch, for it is not the least bit more restful to loll about. A well-bred horse never lets its haunches drop or sticks its head forward like a donkey. I firmly believe that the



THREE NEW TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES.

plainest girl can look attractive and smart if she will only be careful how she stands and walks, and if she wears well-made corsets. But English girls, I think, often pride themselves on their manly stride. It is no doubt capital for the golf-links and moors, but in the streets of a town it is provincial and bad form.

Speaking of stays, of course to dress well it is necessary to be well corseted; it is half the battle, and how comfortable and inexpensive these new straight-fronted stays are! By straight fronts I do not mean merely straight front-bones—these we have always had with us—the whole shape of the corset is different; the seams and whale-bones, of which there are delightfully few, come from under the arm towards the front bones, not straight down as before.

Another most important item in dressing well is care of one's petticoats; they should fit the hips as perfectly as the over-skirt and flow out from the knee in the same manner. It is quite impossible and absurd to wear the old full petticoats with the new tight plain over-skirts. I bought this summer some perfectly-fitting French print petticoats; they only cost three shillings and sixpence, and are exquisitely made. I mean to pick one to pieces and have it copied in black alpaca with silk frills for the winter. Well-shaped silk skirts are so expensive and do not wear well.

While on the subject of holding up one's skirt, I saw a pretty idea on a French girl the other day. She was carrying her blue serge skirt in the approved style. It was lined with blue alpaca, and on to the lining were stitched six rows of dark blue velvet ribbon about one inch wide and half an inch apart. This was to save the lining from the friction in walking, and at the same time to make the inside of the skirt dainty. I thought it a charming idea, and a much more practical one than little frills of cheap silk.

And now a word about hats. The French are still wearing them very flat and broad, and in some cases almost untrimmed. The flat black velvet bows, either right in front or touching the hair behind, are likely to remain in favour this winter. But the real sailor hat turned up all round, such as our Jack Tars wear, although they are *chic* and cunning, with a dainty piquant face below them, will not, I fancy, be popular with English girls. They give a curious Chinese look to the features if they are at all flat or the face is broad.

Almost all the winter tweeds and thick cloth costumes are to be brightened up with some sort of embroidered collars and cuffs, as eastern in effect as possible. One or two I have seen were cleverly manipulated out of handsome strips of Chinese embroidery, such as you see in almost any large draper's shop for 2s. 11d. each. One black face-cloth had collar and tight wrist-bands to the full under-sleeves of blue Chinese embroidery, edged with black velvet ribbon about one inch wide. The effect was charming, for the embroidery had a touch of gold in it. Another beautiful brown dress was trimmed with scarlet eastern-looking embroidery.

There are plenty of places in London where you can buy Russian and Bulgarian hand-made embroidery, and it is quite inexpensive. Russian blouse-jackets look smart trimmed in this way for dull winter weather. Rough materials are to be trimmed this winter with fine stitched strappings of plain face-cloth of the same tone. And fine tucks are still to remain as the principal trimming for soft material. As tucks only mean time and patience on our blouses at least, we should be thankful.

And now I must describe the artist's sketches.

We have two house costumes which could be very easily copied. The figure on the right wears a black cloth dress with a collar of black velvet, and trimmings of black and white silk: the skirt is shaped with three flounces. This particular skirt, very close-fitting round the hips with the graduated shaped flounces, is to be the most fashionable for house wear this winter. The second figure wears a pale grey costume with horizontal tucks and cream lace insertions edged with narrow black velvet on yoke and sleeves. This pretty style of dress would be most useful in black voile with heavy black lace. I saw one very like it worn with various coloured sashes for small evening receptions; it was very much admired.

Of the three tailor-made costumes I prefer the centre figure. It is made in the new leaf-brown tweed, heavily stitched, with a high collar and cuffs of sable fur. The hat is of velvet with a sable brim and feathers. It must be remembered that this style of tailor-made costume is only becoming to very slender, well-shaped figures, as it is a difficult style to wear with any degree of elegance. The



TWO HOUSE COSTUMES.

figure on the right is gowned in blue Amazon cloth, with collar and revers of a novel cut. They are made of finely stitched *glacé*. The sleeves are the smart new bell shape. The skirt is moderately full and trimmed with straps of *glacé* to suit the sack coat. The figure on the left does not require much description. It is simply a well-cut coat and skirt, trimmed with mohair braid outlined with a curl of Russian braid. The hat is of felt with ribbon and quills.

In my last article I promised to give a Yankee recipe for keeping cris-blouses (shirt-waists, as they call them) firmly and neatly fastened down at the waist behind. In the first place, I must explain that Americans always stitch their shirt-waists on to a band behind. They do not have them all loose as we do, and it is a much neater plan. Well, take the corset you are wearing, and just at the end of the eyelets, at the bottom of the corset, sew a loop, or inch-wide ribbon on either side. Now put on your shirt-waist, and with two small safety-pins, pin the belt of your shirt-waist at the back to the loop of ribbon as tight as you can stand it without being uncomfortable. Now take your hand-mirror, and turn round and look at your back, and you will see that you never got quite that flat effect before.

This is the dodge I learnt from my American friend, but if it is too much trouble and you do not care to stitch your shirt-waists on the bands behind, it is a very good plan to wear a band over your blouse of a piece of waist-webbing with a buckle. After you have tied the ineffectual little pieces of tape which gather in your shirt-waist behind round your waist, put on the webbing, pulling it as tightly round your waist as the band of your over-skirt. When it is fastened, take your hand-mirror and pull the gathers of the shirt-waist into proper folds. Be careful to get a nice, narrow, flat line down the centre of the back.

A plain blouse well put on over a good pair of corsets looks a very different garment from the slouchy thing worn anyhow by anybody. It is just the same with a sailor hat. We cannot give them up because every girl in the street wears them, but we can dress our hair and put on our veils in such a way that the sailor hat will bear no relation to the one worn by the girl with an unbrushed dusty fringe.

But over and over again I would like to repeat that it is not so much what a girl wears as how she wears it that constitutes good dressing. Perhaps the most fatal mistake of all in dressing is to aspire to a very artistic style unless you are well enough off to have your ideas carried out by really artistic dressmakers who have made the study of dressmaking an art, for remember that bad art is worse than the most commonplace dressing. There is one thing I have noticed whilst I have been amongst French people this autumn, viz., that they have not adopted the low style of hairdressing which has had a certain vogue in England this season.

WINTERING ABROAD.

By EMMA BREWER.

"Holidays take every year a larger place in life, and the way they are spent is certainly one of the best tests of national progress."

WINTERING abroad was formerly the privilege of people with large means only, who, being delicate and ill, found strength and prolonged life in the warm and genial climate of southern lands.

Like the swallows, they left home in the autumn and returned in the sunny spring, thus avoiding the severe and unsettled weather which so often obtains in England during the winter months.

At the time of which I speak these rich and delicate people had to rough it both in the matter of food and lodging, while the travelling was weary, cumbersome, and most uncomfortable, and in exchange for a balmy, sunny clime, so necessary for their health, they had to give up all their home comforts and luxuries.

Things have changed since then. The number of people who now winter abroad has increased to an almost incredible extent. It is not too much to say that to every fifty who travelled in days gone by, there are now at least two thousand who make their way out of England in search either of health, pleasure, rest or knowledge.

And for the advantage of these people who are able to winter abroad everything that the ingenuity of man and the wealth of nations can suggest is put into requisition. Their ease, comfort, health and amusement tax the energies and talents of the caterers to their utmost.

The actual travelling is more convenient, rapid and luxurious than formerly, and is much less expensive. The accommodation too is infinitely superior. Instead of small inns and cramped lodgings there are now hotels of monster size to be found in every sunny, healthy spot, and as an inducement to people to winter within them they are fitted up with everything that the heart of man can desire. All parts of the world contribute luxuries to tempt the appetite and satisfy the most fastidious taste of those who dwell within them, and search is made in all directions for amusements which shall prevent dulness and fill the time pleasantly.

The old-fashioned diligence, formerly the only means of taking long journeys, is now almost a thing of the past, and its place is supplied by elegant carriages for such journeys as are not available by rail.

Everything has changed with the years, even the people in whose midst the winter residents settle. There are, of course, certain characteristics which still cling to them, but the visitors in many instances have taken from them their sturdy independence and kindly nature, all unconsciously perhaps, but the fact remains. Again, instead of the modest, picturesque peasant dress, the girls now often clothe themselves in the left-off fineries and fripperies bestowed upon them by the visitors, while the very pretty girls of the country villages are quite spoiled by the too openly expressed admiration of the strangers.

In a hundred ways the influence of visitors has affected them and their surroundings in a manner not calculated to advance their well-being, and this is the case not only in Southern Europe but in the far East.

Touching lightly upon each class of people who winter abroad we will begin with those who go in search of health.

The rich people with plenty of time and money at their disposal have no difficulty in going anywhere or in securing anything necessary for their sojourn abroad, but there are many compelled to leave home who do so at great sacrifice. It may be that the individual life of the sick one is very dear and valuable in the home circle, and that those left behind have cheerfully given up much to enable the journey to be taken; it may even be that the amount available has only been scraped together with the utmost pains and difficulty, and must be carefully laid out so as to procure the greatest benefit to the invalid and in the shortest possible time.

It is much less fatiguing and less expensive if the traveller can go at once into residence without waiting about in a strange place undecided as to what he or she can do.

I should like to make this paper practical to such, not only because my sympathies go out to them, but because our Editor desires, above all things, to be of use to his readers.

Having decided that the journey must be taken, the first thing, of course, is to find a cheap healthy spot in a warm sunny climate within a comparatively easy distance of home, always remembering, in making the selection, that to be within reach of an English doctor and a church service is a great blessing at all times and especially so in times of sickness.

The English doctor and English clergyman in a foreign land are invaluable to the sick man and woman, and letters of introduction to them will be most helpful in securing kindness and attention for the winter residents.

As a rule one thinks of the French Riviera when looking for sunshine and cheerfulness—Cannes, Nice, Bordighera, and San Remo, for example—but to my mind the Italian Riviera is preferable as being more peaceful, more regularly sunny, less fashionable, and much cheaper. For example, Rapallo, Santa Margherita, Portofino, Ruta and Sestri-Levante, are all in what is called the Italian Riviera. They are not gay in the sense of possessing bands, concerts or fashionable promenades, but they are situate in the most delightful scenery with very interesting and industrious inhabitants.

Among the many advantages of these places, they are in the direct route from London to Naples, and there are two or three ways of reaching them comfortably and at a reasonable cost. Then there is good boating to be had and the most delightful walks and drives within easy reach, affording endless subjects for the camera or pencil. To make it easy for those who have not yet had experience of wintering abroad, we will take Rapallo on the Mediterranean, with which I am well acquainted, and look at some of its advantages as a residence. Rough winds are rarely felt here and the air is delightful, even for very sensitive people, while the situation is one of the most poetic in Italy. It is almost surrounded by hills covered with olives, oranges and vines. The water—spring water—is very good, and one can live cheaply in Rapallo.

Again, it is within easy reach of Genoa and its Donati library and shops, and if one is too out of health to go there oneself, there is a dear quaint old lady who goes to Genoa every day, a sort of carrier-woman, who will purchase anything and bring it home in the evening at the cost of twopence a parcel.

Among its greatest advantages is that an English doctor and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Beeby, live there from November to May; they have a very pretty house called Villa Costanza, and do not object to a paying guest, as the house is large enough to allow of this. It is very prettily and daintily furnished. Mrs. Beeby has started a library at the Villa for the use of the residents.

An English clergyman and his wife also make their home here during the winter months. For the present the English church service is held in the Hotel Post, but it is hoped that at no long distance the English will have a church of their own in which to worship.

At Rapallo one is within walking distance of Santa Margherita and a short drive from Portofino, both of which are lovely spots. There is a good hotel in the former, and at the latter there is a little unpretending inn, very primitive in its arrangements but much frequented by artists and lovers of the picturesque, and cheap quiet lodgings could be found here.

I hear that a good hotel is to be opened here next winter as the place is becoming very popular.

There are several good hotels in Rapallo, notably the Beau Rivage and the Savoy, and a very good Swiss pension. The cost varies from five to ten francs a day each person, but the proprietors are always open to offers and ready to make arrangements.

The hire of donkeys and carriages is also very reasonable; a franc and a half to two francs an hour for a one-horse vehicle, and five francs a whole day for a donkey.

We must not forget beautiful little Ruta, which has a station of its own * nearer to Genoa, or it may be reached from Rapallo by a carriage over the mountains. It overlooks the Mediterranean and stands in the midst of olive woods.

It possesses a delightfully clean and well-managed hotel (Hotel d'Italie), with a pension extremely moderate, viz., five or six francs a day each person.

Sestri-Levante is further down the coast on the same line of rail, or it is within a lovely drive of Rapallo. It has a clean smooth beach admirably adapted for sea-bathing, and for which machines are provided.

The hotels are good and reasonable. We tried Hotel Europe, kept by two wealthy brothers who spare no expense to make the hotel comfortable. Another very good one is the Grand Hotel.

Laundry work in the Italian Riviera is not of high class; the soiled linen is all tied together with a strong string and beaten on the stones on the shore; the consequence is that silk stockings, fine handkerchiefs and linen come back to you in rags. Between sending the linen and getting it back it passes through several hands, viz., those who wash, those who starch, and those who iron, each being a complete occupation in itself. In this, as in many other things, to be forewarned is to be forearmed.

* Camogli per Ruta.

VARIETIES.

Who is to be Master?

A great deal of matrimonial discord has its origin in a mutual struggle for supremacy. A young man and a young woman go to church and say, "I will," and then perhaps on the way home one or other says, "I won't," and that begins it. "What is the reason," said one Irishman to another, "that you and your wife are always disagreeing?" "Because," replied Pat, "we are both of one mind. She wants to be master—so do I."

Those who are of that frame of mind had better remain in a state of contented single blessedness, like the old Scottish lady who said, "I wadna gie my single life for a' the double anes I ever saw."

To Lessen Care and Trouble.—A wise man in a few words gives a recipe for lessening the cares and troubles of life. "Reduce," he says, "the claim of externals; the right way to belong to yourself is to have as few possessions as possible of other kinds."

If you are Wise.

"Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtues behind them.

For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star
Than the spots on the sun abiding."

A Monster Hotel.—A traveller was describing a monster hotel in Switzerland that seated five hundred guests in the dining-room. "Why," said an American, "we have a much bigger hotel with us out west. The dining-room there is so large that the waiters have to gallop about doing their work on horseback."

What makes us tired?—It is climbing hills before we come to them that makes some people tired.

THE BIRTHDAY PAGE.

NOVEMBER.

By FREDERICK J. CROWEST.



MARIE ANTOINETTE.
(*From the picture by Lebrun in the Versailles Gallery.*)

THE pessimistic mind is not prone to the birthday in any conceivable shape or aspect, mainly because he is probably a boor—apt to look at this or that pleasant social habit, or custom, as a thing that we should be the better without. As if there are so many pretty methods of a less hurried age than the present remaining, that we can afford to lose any one of them! The man has been heard of who, in one year, had written his name in birthday books of all kinds—Biblical, royal, Byronic, Shakespearean, Kate Greenawayish, and a host of others, yet who was as far away as ever from knowing why. Going to bed one evening it dawned upon him that as it wanted only a few days to his next birthday, it might prove that the requests were prompted from a desire to mark his natal day with some little token of remembrance. Unhappy man! He was doomed to dire disappointment.

I am not going to propound the philosophy of the birthday book here. These few remarks are simply by way of preface to a series which our kindly Editor thinks will prove of interest to his readers. It is proposed to present month by month a number of pen and ink portraits of notable women—past and present—and in whom our girls may be expected to have an interest. No sphere of woman's work will be neglected, nor shall we be so ungallant as to give the age where the subject is living. We make a start with some famous female birthdays occurring in November. Perhaps some of my readers may like to make suggestions for subjects, especially of notable living women, for subsequent months.

A BRAVE, MISGUIDED QUEEN.

"Proud, beautiful, and ignorant, full of lightness of spirit and showy frivolity, but neither wicked nor designing." This is a verdict, and it would seem an unimpassioned just one, which a later century has passed upon the character of one of the most courageous, if misplaced, women who have ever sat upon a European throne. Marie Antoinette de Lorraine, Josèphe Jeanne,* was the youngest daughter of the Emperor Franz I. and Maria Theresa. She was barely fourteen years old when she was asked in marriage for the Dauphin of France, and ere she was fifteen she was married. At nineteen she was queen, with so much ascendency over her husband that with her temperament the most disastrous results were inevitable. History has told us the story. She made life one continuous pageant at court, and the freedom of her manner was most reprehensible. Her name steadily became odious to the people of Paris, and when the Revolution of 1789 broke out, her life was sought by a mob which forced itself through the Palace of Versailles, even to her bedroom. Many devices did this unfortunate Queen resort to in order to regain the esteem of the populace; but the French debts and general misery were such that the mob, at any rate, would have none of her. Captivity (with the King) at the Tuileries, then flight and capture at Varennes, imprisonment at the Temple, separation from her husband—all followed. Finally there was the terrible closing act. On October 16th, 1793, she was carried before the Revolutionary Tribunal, condemned to the guillotine and executed. Brave, beautiful, but misguided. Alas!

* Born Nov. 2, 1755; died Oct. 16, 1793.



THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

It was all sunshine, so far as a future of happiness appeared to be concerned, when, in January, 1858, the Princess Victoria Mary Adelaide Louisa,* the gifted Princess Royal of England, was joined in wedlock. A comparatively short married life with such a series of momentous events forced into it seemed hardly possible when she stood a blushing bride. Yet such is the mutability of earthly things that our late Sovereign's eldest child was to be called upon to bear an almost overwhelming burden of domestic trials and severities. When she married Friedrich Wilhelm, the eldest son of the German Emperor, a crown was indeed before her, but scarcely that of a united Germany. What tremendous events speedily followed her marriage! The Austrian War with its terrible Sadowa; the Franco-German War of 1870, when the whole military resources of these two great peoples were so mercilessly pitted against each other; the recognition of the first German Emperor; the Empress Frederick's husband's summons to the German throne; his death in 1888 from a malignant wasting affection of the throat; the accession of the Empress Frederick's son, the present Emperor Wilhelm II., friend and ally of this country. The ex-Empress was the mother of eight children, and although perforce obliged to spend the greater part of her life in Germany, she never lost her love for her native land. Her tastes and tendencies were always English, and she took the greatest interest in all movements and institutions having for their object the betterment and interests of her fellow English sisters. Alas! this good, capable, accomplished

* Born Nov. 21, 1840; died Aug. 5, 1901.



MADAME ALBANI.
(*Photo by Elliott & Fry.*)

woman has only recently passed away. When we wrote of her she was *alive*. In correcting this proof it has had to be modified to another tense.

A Queen of Song.

Of all the blessed gifts with which man and woman have been endowed, that of song is among the most beautiful. It is a commoner gift than many people imagine, being liberally bestowed upon individuals who seldom dream that they are the possessors of a singing voice. They can speak, but they can't sing, say they, albeit song and speech are produced by the operation of precisely the same physical organs. That all girls cannot be *prime donne*, however, is willingly granted. To be a *diva* in song one must be born with a gifted musical organisation. On the other hand, it is astonishing what study and perseverance will do towards making a vocalist, and the reason why there is not, generally speaking, a better calibre vocalist is that young people will not give the necessary time and patient attention to the training of the voice. To make a reputation as a singer one must study the subject of singing as long and diligently as one would medicine or painting as professions.

La Jeunesse—that was Madame Albani-Gye's* maiden name—was born in Canada, and attracted attention by the beauty of her voice when she was but a child of six years old at the convent of the Sacré Cœur. As a young woman she visited Paris to see singing-master Duprez, who especially taught her good recitative, and then advised Italy and Lamperti. This great master of voice-production taught her on the solid foundations of right voice placing, upon which only singers can hope to last and succeed as singers.

In 1872 the management of Covent Garden was sore put to it by reason of one of those unexpected *contretemps* by no means exceptional in the annals of operatic management and history. A rare jewel was at hand, however, in Albani—a young *débutante*. "The new artist is Mdlle. Albani," ran Mr. Gye's prospectus for the season of 1872. Her *début* was to have been in *Lucia*, but the *contretemps* led to an earlier appearance as Amina in *La Sonnambula*. Most of the critics were wrong again, for they nearly all doubted her powers and ability to stay. Not so that great voice, the British public, or at least that section of it that attends Italian opera. The audience cheered the newcomer until the ceiling echoed back the plaudits. From that day to this Albani has remained a public favourite, not only in opera, but what is still more trying, in oratorio.

Madame Albani has long been the best all-round female vocalist of the day. Everybody knows what a favourite she was of our late Queen. "My Canadian subject in whom I take great interest," was what Queen Victoria used to say. Her jewels—largely presentations from royalty—distinctions, testimonials, laurels, medals, and other presents are extraordinary. The great songstress is married and has a family.

Patron Saint of Music.

Dryden in his "Ode to Saint Cecilia" sings—

> "Orpheus could lead the savage race,
> And trees uprooted left their place,
> Sequacious of the lyre:
> But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher,
> When to her organ vocal breath was given;
> An angel heard and straight appeared,
> Mistaking earth for heaven."

From all that has reached us through the methods of pen and brush, it is highly probable that this early Christian martyr—Saint Cecilia†—must have possessed some remarkable musical gifts, but that she ever "brought an angel down" is disputable. She has always been considered to be the patron saint of music, although there is nothing authentically known to warrant the association. In fact, although her name has been kept in the Calendar and her memory cherished for many centuries, nothing save what tradition tells is known of her actual history. Unwritten history says she was born at Rome about 200 A.D., and that she was martyred with her husband, Valerian, whom she had converted to Christianity; but this, as well as the accounts of her miraculous escapes from death, is quite mythical. In the ninth century Paschal I. built a church to her memory, leaving money for a service of perpetual song of praise. Where this wealth or her relics now are it would be difficult to diagnose. Yet her name will live for ever. Both Raphael and Domenichino have painted pictures of her martyrdom, etc. Pope has immortalised her; Chaucer gave us her legend in the "Second Nonne's Tale," and finally we have Tennyson's chaste picture—

> "There in a clear walled city in the sea
> Near gilded organ pipes, her hair
> Bound with white roses, slept St. Cecily.
> An angel looked at her!"

* Marie Louise Emma Cecile. Born Nov. 1.
† Nov. 22.

Sea-maiden and Heroine.

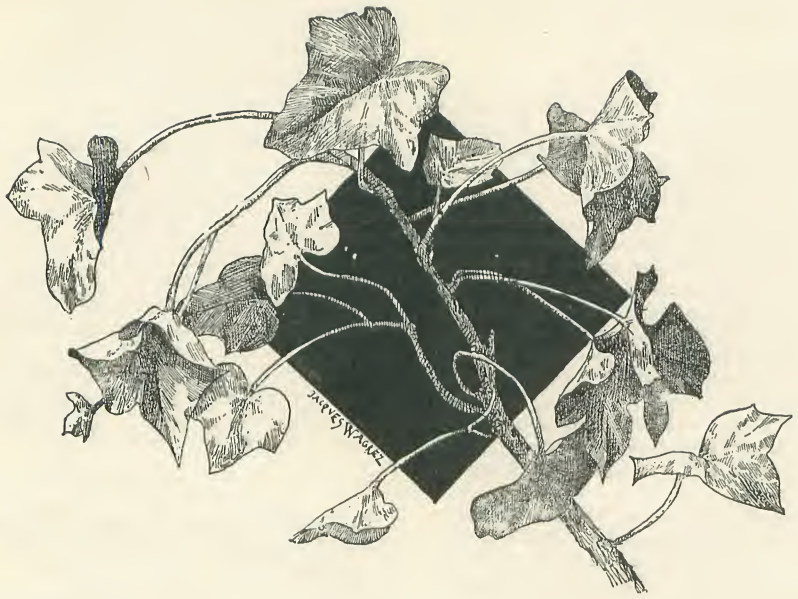
The heroine of the Longstone Lighthouse is a name that will ring throughout this country while there exist natures to admire love and courage, whether these be in man or woman. No greater love can be than to lay down a life for a fellow-being, and this was what Grace Horsley Darling* was very near doing in 1838. There was a terrible storm in September of that year, which made the Christian-hearted keeper of the lighthouse on Farne Islands tremble for those at sea—that time when the steamer *Forfarshire* got upon the ugly, awful rocks shadowed by the frowning shadows of Bamborough Castle. The watchful keepers of the sailors' beacon soon descried the unfortunate vessel in a heavy gale, staggering, parting amidships. William Darling, religious man as he was, was afraid of the night: but the sea-maiden of twenty-three summers had a stouter heart. Imploring her father, she at length persuaded him to let her join him in a task which no man could have done alone. Putting to sea in a small open boat—a coble—the father rowed to the rocks with the help of his daughter, knowing that it would be impossible to return without the help of some of the endangered persons. Altogether nine lives were rescued, while forty-five were lost.



GRACE DARLING.

What an outburst of enthusiasm went up throughout the country when the facts became known! The Humane Society's Gold Medal, a public subscription of £750, £50 from the Treasury, and numerous other indications of her popularity crowded in upon her. Amid all she stood unmoved, unaffected. She had done her duty as the lighthouse keeper's daughter. All attempts to induce her to leave her humble home failed. She remained a hard-working, sensible, single girl until her call came. Then the great heart in its slender, delicate frame, beneath rather than above the average in height, sank under the terrible ravages of consumption, accentuated, perhaps, by that very deed of daring that has won for her imperishable fame.

* Born Nov. 24, 1815; died Oct. 20, 1842.

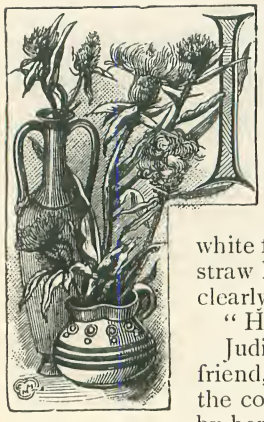


SILENT STRINGS.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Lady Dye's Reparation," "A Cluster of Roses," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

HEATHERWAY LODGE.



It was a tedious journey with "a wait" and a change, but Sis got through it very well. She had started early in the morning, and it was late in the afternoon when the train stopped at last at a quiet station. A familiar figure was standing on the platform, a full pink-and-white face smiled broadly under a smart straw hat, and a loud voice called out clearly—

"Here you are! Hurrah!"

Judith Fayne had come to meet her friend, and Sis, as she stepped out of the coach, was cheered and brightened by her hearty welcome.

"I hate railway travelling, don't you?" cried Miss Fayne. "Give me your hand-bag; that's right. I'll look after your box. Here it comes out of the van, thump, bump! That's the charming way they have with the luggage."

The neat dress-basket (a new purchase) was trundled off by a porter. Sis gave up her ticket at the gate, and found a shabby carriage waiting outside the station.

"It's a six-mile drive," said Judith, "and I thought you would be too tired to do it on the bike. Besides, there's the luggage. We don't keep any gee-gees, so I always hire this old concern for guests. Jump in. You must put the wrap round you, for it's very cold this spring."

It was cold indeed. Overhead was a great pure sky. The long hill-ranges were clearly outlined against the calm horizon, and the white road went winding on for miles through acres of wild waste land. It is a real blessing now and then to have a wide outlook. Sis felt all at once that she had been living too long between stone walls and among grey buildings reared by hands that had ceased from labour centuries ago. Few traces of man's work were to be found here. A puff of blue smoke rose from a gipsy's camp, a herdsman's hut nestled among gorse and dwarf shrubs, and that was all.

It was so cold that she was glad to bury her hands under the wrap, but the chill air came sweeping across the wastes with unspeakable freshness and purity. Somewhere in nooks and hollows of the hills the last patches of snow were lingering still. Sis enjoyed the keen breath of the heights, although she could not help shivering.

"Oh, how beautiful it all is!" she cried. "I wish Addy were here; she would put the hills and the moors into her stories."

Judith made a little *moue*.

"I don't like bookish women," said she. "Addy is too brainy to get on with us. We're going to have a high time and leave the beauties of nature to the wandering landscape-painter. But this bracing air will set you up splendidly. Now that I look at you, I see that you are paler than you ought to be."

"And you are an embodiment of health and rosiness," Sis said, returning her gaze.

Judith laughed with pleasure at the compliment. As Drew had remarked, there was a great deal of her. She was a large young woman, as buxom and vigorous as a milkmaid. Her face was round, and kept the fresh colouring and dimples of a child. At the first glance you would have called it a baby face, but a certain keen twinkle in the light-blue eyes suggested shrewdness and perhaps a little cunning. The merry red lips smiled continually, and there was an indication of a double chin. Flaxen hair, thick and shining, was coiled up very prettily under the straw hat, and her well-made suit of dark blue cloth became her admirably. It was

not at all strange that Sis Wilmer should have been attracted by a girl who presented such a striking contrast to herself.

The road went gradually up hill all the way, and grew steeper as they drew near the end of the drive. It seemed to Sis that they came suddenly at last to a gray house standing all alone with a background of tall pines.

When she first caught sight of Heatherway Lodge, she was distinctly conscious of a chill of disappointment. It was a grim house with tall, narrow windows and a heavy stone porch unadorned with ivy. A low stone wall, enclosing a space of grass, divided it from the road. There was a straight flagged path leading up to the front door. Judith sprang out of the carriage as soon as the driver stopped, and went up the path to give a tremendous double knock.

"That'll wake 'em up," she said, half to herself.

But they didn't wake up immediately, and she was in the act of raising her hand to the knocker again when the door opened. A squarely-built woman in cap and apron came out to meet the guest with a decided scowl on her face, and took possession of the hand-bag. The driver, who was old and weather-beaten, got stiffly down from his perch and staggered in with the dress-basket.

"Why, you look quite blue with cold," said Judith, ushering her friend indoors. "We'll have a cup of tea before you go to your room."

The entry too was flagged with stone. Doors opened to left and right at the foot of a wide staircase. Miss Fayne threw open the door on the left hand, and Sis found herself in a big sitting-room sparely furnished with a horsehair sofa and some hard-looking chairs. A fire was burning brightly in an old-fashioned grate, but it seemed to give astonishingly little heat. She sat down in an arm-chair by the fireside and began to loosen her fur boa with stiff and trembling fingers.

The tea, when it came, revived her considerably. She ate some brown bread-and-butter with a keen appetite, thinking longingly of the delicate cakes on the dainty table at home. Judith's gay chatter failed to rouse her spirits, and it was a relief when it was suggested that she should be taken up to her room.

It seemed to the new-comer, following her guide up the wide stairs, that she had missed her way and got into the cavern of the winds. A sharp breeze, waking at the close of the day, set all the windows rattling, unexpected draughts blew out of corners, and a mischievous blast puffed at her as soon as she entered her bedroom. A fire, just lighted, made a pretence of warming the room, but her heart sank at the lack of comfort.

As soon as she was alone, poor Sis sat down on an old box-ottoman and leaned her head upon the bedside with a little moan of dismay.

We all make fancy pictures of any strange place we are going to visit, but some of us put in stronger colours and clearer outlines than others. Sis had made a very vivid picture of Heatherway Lodge, and it was as unlike the real place as anything could possibly be. The solitary house, standing almost unsheltered on a lonely spot, set her longing for the cosy home she had left behind. Was it for this that she had harassed Kate until that long-suffering sister had bought her a new costume and a dress-basket? Oh, what a dissatisfied little idiot she had been!

"Well, I must make the best of it now," she thought as she rose shivering from her seat. "I will write a cheery letter to Addy to-morrow. They shall never know what I really feel."

The bed was a four-poster, a thing inseparably connected in Sis's mind with ghosts. It was draped with chintz curtains of an out-of-date pattern. Impossible birds held bunches of enormous cherries in their beaks and perched among unnatural flowers and scrolls. Birds and flowers were like images seen in a feverish dream. Look where you would, you could not find a single trace of taste or refinement in the room. There were the usual necessaries, solid and good enough, it is true, but nothing beautiful.

"May I come in?" cried Judith at the door. "I want to know how you are getting on. Why, you are still as cold as charity! Don't change into another dress. Just come down in that bewitching green coat and skirt. You pretty Sis, how sweet and white you are!"

Really Judith was a most affectionate girl. Sis began to think that she was going to enjoy herself after all.

The big sitting-room was a little warmer when they entered it again. Judith placed her friend in the hard arm-chair by the fire, and talked to her about the pleasures of the winter. There had been two or three good parties, and some splendid skating. Sis ought to have seen the great lake at Woodmere, and Judith cutting marvellous figures on the ice. Mr. Hervie had said no end of pretty things about her skill.

"Who is Mr. Hervie?" asked Sis.

"Haven't I mentioned him before? Well, he is the owner of Woodmere, quite a great man in this part of the world," Judith replied. "His old house is well worth seeing. It was built in the reign of James the First, and is filled with quaint furniture and pictures. I don't care much about those historical places myself, but of course I pretend to be interested in Woodmere."

"Why do you pretend?" Sis inquired.

Judith answered with a smile which displayed her dimples.

"Because I want to please the master of the place. He is decidedly attractive, Sis. His uncle, a most eccentric bachelor, lived all alone at Woodmere for years, and never entertained or cared about his neighbours. Everyone was glad when the old man died, and the nephew came into his kingdom."

"And does he, too, live all alone?" Sis said.

"No, he brought his mother with him when he took possession of the estate, two years ago. He gave a ripping party on New Year's Eve. I believe I scored that night. I wore white silk and pink roses. We are not rich, you know, but my mother didn't grudge the money for that frock, I assure you."

"Of course she did not. You must have looked superb," said Sis, with perfect honesty.

Just then the door opened, and in walked a big young man, who looked so like Judith that he ought to have been her brother. He had her round face, flaxen hair, and pink-and-white complexion, and reminded Sis at first sight of a colossal Cupid.

"My cousin, Mr. Bourne—Miss Wilmer," said Judith, and the two exchanged bows.

Somehow the entrance of Mr. Bourne had rather a depressing effect on Sis's spirits. She was a girl of sudden likings and dislikings, and made up her mind at once that she could not endure her friend's cousin. He sat down heavily on the other side of the fire, and she felt that he was studying her with a pair of crafty little eyes.

"There's a high wind this evening," he began, by way of conversation. "I think you might have something done to your window-frames, Judith. They'll be clattering and rattling all night long."

"They won't disturb your rest, anyhow," she replied.

"You know you could sleep through an earthquake. And my mother doesn't care to lay out much on this old house; she has grown accustomed to its inconveniences, and I really think she would miss them."

"There shall be no rattling of windows in my house," said he, with a grand air of proprietorship. "I'm looking well after the men, and not a bit of the work will be slurred over."

"Oh, it will be a little palace when it's done!" laughed Judith. "Only the queen will be lacking, and that's a want that will soon be supplied."

She glanced at Sis as she spoke, and then entered into explanations.

"Mr. Bourne has taken a farm about two miles off," she said. "But the farmhouse was so old that he decided to put it into thorough repair. Until it is finished he is quite homeless, so he has come to stay with us."

Oddly enough, Sis began to resent Mr. Bourne's presence, and to say to herself that he would spoil her visit. She was more and more convinced that he was watching her in his sly way, and resolved to say as little to him as possible. Presently Mrs. Fayne came in, and she, too, was large and flaxen-haired, and very stout.

"Not an ideal mother, by any means," the girl thought disdainfully. "I never saw a person with so many chins, there must be five or six. And what a patronising manner she has! As if she felt it a condescension to receive me."

Poor Sis, with her inborn fastidiousness and quick perceptions, was distinctly out of her element at Heatherway Lodge. The Faynes were unlike any of the few people who had come into her young life. Apart from her relations, Judith had been very bright and picturesque, but somehow they seemed to vulgarise her. And as a matter of fact Judith Fayne was really at her worst among her natural surroundings. Her father, dead for some years, had been a sort of small squire, a hunting, racing, drinking man of a very common type. He had died just in time to save the remnant of a moderate fortune; and his widow, a shrewd manager, was making the best of what was left.

They had some music after dinner. Judith played well, even brilliantly, on her second-rate piano; and Sis sang a plaintive little song. She looked charming as she sang. Her slim figure was thrown out against the dingy drab of the walls, and from that dull background every grace and each delicate tint gained a peculiar distinctness. The heavy, light-haired man, who sat and watched her, was fast falling under her spell. Most unwittingly, the girl was rousing a strong feeling which was destined to have an influence on her life.

They let her go early to her room that night. And again a dreary loneliness took possession of her when she had closed her door. It was so cold, and already she was getting sick for home.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

CANDIDATE FOR CRITICISM.—We think that you have some ability, and especially like "Calm," the first of your compositions; but, if you do not wish to publish at your own expense, we are afraid it is of no use to apply to any of the firms you suggest. It is an extremely difficult matter to obtain payment for such work, at any rate until the composer's name becomes well known. There is of course no harm in copying out one or two of your productions, and submitting them (with stamps for their return) to some well-known house; but we cannot encourage you. Your teacher of harmony (and, without such a teacher, you can hardly hope to succeed) would doubtless point out errors and show you how to avoid them in each case; but we gather that what you ask from us is advice in general upon the question of publishing your efforts.

L. L. A. (South Australia).—We have received your letter, and will consider the request. Your handwriting is very plain and legible, but it is that of a child. You do not in this letter tell us your age. As you grow older, your writing will doubtless become less stiff and black in character; it is all right for a little girl.

A KENTISH MAID.—Undoubtedly the best examination for your purpose is that of Matriculation at the London University. If you write to the Registrar, Mr. F. V. Dickins, M.B., B.Sc., University, South Kensington, S.W., you will obtain full particulars. The examination is held twice a year.

BABBIE.—The only way for you to obtain such work as you describe is to submit your work to the chief publishing firms and await their verdict. You will have observed the class of book or magazine where such designs as yours most frequently appear; and we should advise you to apply direct to the houses where these are published, with specimens of what you can do.

BOOKWORM.—We fear our answer will not appear in time to be of much use to you for the spring holidays! *The Cloister and the Hearth*, by Charles Reade, is a most interesting historical novel of the fifteenth century. Consult a list of historical fiction in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for April, 1900. As for stories of school life, you might enjoy the *Child of Genius* (Lily Watson), which originally appeared in this paper; it is published in a complete form by S. W. Partridge & Co. *A Fortunate Exile*, by the same writer, is also a school story, published at 56, Paternoster Row.

T. R.—The best poem of the three you enclose is the "Sonnet," although, as this is a very difficult form, there are many defects. You should try to avoid repeated inversions that are obviously for the sake of rhyme: *e.g.*, "us bind," "us find." "Azure crest" is scarcely a good name for a rain-cloud, though it also includes a rhyme. In "Arma Virumque Cano" you seem to disdain all consideration of metre, and the last verse of "Fancies" is halting. Still, we can honestly congratulate you on the idea expressed in the "Sonnet."

MISCELLANEOUS.

VIOLET.—We do not praise the "Movement" for all it has done but only in connection with the subject before us and which has caused many other denominations to adopt similar services. "To every one his due."

HUGUENOT.—Your acquaintance with the history of the country whence your family had its origin seems deficient. We recommend you to read *The Huguenots*, by Samuel Smiles. There were three long races of sovereigns of France, preceding the advent of Napoleon. The first, the *Merovingiens*, beginning with Pharamond, and ending with Childéric III. The second race was that of the *Carlovingiens*, beginning with Pépin "le Bref" (who was succeeded by the Emperor Charlemagne), and ending with Louis V., "le Fainéant." The third race was that of the *Capétiens*, beginning with Hugues Capet (including the great and good "Saint Louis," Louis IX.), and ending with Louis XVI., having been divided into a second branch, viz., "des Valois," which began with Francis I.

DORA.—There are four great lace-making centres in England: Devonshire, Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire and Northamptonshire, and in no less than nine localities in Ireland, every description of the fabric being produced in that country, too numerous to specify. Pillow-lace was introduced by the French and Flemish refugees in 1568. The method of making the fine stitches produced at Brussels was discovered by a native of Honiton, one John Rodge. The new lace was worked in fine flax thread, and the foreign designs copied, with the result that our home manufacture rivalled the originals.

CAROLINE R.—There is a Home of Rest at Shanklin, Isle of Wight, situated on the cliff and facing the sea. Cubicle rooms (without subscriber's letter) 15s. 6d. a week, and accommodation in the dormitories (ditto) at 11s. For members of the "G. F. S." a reduction is made. Medical attendance is free, and arrangements have been made for reduced railway fares. Address, The Lady Superintendent. Another Home of Rest (as well as for convalescents) is at Walton-on-the-Naze; viz., the "Claughton Convalescent Home." The house is close to the sea, and the air very bracing. The charge to ladies rises from 13s. to 25s. per week, and persons of the humbler class 12s.; railway fares reduced to half price. Apply to Miss Luard, The Lodge, Witham, Essex. We do not give private answers.

BUTTERCUP.—The National Training School of Cookery, 72 to 78, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. Board and lodging for ladies at 30s. a week; for cooks, 12s. a week. Board and lodging at the school, 25s. Training for teacher's cookery diploma lasts forty weeks, fee £30; age, 18 to 35. Lady Superintendent, Mrs. Charles Clarke. *The Epicure Directory* (Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.) contains lists of cookery schools and classes all over the United Kingdom and every information desirable.

SHIREEN.—Take your cat to either a naturalist or a veterinary surgeon, or to the superintendent of a zoological garden.



GIRLS' OWN PAPER. LONDON.

BEFORE THE STORM.

From the painting by Kenneth T. M. Teesdale.



VOL. XXIII.—No. 1140.] NOVEMBER 2, 1901. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

BY MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.

CHAPTER V.

To the surprise of all concerned, Pixie took a very fair place in the school. The sorely-tried Miss Minnitt was by no means an accomplished woman, but what she did know she taught well, and she felt rewarded for her efforts when she heard that Miss Bruce, the English teacher, had remarked that Pixie had been well grounded, and knew more than many girls of her age. The mixture of knowledge and ignorance which the child displayed was indeed incomprehensible to those who did not understand the conditions under which she had lived. She was quite a botanist in a small way, could discourse like any farmer on crops and tillages, was most sporting in her descriptions of shooting and hunting, and had an exhaustive understanding of, and sympathy with, the animal world, which seemed quite uncanny to town-bred girls. Here, however, her knowledge stopped, and of the ways of the world, the hundred and one restrictions and obligations of society which come almost as second nature to most girls, she knew no more than a South-Sea Islander dancing gaily upon the sands, and stringing shells in her dusky locks. "I wish I was born a savage!" was indeed her daily reflection, as she buttoned her tight little frock, and wriggled to and fro in a vain search for comfort.

"Now listen to me!" said Miss Bruce at the end of the examination which was conducted after breakfast the day following Pixie's arrival. "I am undecided which of two classes you shall join, so I am going to give you the choice. The under-fourth would be comparatively easy, the upper-fourth would mean real hard work. I think you could manage it, if you worked hard and determined to do your very, very best; but I tell you frankly it will not be easy. If you would rather have a term in the lower class and work up gradually, I am willing to let it be so; but you must realise that it will be less good for yourself. You seem to have a good memory and to learn quickly; but we don't like to force girls beyond their strength. You would be the youngest girl in the upper-fourth."

That decided the matter! Pixie's heart had sunk at the mention of work; but the ecstatic prospect of being the baby of a class, of writing home to boast of her position, and of reminding her elders at frequent intervals of her own precocious cleverness, was too tempting to be resisted. She pleaded eagerly for the upper-fourth, and came through the first morning's ordeal



"'WHAT'S THE JOKE?' ASKED MARJORIE WISTFULLY."

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with gratifying success. But alas, afternoon brought a change of scene, for the girls retired to the schoolroom for "prep." and the new class-member stared in dismay at the work before her.

"Is it for next week we are to learn it?" she queried, and when the answer came, "For to-morrow," she shrieked aloud in dismay. "What! The lot of it? Grammar, and arithmetic, and geography? All those pages, and pages, and pages! I couldn't finish to-day if I sat up all night! You're joking with me! It isn't really and truly for to-morrow morning?"

"It is, indeed, my dear, worse luck! Miss Bruce gives a terrible amount of prep., and you are bound to get through somehow. Sometimes it is worse than this, and you feel simply frantic. You are not allowed to go on after seven o'clock either, so there is no hope for you, if you are not finished by that time."

"Don't frighten her, Dora," said Kate kindly. She looked through her spectacles at Pixie's woe-begone face, and smiled encouragement. "It seems hopeless at first, but you will get accustomed to it in time. I used to be in despair, but you get into the way of learning quickly, and picking out the things that are most important. There's no time for talking, though. Open your grammar and begin at once."

"Hate grammar!" grumbled Pixie crossly. "What's the use of it? I can talk as well as I want to without bothering about grammar, and I don't understand it either! Silly gibberish!"

She wished with all her heart at that moment that she had been content with the seclusion of the lower-fourth; but she was not allowed to talk any more, for Clara called out an impatient "Hush!" and Florence stuck her fingers in her ears and looked so savage, that it was impossible to disregard the warning. Pixie read over the tiresome grammar, and then lay back in her seat studying the furniture of the room, and deciding on the improvements which she would make if Miss Phipps asked her advice on the subject of re-decoration. It was an engrossing subject, and would have kept her happily occupied for quite a long time had not Kate jerked her elbow as a reminder, and pointed significantly to the history. She had mentally constituted herself as friend-in-need to the new class-mate, and was determined to do her duty by her, however little thanks she might receive, so she nudged, and nudged again, until Pixie resentfully opened the history book in its turn.

History was interesting—it was just like a story! When the prescribed portion had been read, she was anxious to learn what happened next, and read on and on until the watchful Kate suspected something wrong, and forcibly confiscated the book.

"What are you reading the next chapter for? A minute ago you were groaning because you had too much to do. Finish the work that is given you before trying to do more!"

"But there was an execution coming on. I love executions!" sighed Pixie miserably. "This is the best bit of the whole history, for there's no more fun when you get to the Georges. They never have any murders, nor plots, nor blowings up."

"You will get blown up if you interrupt like this! How do you suppose I can learn with you chattering away all the time?" cried Clara, the irascible. She glared at Pixie, and Pixie glared at her, and went on glaring long after the other had settled to work with an intentness which seemed mysteriously connected with the movement of a stubbly lead pencil. Presently she touched Kate softly, and there on the margin of the clean new book was exhibited the drawing of a dismembered head, glaring horribly over rule-of-three problems, and labelled "Clara" in largest round hand. It was a youthful effort, but drawing was a family talent among the O'Shaughnessys, and the likeness was unmistakable, for the artist had been sharp to note the weak points, and exaggerate them with cruel honesty. The high forehead was doubled in height, the long upper lip stretched to abnormal length, the blots which did duty for eyes were really marvellously, astonishingly like Clara's in expression! Kate pressed her handkerchief against her mouth, but the sound of her splutters was distinctly audible, and her companions looked up in amazement. Kate laughing during prep. was a sight which had never been witnessed before, and they stared at her in mingled surprise and envy.

"What's the joke?" asked Marjorie wistfully. "You might share it, I think, for I feel as if I should never smile again until the holidays. If there is anything amusing in these lessons to-night, I should like to have it pointed out, that's all!"

"It's n—n—thing!" returned Kate, spluttering still. Pixie had flipped over a page with a deft movement, and sat with hands folded on her lap, a picture of lamb-like innocence.

For the rest of the time allowed for preparation she worked really well, inspired by the remembrance that she had made Kate laugh, and drawn a caricature which even Esmeralda herself must have approved.

About half-past seven came supper, and after supper prayers, and after prayers bed, and an interesting conversation with the three room-mates.

"Which is the nicest girl in the school?" Pixie asked, going at once to the most important point, and fondly hoping that she might listen to her own name by way of answer. She was doomed to disappointment, however, for though there was a difference of opinion, her name was not even mentioned.

"Margaret!" said Kate.

"Lottie!" cried Flora.

"Clara!" cried Ethel; and they proceeded to argue the question between themselves.

"Margaret is an angel. She is sweet to everyone. She never says an unkind word."

"Lottie is so bright and clever. She is first in almost every single class."

"Clara is so sensible. She doesn't make a fuss, and gush over everything as Lottie does; but if she says she will be your friend, she keeps her word, and always tries to do you a good turn."

"That's the way with meself," said Pixie modestly. "I'm the soft-heartedest creature! You three girls are me best friends because ye share me room, and I'll stick to you whatever trouble ye're in. Ye need never be afraid to come to me, for the worse ye are, the better I'll like ye!"

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Kate shrilly. Flora chuckled to herself in fat good-natured fashion, and Ethel tossed her mane and said—

"I can quite believe it, but if you will excuse my saying so, I think the trouble is more likely to come to you than to us! If you go on behaving as you have done the last two days, you will be in need of friends yourself, my dear, so don't say I haven't warned you."

"Behaving as I have done! Get into trouble meself!" echoed Pixie blankly. "And what for, please? What have I done? I promised Bridgie before I left that I would behave meself, and not disgrace the family, and I've kept me word. I've not been naughty once the whole time through."

"Don't say 'naughty,' child, as if you were a baby

two years old! You may not have done anything wrong from your point of view, but you have broken half-a-dozen rules all the same. You planted yourself in front of the fire when the fifth-form girls were in the room, and never offered to give up your place even when Margaret herself came in. Not one of the old girls would think of doing such a thing. And you answered back when Miss Phipps spoke to you at tea—and told a story so loud that everyone could hear!"

"And small blame to me if I did! It was the dullest meal I ever sat through, and I thought I would do you a kindness by waking you up!" returned Pixie defiantly. She did not at all approve of Clara's attitude of fault-finding, and was up in arms at once in her own defence, "I have been brought up to make mesélf agreeable, and when Miss Phipps spoke to me, wasn't I obliged to give her a civil answer? And I was cold when I sat before the fire. Are fifth form girls colder than anyone else, that they must have all the heat?"

"You know perfectly well what I mean, or if you don't, you are a stupid child, and you needn't fly into a temper when I tell you your mistakes. You want to get on, I suppose, and take a good place in the school, so you ought to be grateful to anyone who tries to keep you out of trouble."

In the seclusion of her cubicle Pixie made a grimace, the reverse of appreciative, but she stifled her feelings in her desire for information and asked the next question on her list.

"How often in the year do you get prizes?"

"Once. At the end of the summer term. There's a chance for you now! Work hard for six months, and win the class prize!"

Flora chuckled with amusement at the idea, but Pixie considered the subject seriously for a good two minutes, and found it altogether agreeable. She saw a vision of herself walking forward to receive her honours while the elder girls sat in a row, subdued and envious, and tasted in advance the ecstasy of the moment.

"What sort of prizes do they give you—books?"

"Books, of course. Improving books. Poets, with nice soft backs, and Dutch Republics in calf, and things like that. The sort of book you are awfully proud of, but hardly ever read. You put it carefully in a book-case, and admire the binding. You can always tell a prize a yard off, it looks so smart and gilt, and unopened. I've seen rows of them in some houses, all ranged together with their little silk markers hanging out at the bottom, as smooth and uncrumpled as if they had never been moved; and the owners take them down and show you the inscription on the first page, to prove how good and clever they were when they were at school!"

"Ah!" Pixie drew a rupturous sigh, seeing herself be-capped and shawled, in the act of exhibiting her own spoils to a bevy of admiring grandchildren. The great point seemed to be to have the inscription as striking as possible, so she inquired anxiously if the class prize was the highest that could be obtained.

"She's ambitious, girls, isn't she? The class prize isn't enough for her, you notice!" cried Ethel, splashing her face with cold water, and interposing her remarks with audible shudderings. "Yes, there's one thing higher—the 'Alice Prize,' we call it, because it is given by the father of a certain Alice who used to be at school here, and who died at the end of her last term. She was Lottie's sister; but Lottie is not in the least like her, for she was very shy and nervous, and the girls teased her a good deal, and she took it to heart and made herself miserable. After her death it was found that she had kept a diary, and written down all her troubles, and her parents read it and tried to think what they could do to prevent any other girl suffering as she had done. At last they thought of offering this prize—it is given every year—five pounds' worth of books which you can choose for yourself. You can get a lot of books for five pounds, and it is given to the girl who is kindest and most considerate to others. She has to be nice to new girls, and answer their questions, and be patient with them, as I am being with you, my dear, at the present moment, and dry their little eyes when they weep, and cheer them up when they are low in their minds. And she has to be careful not to hurt other people's feelings, and to use her influence to stop a joke when it is going too far. Oh, and a dozen other things which you can imagine for yourself! The girls know best who deserves the prize, and they vote at the end of the year, and whoever gets most votes gets the prize."

"Who got it last year?"

"Margaret, of course. So she would every time, but the same person is not allowed to have it two years running. A good thing too, for we should all feel that it was no use competing with her, and so give up trying."

"And who do you think will get it this year?"

"Oh, dear me! How many more questions? Myself, of course, for answering you so kindly. If you don't vote for me, young woman, there'll be a coldness between us, and so I tell you. Flora thinks she will get it, but it won't be fair if she does, for she is so fat that she couldn't be anything else than good-natured if she tried. Now I have really a violent temper, but I keep it in check. I can't answer any more questions though. Time's up. I give you all two minutes more, and then I must put out the light."

"Let me do it! I'll put it out! You get into your bed and keep warm, and I'll wait upon you!" cried Pixie eagerly, and, to her dismay, there came a simultaneous burst of laughter from all three listeners.

"She's Alicing," they cried—"she's Alicing! Nothing like beginning in time, and making the most of your opportunities. So you want that prize too, do you, as well as the class one? It's a bad look-out for the rest of the girls. There won't be anything left for us to try for."

Pixie stood transfixed within her cubicle, staring before her with bewildered eyes. As it had been her delight to wait upon her beloved sisters, it had come naturally to wish to help these girls who, as it were, had taken their place in her life. She had made her offer in all good faith, and her heart swelled with bitterness at the injustice of the accusation. A rush of honest Irish pride forbade an answer; but the tears came to her eyes as she lay down in bed, and the loneliness of exile fell upon her. Bally William, oh, dear Bally William, how are you looking to-night? Is everything going on as usual, though Pixie O'Shaughnessy is far away in a cold, cruel land where no one knows her, and her best motives are misjudged and derided? Beautiful old Castle, standing among your luxuriant green; are the lamps lit in your rooms, and twinkling like so many stars into the night? And there, where the red curtains are drawn so snugly, are the boys and girls gathered round the fire, the flames lighting up Bridgie's sweet face, and Esmeralda's stormy beauty? Oh, boys and girls, are you thinking of Pixie—your own little Pixie! . . . . . .

"How that child does snort!" muttered Ethel impatiently. "It seems to be our luck to have all the snorers in this room."

(*To be continued.*)

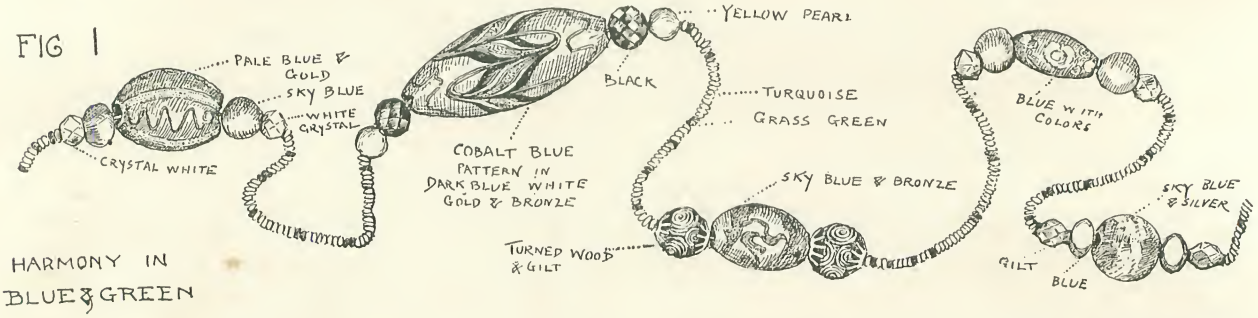
ARTISTIC BEAD-THREADING.

THE fashion that has arisen for bead-stringing has given girls possessed of taste an opportunity of obtaining, at a very small cost, one of the most beautiful objects of personal adornment within their reach—a necklace. Beads are (or may be) among the most fascinating of human productions, and, so far as æsthetic worth goes, run gems very close indeed. Beads are, in fact, artificial gems, and the love of beads may be looked upon as a primeval instinct, for the manufacture of beads takes us back a very long way in the world's history. A young fellow of my acquaintance, who volunteered for the war in South Africa, brought back with him some articles made of beads strung by the Basuto women from whom he purchased them. He tells me that bead-threading is one of the chief amusements of their leisure hours; that they use no needle, yet produce most ornate and complicated effects, showing great executive skill and considerable taste in combining and arranging the various colours. As it may interest my readers to get an idea of these Basuto bead ornaments, I have sketched portions of three necklets. The beads used are the ordinary common glass ones, mostly opaque, which children are fond of threading. Had these in the best Venetian beads gives the most brilliant and striking effects, the translucent glass enclosing the metal yielding lovely iridescent colours.

The sketches accompanying these notes will give the reader some idea of the makes and shapes of beads, but alas, the colour, which is their greatest charm, cannot even be hinted at. I have, however written in the colours, so that readers can gain an idea of the various colour-schemes, for it is here, in the combining of colours, that successful bead-stringing is shown. It is by no means easy out of a box of miscellaneous beads to arrange an effective and harmonious necklace. Of course, a girl about to thread a necklace, and who had to buy the beads expressly for the purpose, would naturally select her beads on some well-considered plan, *i.e.*, she would have some colour-scheme in her mind and choose her beads accordingly. I shall direct the reader's attention to the question of colour-schemes in the notes accompanying each illustration, but I may say as a generalisation that a certain tone of colour should predominate in strung beads. We can have a blue, white, yellow, golden brown or other scheme, and yet introduce contrasting colours sparingly so as not to upset the harmony; but the general effect of the necklace must produce a oneness, *i.e.*, golden brown, blue, etc., and not a mere jumble of opposing colours.

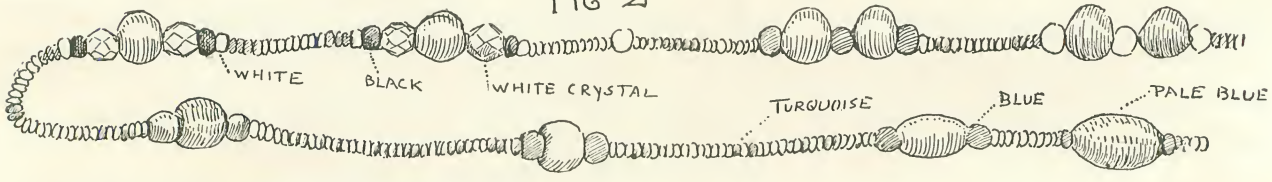
An important point to be observed in bead-threading is the spacing of the principle beads, for the best effects, it seems to me, produced are those in which large beads, or at all events more important beads, occur at regular intervals. It is customary to produce the effect by repetition, *i.e.*, beads of the same shape, size and colour recurring at regular intervals, as in Fig. 5, but a very good effect can be secured by stringing beads of various shapes, provided the spaces

FIG 1



HARMONY IN BLUE & GREEN

FIG 2



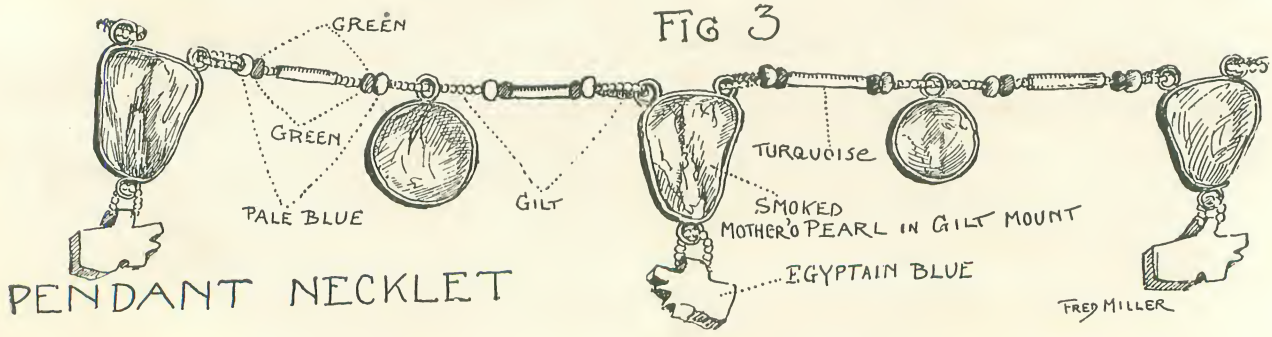
HARMONY IN TURQUOISE

Basuto women the very beautiful Venetian beads to use, which are obtainable in London, they would doubtless produce some striking and original effects.

Their bead-work, as may be estimated from the sketches, are often elaborate arrangements and show considerable ingenuity in the way they link them together.

In obtaining the best results with beads two things are indispensable—pretty beads and a pretty taste. As regards the beads, there is an enormous selection to choose from at any shop where beads are a speciality. The colours are most varied and gem-like, and the use of gold and silver foil

FIG 3



PENDANT NECKLET

between are, to a great extent, repetitions of each other, and that the important beads are arranged so as to balance one another. Such an arrangement is seen in Fig. 4, which is part of a necklace composed of various-shaped beads which I obtained as samples of the various makes that are to be purchased.

It is customary, as it certainly is effective, to have a pendant attached to the necklace to form a sort of centre. It may be a sort of tassel, as in Fig. 4; a large beautifully-coloured bead, as the large oval one in Fig. 1; a copy of an antique, as in Fig. 5; a piece of mother-of-pearl in an ormolu setting with a porcelain pendant, as in Fig. 3.

Beads are sold in strings and vary greatly in price according to size and make. The large Venetian beads vary from a penny to sixpence each. The small beads, even the gilt ones, are quite cheap, so that the beads for a really nice necklace could be purchased for five shillings, including dentist's silk for threading them with. This silk should be employed double and well waxed before it is used.

The holes through the large beads are large enough to allow of the small beads passing through them, so that the threader must be careful to have a *block* bead against the large ones to prevent this happening. Some bead threaders use gut. This is strong and does very well.

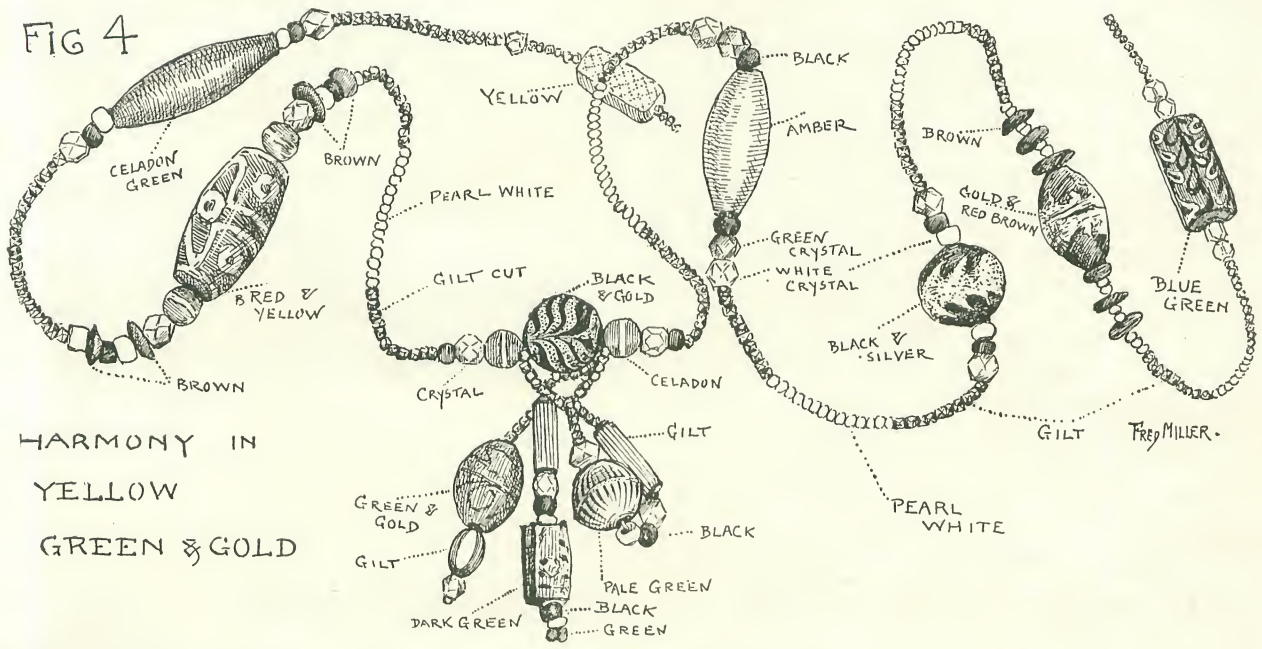
Double, triple and quadruple necklets are very effective. They can be produced by simply winding a long chain so many times round the neck, but there is this disadvantage, that the hoops tighten round the neck after a little time of wearing. By having a watch catch and a ring (see Fig. 7) each necklet keeps its place.

Fig. 1 is a portion of a chain composed of handsome Venetian beads with small turquoise ones, with an occasional green bead forming the intervals. Thus a harmony in blues is secured, and yet yellow and black beads are used as *blocks* to the large centre bead, with white crystal ones in other cases in conjunction with sky blue ones. The box-wood turned beads were some old ones that the threader had by her, and, being of a golden brown colour with gilt shields harmonised very well with the prevailing tone of blue. Gold, except in some of the large beads, is kept out of this scheme.

Fig. 2 was strung for a little girl and was kept entirely in blues—turquoise, sky blue and sparrow-egg blue. The black and crystal beads were introduced as a centre, but could be left out if desirable.

Fig. 3 is based upon the ancient Greek method of forming a necklet by having a series of pendants strung on a chain. Mother-of-pearl is by its iridescence very beautiful and harmonises in a blue scheme. These pendants of various shapes set in ormolu can be purchased where beads are obtainable.

Fig. 4 was made practically out of a number of sample beads, and the difficulty here was to give a sense of harmony and unity to the whole. My chief object in sketching this is to let the reader see the many shapes and makes of beads which are obtainable. The brown flat beads are really seeds taken off a Basuto necklace. These dark brown beads gave a certain "barbaric" quality to the scheme which was helpful. Black beads were also introduced to the same end. The general tone of colour of this necklace is a rich golden brown.



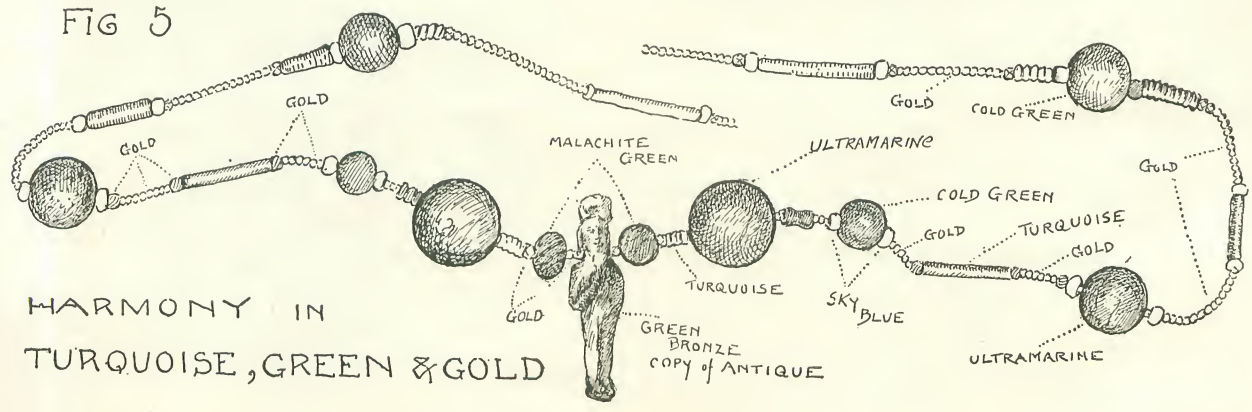


Fig. 5 was strung by Miss Pocock, who has gained some distinction for this work. The blues, turquoise and green, with the small gilt beads as a filling, yield a most harmonious result, and evince a very nice taste and discrimination on the part of the threader. Personally I am particularly fond of all shades of blue and turquoise in beads, and the latter in this necklet are imitations of ancient Egyptian beads. The green beads are between *terre verte* and cobalt green. The beads varied very much in tint and gave the chain a very beautiful appearance.

This variation in the tint of beads yields a far more beautiful result than if the beads were uniform in tint. In this scheme every tone of blue could be seen, and yet, viewed as a whole, one only saw a beautiful harmony in blues.

Fig. 6 shows how a triple necklace could be arranged. The inner chain might be composed of round beads, the middle of oval, with small round ones at intervals, and the outside of square and oblong ones, but the chains should be in harmony as to colour, *i.e.*, all of them should be affiliated in tone, and not one blue, one yellow, and one some other colour.

Many girls will find old beads lying by in drawers. Those boxwood beads in Fig. 1 are some very old ones, yet they come in well. Shells and pieces of coral can be introduced into a scheme with excellent effect.

FRED MILLER.

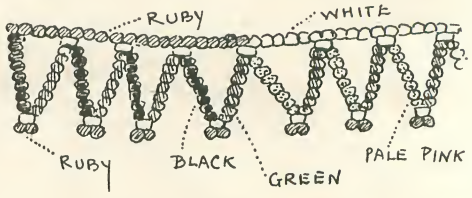


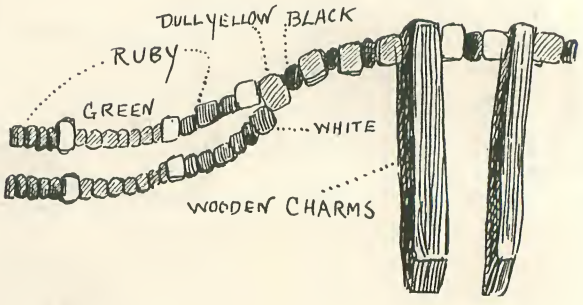
TRIPLE NECKLACE

FIG 7

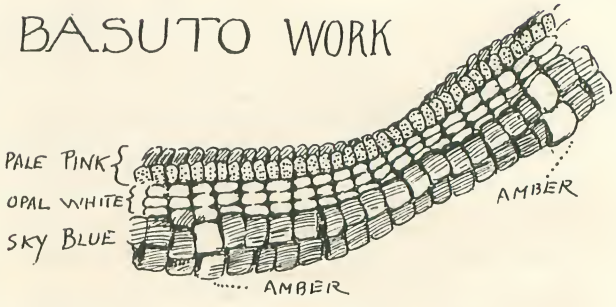


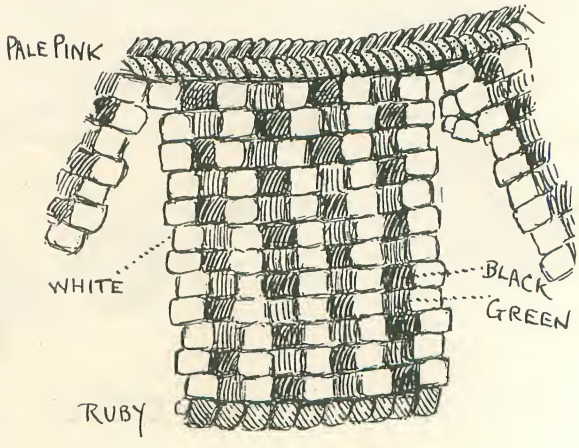
BASUTO WORK





BASUTO WORK





A POTLATCH.

By Mrs. JEROME MERCIER.

WHAT is a potlatch?

Well, in the first place, it has nothing to do with either a "pot" or a "latch." It is a word in use among the Red Indians of North America; or at least, this is the best representation of the word our English spelling can give, and it signifies a memorial gathering which takes place in the fall of the year, to repay those who have shown kindness in helping to bury the dead. The Indians have their *etiquette* in such matters, and it is very strict. An Indian girl writes about it as follows:—*

"The potlatch is always one of our chief affairs. It is our way of paying for the burial of our dead. The Indians would not think it honouring the dead just to pay in money the people who help to bury their dead, just the same as they pay the people who build their house—that is a common way. But to pay for a funeral they have to save for years, and the workers are willing to wait for long time, years and years, to be paid in what we think the right way."

There is something dignified about this. The burial of the dead is too noble and sacred a service to be paid in the common way. So thinks the Indian, and we cannot deny that he is right.

The Yale Indians, as we have said, always hold the potlatch in the autumn, probably associating the fall of the leaf with the close of man's life, by one of those poetical intuitions which have so much power over their lives. It is accompanied by a dance, a ceremonial and solemn dance.

Last year a potlatch was given by Chief Sam in memory of the burial of his wife, and his brother's wife and child. Although Chief Sam is old and poor, and his potlatch was not a very grand one, yet a large number of persons assembled from North Bend and Spuzzum, Yale and the Lower Fraser.

Sam had his son Peter and his daughter Mary to help him, and the ceremony took place in the house of a certain blind old Indian named Tom, because it is a larger house than Sam's. In spite of his blindness, Tom recognised all his friends, and entertained them till supper with lively conversation. During this time, Chief Sam came in at intervals, making long speeches to his guests, thanking them for coming so far to comfort him, and bidding them welcome. Chief Sam's wife died nine years ago, but still this is her funeral feast, for which her husband has been preparing and saving all these nine long years.

Chief Sam is a Yale Indian, but many of his guests were Thompson Indians, who use another dialect, so that the words of welcome were hardly understood; but all knew "he meant something kind."

Let our Indian girl friend, Mali, tell her own tale in her simple and yet wonderfully good English. She has been taught in the English Sisters' School at Yale, B.C. (not Yale of the university), where a good education is given to white girls in one department, and to Indian girls in another. The Indian girls' fees are paid by Government, those of the white girls by their own friends. They are very moderate fees, and so great is the demand for such a school that efforts are now being made to build a new wing.

"When supper was over," says Mali, "the dance began. First some planks were put round the room in front of the people who were sitting on the ground, and then small sticks were given to them. There was no kind of music, but everyone just beat time to the dance, and everyone who could sing the dancer's song joined in it; but if anyone made a mistake in beating time, that offended the dancers.

"The first one who danced at this party was an old woman, and she began moving slowly, waving her arms about to the time of the beating sticks, and the singing and all was so mournful. Then it got a little louder and faster, and then louder and faster still, but all together in time, singing, beating and dancing. When the old woman got tired, someone else began, and so on till all had had their turn."

Every guest does not dance on these occasions, only those who know the proper ritual. Blind old Tom distinguished himself; but one man let his enthusiasm carry him away and danced till he could not stand. This is regarded as a lapse of decorum and somewhat of a blot on the festival.

The guests rested on the second day, but in the evening the dancing was resumed. And then began the distribution of gifts, which is at once the object and the climax of the gathering. The gifts are all blankets; some English, some of Indian manufacture. Chief Sam and his son piled their blankets in a heap in the middle of the room, and the real business of the potlatch began. All who had helped in the family burials received their gifts first, blind Tom, with much ceremony, making a speech, and then each blanket was lifted up, exhibited, and given. No guest went away empty-handed, and the festival gave much satisfaction, as there was no gambling, no "dancing until they fell ill" (*i.e.*, hysteria), and nothing went wrong.

Mali concludes by saying, "Potlatch is an old custom, and I do not think the Indians will ever give it up. It is a very solemn kind of meeting of the living in memory of the dead. If our real white friends would come, they would see for themselves, and the Indians would be so glad, and there would be a good chance to teach them more to be good Indians and Christians too, and not what they often feel, that to be Christians they must leave off being Indians and try to be like white people, giving up even what is harmless in their old customs."

Mali has got hold of the right idea here and no mistake.

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A PRIVATE VIEW.

TO ART STUDENTS.

By A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D.

PART II.

SCIENCE AND ART.



THESE two words, ever on our lips, are closely related to each other. Science and art are theory and practice, the abstract and the concrete, or knowing and doing. The two should ever go together. Of course they cannot always do so, for while one cannot think of an art without a science at the back of it, one does know of sciences without any arts to correspond. The science of astronomy, for instance, has in a sense no art, for while we can learn much about the heavenly bodies, we cannot to any extent practically use them.

But on the other hand, where, as is usual, the two do go together, a divorce is disastrous. To know without doing, to theorise without practising, is generally a sterile occupation barren in good results. Good art is, as a rule, based upon sound science, whether it be that of painting, sculpture, music, or medicine, but at the same time we must not go so far as to say there can be no good art without science.

For we have within us not only reason (a faculty of the conscious mind), but instinct (a faculty of the unconscious). All that we do in the light of the former is done with the aid of conscious knowledge and with science, but much that we do is guided by instinct, and this has no science (properly so called) at the back of it. A clever painter takes pains, and knows why he does what he does; a genius surprises himself, the source of his powers lying in the unconscious mind, and cannot tell why he does what he does, and is not consciously guided by science. Though, therefore, they may not always go together, good art and sound science are alike in this, that they owe their goodness and their soundness to their truth. Good art is essentially true.

Ruskin ever insisted on this. The greatness of the Old Masters, whether they worked in oil or water, in marble or stone, in iron or wood, lay in their truthfulness. The debased character of much Indian art lies in the fact that it so largely consists of meaningless traceries that are true to nothing. The truthfulness of the drawing in old Japanese art is the secret of its value.

But the word art is not generally used to express the full meaning that really lies in the word. Talk to art students of art, and they at once think of presenting the "ideal of the real" in some medium—oil, water, marble, etc. Their idea seldom goes so far as the presentation of "the real" itself. They connect with the word "art" representation rather than presentation. Their efforts are ever to picture rather than to produce life. But there is, after all, both an art and a science of life itself. Life, however, can never be reached or attained by either science or art. No amount of knowing or doing can produce or purchase life in its highest sense. It was a favourite idea that it could, and the Old Testament is mainly written to prove that life, true life, eternal life, cannot be attained by either science or art.

The first book of the Bible, Genesis, speaks of science or knowing, and tells how the gate of life is for ever closed along that road. The second book of the Bible, Exodus, speaks of art or doing, and shows how life can never be reached along that road.

In Genesis we find as soon as man in his own will embarks upon scientific investigation, or the path of knowledge, by eating the forbidden fruit, the way to the tree of life is at once and for ever barred by a flaming sword that, turning every way, prevents it being reached along any of the paths of human science. "The world by wisdom knows not God." Human knowledge unaided can never reach the Divine, nor the finite grasp the Infinite.

But there remained another path—that of art or doing—and an attempt was made to reach life along this road in Exodus. "This do, and thou shalt live." The Ten Commandments represented in the Old Dispensation the art of life, and a perfectly fulfilled life was to be reached as the result.

But here the way was barred, not objectively but subjectively; not by the flaming sword of the Almighty, but by the inherent evil and incapacity of the human heart. The trial was long and slow, but the result was painfully clear. By the works of the law shall no flesh be justified in His sight, for by the law is the knowledge of sin.

The matter then seemed hopeless when neither the science of life nor the art of life could attain unto life. And so Christ came. We read of Him—Acts i. 3—"Jesus began both to do and to teach." "To do," *i.e.*, the art of life; "to teach," *i.e.*, the science of life. Science and art, then, have reached their highest development in the One Who was perfect in theory and in practice. But "in Him was life," for even He did not attain it by these two methods.

And so it is with us. "The gift of God is eternal life," and it is as such we can alone receive it at our Saviour's hands by faith. But, having received it, what a wonderful field for science and art remains to us—no longer to seek thereby and work up to life, but to work from it, as possessing it, and as knowing God, the source of all science and of all art.

Life is a picture, a sculpture, a song, a symphony, a drama, a poem. What a noble work for a scientific student to understand, and grasp the principles upon which alone it can rightly be lived. What an ennobling study to trace out the springs of character, and to understand the real uses of those three great abstract senses, those three eyes of the understanding of which we have already spoken—the intellect, the emotions and the conscience.

And again, what an employment for art students, no longer to be content with counterfeit presentments or representations of the true, but to spend their zeal and talent in the actual arts of living, in painting the actual daily living life, in mixing the colours of life so as to produce harmony and repose, in painting, or rather living, the whole to the glory of God and to the good and blessing of man.

Ruskin has pointed out how, for instance, in taking one moral quality only, truthfulness, words take the place of pigments, and the matter in hand concerning which the truth is to be uttered being clear before the mind, the words are chosen and mixed and laid on in speech as with a brush, with as much care and fidelity as in painting a picture, and thus a clear and exact impression is produced in the hearer's mind of the matter or scene exactly as if he gazed at it in a truly artistic picture. We see, then, from this one illustration that truthfulness is an actual art, and worthy of the attention of art students. And so it is also with all the other qualities that go to make up the character we have described. There is, then, a science and art of life which we all may practise.

NANCE LOVEL.

By JEAN COURTENAY.

CHAPTER I.



"You are very hard to please, Evelyn. You grumbled when I suggested going to the Engadine next spring, because my weak health would be a tie upon your pleasure; and now, when I try to overcome that difficulty by taking Nance Lovel with us, you seem equally dissatisfied. I think you might fall in with your poor mother's wishes sometimes." The weak, querulous tones died away in a whimper.

"Really, mother, you are too ridiculous."

The sharp, sarcastic voice belonged to a tall, strikingly handsome girl. Black hair, elaborately arranged after the latest fashion, clear but colourless complexion, large brown eyes, with no softness in their expression, heavily marked eyebrows, and a small decided mouth, with thin lips that easily sneered, a fine well-moulded figure, set off to its best advantage by an exquisitely fitting gown, all made up a picture that repelled even while it attracted. Evelyn Sinclair was openly acknowledged as the handsomest girl in Meriton, and yet she was loved by none.

"Take that silly little Lovel girl by all means if you wish," she continued; "as long as you do not ask me to look after her, I have no objection to raise; and if she likes to act as nurse, or companion, or whatever you may call it, to you, she will certainly earn her expenses, and see as little of the beauties of the Engadine as is possible." The cold haughty laugh was full of scorn.

"Then you won't be angry, Evelyn, if I ask her?" and Mrs. Sinclair's timid voice had a very relieved tone in it. Her daughter's sarcasm passed unheeded, for her weak nature was entirely ruled by the stronger will of her only child. "Of course, I should not let the child always remain with me, but she could do many little things that would be helpful to us both, and besides, I should like to offer to take her; you know Dr. Lovel was really very kind in your poor father's last illness."

"For which he was well paid, I presume," said Evelyn contemptuously, "but for pity's sake cheer up, mother" (for Mrs. Sinclair's black-edged handkerchief was covering her eyes); "let James drive you round to Hillside this afternoon, and you can settle it all with Mrs. Lovel."

"Won't you come with me, Evelyn?"

"Well, really mother, when you know how I dislike driving in that absurd-looking pony-carriage of yours, how can you ask me? Besides, I am going to the Haywards' for tennis," and she left the room.

* * * * *

"Nance, my child, shall you be busy this afternoon?" said Mrs. Lovel in her motherly tones, as she prepared to go out with her eldest daughter Audrey, a fair, ladylike girl of nineteen.

"No, mother dearest," said a sweet fresh voice. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Well, dear, the stocking basket is very full, I noticed this morning, and Bob and Arthur do get through their socks so quickly. If you can mend a few pairs this afternoon in the garden, you will help me greatly. I wish my little daughter could get back her roses," added Mrs. Lovel stroking the soft cheek so close to her own; "does your head ache, my Nance?"

"Only a very little, mother darling, and sitting in the garden will do it good. Have you any other little jobs for me to do?" said Nance with a merry smile.

"No, dearie, I know you will look after father's tea, if Audrey and I should be late, and the children are always good with you."

Hillside was one of the quaintest old houses in Meriton. It stood on the side of a hill which rose so steeply behind it, that, to go from the house into the garden, it was necessary to ascend the first flight of stairs, pass through the drawing-room, along a winding passage, flanked on either hand by bedrooms, and so out at the door, beyond which a short flight of stone steps led up into the garden.

Here you saw first a small croquet lawn, where Dr. Lovel enjoyed many a game with his friends; then a steep flight of steps led to a higher terrace, where was one of the best tennis courts in Meriton. It was sheltered on two sides by thick warm-toned cob walls, with their picturesque thatch roofs, their sides covered with roses of all kinds, flowering in profusion. Quaint archways in the walls led to a splendid kitchen garden, and on a higher terrace again were the orchards and wall fruits. Hillside raspberries were the envy of Meriton, and for both fruit and flowers Dr. Lovel's gardener carried off many a prize at the annual shows.

To the young Lovels this garden was a paradise; they could play cricket in the paddock, and with games, and the care needed for their numerous pets, their free time was generally fully occupied.

Dr. Lovel was a hard-working medical man, whose services were in request for many miles round; but he found it by no means easy to provide for his eight boys and girls, while his penniless nephew, left to his care by an elder brother—who with his wife had died when the boy was but a baby—was only an added anxiety.

They were a very healthy happy family as a rule, but this year Nance, the second girl, had had a sharp attack of fever, and her white cheeks and delicate appearance often made her father wish with a sigh that he could afford to give her the change she needed.

Having seen her mother and Audrey start, Nance took her work-basket, and armed with several pairs of socks and stockings went up to the tennis court, and there settled down in the sunshine, with the roses scenting the air, to work.

Sitting there, she looked a mere child, though she was just seventeen; a tiny creature in every way, hair, close-cropped during the fever, now covering her head with ruddy curls, a pair of honest, merry blue eyes, nose, a trifle "tip-tilted," and a sweet sensitive mouth, made up one of the dearest little faces in the world.

"Nancie dear, will you tell us a story?" pleaded the children, soon discovering her whereabouts, and in a few moments they were all gathered round her, for it was holiday-time.

Hilda, a dark-eyed lassie of fourteen, and her bosom friend Meg Conway, sat arms entwined; Bob, of thirteen, was mending a small boat, for his greatest wish was to be a sailor; Ethel and Tom, the twins of eleven, hugged their favourite puppy between them; Arthur, a restless little fellow of eight, lay on his back and fidgeted incessantly, while the baby of the family, little blue-eyed Phyllis, just five, sat nursing her doll with her head resting against her beloved Nancie's knee.

Nancie's stories were the children's joy; she could keep them quiet for hours together while she told one, and even Bob, who went to the Meriton Grammar School, and Hilda, who began to think herself above childish pleasures, could not resist the fascination of one of Nancie's stories.

She was nearing the climax of this one, and the eager little faces were fixed upon her in breathless attention, Bob's boat was forgotten for the moment, and the long-suffering puppy seemed in danger of being suffocated, so closely was he hugged by the twins in their excitement.

"Then the fairy waved her wand," said Nance solemnly, and at the same moment a tall, handsome young fellow of about five-and-twenty came down the garden, and, seeing the little group on the grass, walked towards it and threw himself down among the children. He was not a favourite

evidently with them, for there were whispers of annoyance on all sides.

"Bother!" muttered Bob, "what does he want here?"

"Oh, Jack, do go away, we are so comfie," said Phyllis.

"Nance, please tell Jack to go away, he will make Toddles bark," chimed in Ethel and Tom, while Arthur rolled over and over till he was well out of the way of his cousin's long arm, and then lay watching him suspiciously.

Jack Lovel frowned slightly, but said nothing beyond a sharp—

"Shut up, you young idiots."

He was strikingly handsome, but his whole face was spoilt by the restless look in his dark eyes, and the weakness of his mouth and chin. His father, Henry Lovel, had been the ne'er-do-weel of the family, and his only child, who resembled him closely in appearance, also, unfortunately, inherited his character, and had caused Dr. Lovel many an anxious hour by his recklessness and folly. He was now working in the Meriton Bank, but his idleness and bad temper were already beginning to make enemies for him among his fellow-clerks. The one soft spot in his heart seemed to be his fondness for his cousin Nance, and a gentle word from her often went further than a long and stern reprimand from his uncle.

The story being satisfactorily finished at last, Nance turned to him, and said—

"Well, Jack dear, how is it you are home so soon?"

"Oh, I had a bit of a headache, so knocked off work early," replied her cousin. "I saw Aunt Margaret and Audrey, but they did not see me, I am glad to say," he added under his breath.

"Where did you see mother? She and Audrey were going to the Rectory first, I think, and they hoped to get over several more distant calls after."

"They were standing talking to that woman Mrs. Sinclair, who was driving as usual in her antiquated washing basket. Why on earth she cannot shell out a little of her spare cash and buy a more decent-looking trap, I can't think."

"Was Miss Sinclair there also?" queried Nance, with a reproving look at Jack.

"No, the amiable Evelyn was not there, for which Audrey would be devoutly thankful I should imagine. Ten minutes with that acidulated drop is enough to settle anyone. She tried to nail me in a corner the other day at the Haywards' and would have talked me blue in five minutes, but, fortunately, I spotted her little dodge, and a sudden but very severe attack of bleeding from the nose obliged me to make my retreat with all possible speed."

"Nance!" suddenly remarked Tom, who had been sitting very quietly for some minutes, "why are Mrs. Sinclair's eyes like Brighton? I'll give you three guesses."

"Oh, Tom!" cried Ethel reproachfully, "you never told me!"

"How could I, silly, I have only just made it up myself. I'll whisper it now if you like."

Nance guessed in vain, so Tom proudly produced the answer—

"Because they are both well-known watering-places. You know she's always crying. I watched her in church last Sunday, and she cried once in the first lesson, three times in the Litany, and nearly all the sermon, and it wasn't a bit a criey one. It was full of dreadful long words, and I couldn't understand half of them."

There was a shout of laughter from the children at Tom's riddle, in which Jack Lovel joined heartily, but Nance looked grave, and when the mirth had subsided she said quietly—

"Tom, dear, you must not laugh at poor Mrs. Sinclair. She has had great sorrow. Her husband died only a few months ago. Think for a moment—if our dear father was dead, should we like Jim Conway or Teddy Stevens to be noticing when mother wiped away her tears, and to make fun of her?"

Tom was a tender-hearted little chap, and, jumping up, he kissed Nance and whispered—

"Indeed I never thought of it like that, Nancie. I won't laugh at her again."

Then the first tea-bell rang which was the signal for them to go and make themselves tidy for tea, so all ran into the house, and Nance was following them with her basket, when Jack called her back.

"Can't you stop a minute, Nance? A fellow never has a chance to get a word with you because of those children."

"Why, Jack dear, I would have sent them away sooner if I had known that you wanted to talk to me. What is the matter, old boy?"

"Everything is the matter!" said Lovel with a groan. "It's no good, Nance, I can't and won't stand that office work much longer. Look at my salary too—a miserable hundred pounds a year! Is it wonderful that I cannot make it do?"

Nance's blue eyes looked anxious.

"Jack," she said, putting her hand through his arm, "are you in debt again? Oh, I do hope not. What will father say?"

"Uncle Lovel won't know, so he can't say anything; besides, it's only a small amount. It's those wretched cards. I have had a regular run of bad luck lately. Cheer up, old girl, though; don't look as if I were on the very verge of ruin. I've no doubt my luck will change soon, and I shall be all serene again."

Nance sighed deeply.

"Oh, Jack dear, if you would only give up those wretched card evenings—I'm sure they cause all the trouble. There goes the second bell! Come, we must run in or tea and father will be waiting."

(*To be continued.*)

"THE WHITE HOUSE CLASS."

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

PART II.

A LOVE of cookery, or rather, of cooking, is born in all children. From their earliest years they will make sand or mud pies, turn puddings out of buckets on the shore, or make feasts in winkles and cockle shells. Who does not remember the toffee of childhood boiled only on snowy days and as hard as the nether millstone? Who does not recall the tallowy, crimson drops evolved by application of a sugary lump to a smoking candle? Who does not recall the delight of snow pancakes and even of those wonderful flat loaves made from courtcards? Who does not love doughy pigs with currant eyes, or pastry mice with tender tails?

Yet how few of the maidens who esteemed an hour in the kitchen as the greatest pleasure of all their pleasurable childhood carry out this love into intelligent interest and manipulation in other years? Miss Benson had not been in error when she said that the three young Mertons would look upon the classes as a grand bit of fun. They came in sparkling and dimpling and bursting with eagerness. For the first morning their instructress let them work their own sweet will, "Just to let them know their own ignorance," as she said. When this was manifested by a pile of burnt pies and sodden cakes, she raised their spirits by telling them that she would see they made no mistakes in future.

"Listen to what I say and follow what I say, and you will be successful." And successful they were in the end, though inaccuracy and carelessness and inattention spoiled many a dish even after they had set themselves to learn in real earnest.

As Miss Benson's classes were no formal ones, so no

formal sequence of proceedings marked them. Just as was convenient she taught them various things, so my readers must not wonder if the lessons hopped from pastry to turnips and from soups to sweets.

"The first thing a cook must learn is, how to lay and light a fire," said Miss Benson, as her small class came in the next day. "I have not allowed cook to do mine this morning so that you might have a chance. Coal, sticks and paper are the articles wanted. Rake out every bit of dust and cinder. Your fire requires air to breathe just as much as your lungs do. Now put a few of the larger cinders at the bottom. On them place a handful of sticks. No, not in a bunch like that, Linda! Build them up as you would do bricks. You have in your hand a bundle of prepared kindling twigs. Each end has been dipped in resin, as you see, to make it catch easily. A bundle costs one halfpenny, and half a bundle should be sufficient to light up a big range fire quickly. If speed be not an object the bundle can be made to light three fires, and it should be expected to do so, when used in the parlour or bedroom. For one penny, therefore, you have sufficient kindling material for three fires. Remember this when you have servants of your own, my dears."

"But when wood is so cheap, is there any need to be so particular?" inquired Lucilla with her most *grande-dame* air. "It hardly seems worth while, does it?"

"My dear child," said Miss Benson, "you have evidently never mastered the first principles of economics! A wise man has said, 'Political economy consists in spending a pound to save a penny. Household economy consists in spending a penny to save a pound.' This is true, and every penny saved is a penny gained. I will not bid you add up the amount to credit if you save just one farthing in firewood per diem! Such statistics are futile to most folk! But I will demonstrate truth in another way. The heap of firewood in that corner beside you cost sixpence. There are twelve bundles. Take a third from each bundle, and you will lose four bundles at once! That is, that you waste twopence out of every sixpence, or nearly seven shillings out of every pound!"

Lucilla looked convinced. It was all as clear as day when Miss Benson put it that way!

"Now use that wire shovel beside you for taking up each bit of cinder. Heap it on the wood, and intersperse it with lumps of round coal. Not large ones, Linda! Just the smallest in the bucket. There! Your fire is alight!"

"But you use expensive matches, I see, Miss Benson," quoth Lucilla, remembering the little lecture on saving she had just been given.

"Yes, my dear, for two reasons! One is that common Swedish matches at fourpence a dozen are apt to catch fire when not wanted. Only the other night a child came in to me with her hand badly scorched by a box of these cheap things exploding in it! Extracting one match is often sufficient to cause the whole box to ignite. The second reason is, that most match-making is a most fatal trade. By improper sanitary precautions the match-makers of England suffer from a most terrible and fatal disease called 'Phosphorous jaw.' Manufacturers know that unless certain precautions are taken this dreadful disease is sure to attack those who engage in it. If these precautions are taken, it makes match-making a more expensive process than if they are given out to be made at home. For this reason, I always use the matches made by the Salvation Army. These are made under healthy and safe conditions. And I believe Bryant and May are careful about their employees too, and their matches are very well made!"

"Then we should all use safety matches from unselfish as well as selfish motives," remarked Lucilla. "I have only heard the cheap ones condemned because they are unsafe."

"That is the reason usually given, because folk have not looked into the matter," said Miss Benson earnestly. "But my reason is, as I have told you, because in safety matches, which are said to light only on the box, the head of the match contains no phosphorus as do those of ordinary make. They are tipped with a mixture of chlorate of potash and sulphide of antimony. These are comparatively harmless chemicals."

Linda, whilst this talk had been going on, had the fire well laid and blazing. Miss Benson bid her carry away all refuse, and, when the first blaze was a little over, she was directed to add more coal.

"As Mr. Ruskin says a knowledge of cookery includes many other things, I must give you a little lecture about coal, I suppose," sighed Miss Benson, for her class was eager to get "forrard." "I wonder which of you girls can tell me to what kingdom it belongs."

"As it is dug out of the ground, I suppose to the mineral," quoth all three at once.

But the old lady shook her head.

"To the vegetable, my dears! Coal is of vegetable origin. It is, indeed, the remains of vast forests which grew in the carboniferous period! There is a long word for you, little Eva! Wherever coal is now found was once, ages and ages ago, vast swampy forests, in which grew gigantic trees. These forests subsided beneath the sea, and the accumulated vegetable matter was covered with a layer of sand. The wet vegetable matter underwent slow decomposition, and consequently became richer and richer in carbon. Our ordinary household contains, I believe, on an average about 88 per cent. of carbon. That is why it fizzes in little jets and gives out such a cheery flame. Another form of true economy, Lucilla, is connected with coal. The cheapest is never the cheapest in the long run! Good, hard, clean coal is far less wasteful in use than cheap, soft stuff. It burns itself and does not leave behind clinkers and cinders and ash. I save the proverbial pound by spending the proverbial penny in this matter."

The kind of fire necessary to our different processes of cooking were next dwelt upon. For roasting, Miss Benson said, a clear hot fire was called for. This could be secured by having the front surface built up of lumps and kept in place by a background of damp slack.

"In large kitchens," she said, "the fireplaces are built very shallow. At King's College, Cambridge, where the kitchens are almost as beautiful as the Chapel, long grates measuring only about three inches in depth are found. These give a large surface and very little background. Spits hang before these long gratings, and food is cooked in the most digestible way. In roasting, our object must be to seal up the juices of the meat in a kind of envelope. Hence we hang a joint as near the fire as we can. Intense heat freezes the surface, to use a Hibernianism. After a time the meat is drawn backwards and basting begins. This keeps the inside moist and helps to make the envelope crisp. The rule for roasting is, twenty minutes before the hottest part of a fire to begin with; then twenty minutes to each pound at a reasonable distance from the same.

"For baking we need much the same kind of fire, but it must be as fierce at the back as in front, otherwise our oven will not heat. This fire must be kept at the same heat all the time the oven is required. Regulation of it must take place by letting in air to the oven and letting out air from it. Twenty minutes to each pound is again the rule for all meat cookery in an oven. Roasting and baking may be called the aristocratic branches of heating. The poor must be content with boiling and stewing—indeed so must the dyspeptic! No way is meat so digestible as when stewed. By stewing I mean extracting the juices and goodness of meat by slow boiling. French people seldom cook in any other way, and in stewing, inferior, or, I would rather say, less expensive parts of a carcass can be used. Really inferior meat is never economical. Go to the best butcher in the town, is my advice. If you cannot afford to buy the best joints buy the cheaper ones. But by dealing with an honest well-to-do man you are sure of getting good value for money, and of getting even the less tasty parts of meat of good quality. It is the duty of a cook to so present these inferior parts that they may be just as nourishing and toothsome as the superior ones. A good cook in this way is a most economical thing. I pity housewives who have to put up with a 'slavey' at £6 a year. She will waste more through ignorance than one realises. If you cannot have a good trained cook, girls, then do the cooking yourselves! So much depends on the kitchen in a modern household—health and spirits and brain and cheerfulness!"

Miss Benson had apparently forgotten the last branch of cookery. Lucilla reminded her she had said nothing about boiling.

"For boiling," amended the old lady, "you need a gentle heat. For what is called boiling a joint is not boiling at all—or certainly not beyond the first two minutes. Here again our object must be to produce an envelope capable of resisting the action of hot water. This we obtain by plunging the leg or shoulder or chicken into a pot of madly bubbling water. Introduction of the said shoulder, etc., immediately stops boiling. But let the pot come up to a bubble again and you will have sealed the pores of the meat, and can depend on juices being retained until it is cut at table. All delicate-looking white-complexioned meat is produced by not attending to this rule. And then not only is the meat tasteless, but its most nourishing properties have been left behind in the pot from which it was lifted. That contains the essence, as it were, extracted by the process of stewing."

"Mother told me to ask you, Miss Benson, if New Zealand frozen meat is as nourishing as English-fed animals? It is so much cheaper, you know."

"Yes, I know," replied Miss Benson. "It may be prejudice, but I must confess I prefer nice English mutton to any which has come over the sea. New Zealand lamb, however, and American beef are much in vogue now. It depends entirely on how they are cooked whether they are as nourishing as English produce. In some ways I rejoice at the introduction of ice chambers and refrigerators. It has done away with much of the dreadful trade of shipping living animals for consumption in our little island. It makes one inclined to forswear all animal food to read of the torments inflicted on poor brutes during the passage, say, from Ireland to England, or from Normandy to us."

"Do you, then, approve of vegetarianism?" queried Eva with wide-open eyes.

"Yes, in many ways," answered Miss Benson. "But for ourselves I believe our cold climate calls for use of animal food in moderation. We eat far too much as a rule, little Eva. If milk and eggs could be procured as cheaply and easily as flesh, I think our artisan population might be largely benefited by using them more generously. I am sure our 'upper sukkles' would benefit largely by knocking off half their daily meat allowance."

By this time the hour was up. Miss Benson and her two pupils looked ruefully at the clock.

"We have done absolutely no cooking this morning," urged the trio. "Can't we go on for awhile?" But Miss Benson shook her head.

"I perceive these classes will be as diffuse as Mr. Ruskin could wish!" she said. "But one hour is quite enough, my dears, both for teacher and taught. Next week, I promise you, you shall do some real cooking. But you will have to light the fire first, remember."

(*To be continued.*)

SILENT STRINGS.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Lady Dye's Reparation," "A Cluster of Roses," etc.

CHAPTER V.

A GLIMPSE OF WOODMERE.



SIS, waking up in the morning, wondered for a moment where she was, and how those queer chintz curtains came to be hanging round her! The blinds were down, yet the light of a spring day was pouring into every corner. How big and chill the room was! She nestled down on her pillow again, and felt that she did not want to get up to face this new world.

But when Judith, fresh as a rose, came smiling to her bedside with tea and buttered toast, she felt ashamed of her laziness and depression. Kindness must be repaid with kindness. Sis answered the first question cheerfully, and said that she had slept well.

"Oh, you'll soon get accustomed to everything here," cried Judith gaily. "We are not quiet people, although we live in a dull place. And now I'll draw up the blinds, and give you the full benefit of the sunshine while you dress."

The windows overlooked the sweet lone country, bounded by the far-reaching hills. The land, sprinkled lavishly with the gold of the gorse, was like a vast playground for the living things spending their wild lives there as they pleased. Sis felt a longing to be out and away with the rabbits and the birds; or, better still, to climb those softly-rounded heights, and see what was hidden in their green hollows. All was fresh, and beautiful, and new. She went downstairs prepared to be happy in spite of any little thorns that might beset her path.

Martin Bourne was doing his very best to make himself agreeable to his cousin's friend. Already he had thought out a plan for the day.

"I'll come for you and Miss Wilmer in my park-cart," he said to Judith at breakfast. "Then you can have a rest, and a bit of lunch at my place, and walk as far as Woodmere in the afternoon. Of course I'll drive you home in the evening."

"That's a capital idea!" Judith cried. "You want to see Woodmere, don't you, Sis?"

"Very much," Sis answered, secretly wishing that she could see it without being indebted to Mr. Bourne.

"The Hervies are away, worse luck," Judith went on. "But the housekeeper is not at all a bad sort, and she'll show us all that worth's seeing. I'm in a good mood to-day, Sis, and I'll let you admire the pictures and the rotten old furniture and tapestry to your heart's content."

"What a barbarian you are, Judith!" said Martin Bourne with disgust. "Now nothing pleases me better than things which belong to the past. I really believe I should have been a—what do you call it?—an—an——"

"Antiquary," suggested Sis.

"That's it—thank you. Yes, I should have been an antiquary if circumstances hadn't made me a farmer."

Judith's eyes were twinkling with amusement. Martin's efforts to adapt himself to Sis's tastes were rather clumsy, she thought; but with all her heart she wished him success. Her cousin had always been good-natured to her mother and herself; and she was not in the least in love with him. Judith had her ambitious thoughts, and they soared high over the head of Martin Bourne.

He arrived about twelve o'clock in a pretty little cart, drawn by a well-groomed cob, and Sis soon found herself trundling along one of the narrow white roads which wound like ribbon across the waste land. It was still cold; the air had all the keenness of a backward

spring; but the sweet wild perfume of gorse came sweeping over the heath, bringing health and vigour in its breath. A sudden dip in the road and then a sharp turn brought them in sight of a square red-brick house with scaffold-poles around it, and Judith cried out that this was Birch Farm.

It was a house which could not boast of beauty or majesty, but there was an undeniable charm in its surroundings. A front garden, somewhat trampled now by the builders' feet, divided it from the road, and was protected by a trim hedge. Behind it was another garden sheltered by tall trees, and sloping down gently to the tiny village at its foot. Here there were fruit-trees leaning against old brick walls; long rows of wall-flowers; purple stocks beginning to show their fragrant bloom—a place that would be filled by-and-by with abundant floweriness and foliage. The farm buildings, not far off, were as neat as careful labour could make them; and Martin Bourne glanced around him with an air of conscious pride. He knew his business well, and was proud of knowing it.

"What a dear old place," said Sis, as she descended from the cart.

"It will be, one of these days," replied Martin, greatly pleased. "You'll find it pretty decent indoors, and Judith knows her way about."

A fresh-faced housemaid, in spotless apron and collar, received the girls at the door, and they were taken at once into the dining-room where the table was laid for luncheon. As soon as the maid's back was turned, Judith indulged in a low whistle.

"Well, Master Martin has been getting out all his best to do us honour! Look at this claret-jug! And the forks and spoons, all brand-new and shining like the moon! And the glass, as clear as crystal! It's pretty good for a bachelor's house, I think. This is the new sideboard—black oak—that was my suggestion."

"It is all very nice," admitted Sis, feeling that everything smelt of newness. "And the garden is really charming," she added, looking through a window at the golden-gravel walks with their box borders and the rich display of velvet wall-flowers.

"Yes, it's a pleasant place," said Judith meditatively. "A woman might do worse than spend her days here. Martin is an easy man to get on with."

Sis made no reply. Her thoughts had winged their way out of the newly-furnished room, over hill and heath, to the shabby old study at home. As she stood by the window she called up a vision of Drew, strong, vigorous, light-hearted, yet with a face as clearly chiselled as her own, and an indescribable touch of refinement in all his looks and ways. And Claud, she could see him, too; calm, pale, and quiet; exerting a holy influence over those around him; wearing always "the white flower of a blameless life."

How could a girl, brought up with men like these, be contented with a man of Martin's stamp? Sis was very young and utterly inexperienced; but the hint contained in Judith's words was not quite lost upon her. She was not a flirt; in her there was no desire to see a man sighing at her feet in vain. To give pain would have been to inflict suffering on herself. So, instructed by a nameless instinct, she bore herself to Martin with a gentle dignity, and was as cold and sweet as one of the early flowers.

The luncheon was excellently cooked and served. Martin, beaming at the head of his table, was the picture of self-confidence and satisfaction. Judith laughed and chatted merrily; and Sis, although her words were few, showed herself quietly grateful for their attentions. Fortunately the workmen and the farm claimed the master's presence for the afternoon; and the girls set off on the walk to Woodmere alone.

They passed through the cluster of cottages called the village, came to a small grey church, sheltering a family of headstones under its wing, and then turned out of the highway to open a little wicket, and enter a pathway running through the great park.

Who does not know these sheltered domains of England, shadowed by ancient trees, and haunted by shy, dappled herds? A wide space of silver water gleamed between the great oaks and beeches; and another turn of the footway brought the house into view. Lifted high above the park-land on its terraces, it stood vast and noble and grey, its diamond-paned windows shining in the sun, a grand old relic of a by-gone time, when builders toiled slowly, and left their work to endure through centuries of change and decay.

All around the air was filled with the cawing of rooks; the strange harsh clamour which always has a homely sound to English ears. They paused a moment under the trees, and Sis took a long look at the grand front of the old house, while Judith's keen eyes studied her face.

"What a romantic child you are, Sis!" she said at last. "This big place isn't really as comfortable as Martin's little den, you know. There are draughts, and rats, and ghosts, and all sorts of horrors inside its walls."

Sis laughed.

"You are all prose, Judith," said she gaily. "I own that I have a little romance in me. But is there really a ghost? That would be simply enthralling."

"You'd never survive the sight of it," Judith replied, with some scorn. "It walks in the picture-gallery, I believe—no, I don't believe! And it only appears once a year."

She led the way to a postern in the massive wall, and then passed through it to a side door. The maid who admitted them said that the housekeeper was in, and would be happy to show them over the house.

"I wish the Hervies had not gone away," said Judith, with a swift glance at her companion. "But as they are not here, Sis, you must be content to see the place in an undignified way. And perhaps that is the safest way for you to see it."

Sis was puzzled; but the housekeeper appeared, and she made no reply.

The great oak-roofed hall, with its suits of armour and many-coloured windows, would have been a cool retreat on a hot summer day, but now it felt cheerless and cold. The housekeeper, in her neat black gown, carrying a big bunch of keys, led them through the reception-rooms hung with tapestry; and Sis paused once or twice to examine the rich wood-carving of the chimney-pieces, while Judith chafed impatiently at the least delay. A change seemed to have come over the gay girl; just then her face was looking its very worst, and one noticed the heavy moulding of the lips and chin. Something in the priceless old things around seemed to awaken strange cravings and yearnings in her heart. She was troubled with a wild desire to be the mistress of this ancient hall, and see all the county at her feet. Her companion's unfeigned interest in the storied relics here was more than she could bear; she had never cared a straw about the historical associations of Woodmere; but, if she could really care—if she could revel in the memories of the place—why, then its master would be drawn towards her by the secret force of sympathy. At this moment she was very near to hating the unconscious Sis, who so innocently betrayed her delight. Why could not she go into a genuine

rapture over oak carvings and oriel windows? Do what she would, she always knew that her ecstasies never looked as real as she desired; and she was afraid that the Hervies saw through them. They were dreadfully acute people, those Hervies; she had often wished that she could throw dust in their penetrating eyes.

They had turned into a long matted gallery hung with portraits of departed Hervies, and the housekeeper in a business-like tone began to point out one or two of the most remarkable persons. There was a cavalier with flowing locks and a half melancholy, half scornful look, whose face seemed to have a curious attraction for Sis. He had never done anything wonderful, and his descendants did not regard him with especial pride; but this girl, looking up at him with an intent gaze, thought that it would be quite easy to die for such a man, or, better still, to live for him, and give him a lifetime of devotion. She was very foolish, no doubt, but the brown eyes, looking back into hers, appeared to read the unspoken fancies of her inexperienced little heart. Those eyes said distinctly that their owner was quite accustomed to this sort of thing, and had been amused and bored by turns. There was a lady hanging near whose pouting red lips had loved to pronounce his name, and whose heart had ached for him many a long year. She was a proud woman in a rich silken gown, short-waisted, and belted with jewels; but those delicate tapering fingers of hers had bound up his wounds with true wifely care and tenderness, and he had given little in return for that great love.

"That is the portrait of Sir Giles Hervie," said the housekeeper, suddenly changing her unemotional tone, and speaking with animation. "And when you have looked at him, you've seen our master himself. It is an astonishing thing that Mr. Hervie should be the living image of his kinsman who fought for the Stuarts. As Mrs. Hervie often says, her son is not a bit like his own father, but takes after this dead-and-gone gentleman."

"The dead-and-gone gentleman was a black sheep, wasn't he?" said Judith, rather maliciously.

"Well, I would not go so far as that, Miss Fayne. But I will admit that he wasn't over kind to his good lady."

"The woman in the frightful frock," Judith remarked. "I wish I had that belt of hers. It would be displayed to better advantage on my figure!"

"It is locked up with all the rest of the family jewels," the housekeeper answered with dignity. "And I daresay it won't see the light again till Mr. Hervie brings home a bride. If you will please to move on, Miss Wilmer, I will show you his portrait, painted only last year."

Here and there, in exhibitions, or in cabinets, and out-of-the-way nooks, we do occasionally come upon a portrait which shows not only a man's features, but his mind and heart. The painter has caught the interior life of his sitter, and thrown it upon the canvas, so that the picture is something more than a picture, it is a revelation. It was just this which made the portrait of Lance Hervie a remarkable thing; you saw instinctively that the artist had depicted the man's inner self, and revealed, by some mysterious power, the secret sentiments and passions habitually hidden from the eyes of men. And Sis, herself an artist in feeling, knew at once that here was no ordinary picture, although Lance Hervie was represented in an everyday suit of tweed, and had his favourite retriever by his side.

At first sight the face of Lance bore a striking resemblance to that other face framed in the flowing locks of the gay cavalier; there were the same features, the same dark yet clear complexion, the same liquid brown eyes, with their half-mocking glance. And then the likeness stopped short, as such likenesses often do, and Sis felt that the souls of these two men were not akin. Had they chanced to live in the same period, they would have begun by being sworn friends and brothers-in-arms, and ended in an eternal separation.

"Are you going to stand here all day?" said Judith in an impatient voice. "My dear girl, do remember that there is no one to admire your entranced expression. It is quite wasted on Mrs. Verne and myself!"

Sis started; Judith had never spoken so bitterly before, and the words gave her an unpleasant thrill of surprise. Mrs. Verne's placid face wore a shade of annoyance, and she began to say something in defence of the visitor.

"I am sure I'm glad to see that the young lady is interested," said she with spirit. "And a great many people think a deal of Mr. Hervie's portrait. It was painted by a young artist who is rising to the top of the ladder, they say."

"Yes, I have been very much interested. Thank you for giving me so much pleasure," said Sis, turning to the housekeeper with the sweet smile which lit up her delicate face like a sunbeam. "But I am sorry if I have stayed too long," she added, looking at her friend with a chill dignity which instantly produced an effect.

Judith really regretted the loss of her temper. She had been hasty and rude without reason, and if Sis had taken offence she must make amends without delay.

"Oh, Sis, you have the air of a princess!" she cried. "And you don't know how despicable I feel at this moment. Try to forget that I was a bear just now, and take me back into your favour."

Sis smiled again; and Mrs. Verne stood at her window, watching the two girls as they walked away from the old house side by side.

Judith Fayne was shorter than her companion, and Sis had an indescribable air of distinction, a trick of carrying herself, which made her look "more than common tall." The housekeeper noted all her good points with the glance of a connoisseur, for the old woman had lived in time-honoured houses from her youth, and knew how to estimate high breeding. Sis Wilmer was beautiful with the kind of beauty which appeals to a refined taste; there was a poetry in her face, and a peculiar grace in every movement of her lithe young figure.

"Let her live among us," thought Mrs. Verne sagaciously, "and she will fill her right place. Just the kind of lady that Mrs. Hervie wants to see here, in my opinion. As to Miss Fayne, there are plenty of pink-and-white cheeks in the land as good as hers, and there's a touch of the milkmaid about her, fresh and gay and ready of tongue."

It was well for Judith's peace that she was unconscious of the housekeeper's criticism. Already she had begun to feel curiously jealous of her friend, and was sorry that she had taken Sis to Woodmere. It had nearly maddened her to see the girl standing before those portraits with a look of devotion in her lovely grey eyes.

Sis was ridiculously sentimental, of course, and Judith had always declared that she despised sentiment. Yet somehow that look had given a new charm to Sis's face, and her charms were too numerous already.

"She would be a dangerous rival," reflected Miss Fayne as they walked on. "But the Hervies are miles away, and I'll take care to send her off before he comes back."

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

ANDANTE.—The rules of musical composition can hardly be given, even in a concise way, in the space at our command. There are many faults in the tune you enclose. The first part ends really in the key of E minor, and yet you immediately plunge into C major; keys must not be approached like this. We also observe consecutive fifths, consecutive octaves, a seventh unresolved, and so on. There is something in the tune which makes us think you might, with instruction, do much better work. But you should certainly procure some such book as Sir John Stainer's *Composition* (Novello's Primers) where you will find exercises that will help you to study modulation, harmonise melodies, and so forth; unless indeed you could have individual instruction, which would be better.

HELPLESS wishes to thank the lady who so kindly sends her THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER and other magazines; the postmark is Riversdale Road, Highbury.

S. J. H.—Cooking is excellently taught to anyone who likes to learn in the Evening Continuation Schools of the London School Board, and you would find out all details by inquiring at the nearest Board school to you. It is possible that by the time you read this answer arrangements may be altered. If so, you would certainly find all you require at the Battersea Polytechnic Training School of Domestic Economy, Battersea, S.W., and we think this will be near enough to the district you name. We can only answer one question at a time.

MISS EMILY HARTLAND, Church Street, Newent, Gloucester, asks us to mention her Music-Practising Club; five hours a week; any instrument; money prizes. Rules will be sent on receipt of a stamped envelope.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

CAMBRIDGE wishes to find the following quotation, and to know the name of the author—

"The roses life denied, lie on thy coffin lid."

MISS LOUISE H. E. GALL, The Camp, Allensville, Ontario, Canada, offers to send DOLLY VARDEN the words and music of "Home Again," by M. S. Pike, on receipt of her address. JAPONICA and J. K. also mention M. S. Pike as composer of both words and music. J. K. adds that the song is "edited" by Joseph W. Harding.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN is answered by GERTRUDE H. PARKER, VIOLET, NORA, and E. M. H., who kindly forward copies of the hymn "God is working His purpose out," from which she quoted a line. It is by A. C. Ainger, and is No. 8 in the *Church Missionary Hymnbook*. The hymnbook can be obtained, price 2d., from the offices of the Church Missionary Society, Salisbury Square, E.C. The REV. J. A. N. HIBBERT is good enough to answer the question.

EDITH F. wishes us to thank SCOTCH FIR and others who have so kindly sent her copies of "An Order for a Picture."

A LOVER OF PICTURES wants information about the two artists, Naujok, who painted "S. Cecilia"; Bodenhausen, who painted "A Vision," "Madonna and Child," and "Fairy Tales."

DOLLY VARDEN is answered by "AUNTIE," MISS BUNHILL, NELLIE OLPHERT, O. A. G., and "A MOTHER," who kindly inform her that "Home Again" is written and composed by M. S. Pike and published by Metzler, also by R. Cocks & Co. The chorus which she quotes (not quite correctly) is a quartett for S.A.T.B. If she cannot procure the song, Mrs. G. PILE, The Green, Devizes, is good enough to offer to copy the words for her.

B. PEARL is answered by "AUNTIE, who says "The Ship that Never Returned" came out in the *Musical Budget* for June, 1888, and may be found in Hart's *Cheap Music*, price 2d. MISS ELSIE M. LOWE, 35, Holly Avenue, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne, says the song can be procured from Messrs. Howard & Co., 25, Marlborough Street, London, W.; its number being 716. MISS LOWE kindly offers to lend it to B. PEARL in case it is out of print.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MATER.—We cannot do better than take a leaf out of the late Sir Benjamin Richardson's book. The temperature in any room should not be lower than 60° F. He strongly insisted on the "early to bed" principle. Maintained that more sleep was essential in winter than summer. That if children had all the sleep they need, in a generation or two there would be a race much stronger, healthier, and "standing a head and shoulders above those of the present generation." He also maintained the necessity for the admission of sunlight into a house, both for the sick and those in health, more especially in their bedrooms. To revert to the subject of sleep, those who suffer in the eyes should go to bed earlier and rise later than anyone whose eyes are strong.

BELLA.—Sark has the reputation of being an admirable health resort for persons suffering from asthma. Of course there are different kinds of and causes for that trying complaint, and a locality that suits one sufferer does not suit another. In any case, the Island of Sark deserves a trial. It has two hotels, the "Bel Air," at the top of the hill, and the d'Ixeart, Baker's Valley, besides several furnished houses and apartments. The distance from Guernsey is nine miles, and the passage across takes about an hour by steamboat. The artist, geologist and botanist would find much to occupy them.

MARY.—If you could manage to get the illustrated book on astronomy, which the R. T. S. has published, it will teach you much you wish to know. The "twinkling" is occasioned by the greater distance of the stars from us than the planets, which you may always know by their not "twinkling." You "wonder what they are." They are suns, like our sun. The nearest is so far off, that if a cannon-shot had been fired in Adam's time, in the Garden of Eden, and had been flying continuously, with undiminished speed ever since, it would, as it were, hardly have started on its journey. It would have been as if a train had only just started well out of the station on its way to another town. Many of these suns are much larger and brighter than ours. *Canopus* is the second brightest in the heavens, and is thousands of times as bright, and its distance from the earth is so immeasurably great that astronomers have not been able to calculate it. It is well that it is so, for were our planet to approach it as nearly as to our sun, everything here—houses, forests, etc.—would be burnt up by the tremendous heat, just as if thrown into a blazing furnace.

R. E.—A "badge" and an "order" are perfectly different things. The former is a distinction of high honour conferred by the sovereign, and none of foreign presentation may be worn without the permission of the sovereign of your own country. The "badge," though often a "charge" taken from the family hereditary escutcheon, was, in the first instance, quite distinct from any coat-of-arms. Prior to the institution of a systematic heraldry, it was in use with decided heraldic significance. The rose, shamrock, thistle and leek are all "badges." They appear to have had their origin as such about the year 1450. Edward I. adopted "a golden rose, stalked proper," but the badge of his family, the Plantagenets, was the *Planta Genesta*. Cœur de Lion adopted a star—supposed to represent that of Bethlehem. The three ostrich feathers of the Prince of Wales constitute a "badge," and so is the hand as an inescutcheon in the centre of a baronet's shield. A "badge" is more correctly termed a "cognisance," as also it is that of the crest. Anyone may adopt a "badge," or "device," and, likewise, a self-selected motto, without application to the Herald's College for its legalisation, nor thereby incurring a tax. A woman may adopt a "badge" and a motto, but not the hereditary motto of her family, although she has a right to use the shield.

A. K.—Your inquiry needs explanation. You ask, "Information for best way of getting into a private mental asylum, and at what age; with no experience?" Do you mean as a patient, or as a nurse "with no experience," or as a maid-servant, or a pupil? We think you had better apply to the Medico-Psychological Association. Consult your family doctor on the question.



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SILENT STRINGS.



All rights reserved.] "'OUR PATHS WILL NEVER CROSS EACH OTHER, MY DEAR.'"

SILENT STRINGS.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Lady Dye's Reparation," "A Cluster of Roses," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

HIDDEN FIRES.



"A CERTAIN person," said Judith Fayne, "is by no means a laggard in love, and yet he makes very slow progress. I am getting disheartened, mother; what say you?"

"What can one say?" Mrs. Fayne demanded. "She is an idiot if she does not encourage Martin. I don't like the girl, myself; she walks as if the ground was not good enough to tread upon, and I feel as if she secretly despised us all."

"Oh, she does not do that," said Judith, moving a little nearer to the open window, and glancing at the slender figure standing at the gate. "The fact is we don't understand her; and if she stayed here a hundred years we never should."

"I wish she wouldn't stay another week," remarked Mrs. Fayne.

"Well, mother, we are keeping her to please Martin; he would be horribly cross if we sent her off. And she is not as proud as you think—anyhow, her pride is mixed with humility. I suppose one can't deny that she is beautiful," added Judith, surveying the unconscious Sis with critical eyes. "And she might be vainer, you know."

"A lackadaisical kind of beauty," said Mrs. Fayne, with scorn. "Still, as Martin fancies her, let her stay as long as she likes. I hoped he would look out for a girl with money; but as he is so indifferent to cash, he may as well marry Sis Wilmer as anyone else. To do her justice, I believe she will make herself agreeable to us when she becomes Mrs. Bourne."

"Will she ever become Mrs. Bourne?" Judith asked slowly. "She is such an odd creature, mother. Look at her now—dreaming there as if she could see beyond the hills."

Sis did indeed look as if she were dreaming; the pure young face, uplifted to meet the kiss of the morning air, was tinged with delicate bloom; the big grey eyes gazed steadfastly at the clouds lightly drifting above the green heights. Sis was fond of these hills with their ever-changing tints and shadows; she loved the wild gold of the gorse scattered so lavishly here and there, and the fresh verdure of the sheep-cropped grass. The Wilmers had the love of beauty in their hearts, and thanked God silently for the fairness of the good old earth. And Judith, watching, said to herself that this girl was easily made glad, the song of a lark could lift her up to the skies.

"She will never accept Martin," she thought. "I only hope he won't blame me if she refuses him. I am afraid there is something in her that—that another man would admire very much. It would be unfortunate if she were to meet Mr. Hervie, but she shall not meet him. We will send her away before he comes back."

Sis turned from the gate and came up the narrow path to the door, singing a little ballad in a low clear voice. The dew was on her dark hair, and the scent of blossoms entered the house with her; she was as fresh and sweet as the early summer morning. Judith met the glance of her candid eyes, and wondered whether she would be happy always. Her own spirit was vexed with secret discontent; disappointed hopes clung to her like briars that could not be torn away; it seemed hard, at that moment, that Sis should be so light of heart.

"Oh, Judith, are you not ready to come out?" was the girl's first question. "This is such a perfect day!"

"You speak as if it had been made on purpose for you," Judith answered. "It is not a bit better than hundreds of other days; one expects fine weather in the beginning of May."

"But one does not always get it," Sis retorted. "We all know that May is a very queen of whims, don't we? I think it is the touch of uncertainty that makes it so sweet; there is generally the chance of a shower, the clouds are never far away. Don't you love the rainy scent in the air? One misses it in the heat and dust of summer."

The dreamy look had come back to the charming face. Again Judith felt the sharp sting of jealousy as she listened to her, and looked at her. It made her mad to acknowledge Sis's peculiar attractions, and she bit her lips to keep a bitter word in.

"You always talk like a poem," she said, with a little forced laugh. "Of course it is very beautiful, dear; but I am all prose, you see, and I can't even pretend to follow your flights. Well, what are we going to do on this wonderfully perfect day? Didn't Martin say something about lunch at the farm?"

A faint shade flitted across the happy face.

"We don't want to go to the farm, I am sure," Sis said quickly. "Let us get on our wheels, and spin over the moorland. Come, Judith, you will enjoy the ride as much as I shall."

"I don't know about that." Miss Fayne shook her flaxen head. "You will not be haunted by the vision of an exasperated cousin, sitting down all alone to a carefully-spread table! But I shall never lose sight of his image for an instant. Really, Sis, you have no natural human heart; there is only a poetry-book in the place where it ought to be."

"I have a heart, but it does not give me the least trouble; and I am not always feeling to see if it is there." Sis's lips took a haughty curve as she spoke. "And no one has any reason to be exasperated."

"Oh, one does not look for reason in certain quarters," Judith said lightly. "Well, my dear, I am ready to do your bidding. We will go just as far as you please."

Sis was bright again in an instant.

"You are the best-natured girl in the world!" cried she.

They were soon mounted, and speeding along the narrow white road that wound across the moor. The fresh glad wind met them with the scent of thyme and gorse in its breath; a lark's song quivered through the blue overhead; everything was alive and awake; it was as if a chorus of tiny voices shouted for joy. The swift motion revived Judith's spirits, and freshened the roses on her cheeks; she flung dull care behind her, and laughed aloud in simple gaiety of heart.

They came to a full stop at last, at the bottom of a hill, and found themselves close to a picturesque little cottage standing near the roadside. It was scarcely better than a hut, with a heavy thatch, and a small latticed window on each side of the door; but ivy clung

to the ruggedness of the walls, and yellow flowers and grasses made a wild garden of the roof. Set in the gold of low furze-bushes, with buttercups and clover crowding up to the door-sill, it was a study which would have rejoiced the heart of a landscape painter, and Sis hailed it with a little cry of delight.

"How pretty!" said she. "I wish one could see what is inside. It is the sort of place that a harmless witch would live in—a woman who only practises white magic, you know. Presently she will open the door, and we shall see her standing there in a steeple-crowned hat, and a gay gown looped up over a farthingale. Then a smile will creep into her nutcracker face, and her little eyes will twinkle kindly. 'Shall I read the future for you?' she will say."

"What nonsense you do talk!" said Judith, propping her bicycle against the ivied wall. "All the same, I wish the old thing would appear. The gipsies in these parts are the vilest impostors. I should like to meet a genuine fortune-teller for once."

"Then you have gone to the gipsies?" said Sis, opening her grey eyes.

"Two or three times; but nothing came of their predictions. They promised me lots of money and the best of husbands—and, oh, I forgot, they told me to beware of a dark woman. I hope you are not that woman, Sis."

"I hope not." Sis looked very wise and grave. "My skin is white, but you must consider my hair and eyelashes. On the whole it will be best to beware of me."

"I am on my guard," Judith replied. "But I will warn you in my turn, my lady Sis. If you cross my path, you shall repent it."

Sis, who had seated herself on the ground near the door, was stretching out her hand for a tall buttercup. She paused and looked up quickly at her companion, and the buttercup was left to flourish among its fellows. In the next instant a peacock butterfly alighted on the shiny yellow flower, but Sis did not see it. She was surprised at something she detected in Judith's face.

Just for a moment Judith Fayne looked like a woman of twice her own years. All the hard lines about her mouth came out with startling distinctness, and there was a baleful light in her eyes. But, as she met Sis's astonished glance, the shadows fled, and, as if by magic, she became herself again. There was the round dimpled face, with its fresh rose tints, which her friend had always known. She laughed gaily, and tucked a stray flaxen lock into its place.

"What a silly speech of mine!" cried she. "Our paths will never cross each other, my dear. You will go far away and visit all the romantic scenes you have longed to see, and I shall have a common lot suited to my common mind. We shall never clash, Sis, but I daresay you will forget me. No wonder if you do. I am not the sort of person to be remembered."

"A sudden fit of humility!" said Sis, laughing too. "It will not last long. Do you feel as ravenously hungry as I do? If you do, we will turn our faces homeward."

Judith consulted the watch at her belt.

"I told my mother that we should be late for lunch," she remarked. "Poor Martin! I'm afraid he has waited for us in vain."

"But we did not promise to go to the farm," said Sis impatiently.

"Oh, no, we did not promise; but hope dies hard!" answered Judith, mounting her bicycle. "Come, Sis. There are cold chickens and salad awaiting you on our humble board. You must make the most of your appetite. It is not at all likely that you will carry it back to Oxford."

Oxford! In an instant Sis's quick fancy conjured up a vision of the old study at home and Addy sitting at the table with her open desk. She could see the photographs on the mantelpiece, the shabby arm-chair by the fireside, the old banjo standing silently in the darkest corner. She saw her own figure in the oriel window looking down the long garden path; the lilac plumes almost touched the window-panes; showers of wind-scattered blossoms lay on the ground below; the blackbird's three clear notes came thrilling through the trees.

"I wish I could find the boys waiting for me there!" she thought with a sigh.

Martin Bourne sat down all alone to his well-spread table and eyed the silver and crystal with a frown of unspeakable disgust. What was the good of all the new things he had gathered about him if Sis declined his invitations? What did it matter if a dozen girlish faces were ready to smile upon him if one face was persistently turned away? His love was by no means of the best kind, but it was real, and the pity was that he was incapable of being lifted, not cast down, by its denial. Here and there you find a man who is ennobled by a refusal; now and then you come across a woman who is sweetened, not soured, by a disappointed hope.

There are some of us who would never have reached after higher things if we had not been first schooled by the sense of failure. The firefly has eluded our grasp, and so we struggle up to touch the star; the flame has died out on our hearth-stone, and we lift our eyes to the eternal source of light. When a shallow stream runs dry, it sends the thirsty soul in quest of deeper waters. It is the seeking and longing and ceaseless striving that makes the man a saint and the woman an angel. But this is a hard saying, and the process is so difficult that few there be who can endure to the end.

Martin Bourne was one of those unfortunate men who have always had their own way. He was an only child, early left motherless, who had come into his father's property without having known the slightest contradiction. And now his dominant feeling was passionate anger. He cared for this girl, cared for her so much that he was quite astonished at his bitter pain. He had triumphed in anticipation, never doubting that he could win her, but her cold indifference had baffled him and stopped him short. He felt himself flung backward by the quiet power of a girl's resistance, and the sense of helplessness was maddening. He was in love with Sis Wilmer, and she knew it and despised him.

Oh, yes; he would not use a milder word! It was contempt that was stamped on that beautiful face when he approached her; there was always something cold in the granite-grey eyes whenever they met his gaze. He rose from the table in a silent rage, and went out into the garden to pace a long gravelled walk alone. These stiff, straight walks with their box borders, she had condescended to like them a little! There was a rosy flutter of apple-blossom overhead, and a dewy fragrance of lilac in bloom; the place was full of perfume and song. Why could she not be contented with the good old-fashioned wedded life that he could offer her? What was that dream of high-flown impossible bliss which seemed to stand between herself and him?

At first he raged against Judith for being such a lukewarm ally, and then, on second thoughts, he acknowledged that Judith was not to blame. She had always told him that Sis would be hard to win; her romantic

temperament was an obstacle in his way. Commonplace comfort and luxury did not appeal to her very strongly, although, as Judith said, she was the kind of girl who would not live long without cosseting and care. He almost wished that he could compel her to do his bidding, as if she had been a stubborn child.

"It's just her obstinacy that makes her stand aloof," he thought wrathfully. "If she would come to me, I should give her all that heart could wish. Why, it's as much as she can do to pay for her frocks, and they are plain enough, I can see! I'd never waste another thought upon her if I could help it. A pretty fool I'm making of myself, and all because a slim, white young thing gives herself the airs of an empress. Why did Judith bring her here at all? I wish with all my heart that she had let her stay in Oxford."

This was a wish which Judith herself echoed shortly afterwards.

The girls had reached home fresh and cheerful after their long ride, but as the afternoon wore on they grew a little drowsy, and betook themselves to the bare drawing-room with a couple of old books. Sis drew one of the stiff arm-chairs near a window, and sat with her book on her knees, looking out at the wide expanse of sunny moor, far-reaching to the base of the hills. The land seemed as if it were covered with a gay carpet of flowers, and Sis thought of Christian Andersen's *Story of the Year*, till she could almost see the lovely wife of Summer dropping blossoms from her apron. When her eyes closed unawares, she still beheld the charming vision, and wandered off in dreams to a paradise of sunshine and bloom.

She woke with the consciousness that someone was watching her intently. Martin Bourne was standing near her chair with his light-blue eyes fastened upon her, and as she met his gaze her cheeks grew warm. She did not like that fixed stare of his; it brought all her pride into her face.

"Did not you hear him come in?" said Judith in a lazy tone. "Why, Sis, you were as soundly asleep as a dormouse! But there is no reason why you should wake up cross, my dear."

Sis responded to Martin's greeting with a frigid dignity which made him furious. Judith, seeing that there were signs of a coming storm, pulled the bell and ordered tea at once.

"You are tired, Sis, I know," she said amiably.

"No; only sleepy," the girl answered, leaving the arm-chair to sit close to the tea-maker, thus depriving Martin of the pleasure of handing her cup.

"How she detests me!" he said savagely to himself.

(*To be continued.*)

BEAUTY HINTS.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., C.M., R.N. ("MEDICUS").

The Evils of Tight-Lacing.



AM extremely glad that wasp-waistedness is going out of fashion. It will no doubt linger long among a certain class of girl, but signs are not wanting that sensible young ladies are reverting to the contour of beauty so much in favour among the ancients. I do not think for a moment that the reason for such a transformation has anything to do with common-sense, or with the preaching of such health-educators as myself and others. I know women better than to believe *that*, flattering though it may be. No, it is more likely that leaders of fashion want to be somewhat different from girls of lower circles. Never mind, it is a very sensible change, and one to be heartily welcomed. There is no need, however, for a lady to have a figure like what a sailor would call a badly lashed up hammock. I have all along advocated the wearing of well-made and comfortable corsets as supports. It is only when they are so tight-fitting as to interfere materially with, or even displace important internal organs that the medical man's duty is to interfere. I should think that the trade in these articles of apparel must be very considerable, for I cannot peep into a ladies' newspaper without seeing dozens advertised, and strangely enough every one of them seems to be perfect—from the manufacturer's point of view. But really, noticing the amount of custom these corset-makers get, one cannot help wondering at what age women cut their wisdom teeth.

However, the evils of tight-lacing are so numerous that I scarcely know which to speak of first. If a girl never laced tightly until she was about twenty there might not follow much permanent deformity, because the rib bones are, by that age, hardened, and the pressure and injury would be done to the joint ends, but younger girls' chest-bones are still soft, and if they are compressed, permanent deformity is the result, and it is out of all reason to imagine that such a person can live a healthy life, or reach even to the age of fifty. Fifty may seem a long way ahead, and I've heard many girls hope they will never live to be so old, but when women do reach that age, then, if they have obeyed the laws of health, a long, calm, and happy life is still before them. Fifty *plus* thirty only makes eighty, you know, and I know many dear old active ladies much more than that. Now the natural shape of a girl's chest is like the capital letter A, from the middle line downwards, but the letter V represents pretty nearly the tight-lacing young lady's chest. And what is the result? Well, the liver, the spleen and pancreas are pressed upwards, and the lungs thus confined, the breathing space is limited, and chest-disease may be engendered. If in such a case of malformation consumption comes on, there is not the ghost of a chance of cure. Dyspepsia is very common in these cases also, to say nothing of liver trouble. The complexion becomes pale or yellow, and the whole system deteriorates.

Mentally, too, the girl suffers. She is peevish by day, has spells of irritability and bad temper, which may lose her many a friend, and she has moods of melancholy. Moreover, she sleeps but badly at night and feels languid, drowsy and out of sorts in the morning.

Such a girl can never become a useful member of society. If she marries she must lead a wretched life, and if she doesn't or can't marry, she rapidly degenerates into the genus "superfluous woman." The world does not want her, there are more and better without her, so she has to retire and lie low for life.

Well, I know this paragraph will not be very pleasant reading to many, so I shall not insist upon making it any longer, though I might have mentioned the effects of tight-lacing on the heart itself, which so often give rise to the most alarming symptoms. But believe me, girls—and forgive my bluntness—no one who is shaped like an hour-glass can expect to live long. "Death," you know, is usually depicted as holding an hour-glass. Don't forget that when dressing of a morning.

A Home-Gymnasium for Girls.

There is a good deal to be said in favour of this. When a man has a large family, perhaps he cannot easily afford to let every member of it attend gymnastic classes, but the apparatus of a home-gymnasium is not very

expensive; such as horizontal bars, swings, ladders, the trapeze, etc. It is not my purpose at present to describe these at any length, but rather to point out the advantages that accrue from the home-gymnasium. If a girl can only be got to appreciate these, she will go in for training with heart and soul, and will hardly need to be told that only from diurnal regularity at such exercises, scientifically taken, can good flow. She must know also that the best time for these is about two hours after a meal.

There is something else, however, to which I want to draw your attention, namely, the fact that no one part of the body or group of muscles should be exercised at the expense of others. Proper gymnastics, begun at, say, the age of eleven or twelve, and properly carried ont, lead after a time not only to muscular strength, but perfect symmetry of every limb and of the trunk itself. The heart is also strengthened, to say nothing of the nerves, and the mind or brain is rendered clear and capable.

There is another species of gymnastics at home to which I should like to draw attention, and I refer to household work. I know that a great many girls are inclined to shirk this, and consider it irksome to assist even their own mothers. It spoils the hand, they may tell you, it ruins the complexion, and ruins the temper too. There may be some truth in this, but hands can be protected, and faces as well, and it need not ruin the temper if you are good-natured and work with a will. I have seen whole swarms of you girls doing the most menial work, washing plates and dishes, scouring pots and pans, and bending over smoky fires of half-wet wood, as you stirred the stew or sauce, and as full of merriment as a marmoset, while your bonnie faces positively glowed with excitement, but—oh, that wicked wee wordie "but"!—it was at gipsy picnics, and you thought it a great honour and pleasure to attend upon us men folks, although two or three of us were relegated to the labour of hewing wood and drawing water.

It is great fun being at a picnic and cooking for yourselves, your big brothers and their friends. It is different indoors, isn't it? Well, you may say what you please about it, but so long as you dress neatly and wear corsets only for support, not only is domestic labour dignified, but it is the best exercise and the best sort of gymnastics conceivable for training every muscle of the body equably.

Reading and Health.

This is but a short paragraph. Yet there is a hint or two in it worth remembering. Some girls then spend more time in actual study than the subjects are worth. These are few of course, but they succeed in injuring themselves mentally and bodily. Over-much study on any one line or branch does not tend to fit the mind for the battle of life. A world of blue stockings and specialists would not be a pleasant one to live in. I like a Robinson Crusoe kind of girl far more than a specialist. And that is the sort of lass that gets best on in life, and that makes the best wife and the best mother, ay, and the best mistress of a household.

Well, I wish my own girls—that is you, and I have at least two hundred thousand of you—to take a general interest in everything, and to learn almost everything that is useful.

You haven't much time? Is that what you say? Well, I hope I am too much of the sailor to contradict a young lady, but will you permit me to draw attention to the fact that some girls could make lots of time, to do lots of useful things, to learn lots, to play and sing more, and even to mend their brothers' socks, if they did not throw away so much precious time reading trashy magazines and so-called ladies' papers. There are many good ones among these latter, including the "G. O. P." of course, but there are hundreds of others that are actual rot. There! And it isn't the time you lose over these that works all the mischief. The text of most of them is bad, the ethics crude, and the illustrations positively petrifying to the budding soul of art. Pitch them away, by all means. If you do, what a gainer you will be!

What do You Wear?

Men are hardly ever vain enough to imagine that women dress for them alone. In fact, I happen to know that they do not. Altogether that is, for women dress to please themselves, to look nice, and often enough to cause envy in the breasts of their fellow women. Well, I want to tell you something—men who are worth being acquainted with from any point of view, seldom if ever know what the woman they are talking to—say, at a garden-party or in a drawing-room—is wearing, whether as regards frocks or jewellery. Don't run away with the notion, however, that there is no use dressing to please. Because if there is anything out of harmony about your dress, anything discordant, a man will notice that at once. It will in some measure repel his attentions, and this, despite the fact that he might not be able to describe what is wrong five minutes after he left.

Dress need not be expensive, but it must always be tasteful. Jewellery on the other hand must be good, but there is no need of a great display thereof.

Dress must be of a colour to suit the complexion of course. But dress alone will not draw a man who is possessed of a soul, nor will it cause him to linger a moment longer by a lady's side. Modesty without shyness, refinement and a gentle voice will though, and—well, he may notice what you wear, after a time.

Sleeplessness and Beauty-Waste.

Young women lead fast lives in one sense as well as men. They sit up too late in winter, and if there be any chance of doing so, they excite themselves by talking to such an extent that the sleep they obtain when they do retire is not of much value.

Really sleep is a most excellent preservative of beauty. As I hope very soon to devote a whole article to this subject, I shall not say much to-day about it. Just this—sleepnessness wastes beauty of face and form. It spoils the complexion, by weakening vital internal organs. These are thus unable to eliminate the poisons of the blood, which are retained in the system, rendering the skin dry, unwholesome and sallow. The areolar tissue beneath and around the eyes becomes filled with fluid, and this distends the skin. When better health returns, the fluid is absorbed, but will leave slight lines, if not wrinkles. The want of sleep does more, it renders dull the brain, and irritates the whole nervous system, so that the eyes lose much of their brightness. The cure, of course, lies in the removal of the cause.

Pretty Hands and Nails.

These add a great charm to feminine beauty, yet very few get or retain them. With the actual shape of the hand we cannot on the whole interfere. That is, we cannot make it less broad or the fingers less long, but in young girls much can be done towards the formation of a pretty hand. Employment that necessitates much grasping is antagonistic to beauty of hands, because it tends to broaden the knuckles. Even in cycling the whole force should not come upon the steering bar; the fingers are sufficient in most cases.

As a general rule girls pay more attention to the complexion of the hands than to their formation. But a pretty hand must be well nutrited, and well though not roughly exercised. Too much exercise makes it clumsy and hard; two little, lean and skinny. The hand should be fairly plump, but this will not be the case if the body itself is not well nourished.

Never expose the hands to rain and wind when driving, or to cold and snow. Never warm them at the fire, but rather chafe them to restore heat. I think a sun-browned face is charming on a young girl especially if a brunette, but sun-tanned hands do not look well, yet thousands of girls ruin their hands in summer with salt water, sand, and exposure to all weathers. Wear gloves at night if you want the hands soft as well as white. Oatmeal and water is a good wash. Be most careful with the nails; clip them, do not cut them; never use steel to clean them, only ivory and the brush. Do not use hard water, nor strong soap. Keep the skin that has a tendency to grow up over the nails well back. Do not use acid to the nails, but lemon juice, and keep them shapely and well polished. Treat both hands and nails with all the respect that is their just due.

PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.

CHAPTER VI.



DURING the weeks which followed, "Pixie's Prep." became a by-word among her companions, for no amount of goading seemed sufficient to keep her attention from roaming from her books during the hours when it was most necessary that she should give them her undivided attention. However sturdily she might begin, in ten minutes' time her eyes were wandering about the room, she was scribbling on the margin of her book, or twisting her handkerchief into a new variety of rag doll. The well-meaning Kate, finding frowns and nudges losing their effect, resorted to more drastic measures, such as the prick of a pin, or a tug of the elf-like locks; but the victim's howls and protestations not only disturbed her companions, but took so long to pacify that the experiment had to be abandoned.

How Pixie managed to sustain even her very low place in the class was a wonder to her companions; but in truth she had an unusually quick brain, so that, when she chose to apply herself, she learnt as much as slower girls would do in twice the time, while her Irish wit enabled her to place her scraps of knowledge in the most advantageous light, and rescued her from awkward questionings. Nowhere was this faculty more marked than in French, of which she knew least, yet in which subject she made the most rapid progress. It was clear to a pair of uncommonly sharp eyes that Miss Phipps's leniency would some day come to an end, and that she would then find herself in the position of being obliged either to speak French, or not to speak at all. To a born chatterbox the latter alternative seemed the acme of misery, so it behoved her to prepare for speech before the dread verdict was given, which she did in a manner astonishing to her companions. Of French grammar she had the poorest opinion, but she was sharp as a magpie to pick up the phrases of others and store them for her own use. The morning after Mademoiselle had suffered from a headache, Pixie's handkerchief was soaked with offerings of eau-de-Cologne from the various girls to whom she repeated ejaculations of distress; she discoursed exhaustively upon the weather to everyone who could be induced to listen, and recited exercise phrases to the school cat until her tongue grew quite nimble over the words.

Mademoiselle was an object of intense interest and curiosity to her new pupil. She was the first foreigner whom Pixie had known, and there was something in her dark eager face which arrested the child's attention. Mademoiselle was quick and nervous, subject to fits of unreasonable irritation; but at other times there was a sad far-away look in her eyes, and then her voice would take a softer cadence, so that when she said "Chèrie," one pupil at least forgot all the scoldings which had gone before. Pixie felt irresistibly drawn to Mademoiselle in her hours of depression. She could not have explained the attraction, but in her heart she felt that they were both exiles, and that Mademoiselle pined for her own sunny land even as she pined for the dear green isle which seemed so far away. She longed for Mademoiselle to notice her, to show her some special mark of favour, but longed in vain, until at last a day dawned which brought her into notice in a manner which was scarcely to her liking.

It was a wet Saturday afternoon, and wet Saturday afternoons are abominations to every boarding-school girl, and the cause of endless grumblings and repinings. Ethel and Kate had gone out to tea with an old maiden lady who lived in the neighbourhood, and had still further deepened their friend's depression before departing by drawing a most roseate picture of the joys before them.

"She is awfully kind," they had explained of their hostess; "she gives you the most galumptious teas, and the best part of it is, she has an e-normous appetite herself, so you can eat as much as you like, without fear of looking greedy!"

No wonder the poor stay-at-homes looked glum after this; no wonder they sighed with envy as they thought of the thick bread-and-butter in store for themselves. The elder girls provided themselves with books, and sat in rows before the fire, artistic spirits set themselves copies, and filled up page after page of their sketching books. Flora stitched on a table-centre destined to be a birthday present for her mother, and the younger girls clustered round Pixie, and besought her to think of some new means of amusement.

"Think of something, Pixie—do-o! It's so dull, and we are sick of the stupid old games. What did you do at home when it rained and you couldn't go out?"

"I've never seen it rain hard enough to keep me indoors if I wanted to be out," returned Pixie, with a toss of the head; "but I've had fine fun indoors sometimes when I didn't feel disposed for exertion—ratting in the barn is good sport, or grooming the pony, or feeding the animals, and pretending it is the Zoo; but you can't do those things here. It's hard to think of anything amusing when you are shut up in one room."

"We can go out on the landing, if we like; I vote we do, and be by ourselves. The fifth forms are sure to tell us not to the moment we have thought of something nice. Come along now before they notice us!"

No sooner said than done. The little band of conspirators slipped from the room, and stood without on the square landing, five short-frocked girls all gazing eagerly, confidently, into the face of their leader.

"Pixie, what shall we do?"

Pixie racked her brains in despair, for not a single idea would come to her aid, and yet to acknowledge such a want of invention would have been to forfeit her position, and therefore not to be thought of for a second. Her eyes roamed from side to side, and lit upon a table on which some working materials happened to be lying. A basket, a folded length of cloth, and a roll of wide green binding such as was used to edge old-fashioned window-curtains. Pixie looked at it thoughtfully, fingered it to ascertain its weight, shook it out to discover its length, and cried eagerly—

"Just the thing! Might have been made for it! Would you like to see me lasso the next person who comes upstairs?"

"Lasso!" The girls were not quite sure of the meaning of the word, but Pixie explained it, suiting the action to the word.

A lasso was a rope with a noose at one end—so! and it was used to catch wild horses, or anything else you happened to chase. You stood with the rope gathered up in your hand—so! and then took aim and sent it flying out suddenly—so! Pat could do it beautifully, and he had taught her too, but she could not always manage very well. If you caught a girl from above, she would be startled out of her wits, and squeal like anything. It would be splendid fun. The next one, then, who came upstairs!

The girls were divided between horror and delight. Dared she? Really! Would it hurt? What would Miss Phipps say? Did she really think she ought? But their agitation acted as fuel to Pixie's determination, and she would only laugh and lean over the banisters, experimenting with the long green rope, and altering the length until it met with her approval.

Five minutes passed and nobody appeared; ten minutes, and the conspirators were beginning to grow impatient, when from below came the unmistakable sound of an ascending footstep. The orders of the chief had been that when this happened her attendants were to withdraw to a safe distance, so that no movement or sound of muffled laughter should warn the victim of her peril, so the girls retreated obediently, leaving Pixie to crouch on the floor until the eventful moment when a head appeared on the landing six steps below. It came, the top of a smooth, brown head, and on the moment out flew the rope, whirled into space with a skilful jerk which sent the noose flying wide, and with an accuracy of aim which brought it right round the neck of the new comer. She squealed indeed, but horror of horrors! she squealed in French with such staccato "Oh's" and "Ah's" of astonishment as could only have come from one person in the house. It was Mademoiselle herself, and lifting her glance she beheld six horrified faces peering at her over the banisters, six pairs of startled eyes, six mouths agape with dismay. She looked, and then, as it seemed with one stride, was in their midst, with her hands gripping Pixie by the shoulders.

Now it happened that Mademoiselle was in her most irritable mood this afternoon, for all day long she had been struggling against what, for convenience' sake, she called a headache, but which might more honestly have been described as a heart-ache instead. A teacher cannot explain to thirty pupils that she has received a letter from home which has seemed to drop a veil before the sky, but such letters come all the same, and make it difficult to bear the hundred and one little annoyances and trials of temper which fall to her lot. Mademoiselle's letter had told of the illness of a beloved father, and as she dared not sit down and have a good cry to relieve her feelings, she was in a pent-up state of nerves which made her the worst possible subject for a practical joke. The rope in Pixie's hand marked her out as the principal offender, and she was called to order in a breathless stream of French which left her dumb and bewildered.

"I—I can't understand!" she stammered, and Mademoiselle struggled to express herself in sufficiently expressive English. "You bad girl! You rude, bad girl! What 'ave you done? What you mean playing your treecks on me? I will not 'ave it. I will complain to Miss Phipps. How dare you throw your strings about to catch me as I come upstairs! Impertinent! Disobedient!"

"P-please, Mademoiselle, it was a lasso! I didn't know it was you. I said I would do it to the first person who came, and I didn't see your face. It was only a joke."

"A joke! You catch me by the throat, you 'ang me by the neck, and you call it a joke! You wicked, impertinent girl, you shall be punished for this!"

Pixie heaved a sigh so sepulchral that it might almost have been called a groan instead.

"It's just my luck!" she said dismally. "When I tried to show off before Pat and the girls, I couldn't do it one time in a hundred, and just now, when I'd have no credit, but only get into trouble, I caught you the very first try!"

Did she mean to be impertinent? Mademoiselle looked sharply, suspiciously, but even in her excited condition she could not mistake that downcast look, that troubled, disconsolate frown. Her voice grew a trifle less sharp, but she was very angry still.

"You ought to be ashamed playing such treecks! It is always the same thing—there is no peace since you 'ave come. These girls were quite good and mild, but you make them as wild as yourself. I will teach you to be'ave better. You will come with me to the school-room and write out a verrrb!"

"I will, Mademoiselle," said Pixie meekly, so meekly that her companions fondly hoped that such exemplary submission would win forgiveness, but no, Mademoiselle flounced downstairs and Pixie followed at her heels to seat herself in solitary state at one end of the deserted school-room, while Mademoiselle took possession of the desk and began to correct a pile of exercise books.

To write out a verb is not, as a rule, a very lengthy matter, but Mademoiselle's punishment verbs had invariably a phrase attached which gave to them an added appropriateness, but very much lengthened the task. "I am sorry that I was rude to Mademoiselle" was the verb which poor Pixie was to-day condemned to conjugate, and the big straggling sentences amplified the statement until it seemed impossible to express it in any other way. "I am sorry that I was rude to Mademoiselle—I was sorry that I was rude to Mademoiselle—I shall or will be sorry that I was rude to Mademoiselle."

At intervals of every two or three minutes Mademoiselle glanced from her work to the little figure at the other end of the room, but each time Pixie's head was bent over her task, and the wandering eyes were for once glued to their task. Such industry seemed so unnatural that the onlooker became first puzzled and then uneasy, and at last resorted to coughing and moving about in her chair in order to satisfy curiosity. In vain! Pixie's head went down lower than ever, and the pen scratched away without a moment's cessation, for she was enduring that unreasoning panic of fear which sensitive children suffer when they are in disgrace with their elders. She had been brought up in an atmosphere of tender indulgence, had been the adored baby of the household, who had never heard the sound of an angry voice, so that now to sit alone in a room with a person whom she had displeased, reduced her to a condition of trembling fear. Her eyelids felt weighted down, a lump rose in her throat, and she trembled as with cold, and then presently the dreaded voice spoke again, and Mademoiselle said—

"Pixie, come here. Bring your verrrb!"

The wretched scribe had not yet finished her conjugation, being about imperatively to command herself to be sorry that she had been rude to Mademoiselle, but she was too nervous to explain and stood twisting her hands together and staring at the carpet, while Mademoiselle turned over the pages. She bit her lips once or twice as she read, and her eyes twinkled, but Pixie did not see that, and the voice which spoke sounded alarmingly stern.

"It is badly written. You make your letters too big; and such blots! I cannot 'ave such blots. What 'ave you been doing to make such blots as these?"

"They are not blots, Mademoiselle; they are only——"

"Only what?"—"Spots!"

"Spots!" echoed Mademoiselle blankly. "Spots—blots! Blots—spots! I do not understand. What is then the difference between blots and spots?"

"Blots is made with ink"—when Pixie was agitated, as at the present moment, grammar was by no means her strong point—"and spots is made with—with——"

"*Eh bien!* And with what, then?"

"T-tears!" came the answer in the softest echo of a voice, and Mademoiselle looked down at the woe-begone face with startled eyes.

"Tears! Your tears! But why should you cry? It is not so dreadful to write a verrrb. I might have given you worse punishment than that. Perhaps it was because you had missed the afternoon with your friends. I cannot think a girl of your age should cry over a simple verrrb."

"I thought it was a very—elaborate—verb!" said Pixie faintly. "But it wasn't that that made me cry; it was hurting your feelings, Mademoiselle!"

Mademoiselle leant back in her seat and looked intently at the shrinking figure.



"BUT HORROR OF HORRORS! SHE SQUEALED IN FRENCH."

"Look up, *chèrie!*" she said softly, and Pixie's fear fell from her like a mantle. She saw a hand outstretched and clasped it eagerly.

"I never meant to hang you, Mademoiselle! It was only a joke. The girls asked me to amuse them, and we think it fine sport to lasso one another at home. How was I to know it would be you when I gave my word I would catch the first one that came upstairs? I didn't mean to be impertinent."

"But, *ma petite*, you should not play such treecks at all!" Mademoiselle shook her head, but she was smiling as she spoke, for she was beginning to realise that no disrespect had been meant to herself, and that she had been unduly stern in her denunciations. "It is not the thing for a young lady at school; it is only for wild—how do you call them—'cowboys,' out on the prairie. If you do it at 'ome, it is not my affair, but if your father should see you some day, he must be shocked like me!"

"I'm the youngest of six, and me father won't have me thwarted!" sighed Pixie, lapsing into her brogue as she usually did when agitated. "Nobody's ever angry with me at Bally William; I get into mischief the day long, and it's all quite happy and comfortable. If I'm quiet and well-behaved, Bridgie is after giving me a mixture, for, says she, 'The choild's ill; there's not been a sound out of her this day!' I wish I was back in me own country, Mademoiselle, and then I shouldn't trouble you any more!"

"I vish I was back in my countree, too," sighed the other softly, and two big tears started in the brown eyes, and trickled slowly down the cheeks. "My father is ill, and needs me, and I cannot be with him; I feel as if I could have wings and fly, I long so much to go, but I must stay here and work. My 'eart is very sad, and sometimes I get cross—too cross, perhaps, because I cannot bear any more. Then you girls talk among yourselves and say, 'How she is bad-tempered, that Mademoiselle! How she is cross and strict!' That is what you say very often, n'est-ce pas?"

"We do!" replied Pixie frankly. It was one of the Irishisms which amused her companions that she never by any chance gave a simple "Yes" or "No" in reply to a question. It was always "I am!" "I will!" "I do!" as the case might be. "We do!" she replied now, and then hastened to soften the admission by a coaxing, "But I wouldn't be troubling meself about that, if I were you, for they don't mind it a bit. I drew a picture of you the other day with a bubble coming out of your mouth, and 'Bow-wow-wow,' written on it like a dog, because you are always barking, but there isn't a bite in ye, and all the girls say you aren't half as bad as the Mademoiselle who was here before!"

Well! There are some conditions of mind when we are thankful for the smallest grain of comfort, and Mademoiselle smiled and flicked the tears from her eyes.

"They are too kind! I am much obliged, but another time when I 'bark' as you call it, you will perhaps remember that your teachers are like yourselves, and 'ave the same feelings. When you come first to school you have to be comforted because you are 'ome-sick, but we are 'ome-sick too,

and when you get bad news you cry, and are excused your work, but we must go on the same as before; and if it is difficult to learn your lessons, it is also difficult to teach! Well, now you may go! You will remember not to be rude to Mademoiselle again, eh?"

She held out her hand, smiling more brightly this time, and Pixie seized it eagerly.

"I will! And I hope your father will get well soon. You will see him at Christmas, and that isn't very long now; only forty-eight days to-morrow. I mark them off on my calendar."

"No, that is so sad, I shall not see him until summer! He is going to my brother in Italy, where it is warm and sunny, and it is too far for me to go there with him. It costs too much money, and the little house in Paris will be shut up till he returns, so I must stay in England all through the dark, long winter, when the sun never shines, and I shiver, shiver, shiver all day and all night! I shall forget what it is like to be warm before the spring arrives!"

Pixie rubbed the cold hands with a sympathetic touch, but she made no remark, and presently went from the school-room to rejoin her companions and make the most of the hours which still remained, while Mademoiselle went wearily on with the task of correction. She forgot all about her own complaints of cold, but when she retired to bed that night a delightful surprise was in store, for the sheets were warm instead of cold, and her chilled feet came in contact with something soft and hot, which proved upon examination to be an india-rubber water-bottle incased in a flannel bag. Mademoiselle drew a long gasp of rapture, and nestled down again with a feeling of comfort to which she had long been a stranger. A day or two earlier, Miss Phipps had spoken of the necessity of putting more coverings on the beds as the frost had set in unusually early, and Mademoiselle sleepily attributed this new comfort as another instance of the Principal's consideration for her assistants. She felt certain that it must be so, as night after night the welcome warmth was in waiting, and more than once determined to express her appreciation, but life was busy, and there was such an accumulation of work as the period of examination approached, that there seemed no time to speak of anything but school affairs.

(*To be continued.*)



OUTSIDE THE IRONING ROOM.

MY LAUNDRY.

BY A LAUNDRESS.

PART II.

THE next book we look at is a very ponderous one—the customers' large account-book. As soon as the customers' private account-books are made up, the amount is entered in this book; then in the next column if it is paid, or, if not, it is carried on into a further column as still due, and then the next week's work added to it. In our laundry we are extremely fortunate in hardly ever having a bad debt. But most tradespeople suffer a great deal from the dishonesty of their customers. Here is another book in which all the petty cash entries are made. And here is our cash-book in which all our big accounts are kept. But we have spent long enough over the books, let us come down and inspect the actual work. We pass our manageress's cosy little sitting-room, and through the room where the soap is piled up in high stacks, and where there are great bags of starch and soda, then through the little house-kitchen with its gas-stove, out into the yard. Here to our left is the wash-house. The work is sorted first in the room down there, which is surrounded with bins. Each article is put with its own kind—sheets with sheets, best body-linen with best body-linen, and each piece is carefully inspected to see that it bears the laundry mark, unless the owner's initials or name in full are clearly marked on it. The laundry mark is a number carefully put in with coloured cotton. When a pile of one article is ready, it is placed on the trolley and wheeled into the wash-house. The great washing machine is half full of water, in which has been placed soap and soda. The clothes are put in, and the machine is set going; the water is kept running in and out through the holes in the machine, and the clothes clean themselves by knocking against each other and by the action of the water. In about twenty minutes the machine is stopped, the clothes are taken out, placed on a tray, and carefully examined. If anything is not



OUTSIDE VIEW OF THE WASH-HOUSE AND BACK OF THE MANAGERESS'S HOUSE.

quite clean, it is handed to a woman, and is finished by hand. The clothes are rinsed in several waters and boiled while still in the machine; they then have the water squeezed out of them by being put through two india-rubber rollers, then through the blueing-tub, and then into the hydro-extractor. Now, a hydro is a wonderful piece of machinery; it is like a round tub standing on a stem of iron, and the clothes are carefully packed into it, and the water is extracted by the rate at which it whizzes round. The clothes are removed nearly dry; if the weather is fine, they are then hung up on lines on the drying green; if wet, they are placed in the hot-air closet. When almost dry they are taken down, damped by the preparer, and rolled down ready for the ironers. The body-linen is mangled, and, if the customers like it, the frills are starched. Shirt-fronts are very carefully starched—collars, cuffs, table-linen, dresses; but some of the things, such as handkerchiefs, are given straight into the hands of the girls at the calender. The calender is a great round cylinder, which is heated by steam. It is first covered with a blanket, then a linen sheet, and it irons all the flat articles which come into the laundry. Two girls stand as feeders at one side, and two others as receivers at the other. The feeder puts the article in; it is taken out by the girl at the other side and returned to her, as each article has at least to go twice through the machine. The second time it comes out most perfectly ironed, and is then folded up.

The clothes go through the laundry in what is called journeys. Perhaps four or five journeys will go through a laundry during a week. The first journey arrives at the laundry on Saturday night, and the customers who send their clothes in this journey receive 5 per cent. off their accounts. The sorters are thus able to begin their work quite early on Monday morning, and this journey is returned on Wednesday. The next journey comes in on Monday morning, and is returned on Thursday, and so on. Let us follow the work. It is carried away on trays from the ironing-room, and handed through a window into the packing-room. Three or four packers are busy sorting it as it arrives. Each customer in this first journey has her own bin with her name written over it, and the finished work is carefully put into it. When the bin looks full, the packer gets a covered hamper out, lines it with white packing-paper, and begins to pack it. She first places sheets and all heavy articles at the bottom, strapping them down with a wicker-work tray, on which she places the light and delicate articles. Each article is ticked off in the customer's book as it is placed in the basket, and then in her own book the packer writes "complete," if everything has come to hand, or, if not, she notes down what article is missing. The hamper is then fastened down, and a label with the customer's name and address attached to it. The van comes up to the door, the finished hampers are hoisted on to it, and away goes the first journey.

Such then is the busy routine of work which, week after week, is enacted in our laundry. With all its many workers, and all its different departments, it is quite a little world in itself, and under us, the owners, our manageress reigns supreme. It is she who engages or dismisses the hands; it is in her power to give a good or bad tone to the whole laundry. She walks about and looks after everyone; she is here, there, and everywhere. When the work is going smoothly, she goes flying off for a spin on her bicycle, or for a walk down into the town. She confided to me the other day that she loved working-days more than holidays; she liked to feel that she could run in from her sitting-room and find the laundry all one busy beehive better than on holidays, when she walked in and found it all deserted. Why more ladies do not take up this work and become manageresses, I fail to understand. Fancy ruling a little kingdom of men and women! Think of the infinite good a God-like woman in a position like this might accomplish. Swearing, cursing, drinking would melt away in the presence of a lady. Unless you have worked in a laundry, perhaps you can hardly understand what a lady's influence can do. These poor good-hearted women all try to live up to her standard; they want to please the lady who is set over them. Sometimes they will be very tiresome, and "try it on" to see whether their work is carefully inspected; but any woman who will throw herself into their lives and try to understand them will soon get on with them. One must not come to them with ready-made thoughts about them; each woman has her own character, her own individuality, and if you come to her with an open mind she is well worth studying, and you will soon get to understand her.

I wish I could show you the packing-room with one of the journeys all ready in the bins, crisp from the hands of the ironers—the lovely blouses and pinafores, and beautiful underlinen hanging round. The lace all beautifully goffered, and the collars and cuffs shining with gloss, and all so pure and white, because you know we pride ourselves on the colour of our linen. To my washer-woman's eyes, it is a sight worth seeing.

Once a week a lady comes and reads and sings to our women while they are busy at their work. During the winter we have a grand treat for them; and the ironing-tables are loaded with food, and the crackers are banging in all directions; and after tea we play games, blow feathers on sheets amid shouts of laughter, and we have music and singing. Yes, there is no doubt about it, I am very fond of our laundry, and it would be a big miss in my life now if I had not got it! Of course, it has not always run so smoothly as it does now; sometimes it has nearly turned my hair grey with worry. Fancy going to visit it, and looking up as you walked down the street, and seeing no smoke or steam coming out of your chimneys, and getting nearer and hearing no whizz of machinery, and meeting on the threshold a despairing manageress, who told you the water-company had turned off the water from the main, owing to the breaking of some pipe, and for hours all your washing was at a standstill! We have guarded against such accidents now; we have a very large tank of water as a reservoir, and soon we shall have a well of our own. Then another day something snapped in our machinery, and work was again delayed until it could be repaired. But with all its anxieties and ups-and-downs, it is an interesting trade.

It is so amusing to go to one of the great laundry exhibitions. You walk up to a stall, and look at some new machine. You speak to the man in charge, and he answers you rather lazily, as he thinks a lady like you can't be worth taking trouble with; you are not likely to give an order for a machine. By some question you display a knowledge of the trade, then he begins to wake up. At last he asks, "Are you a laundry proprietor?" And now, all alive with interest, he is your servant, to explain anything or do whatever you may wish.

But I must bring my paper to a close, else you will weary of my trade; and may I say one last word in closing? In laying such great stress upon the necessity of occupation for women, I do not wish to undervalue one iota the great and high calling of the wife and mother. But all women, either by their own inclinations or by the circumstances of their lives, do not find themselves called to this highest work of womanhood—the education of their own children. At any rate, it would hurt no woman to learn and thoroughly master some profession, because often, even after she marries, time hangs heavily on her hands, and most women are only too thankful to have some occupation to fall back upon—some way in which, if they wanted to, they could earn their own living.

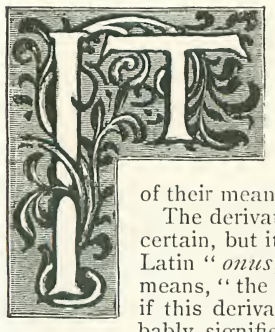
Girls, we have but one life to live—make the most of it. Let us be up and doing, fill it full of useful occupations, live and work for others, and in thus losing your own life, you will find it.

HONOUR.

By ELIZABETH A. S. DAWES, M.A., D.Litt.

"It is bravery, truth and honour, loyalty and hard work, each man at his post, which makes this planet inhabitable."—*Augustine Birrell.*

"Honour binds a woman too."—*Anthony Hope.*



is always best, when speaking about some abstract subject, to begin by finding out, as far as we can, the real original meaning of the word, for, as Ruskin says, we should "get into the habit of looking intensely at words and assuring ourselves of their meaning."

The derivation of the word "honour" is uncertain, but it seems to be connected with the Latin "*onus*," a burden, or, as it sometimes means, "the duties incumbent on a person"; if this derivation be correct, "honour" probably signifies the qualities which should be possessed by every person who has "burdens" to carry and duties to perform.

Now, even with derivation to help us, it is extremely difficult to explain exactly what is meant by "honour," for it has many ingredients, of which the chief are perhaps the three qualities which Birrell places as its collaterals—namely, truth, bravery, and loyalty. As these are qualities within the reach of everyone, it follows that honour too is a quality which can, and should, be possessed by all—it must not be looked upon as an attribute pertaining only to people of high position, or at any rate only to men and boys, for it is attainable by all, whether male or female, of high or low rank in life, and of whatever age.

Yet even this analysis of honour is by no means an exhaustive or exact explanation of what this quality is—its perfume is so subtle, and its essence so intangible that it would be practically impossible to convey a true idea of its nature to anyone who had been brought up in utter ignorance of its existence.

The French poet, De Vigny, says, "*L'honneur c'est la poésie du devoir*," which, freely paraphrased, means that honour casts the halo of poetry over our duties—it is the feeling which prompts us to do no word or deed which is unworthy of our standing and the ideal of our vocation, to do the work that falls to our lot, not in a perfunctory, superficial manner, but as well as we possibly can, never to betray any trust that is reposed in us, to be as the Psalmist says, a man "who sweareth unto his neighbour and disappointeth him not, though it were to his own hindrance."

Now, it is frequently said that girls have little or no sense of honour, and without stopping to show the inaccuracy of this statement, it may not come amiss to any of us to spend a few minutes in the consideration of this element, which helps so much towards making plain duties and irksome responsibilities no longer plain or irksome, but matters of pride and delight.

It is not only in military and naval service, or in the performance of public or great duties, that honour is to be observed, but even in the little details of everyday life, and thus women, even those who chiefly spend their lives in a quiet home-circle, have plenty of opportunities for maintaining and exhibiting a sense of honour.

For instance, we show that we have a keen sense of honour if, like Amiel, we not only feel, but also act as if we felt that "a duty is no sooner divined than from that very moment it becomes binding upon us"; for neglect of evident duties is in itself a dishonourable proceeding; and then when we have recognised our duties and proceed to fulfil them in the way honour bids us, that is, carefully, lovingly, and to the very best of our ability, then we shall walk brightly and contentedly along our appointed path and realise the truth of what a great worker has said, namely, that "Duty is so divine a thing, of so satisfying an essence, that like the magic tent in the *Arabian Nights*, it can shrink to the narrow limits of a sempstress's attic, or expand to the dimensions of a mighty empire, sheltering as impartially within its content-breathing folds the lowly ones of the earth as it does the wearied kings and rulers who have chosen it for their roof-tree."

Such a manner of observing and fulfilling duties is not always easy, but, if it were easy, it would not be so desirable, and it is quite wonderful with what different eyes we shall look upon our incumbent duties, if, whilst performing them, we look up at the stars and have constantly ringing in our minds, *L'honneur c'est la poésie du devoir!*

A tender, sensitive conscience may then be reckoned as the prime requisite for him who would understand "honour" aright.

The other ingredients in this composite and complex quality we can now examine singly, and the first, as said above, is truth.

Truth, absolute truthfulness, there must be in the boy or girl who aims at being really "honourable," for "honour permits neither equivocation nor compromise." In little as well as in big matters, the truth must be observed and upheld at all costs. But not such truthfulness as only consists in speaking the truth when questioned, or in acting truthfully when under the eyes of criticism—no, that would be but a beggarly pittance of truthfulness, not sufficient as a dowry for him who wishes to be clad in the pure robes of "honour." Honour requires us to be truthful to ourselves, and not willingly to cause others to think about us that which is not true. For example, boys and girls who run into debt whilst their parents imagine they have a sufficient allowance to pay for all that they require, may perhaps urge the excuse afterwards that they would have said they were contracting debts if they had been asked. This may be true, but would it not have been more in accordance with honour to have confessed the ugly truth without being asked? Surely they were living an untruth, if not saying one.

So too at school, if the rules forbid talking during certain hours, or work is given to be done without help of any kind, talking may be indulged in, or the work may be done with the help of a book many and many a time without its being known or found out, and the mistresses be left to suppose that all is well. But can such conduct be said in any way to be honourable? To break a rule, or in a moment of weakness to grasp at illegal help may well be condoned, if the culprit confesses and is really sorry for his fault, but to persist in wrong-doing on the sly and never say a word about it, nay rather wilfully to give a false impression by carefully doing what is right when the mistress is present—this, indeed, shows a total lack of honour.

From these examples we see that besides truth, bravery also is required to be honourable, for to do one's duty well, and fearlessly to speak and act the truth, often requires much bravery.

In olden times it was held that to maintain his honour, a soldier must fight to the death rather than surrender, even though it caused the needless expense of many lives; and nowadays still it is certain that no soldier, however truthful, would be considered to have preserved his honour if at the very outset of the battle he surrendered without striking a blow. Thus bravery must accompany truth.

Further still, loyalty must be joined to the others, loyalty which means not only fidelity and devotion to your God and your country, your king and your church, but also to your sex, to your home, to your work, to your school, college or profession.

For it can scarcely be accounted honourable to disparage or impede the work of any body to which you yourself belong; as anyone anxious never to let stain or smirch sully her own honour would, as a natural consequence,

not wish any stain to rest on the honour of a society of which she is a member. And it is in this point perhaps that girls and women fail—they do not always maintain the honour of their sex as they should, they are apt to censure and condemn where they ought to help and conceal.

From these remarks, short and unsatisfactory as they must needs be, when the subject is one that is so difficult to define or describe, you will gain, we hope, at least a workable and fairly clear idea of what honour really means, for hardly any other word is as often misapplied and misused. No one can maintain another person's honour. We must each individually do our utmost to keep our own honour clean and bright, as also the honour of any body to which we belong, and to do this each man or woman must remain at his or her post, not forsake it for another's, and there by bravery, truthfulness, loyalty, and a conscience quick to divine and eager to fulfil its duties, ever hold high the standard of honour, which held thus aloft will shed its own soft, peculiar radiance on him who, through all danger and difficulty, never lets it fall.

NANCE LOVEL.

By JEAN COURTENAY.



"GILES CONOLLY JOINED HER, AND REMAINED SILENT FOR A MINUTE OR TWO, WATCHING HER EARNEST FACE."

CHAPTER II.

ALL had been settled. Dr. Lovel had gladly given his consent to Mrs. Sinclair's proposal, though both he and his wife knew well how different the home would be without their bright unselfish Nance. The girl's own scruples had been at last overcome, for she could not bear to go while Audrey was left at home, though Audrey, a very quiet dreamy girl, seemed in no hurry to leave the calm placid life of Meriton.

Now, on this fine warm May morning, Nance woke wondering for a moment where she was; then looking out of her window, she caught her breath in astonishment, as the wonderful beauty of the mountains appeared before her, with the deep blue-green of the pine woods encircling their base and stretching up as it seemed with clinging arms that yet dared not approach too close to the spotless purity of those dazzling summits. There was the little river, rushing, foaming—not clear and brown as the Meriton stream, but milk-white in the sunshine, and grey-green in the shadows, bearing its snow-water from the icy glaciers down to the lower and warmer valleys. She heard the musical sounds of the sheep and cow-bells tinkling in

varying tones, as the flocks were driven up to the mountain pastures; the whole scene was fresh and exquisite in its strangeness, and she knew she was at the lovely Engadine village of Pontresina.

Dressing quickly, she hastened to Mrs. Sinclair's room to offer her any help she might require. And as she dressed, her thoughts were busy. How wonderful it had all been! The long journey to Dover, which alone carried her further from the dear home ones than she had ever been before; the quick delightful crossing to Calais, the day and night at Paris, where all had seemed so bright and fresh for a great city; and then on again with constant change of interest to Bâle, and after a night's rest in the funny-looking but comfortable German beds on once again towards Lucerne. It was during that day's journey that she first caught sight of the mountains, and already they felt like old and faithful friends. Then came the glorious scenery of the St. Gothard railway with its marvels of engineering skill and patience, its wonderful tunnels, and the awe-inspiring St. Gothard Tunnel itself. Backwards and forwards she had rushed, now exclaiming at some peak appearing high among the clouds, now at a rushing waterfall over which the train passed, now at some peep of fairy-like loveliness in the valley so far beneath them. And then her thoughts bounded on into Italy, or at least into the borderland of that fairest country; she saw Lugano with its lovely lake and mountains, the latter terraced with vineyards far up their steep sides; she gazed once more on Sal Salvatore lifting its head so proudly to the skies, while Paradiso nestled at its feet. She passed in spirit to Menagio on Lake Como, and once more saw the grey-green of the olive leaves above her head as she paced among the gnarled trunks at Bellagio; again she felt the drenching spray as the waves on the stormy lake swept the deck of the little packet boat that carried the Sinclairs and herself down the mountain-girded coast; and lastly with a sigh of pleasure at the very memory of its beauty, came the drive of many hours from interesting but dangerous Chiavenna, through the woods and mountains ever mounting and mounting through the meadows like living carpets of brightest tinted flowers, over the Maloya Pass zigzagging to its height, into the Engadine itself, till after skirting the sapphire lakes of Sylva Plana and St. Moritz, they had clattered up the little narrow street of Pontresina, and had arrived at their destination, the Hotel Saratz, last evening.

Evelyn Sinclair had taken very little notice of her, but Mrs. Sinclair had been most grateful for her care and attention, and Nance was only too pleased to be of use.

What a charming bright face it was, and how eagerly the merry eyes looked at everything, while the ruddy curls caught the sunlight streaming through one of the long windows of the large room, and gleamed like burnished copper. So thought Giles Conolly, a young Englishman who was breakfasting at a table near. He found himself listening for the sweet cheery voice through all the other sounds, and its silvery tones seemed to thrill his very heart.

As they rose from the table Mrs. Sinclair dropped her handkerchief, and Conolly hastened after them and returned it, receiving in reward a swift glance from the blue eyes that made his face bright.

Who were they? The visitors' list in the hall would tell him. Yes, here they were, "Mrs. Sinclair, Miss Sinclair, Miss Lovel!" Miss Sinclair must be the tall dark girl he had seen last night with them, and his little friend (for so he thought of her already) must be Miss Lovel—why, she looked like love personified.

Giles Conolly was a tall, broad-shouldered man of about six-and-twenty, with a clean-shaven face, dark grey eyes, and a proud firm mouth. He was studying for the Bar, but did not love his profession. His father and mother were both dead, and he had been spending all his vacations for the last five years with his old great-uncle, Sir James Stretton, who lived at Stretton Hall in Somersetshire. It seemed probable that he would be that uncle's heir, as his only child, a daughter, had offended her father by running away and marrying a man he strongly disliked, the result being that he closed his doors against them, and had never heard a word more about them since, and that was now some six-and-twenty years ago.

The days passed swiftly by, and Conolly, having won Mrs. Sinclair's heart by his courteous little attentions to her, now spent a great part of his time with the little party of three. He took them to all the beautiful spots in the neighbourhood, his chief pleasure being the rapt enjoyment that lay in Nance's deep blue eyes, so often raised in unconscious beauty to his grave face, because she always found him ready to sympathise with her unspoken thoughts. One day it was a drive to the beautiful Mortratsch Glacier, with its ice cave and little inn, where they had tea and admired the numerous St. Bernard dogs. Another day it was a walk along the exquisite Valley of Flowers, where the meadows were knee-deep in many-hued blossoms, and ever facing them was the glorious Roseg Glacier, with its monk-like face, and Nance was shown the difference between the monk when he had "shaved," or was "unshaven," so that when the snowflakes fell in the sudden mountain storms, she would merrily exclaim, "The Monk of Roseg is shaving."

Mrs. Sinclair's health was greatly improved by the pure mountain air, and her spirits, in Nance's gentle companionship, grew brighter. Evelyn had made several acquaintances, and was as little with her mother and Nance as possible, but when Conolly was to be there she always made one of the party. She liked him as well as her cold nature was capable of liking anyone, and for some time she hoped that it was admiration for her that brought him so often to their side, but her keen eyes soon found out his secret, and then she bitterly vowed to herself that he should never marry Nance Lovel if she could prevent it.

One day, in the early part of July, Nance received a letter from her mother, telling her of Audrey's engagement to a neighbouring vicar, and as the marriage was to take place in six weeks' time, Mrs. Lovel longed to have Nance home once more, and now wrote to know whether Mrs. Sinclair could spare her, and would allow her to return home at once. Mrs. Sinclair, who had become very fond of Nance, wept at the thought of losing her, but said of course she should go as soon as she could find someone returning to England who would take charge of her on the journey.

At table d'hôte dinner a night or two later, Nance's eyes were everywhere trying to fix everything in her memory, so that she might be able to tell all the dear ones at home.

The long bare room, with its two narrow tables running the whole length each side, and the smaller ones between. Her own table, the "English" one, with its flowers at intervals, which Evelyn and her friends had arranged in alternate soup plates and beer glasses. Genial, white-haired Mr. Harrison at the head, with his velvet coat and button-hole; next to him on one side, herself; opposite her, Giles Conolly; then next to her Mrs. Sinclair and Evelyn, while opposite again was a wealthy American lady, whose slightly nasal tones carried far her favourite remark, "That's so." Then came a distinguished member of the diplomatic service, his curious head, and keen impassive face—in which only the eyes seemed alive—of an extreme pallor, made him noticeable at once. Still further down was a well-known archdeacon from England, who was chatting brightly with his daughter and two very pretty girls, who were friends. Then came a Cambridge professor, shy and retiring, and so on, and so on. From the other long table came a continuous clatter of knives and forks, and a babel of tongues, for that was the "German table," and there were weighty discussions proceeding there, while every course was thoroughly enjoyed. Should she ever be able to make the others at home see it all through her eyes? What stories she would have for the children.

When the last course was over a general move was made, and Mrs. Sinclair went into the small inner drawing-room to rest quietly a little while. Evelyn had gone to the piano in the larger room, and was now playing brilliantly to a circle of friends. Nance slipped quietly out on to the balcony, to look once more at the lovely scene, and as she

stood there Giles Conolly joined her, and remained silent for a minute or two, watching her earnest face. He had just heard from Mrs. Sinclair of Nance's sudden summons home, and his heart was beating fast as he looked at the small childish figure and winsome face that had taken such sure possession of his deepest love. At last he broke the silence—

"I have just heard that you are leaving us to-morrow, Miss Lovel; we shall miss you sorely."

Nance tried to smile, but her lips were not very steady, and there was a dreadful ache in her own heart at the thought of leaving everybody, of course, only for some reason or other she seemed to see everybody in the one figure at her side.

"Yes," she said softly, "mother needs me, and I have had such a beautiful holiday that I shall go home a very grateful girl."

The blue eyes were raised to his for a moment, and a rebellious tear slipped out of one and rolled down her cheek. Giles saw it, and his face grew tender.

"Nance," he whispered, "do you at all know what you are to me? Darling, do you love me a little?"

Before Nance could answer him even by a look, a cold clear voice broke upon their ears.

"Nance, my mother wants you," and Evelyn Sinclair entered the balcony, then apparently observing Conolly's presence for the first time, she continued in a softer tone, "Oh, I did not see you, Mr. Conolly. Please do not move. I only want this silly child who is trying to catch cold out here."

Nance slipped away, and Conolly, inwardly wishing Miss Sinclair anywhere, was detained in conversation by her for the next few minutes.

"What a child Nance Lovel looks," she said sweetly.

"And is, in many ways," replied Giles dreamily.

"Nay, there I cannot agree with you, Mr. Conolly," said Evelyn, with an assumed sadness. "Much as I dislike speaking unkindly of anyone, I feel the truth should at all costs always be known, and in this case Nance Lovel is not by any means so innocent and childlike as she wishes to appear."

"What do you mean?" asked Conolly, his thoughts still lovingly hovering round his little love, and hardly taking in the sense of Evelyn's words.

"Please do not hate me for opening your eyes then," said Evelyn, "but she is a terrible flirt. I have often felt deeply grieved for poor Jack Lovel lately, when I have seen her evident attempts to gain your affections."

"Jack Lovel!" cried Giles, wide awake now. "Who is he?"

"So she has never even mentioned him. Really, it is too bad of Nance. He is her cousin, and at home they are inseparable," and Evelyn's black eyes flashed ominously, for she had a great admiration for handsome Jack herself, and was very jealous of Nance's influence over him.

"Do you mean to tell me that they are engaged?" said Conolly sternly.

"I have never been actually told so," replied Evelyn, and then with the thought in her mind "in for a penny, in for a pound," she added, "but I quite expect there is a private understanding between the young people. I must go to my mother now, Mr. Conolly. Good night—you will not think hardly of me for speaking, will you?"

"Truth is always best, even when most unpalatable," Conolly brusquely replied, and with a brief handshake Evelyn departed. As she went upstairs there was a triumphant gleam of malicious pleasure in her black eyes, and she thought, "How fortunate I was within ear-shot when he began to speak. Ha, ha, Miss Nance, I have put an end to your love-making for a time." And she went to bed and slept very much like an innocent girl would do.

(*To be continued.*)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

MODESTY *inquires the difference between knowledge and wisdom, quoting Tennyson's words from "Locksley Hall":*

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."

Wisdom is more than knowledge, and may be defined as applied knowledge; knowledge used in the right way. Book-learning will give knowledge; it is not sufficient to give wisdom. Cowper says—

"Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own."

A man may possess a great deal of information, and yet not be wise; for he may not understand how best to use his acquired knowledge, how to reflect upon it, or how to rate it at its true value. Yet without knowledge he cannot be wise. Knowledge, in short, does not necessarily imply wisdom, but wisdom does imply some knowledge; therefore wisdom is the greater of the two. As in the history of the race, so in the history of the individual:

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."

Knowledge comes first, wisdom comes later on, when knowledge has been assimilated, and tempered by experience. For instance, scientific knowledge initiates mankind into the laws of explosives. Wisdom, at some far distant day, may show men that the knowledge of these laws can be better applied than in blowing their fellow-creatures to atoms. This is merely one example out of many that will occur to the reader.

Some quaint words of Quarles may help to throw light on this question:—

"Knowledge descries alone, wisdom applies;
That makes some fools, this maketh none but wise."

"Knowledge, when wisdom is too weak to guide her,
Is like a headstrong horse that throws the rider."

Cowper shows another aspect of the distinction we are trying to explain in the lines:—

"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

And from Archdeacon Hare we have a beautiful and true thought:—

"Knowledge is the parent of love; wisdom, love itself."

"TO THE EDITOR.

"Sir,—In answer to "Princess," p. 575 of the July "G. O. P." I notice you say, 'Neither we nor anyone else can tell you what became of Noah's Ark.'

"It may interest your readers to hear that Professor Bryce—now the Right Honourable—states in one of his books that he ascended Mount Ararat to a greater height than any previous explorer, his Arab guides refusing, because of the rarity of the atmosphere, to accompany him. And there he saw an enormous piece of wood, which he believes, as he can in no other way account for its being there, to be the remains of Noah's Ark. He brought a piece down with him, and experts declared it to be gopher wood. I believe it is now in some museum.

"Yours faithfully,

"M. S. LONGMORE.

"No. VI. Nelson's Royal Readers, I am told, relates Mr. Bryce's account of his ascent and discovery."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

BOOKY (Cannanore, India).—The drawings you enclose are very good indeed, considering that you are entirely self-taught. We should advise you to persevere. The books you mention are capital, and in default of personal instruction you cannot do better than use them. We do not see any reason why you should postpone the attempting of figure studies. You say, "Of course I copy everything from the flat," but it would be a good thing for you to try model drawing by the help of the rules of perspective. Take anything ready to your hand, as a book, a cup, a tumbler, a flower-pot, and try to make a copy of it on paper. We consider that it is very desirable you should take a few lessons at least from a teacher.

F. H.—We have read your friend's story, "Ambition," and like it. The sketch shows insight and sympathy, and is by no means commonplace. We should demur to a fault here and there in the *technique*. "One of those so like so many of their sisters" is an awkward expression. The reader should not be suddenly addressed as "you" offhand. "Many stories were sent back, for nothing got printed" is surely an unnecessarily full statement. The end sounds unfinished, and we think it would have been better to show more plainly that the heroine's death followed on the event chronicled. Yet we repeat our praise; the story is pathetic and interesting in its substance, and the defects of form are not serious.

A. A. M.—We thank you for sending "A Song of Springtime." But it is not nearly so good as the work we have already seen of yours. Perhaps this is because you wrote it at our suggestion, and it is therefore rather ungracious to criticise it; you may also have thought that the description of the "birdies" would lend itself well to music. But what attracted our friend in your former composition was a poetic mystical note, which you will yourself perceive is lacking in these lines.

NERINA.—The poems you send show inexperience in the art of composition. In "Clouds" the metre changes at verse 6, and is quite different in the last verse from what it is in the first. These lines each occupy the same position (second) in the verse; but you can surely hear that they are not alike in cadence.

"Flitting across the sky so blue."

"Thro' the rosy hue gleam white."

The same criticism is applicable to the second poem: see verse 5. "Dearliest" is not an allowable expression. You must not be distressed at our criticism, for it is very difficult to write good verse. We are glad to have your letter and to hear that THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER has been of service to you.

MADEMOISELLE INQUISITIVE.—We can never insert a request in "next Wednesday's (?) paper." You would probably obtain what you need at any Oriental shop in London, and doubtless by the time this answer appears you will have gratified your curiosity.

GIRLIE.—The "Ode to a Garden Seat" expresses feelings with which we can well sympathise; but truth compels us to state that they are not expressed very poetically. "Form" and "gone" do not rhyme; and you should not repeat "thee" to rhyme with itself. Your elegy on Queen Victoria contains loyal sentiments; but here again we have imperfect rhymes: *e.g.*, "home" and "throne," "time" and "thine," and "mundi" is a quite impossible rhyme to "die." Many thanks for your kind letter from North America.

MADAME THIBAULT (France).—We are sorry that we must refer your son to the columns of the *Boy's Own Paper;* but if you personally wish to advertise for post-cards under "International Correspondence," you can do so on the usual terms.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

A CONSTANT READER is again answered, this time from Queensland. OLEANDER refers her extract to *The Disciples*, by Mrs. Hamilton King, page 118 of the sixteenth edition.

OLEANDER thinks that MRS. M. E. HILL will find that George Eliot wrote the poem "Stradivarius."

ANNIE wishes to know the author, and whereabouts, of two poems, "Story of a Miniature" and "In the Usual Way."

MISS MABEL ENTWISTLE, William Street, Darwen, Lancashire, would like to lend pianoforte music or songs, half a dozen or so at a time for, say, a month, in exchange for a loan in kind. Readers willing to enter into such an arrangement are requested to write to her for details, as the whole statement she sends is too long for our available space.

L. S. P. is anxious to discover the answer to this riddle, over fifty years old—

"I'm the sweetest of voices in orchestra heard,
And yet in an orchestra never have been;
I have wings like a bird, yet less like a bird
Nothing in nature has ever been seen;
No feet I possess, yet I run, swim and fly,
In air I expire, in water I die;
The darkness destroys me, the light is my death,
You can't keep me alive but by stopping my breath.
If I cannot be guessed by boy or by man,
By girl or by woman I easily can."

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

M. B. (*Teaching in an English Board School*).—You might apply to the Clerk of the London School Board, Victoria Embankment, London, asking him whether there are any vacancies for supply teachers. But you must specify what examinations you have passed in Australia. You may probably find it necessary to take the Queen's Scholarship Examination. Vacancies for pupil teachers are frequently advertised in the *Schoolmaster* and *Schoolmistress*.

ARGENTINA (*Hospital Training at Bedford*).—Unhappily, you are too young. By the time you have completed your stay in England you will only just be qualified to enter the Bedford County Hospital, where the lowest age for admission is twenty-two. It seems a pity that you should lose the advantage of these two years in England. What would probably be best is that you should attend some good classes in hygienic subjects. Perhaps the matron of the hospital we have named could inform you what facilities for this exist in Bedford, or otherwise you could apply to Frank Spooner, Esq., Shire Hall, Bedford, who is the local member of the Association of Directors and Organising Secretaries for Technical and Secondary Education.

SECRETARY.—Under the circumstances you describe, we cannot at all advise you to seek a secretaryship. The competition is most severe in this calling, and only those succeed who can take down notes rapidly in shorthand, which anyone hearing imperfectly could scarcely manage. It is just possible that if you became a very good accountant you could get work as a book-keeper; but otherwise we recommend some of the domestic employments, as there are never too many applicants for work of this description.

CARAMINTA (*Training in Cookery*).—To be trained as a teacher of cookery at a first-rate institution such as the National Training School of Cookery, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., would occupy forty weeks and cost £35. A pupil wishing to become a cook could take the "Cordon Bleu" course of training; this would cost £40 and occupy forty weeks. But many ladies wishing to become private cooks are content with a much briefer and less expensive (and also, of course, less thorough) training, by taking simply a short course of lessons at any school of cookery, private or public. Many of the technical institutes offer elementary teaching which is sufficient to provide an introduction to a cook's duties. In answer to your other question, we think your friend might quite well go as nurse into such an establishment as you describe, but we think there ought to be some older woman at the head of the house in the position of housekeeper. She should hardly let herself be called the housekeeper.

LASS O' CAMBRIA (*How to Obtain an Engagement in Germany or Austria*).—You could not easily obtain a good engagement as English teacher and companion unless you went to live for a time in either Berlin or Vienna. In Berlin you could go to the British and American Governesses' Home, 22, Kleinbeerenstrasse; and in Vienna to the Home for British Governesses, 16, Weinburg-gasse. Miss Baillie, Victoria House, Trattnerhof, Vienna, can sometimes advise English-women about employment abroad. If you go out as companion, you must be prepared to be asked to do much more in the way of domestic work than you would be at home. Situations in the families of the Continental nobility are not easy to get except for girls who have powerful recommendations from well-placed friends.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GEORGIO.—The pronunciation of English names is often arbitrary, and the spelling no guide to it. We can give you nearly a couple of dozen for your guidance. Abergaveny is pronounced Abergenny, Beauchamp as Beecham, Bollingbroke as Bullingbrook, Brougham as Broom, Bulwer as Buller, Cholmondely as Chumlee, Cirencester as Sissester, Cockburn as Coburn, Colquhoun as Cahoon, Cowper as Cooper (an exception being sometimes made, as in the poet's name), Gower as Gore (at least, so pronounced by the peer so named and his family), Grosvenor as Grovener, Hawarden as Harden, Knollys as Noles, Majoribanks as Marchbanks, Marylebone as Marrabun, Norwich as Norridge, Salisbury as Sawlsbery, St. Leger as Sillinger, Thames as Tems, and Wemys as Weems. There may be others, but these are the best known and most in use. People are very tenacious of the right pronunciation and correct spelling of their names; and the difference in a single letter may confound one family with another, who may be in no way related to each other; and to misname people is very ill-bred.

NEAT WAIST.—If you want to provide inexpensive stays for your servants, you have only to look into the cheap-shop windows, or go to some sale, of which many are always going on, and you will find the prices marked on them. Do not encourage anyone under your influence to lace tightly. It is a most pernicious habit, and interferes with the circulation and digestion, and gives a red nose in prospect, if not at once.

PROVERB.—(Do not expect) "an old head on young shoulders"; wear a mask of a nut-cracker face, and grey hair, or a scrap of white wool, and wear a small juvenile costume. "Cut your coat according to your cloth"; squeeze yourself into too tight a coat. "A stitch in time saves nine"; take a piece of knitting with a stitch dropped, or a sock with a "ladder" and a needle and darning cotton. "Half a loaf is better than no bread"; take the top off a little dinner roll, the shape of a loaf. Any of these would suit you for a "proverb-tea."

CHERRY RIPE.—We have not heard of the new "patent tennis-shoes." She might inquire at some of the first-class shoe-shops, where, if they had not got them, they might procure them if ordered.

KIDDIE would probably obtain the information she desires at a shop where the appliances are sold, or she might inquire at a librarian's for a book on the subject of outdoor games and reports published of lawn-tennis and other clubs.

BEA.—No wonder your goldfish die if you feed them on ants' eggs and watercress every day; perhaps also their basin is too small. Change the water once a week, and you may sprinkle a few breadcrumbs finely crumbled in the water. At the place where you bought them you should obtain information as to how they were fed before you got them.

DORA C. R.—There are several new and entertaining games, such as "Puff Billiards" and "Ping Pong." The prices of these are quite moderate, and they are considered very entertaining.

NANCY.—The best home-treatment of a child disposed to squint is to tie a ribbon across the good eye, and so oblige the other to do all the work and turn in every direction. Prevent the child from looking at near objects, such as picture-books or print.

A CONSTANT READER should take her query to whatever jeweller and goldsmith she or any of her family employ. There are secret methods of work in most trades, into which persons unconnected with them are not initiated.

A READER.—It is certainly not what is called "good form" to omit the prefix "Miss" on your visiting-card; nor to have a separate card from your mother's, on which your name should be engraved underneath hers.

NURSE SPENCER.—Your illustrated edition of the Bible Commentary by Mathew Henry we consider a valuable one. Perhaps the best librarian you could consult would be Quaritch, in Piccadilly; but you had better consult two or three, and ask them to call and see it. The freedom of the City is a distinction granted, not inherited; nor are women presented with it.

WHITE ROSE says, "I would like very much to have my planet read, if I knew where to get it done." We never heard that any planet could be "read," and cannot tell you where to apply. Perhaps the good folk who are trying to establish an interchange of communications with Mars might assist you in the matter.

DEAF GIRLS AMONG THE VINES.

THE unique and pretty picture on this page is reproduced from a photograph taken by one of the teachers at the California Institution for the Deaf and Blind. The girls are posed among the wistaria vines that clamber over a trellis just outside the entrance to the part of the building occupied by the deaf girls.

The girls represent many nationalities: one girl was born in Nova Scotia, two in England, one in Norway, two are "native" Californians (Mexican-Spanish stock), one is of negro descent, two are Jews, and so on. From their plump smiling faces, it is easy to see that the girls are well treated and happy. The American institutions for the afflicted are the best found and maintained in the world.



HOW HAPPY THESE POOR DEAF GIRLS LOOK!

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

BY MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

FLORA and Kate and Ethel were sitting with their class-mates discussing the day's work, and Pixie O'Shaughnessy had drawn her stool beside them, and was putting in a remark at every possible opportunity. It made her feel grown-up and important to join in the conferences of the older girls, and though in words they might say, "Run away, Pixie!" it generally happened that someone moved to the side of her chair to make an extra place, or that an arm stretched out to encircle the tiny waist. Even sixth form girls like to be amused occasionally as if they were ordinary mortals, and Pixie was welcomed because she made them laugh and forget their trials and troubles, in the shape of Latin and Euclid and German idioms which refused to be unravelled. Two or three of the older pupils were going in for the Cambridge Examination at Christmas, and all were looking forward to the school exams. at the end of the term, so that anxiety was heavy upon them.

"My brain feels like jelly! It won't work. I shall be getting softening of the brain at this rate!" sighed Flora, rubbing her cheeks up and down between her hands until she looked like a fat india-rubber doll. "I keep mixing things up until I don't seem to have a clear idea left, and my mother has set her heart on my taking a good place. She will look sad if I come out bottom, and I do hate and detest people looking sad! I would far rather they scolded, and were done with it!"

"My people don't worry their heads about lessons. They sent me to school because they think it polishes a girl, and rubs off the angles, don't you know!" said Lottie, with an air. She was the richest girl in the school,

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"SHE ALTOGETHER FORGOT TO RETURN HER BOW."

who took all the extras, and put her name down for every concert and entertainment, without thinking of the expense. Her parents had a house in town to which they came regularly every spring, during which season Lottie's friends received many delightful invitations. She had unlimited pocket-money also, and was lavish in gifts to those who happened to be in her favour, a fact which a certain number of girls found it impossible to banish from their minds, and thus Lottie held a little court over which she reigned as queen, while the more earnest-minded of the pupils adored Margaret, and would hear no one compared to the sweet "school-mother." Clara was a Margaret-worshipper, so she felt in duty bound to snub Lottie on this as on every possible occasion.

"I don't see much polish about *you!*" she retorted brutally. "And it's ridiculous to come to school at all, if you don't mean to work. If it's only 'pruins and prism' you want, why didn't you go to board with a dancing-mistress, and practise how to come in and out of a room, and bow to your friends, and cut your old schoolfellows when you meet them in the road? You'd find it useful, my dear!"

The last sentence was a deliberate hit, for a former pupil had reported that, during a visit to a well-known watering-place, when she herself was returning unkempt and sandy from a cockling expedition, she had come upon Lottie walking on the parade with a number of fashionable visitors, and that, after one hasty glance in her direction, Miss Lottie had become so wonderfully interested in what was going on at the other side of the road that she altogether forgot to return her bow. Needless to say, Lottie had been reminded more than once of this incident, so that even Pixie, the newest comer, was familiar with its incidents, though she could not bring herself to believe in such wilful deliberate snobbery. To-day, as Lottie flushed and Margaret looked a pained reproach, it was Pixie who rushed to the rescue, wriggling about in her seat, and clasping and unclasping her hands in the earnestness of her defence.

"Clara Montagu, you've no business accusing Lottie! You weren't there, so you can't tell! Perhaps the sun was in her eyes. You can't see a man from a woman when it's shining full in your face, though they may see you clear enough, and believe you're shamming. Or perhaps the dust was blowing. I've been blind meself with dust before now, and come into the house looking as though I'd been crying for weeks. Why should she pretend not to know a friend—least of all when she'd been cockling? 'Deed, I'd have been more affectionate than ever in the hope she'd have said, 'Help yourself, me dear! Lend me your handkerchief, and I'll give ye a nice little bundle to take home for your tea!"

The Margaret-girls gave a simultaneous shriek of laughter at the idea of Miss Lottie carrying a handkerchief full of cockles, and even the Lottie-girls smiled approvingly at the little speaker, for was she not advocating the position of their chief? Flora nodded encouragingly across the hearth and cried, "Good for you, Pixie! Never listen to second-hand stories against your friends!" And Kate added meaningly, "Go on believing in human nature as long as you can, my dear. You're young yet. When you are as old as I am, it will be time to open your eyes. But to go back to the last subject but one, don't you give way to nerves, girls, and begin worrying about the exams. already. I've noticed that just about the middle of the term there always comes a 'discouragement stage' to anyone who is anxious to do well. The first energy with which one begins work has worn off, and it is too soon for the final spurt, and there comes a dull flat time, when one worries and frets and gets down in the lowest depths of dumps. I spoke about it at home, and my father says every worker feels the same—artists when they are painting pictures, and authors when they are writing books. They have an idea, and set to work, all delight and excitement, believing that they are going to do the best thing they have ever done. For a little time all goes well, and then they begin to grow discouraged and worried, and think they might as well give it up at once, for it is going to be a dismal failure. They know something is wrong, but they can't see what it is, and they mope about, and don't know what to try next. Father told me a story about Millais, the man who painted 'Bubbles,' you know, and heaps of other beautiful things. He was so miserable about a picture once that he grew quite ill worrying about it. His wife tried to persuade him to leave it alone for a few days, and then take a rest; but, no, he would not hear of it, so one fine day, when he was out, she just took the law into her own hands and had it carried down and hidden in the cellar. When he came home he went straight to the studio, of course, and—my dears, I am glad I didn't happen to be in the house, that's all! I know what my father is like when he can't find a clothes-brush, or someone has moved the matches out of the dressing-room. Millais raged about like a wild animal, but his wife was quite firm and determined and wouldn't tell him where it was for several days. He was obliged to go out and interest himself in other ways, and when he was quite well again, she had the picture brought up, and he simply looked at it and laughed. He knew at once what was wrong and how to put it right."

"I say," cried Flora eagerly, "do tell that story to Miss Phipps! She might give us a week's holiday and send us to see the sights of London! Do, Kate! Get it up in French and tell it to-night at tea. You don't know how much good it might do!"

"It's a very good story, but I fail to see where the moral comes in. It hardly applies to us, I think," said Clara in her superior manner, and Kate breathlessly vindicated her position.

"Yes, it does—of course it does. It shows that this anxious stage is a natural thing which all workers have to live through, and even if we can't leave off lessons altogether, we can help ourselves by not giving way to nerves, but going steadily on knowing that we shall feel all right again in a few days. Besides, there's the Exeat coming—that will make a nice break."

"I never worry about lessons, do I?" cried Pixie, pluming herself complacently. The part of Kate's lecture which had dealt with over-anxiety about work had appealed with special force to one listener at least, and she who was delighted to find that she was free from any failing in one direction at least. "I never did. Miss Minnitt—that's the one who used to teach us—she said I never paid any attention at all. There was one day she was questioning me about grammar. 'Pixie O'Shaughnessy,' she says, 'you've been over this one page until it's worn transparent. For pity's sake,' she says, 'be done with it, and get on to something fresh. Let me see if you can remember to-day what I taught you yesterday afternoon. How many kinds of verbs are there?' 'There are two,' I said, and with that she was all smiles and noddings. 'So there are, now. You're quite right. And what will be their names?' 'Verb and adverb,' says I, quite haughty, and the howl that went out of her you might have heard from Cork to Galway! That was all the grammar she'd managed to teach me!"

"You don't know very much more now, do you, chicken?" said Margaret, bending her head so that her cheek rested upon the rough, dark head. "Just bring your books to me any time you get puzzled, and I'll try to make it clear. Talking of the term holiday, girls, it is time we began to make our plans. How many of you are going out? Lottie, are you? Clara? Kate? Pixie? We had better find out first how many will be here."

Clara had had hopes that the maiden lady with the appetite would rise to the occasion, but alas, she had betaken herself to stay with a relative. Pixie was sure that Jack could not spare time to have her for a whole day, and besides, she was going to have tea with him the Saturday before. All the girls seemed fated to spend the holiday at school save only the two sisters, Mabel and Violet, who, lucky creatures, were to be entertained by a kind aunt, taken to lunch in an hotel, to tea at Fuller's, and to choose their own entertainment for the afternoon. Lottie, as usual, was in luck's way.

"I am engaged for the evening!" she announced with a flourish. "I wrote home to my people about the holiday, and mother asked some friends to have me for part of the day. They are very grand people, and live in a mansion of a house—as big as six of these rolled into one. And they know all sorts of grand people! I am going to dinner, and it's most exciting, for I don't know whom I may meet!"

"The Duke and Duchess of York are at Sandringham! What a pity!" sighed Kate, the sarcastic. "It's so awfully trying to come down to Lords and Ladies, don't you know! You will hardly trouble to put on your best dress, I should think. The pea-green satin with the pink flounces will be good enough for them!"



"'WAS SHE EVARE LIKE THESE ENGLEESH?'"

The Margaret-girls laughed hysterically at this exhibition of wit, but Lottie's followers shot indignant glances across the room, and Pixie asked innocently—

"Have you got a pea-green satin, Lottie? And pink flounces to it? You will be fine. I have a little pink fan that I got out of a cracker last year, when there was company at the Chase. I'll lend it to you if you like, and then you'll be all complete!"

"Thank you, Pixie O'Shaughnessy, you are a kind little girl. I sha'n't want it this time, but I'll be sure to remind you when I do," replied Lottie with unusual warmth of manner, for the child's sincerity had touched a soft spot in her vain heart, and she had an increasing desire to include her in the number of her admirers.

Later on, when they were left alone together at the end of the schoolroom, she put her arm round the tiny waist, and said caressingly—

"Talking of party dresses, what are you going to wear on Tuesday evening? You have to put on your best things, you know, just as if you were going out?"

"Will I?" Pixie looked surprised, but absolutely unperturbed. "But I haven't a rag to my back but the black you see every night! Bridgie says, 'It's not likely you'll be visiting at Court until ye're education's finished, so,' says she, 'this old grenadine will see you through until the ship comes home from its next voyage. It's gone a long way this time,' says she, 'and between you and me, I expect the storms will swamp it, but I've taken the best pieces out of my old dress and Esmeralda's, and, barring the darn on the back seam, I defy ye to tell it from new!' So that's all I've got, as I told you before, and, party or no party, it will have to do."

Lottie looked at her in horrified sympathy, but not a sigh of regret clouded the beaming face; the head was tilting to and fro in its usual complacent fashion, the shabby little flounce of a skirt was whisking to and fro. Such a depth of poverty seemed incomprehensible to the child of wealthy parents, and she was moved to an unusual desire to help. Never before had she been known to lend one of her possessions to another girl, but now she said quite eagerly—

"I have a lace collar, Pixie—a very pretty collar—I'll lend it to you, and a white ribbon for your hair! It would lighten your dress wonderfully; and there is a brooch too, and a little gold bangle."

She paused, looking inquiringly to see the result of her offer, for one could not tell how such an offer might be received. Some girls might be pleased, others might consider it almost an insult, and she would be sorry to offend the funny little thing. But Pixie was not offended. She had too much of the O'Shaughnessy blood in her veins to object having things made easy for her at the expense of another, and she felt no embarrassment in taking the good things that came in her way.

"Oh, ye darlin'!" she cried rapturously. "Will ye lend them to me now, really? Think of me now with a bracelet on me arm, and a brooch at me neck! They wouldn't be knowing me at home. I wish to-day was Tuesday; and what shall we do with ourselves all the hours before it's time to dress up?"

Lottie referred the question to Margaret, who, as

head girl, had been busy thinking out plans for the enjoyment of her friends.

"I thought of asking if we might go to see the Cinematograph at the Polytechnic," she replied. "Miss Phipps promised to take us some day, and if we might do some shopping first, and have tea afterwards, it would be a delightful way of spending the afternoon. There is one thing that we must buy while we have the chance, and that's a present for Fräulein. Her birthday is next week, and she is such a kind old dear that she deserves something nice. I want at least a shilling from everyone, and as much more as they can afford. I wonder what we had better get?"

"I know what she would love. A scent-bottle for her dressing-table like the one Mademoiselle has. We could not afford one quite so good, but we could get a very nice size for about two pounds. One day when I was in Mademoiselle's room, Fräulein came in and took up the bottle, and began admiring it, and saying how nice it was to get presents which were good to look at, as well as to use. She has not many pretty things—poor Fräulein!—and I think she would really enjoy a little taste of luxury. Mademoiselle has her initials engraven on the glass, but that would be too expensive for us. We can have them on the stopper instead."

"And who gave Mademoiselle her bottle? Was it someone here?" asked Pixie curiously, and Kate tossed her head with an air of exaggerated dismay.

"My dear, how can you? Don't say that to Mademoiselle, I implore you! She would have a fit. We are all commoners, and English commoners at that, and the lady who gave her that precious bottle was Madame la Marquise de Something or other, the mother of her beloved pupil Isoult Andrée Adèle Marie Thérèse—the most perfect, and beautiful, and clever, and amiable *jeune fille* that was ever created!" Kate paused, hitched one shoulder to her ear, spread out her hands, and elevated her eyebrows in ridiculous mimicry of Mademoiselle's mannerisms. "Did she evare neglect her vork? *Jamais*, nevare! Did she evare forget that she was a *jeune fille*, and be'ave like a vild, rough boy? *Jamais, jamais!* Was she evare like these Engleesh—rude, impairtinent, disobedient? *Mais non!* Always the same—*cette ange*, the most wise, the most amiable! And when she has finished her education and made her *début*, to be the most beautiful and admired wherever she has gone, she has vept—vept, I tell you, to say *adieu* to her beloved Mademoiselle! And she has given her a chain for her neck, and Madame la Marquise that beautiful 'ansome botelle. Really, Pixie, you are behind the times if you don't know about Isoult. Just turn Mademoiselle on to her next time you are with her on the walk, and you won't have to exert yourself any more. She will sing her praises until you come in."

"I will," said Pixie sturdily. "And I'll see that bottle, too. I must see that bottle. I'll go into Mademoiselle's room next time I have a chance, and have a good look at it all to myself!"

The girls smiled, but took little note of a determination which seemed natural enough under the circumstances. A week afterwards they remembered it, however, with very different feelings, and Pixie's own words were brought up in judgment against her.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO START A ROSE-GARDEN.

BY W. COLIN ROMAINE.



THERE is scarcely any country hobby more suitable for girls than rose-culture, for, once the plants are in the ground, nearly all the subsequent operations can be extremely well carried out by them, as their fingers are peculiarly adapted to much of the delicate work needed for producing fine blooms.

In starting a collection of roses the beginner should make up her mind as to the object she has in view, whether she would prefer to beautify her garden with scattered rose bushes or to produce some really fine blooms. It is unfortunately impossible to combine these two objects with the same plants, for the sorts most adapted for landscape gardening are not those which produce the best flowers.

This article is written with the intention of giving instruction to those who are anxious to produce fine rose blooms, and who are able to allot a piece of ground to their exclusive cultivation; for no plants resent as much as roses the growth of other vegetation above their roots. Ninety-six bushes are a convenient number with which to make a first attempt, and in this article this will be the quantity referred to throughout. To grow them a piece of ground 30 ft. by 24 ft. will be required. This should, if possible, be a piece of fresh meadow-land of stiff loam, though roses may be grown with more or less success in nearly all soil except sand. A site with a south aspect and one not overshadowed by trees had best be chosen.

Operations should be begun in October by having the ground trenched two spades deep and the bottom of the trench broken with a fork. At the same time five cartloads of good farmyard manure should be added, and kept for the most part at the bottom of the trench, as rose roots are easily burnt if they are allowed to come in contact with fresh manure. The roses should now be ordered—preferably from some known rose specialist, as otherwise they are not infrequently untrue to name. It is best not to get too many different sorts at first as sixteen varieties are quite enough if the characteristics of each one are to be studied; for it will be found that many sorts require different pruning and treatment from the rest, all of which is a science only to be learnt by studying the behaviour of the plants themselves.

The list given here provides six roses of each sort, and is a good one for a beginner, for it includes only those kinds which can be trusted to give satisfactory results, and which will not discourage the young rosarian.

HYBRID PERPETUALS.

(*Six of each sort.*)

Camille Bernardin.	Charles Lefebvre.
Marie Baumann.	Mrs. John Laing.
Mrs. Sharman Crauford.	Ulrich Brunner.
Dupuy Jamain.	Etienne Levet.

Duke of Wellington.

HYBRID TEAS.

(*Six of each sort.*)

Caroline Testout. Kaiserin Augusta Victoria.
Mrs. W. J. Grant.

TEAS.

(*Six of each sort.*)

Hon. Edith Gifford.	Maman Cochet.
Madame Hoste.	Marie van Houtte.

These should be ordered as dwarf plants budded on seedling or cutting briar, and should arrive about the middle of November, which is the best period for planting, as by that time the plants have shed their foliage and there is more chance of being able to plant them in open weather. The operation of planting should be done with the greatest care, as success is largely dependent on this being properly carried out. The bushes should be planted in rows three feet apart, with two feet six inches between each plant, keeping the sorts in rows together. By this plan the ground will hold eight rows of twelve plants with a margin of eighteen inches. Large enough holes should be dug to allow the roots to be spread out without crossing one another. The plants should not be planted deeper than they were in the nursery, and the mark on their stems showing the original depth of planting should be taken as a guide for this purpose. It is a great mistake to plant deeply, as the roots are then too far from the air, and also from any food which may be afterwards given them. The roots being spread out in the hole, it is advisable, if the ground is wet, to cover them with a spadeful of dry earth before filling in the hole. The earth may then be shovelled in, and well trampled down, as roses require to be very firmly planted. A wooden painted label about eighteen inches high with the name of the rose inscribed on it should be placed at the head of each variety.

The sorts named in the above list are sufficiently hardy not to need any protection from frost; indeed it is doubtful whether it is really ever advisable to shelter roses, as it is probably better to lose one or two in a hard winter than to make the whole collection tender by over-coddling them. The roses may now be left till the end of March, when it is time to prune the hybrid perpetuals (H.P's.) and the hybrid teas (H.T's.), while the tea-roses had better be left till the middle of April. Pruning so as to obtain fine blooms requires a hard heart, for the shoots have to be shortened till only three or four eyes are left, and consequently the rose-bushes almost disappear. It is a good rule that the stronger-growing roses require less hard pruning than the weaker kinds. Very soon the young shoots begin to appear, and from now onwards the rose-grower is a busy person. Each shoot must be perpetually examined to search for grubs which, if left, would destroy the flower bud, and the Dutch hoe must be kept at work between the rows, cutting up the weeds and keeping the top of the ground loose, so that the air may penetrate to the roots. As the buds form, all the side buds should be instantly removed, as they never develop satisfactorily, and only abstract nourishment from the centre bud. It is necessary to insist on this, as it is a point about which all who do not understand roses are apt to disagree with those who grow roses for show. If one remembers, however, that the centre roses open long before the side buds have had time to develop, and that if the centre bloom is cut the buds will be cut with it, and that the latter have only subtracted from the rose's nourishment without being of any use themselves, the advantage of removing these side buds will be at once apparent. If the weather is unpropitious during May, green fly will make its appearance among the tender shoots, and may at first be removed by crushing with the finger, but if this pest increases, the bushes should be sprayed with quassia and soft soap. This can be obtained ready mixed in tins. If any mildew appears, the best cure is to syringe with water, and then to dust the leaves with flower of sulphur, but care should be taken to cover the under part of the leaves as well, as the mildew always commences there.

If the weather is dry the bushes will be glad of water; weak manure-water is best, but, if it is inconvenient to give this, artificial rose-manure may be scattered over the ground and watered in. An excellent recipe for this has been recommended by Mr. Tonks, and is as follows :—

Superphosphate of lime	12 parts.
Nitrate of potash	10 ,,
Sulphate of magnesia	2 ,,
Sulphate of iron	1 ,,
Sulphate of lime	8 ,,

This will be made up by any maker of artificial manure, and is excellent for giving brightness and colour to the blooms. During the entire summer the Dutch hoe should be freely used, as by keeping the surface of the soil pulverised, the sun has less power to abstract the moisture from the soil. Once the roses are planted, the Dutch hoe should be the only instrument ever used on the ground, as a fork or spade will, however carefully used, cut the roots and do much damage. A spud will be found useful for cutting away any suckers of briar which may be sent up from the roots of the roses.

By June the buds will begin to show colour, and any of them which appear to be too heavy for their shoots should be tied to a stick to prevent their falling into the dirt.

By the end of June comes the reward of hard work in the harvest of blooms. To see them at their best early rising is necessary, for nothing is more beautiful than a fine flower just open with the dew still on it. In hot weather roses should invariably be cut as early as possible before the sun has abstracted their moisture, as they will last much longer if cut early, taken into the house, and kept in a dark room till they are wanted.

The cost of all this will be easily covered by a ten-pound note.

	£	s.	d.
Trenching	1	0	0
Manure	1	5	0
Rose plants	4	10	0
Labels		5	0
Total	7	0	0

leaving £3 for artificial manure and sundries.

It is to be hoped that the result of the first year's work will be so satisfactory that it will fill the beginner with the desire to plant more trees, and in course of time to join the National Rose Society and to compete at its shows, where she will find every encouragement given to novices.

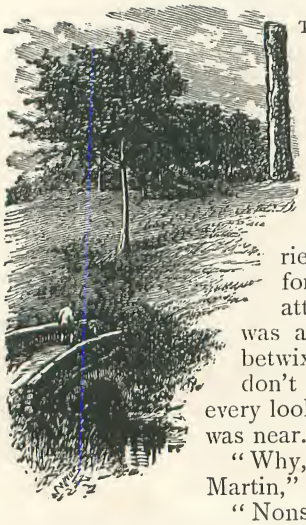
Some day she will no doubt desire to make her own rose-trees by budding briars, as additional pleasure will naturally be felt when cutting a rose grown from a plant which the owner may consider entirely her own production. This is, however, a subject which cannot be treated of in this article, but the present writer will be glad to give any information in his possession to those who may be tempted to devote some of their spare time to the fascinating hobby of rose-growing.

SILENT STRINGS.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Lady Dye's Reparation," "A Cluster of Roses," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

OVER THE HILLS.



It is easy enough for a girl to be happy before the depths of her heart have been stirred. Sis had as yet known no love stronger than the old home affections, no pain sharper than the parting with Drew. Being utterly without experience, she had no compassion for her unfortunate lover. His attentions irritated her; he was an intrusive shadow coming betwixt herself and the sun. "I don't like you" was expressed in every look and tone of hers when he was near.

"Why, Sis, you are quite cruel to Martin," said Judith one morning.

"Nonsense!" replied Sis, pausing at the open window on the landing and enjoying the fresh breath from the moor. "You are always silly when you talk about your cousin. When I am gone—and I am going soon—he will forget my very existence."

"I hope he will," Judith said heartily. "But, Sis, your hour will come some day, and then you will be sorry for the wounds you have inflicted."

"Wounds? Why don't you say hearts and darts and rhyme like an old-fashioned valentine? Oh, Judith, what funny things those valentines were! I came across one pasted on the page of an album; there was a very fat Cupid with a bow, and a plump heart transfixed with an arrow. 'I felt the smart of Cupid's dart,' was written under the picture, and the whole thing had a lace border."

"Well, I daresay it meant something genuine," Judith answered.

"Perhaps it did." Sis smiled dreamily. "I found it in Mrs. Hinton's old album; somebody sent it to her when she was a very young girl. She is the kind of woman who keeps relics—old bags embroidered with coloured beads, and kettle-holders worked in faded silks."

"What an uninteresting person she must be! I always throw old things away; they gather dust and moths," said Judith.

"But if all the old things were thrown away, we should destroy our links with the past," Sis argued. "Tapestry gathers dust, but no one wants it to go to pieces; old pictures have to be watched over, but who would like to leave them to decay? Now those portraits at Woodmere——"

Judith looked at her sharply.

"Yes, those portraits at Woodmere," said she. "Take care, Sis. I shall begin to suspect that one of them has made too deep an impression on you. Is it the man who fought at Naseby, or is it the other man, who owns the estate?"

"To me they are not men at all, but only pictures," replied Sis. Her little head was held high, and a proud displeasure flashed from her grey eyes.

The room below was bright with the morning sun, and someone had put a big bunch of lilac and red tulips on the breakfast-table. Everything looked so cheery and gay that Sis's annoyance vanished in a moment. She caught sight of a letter lying beside her plate, and pounced upon it at once.

"May I read it?" she said. "It is from my brother in London."

It was written from the presbytery, where Claud shared with his brethren the daily life of self-denial and hard work. There were schools connected with their mission, and a rich woman, whose heart was in the right place, had arranged to give the scholars a holiday in early summer.

"School treats generally come off later in the year," wrote Claud, "but we wanted our children to see the first blush of the blossoms for once, so we took them off to a little place on the south coast, one of those nooks which has not yet been turned into money. What did we find there? Orchards full of rosy bloom and jubilant song; quaint old gardens gay with tulips and wallflowers and tufts of heavenly blue forget-me-nots; queer cottages out-lasting the many lives begun under their thatched roofs; and through the lacework of trees a glimpse of the eternal azure of the sea. Here the Word of God was written in flowers; here was a Gospel given to us in buttercups, and not a few of the little ones received it into their hearts. Man does not live by bread alone, nor do they. For my own part, I felt the bliss of the May-time as they were feeling it; we forgot that we were poor banished children of Eve, and entered for a while into the Eden that she had lost.

"What fun it was to see the party turned loose into the fields! Although so much has been said and published about the cramped lives and narrow dwellings of the poor, many people never realise those lives in the least. I thank God now for fresh air and sunshine as I never did before. You must know the sickly smell of our streets, and the gloom of our close rooms, before you feel the worth of open spaces. It is a sad pity that beautiful bits of landscape are so dear; every year puts the country farther away from us; every year we have to go farther and farther to find the buttercups that the children love so well. Rich men give them food and clothes and books, but they take away the wild gardens that the Father has laid out for them with His own hand.

"You ask if I am tired of my work, Sis. Well, I am often tired, not of the work, but of my own weakness in doing it. To-day I am no longer in Eden; I am writing at a window which overlooks a grim wall, and the children have gone back to their densely-packed dwellings, where they try to keep their wild flowers alive. As for me, I remember the counsel of St. Francis de Sales, and smell at my spiritual nosegay. We who labour in scenes of squalor and sin must draw our sweetness out of memories and hopes; and these never fail. As to memories, Sis, at this moment I recall the murmur of bees among the lime-trees of Trinity and New College, and see the green drapery spreading over the front of old Balliol. And as to the hopes—they soar to Paradise, our true country. A verse of Faber's drifts into my head, and comes as a finish to my letter.

"'Yet set not in thy thoughts too far
Our heaven and earth apart,
Lest thou shouldst wrong the heaven begun
Already in thy heart.'"

"Has that brother of yours written a dismal epistle?" said Judith's voice, breaking in suddenly upon Sis's thoughts. "I am afraid it may spoil your day."

The girl looked at her with eyes shining through tears, and smiled.

"Claud does not spoil my day," she answered. "He blesses it. The beauty of his life touches mine."

A sense of the difference between that life and her own was pressing very strongly upon Sis just then. She had been enjoying herself in a careless fashion, never pausing to think about other lives whose joys were rare things. She felt humbled and exalted at the same moment; cast down because of her unworthiness; lifted up because she could claim kinship with a true soul.

"You can't escape Martin this afternoon," said Judith, as she poured out coffee. "He is coming to take us for a long, long drive; I don't know where we are going in the least, but he says there is something wonderful to be seen on the other side of Fox Hill. Now, Sis, do try to come down to our level for once. Don't be cross if we do not rise to the sublime heights whereon you have your habitation. Remember that Martin, poor fellow, would climb if he could. As for me, I won't; I just hate climbing; I'd rather wallow in the mire than scale the mountain-side!"

"So would I," said Mrs. Fayne, helping herself to eggs and bacon. "I can't abide aspirations and elevations, and all the rest of it. I like to feel level ground under my feet, and I don't complain, even if it is a little muddy. Sis must take us all as we are, and understand that we don't intend to change our ways."

"Oh, I wouldn't have you changed!" said Sis with a pretty earnestness. "You have been very kind to a poor stranger. I am afraid you have found me a provoking guest, but I will promise to behave beautifully to-day."

She really meant to keep her word; and when Martin drove his cart to the gate, he saw her standing there with a smiling face. Judith, who was looking over her shoulder, gave a low whistle.

"Whew—so that's the new mare, Martin," she said. "A ripper, isn't she? Wants a tight rein, I should say—has a good mouth, I hope."

"Yes," said Martin vaguely. He was looking at the dainty figure in the dark-green coat and skirt, and a deep flush rose to his forehead. The girls took their seats, and the mare, a glossy black, started off along the white road at a smart pace. There was just sufficient room in the cart for three to sit comfortably; Judith sat beside the driver; Sis occupied the other side.

It was the most charming drive she had ever known in all her brief life—so charming that she almost forgot her companions. There was nothing austere in these beautiful solitudes through which they passed; the wide-stretching heath was a glorious wild garden, full of life and healthy perfume. It was too early yet for the ling to flush the landscape with its royal amethyst glow; but there were bright spots of gold and delicate shades of green. They came at length to the foot of Fox Hill, and the girls decided to get out and walk up the height.

On the summit there was a wonderful view of the surrounding country, and such a rush of fresh wind that Sis's cheeks were kissed into sudden bloom. The descent on the other side of the hill was not so steep; they were gradually moving into a more populous district, a land of pastures and flocks, with here and there a field of springing corn. Here were scattered farm-houses, coloured softly with red and yellow, grey and brown; the deep shade of many trees, and the silver shine of pools. More hills bounded the horizon, rising gently against the pure blue of the sky.

They stopped at last on the outskirts of a picturesque village, where a quaint little inn invited travellers to pause and rest. A nondescript animal, prancing on the sign-board, was supposed to be a greyhound; a long row of latticed windows twinkled out of masses of ivy; the door was protected by a deep porch, gaily decorated with pots of geraniums. There was a good deal of bustle in the house when the black mare came to a standstill; an ostler and a boy appeared at once, and a fat hostess received her guests with smiles of welcome. Mr. Bourne had written to tell her that they were coming, she explained, as she led the ladies indoors.

The Greyhound could boast of better rooms than might have been expected from its exterior. There was a long, low bed-chamber in which Sis said she wanted to go to sleep, and a long, low sitting-room beneath, where they were to take a mid-day meal. This room was bright and fragrant with flowers; the old-fashioned fireplace was filled with delicate, quivering grasses; a casement at one end opened into a silent lane, green with the perpetual shade of tall firs and feathery larches. The girls lingered here for a minute or two, laughing at some queer old engravings on the walls, and then went out of doors to explore the village.

"You must see the ruins of the old priory," said Martin, bent upon being showman. "Judith hates that sort of thing, but you are sure to like it, Miss Wilmer."

"Yes," said Sis gaily, "I am sure to like everything to-day. I'm in a holiday mood, and things seem to arrange themselves to please my fancy; nothing comes amiss."

Martin's face brightened visibly.

"That's the best speech you have made since you came among us," he remarked. "It's lucky that I thought of this trip; a man may make a thousand blunders, and yet do the right thing at last."

"It would be strange indeed if he went on blundering to the bitter end," cried Judith impatiently. "I have no patience with those who won't give up a hopeless pursuit. But where are your trumpery old ruins, Martin? Not too far off, I hope, for I'm longing to know what the landlady will give us to eat. You said that the Greyhound was famous for cooking."

"You will not be disappointed," Martin answered, "although I must say, Judith, that I never knew your equal for greediness."

"Oh, I'm not ethereal," said she, "and I love an honest gourmand."

"As Louis the Fourteenth did," said Sis, laughing. "What a pretty village this is! Every inch of garden seems to be crammed with flowers; and did you ever see such a quantity of pink hawthorn?"

She chatted on in high good humour, and Martin listened as if he were entranced by the music of her voice. From the first he had never realised what a child she was in reality; her natural air of distinction and the haughtiness which she could so quickly assume had misled him. And now this joyous mood of hers inspired him with a new hope, and was the cause of much that came afterwards. He fancied that a magic touch had changed her, and that she was softening to him.

The ruins stood in a field just beyond the churchyard, but they consisted only of one broken arch, and two or three fragments of grey wall. "Not worth coming to look at," was Judith's verdict, although Sis appeared to find them interesting. A little farther on there was an ancient fish-pond where water-lilies floated in summer, and reeds grew thick and tall. Hard by, the woods began to promise mystery and seclusion, and the girls

strayed a little way down a green alley, flecked with light and shade.

Presently they turned back to the village again, and retraced their steps to the inn, Judith loudly rejoicing at the prospect of the hot luncheon that awaited them. She found the day dull, and was provoked with Martin for being so easily lifted up; there was no dependence on such a fickle thing as Sis, she thought, looking at the pair out of the corners of her eyes with something like contempt.

The luncheon was quite as good as it was expected to be; but when it was ended there was a long afternoon to get through. They strolled out into the wide garden of the old inn, and sat down on a bench, close to a red wall where apricots would ripen by-and-by in the later summer. It was a sunny spot, warm and fragrant, and Judith's eyes were just closing when the sound of voices made her open them quickly again.

A gay party of excursionists came dropping into the garden by twos and threes, all talking at once, and laughing as if they had found an inexhaustible store of jokes. Miss Fayne sat upright and listened.

"It's the Conningtons!" she cried, starting up with great delight. "That's Kitty laughing! What a relief it is to hear their voices! Oh, Kitty, come this way! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" responded a buxom young lady with black eyes. "So it's really you, Judith! We have some friends from London staying with us, and we've brought them here to have a rustic tea at the Greyhound. Let's join our forces, shall we?"

If Martin preferred to keep his companions to himself he did not say so, and he was not consulted. There were three Connington girls and two London girls; and there were also Jack and Tom Connington, farmers, a man from London, and a sailor cousin of nineteen, sunburnt and merry, with all a sailor's inclination for flirtation and fun. They had arrived in a brake drawn by good, stout horses not afraid of the hills. All talked at once, all made much of Judith, who was charmed with the saucy sailor-boy, and accepted his florid compliments with great satisfaction. Sis smiled, and looked on with an amused air, but Martin noticed that she evidently, and very properly, kept the new-comers at a certain distance.

Tea was served in the long low room, and proved to be a substantial meal. Sis remembered it all afterwards as part of a bewildering dream; a confusion of bright flowers and flushed faces, and a babel of tongues and laughter. The feast was prolonged indefinitely; when they rose from the table there were nosegays to be gathered in the old garden, races to be run along the grassy paths, and wild frolicking from which Sis kept aloof.

A little weary at last, she sat down again on the bench under the wall, wondering when it would be time to go home. She was glad of a few minutes of solitude and peace.

(*To be continued.*)



A PICTURE.

"Judge these divers types
According to their lights, not each by each."

GIRLS, can you get through another lecture on a picture? I do so want to bring the lovely paintings I wrote to you of, before the eyes of many who have not seen them; and also the lessons they teach, because I believe they might help us in many a difficulty, trouble, stupidity, might prevent many an unhappiness, many a misunderstanding, such as girls as well as other people are apt to fall into.

Here is a case in point. Look at the title, then at the picture. You see this is divided into upper and lower parts. And each part is a bit of a girl's life.

Look, here above is a girl, richly dressed, happy-looking, walking with a middle-aged woman. Most of the forty pictures of this collection are in the style of the Middle Ages, and this is one. The woman is a stout, comfortable, motherly-looking party, with keys and a cross hanging at her waist. She is dressed, as were in those days both ordinary women and those dedicated to religion. You know that the latter were then a numerous class, for it was they who largely helped to keep up the standard of womanhood in those rough days, just as the monks upheld the learning, and to a great extent the religion then practised. Of the failings of these bodies we are not treating here. I was puzzled as to whether the old lady were an Abbess—head of a convent—or an old retainer, or housekeeper, or chaperon to the young girl. For when in Brittany I made the discovery—for myself—that the dress and the curious headgear of Sisters of Mercy were simply copied from the

peasantry and adopted as the simplest and cheapest garb, and this has come down to the present day, both in the dress of such Sisters and in that of foreign peasants, though I grieve to say many of the latter are forsaking their picturesque "turn-out" for modern clothes. Well, anyway this young lady is being escorted by someone fitted to take good care of her. That the girl is in congenial company we see by the affectionate way in which she hangs on the arm of her duenna. They are entering a church; in the porch another Sister is ringing the bell. Around is peace, peace, peace. We see it in the lovely sky, the strutting pigeons, the flowers that lighten a pleasant path to a pleasant place.

So far so good, you say. We may expect this girl to grow up good, refined, joyful. Certainly.

And now life two. Look at this open place beneath a hedge. Do you know that such has ever been a favourite place of gipsies? We may see them anywhere in the country, camping by the side of the road, where the green space is wide enough. For that strip is common land, the gipsy may appropriate it for a time.

When mother says, "Don't talk slang, girls!" she is describing just those "open spaces." Yes—for this kind of language—words coined to suit the occasion—mostly very undesirable ones!—got the name that had been given to the place where it was spoken, the strip of green beside the road, which gipsies called a slang.

And now see some very different company from our first. Under the hedge, on the "slang," sit two men. One is in a fool's, or what we should now call a clown's dress; not like our present clowns, but the jester's costume of olden days. By his side is a tell-tale bottle, and he and his companion each hold cards and play them. Here then we see these terrible sister vices—drinking and gambling. You may be sure these men are making the worst use of the things they hold; probably, worst of all, they will use the cards for cheating, and help out a dishonest livelihood by using both drink and cards as a bait for their dupes. Don't mistake here; many a gipsy is upright enough, these are simply bad types of that class, as they would be of any other.

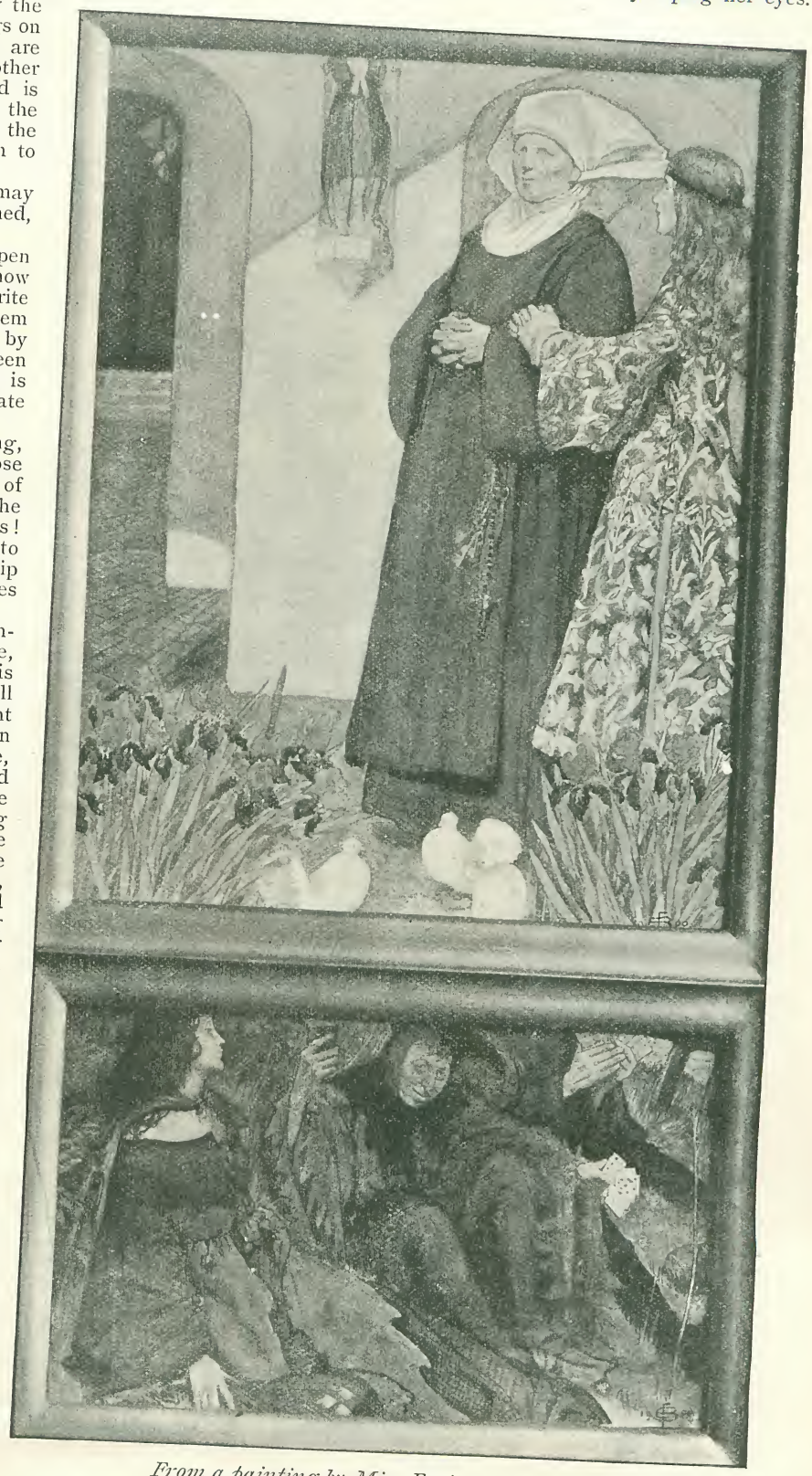
Any more? Ah, yes—a girl! What, in this company? Even so. She sits a little apart, poor, with untidy hair, a wan, weary face—a face that may be good or evil, according to her chances. Probably she is sister and daughter to these men, and therefore in their power. Let us cover up her life with the ample cloak of charity, as surely God will have done for His tempted creature.

There is a cheering side to this sad picture. Beyond this scene we may imagine a tract of smiling country, and towards this the poor girl's eyes are turned. Is she thinking of the great world around, forgetting in it her own sad life? Is she remembering far-off tales, told maybe by a dead mother, of the Land of the Leal? To her may come

"Such thoughts, the wreck of Paradise."

So deep is God's tenderness to His children, and, for the moment at least, she too has found peace.

On Sundays I teach a class of poor girls. Telling them one day about this picture, I enlarged upon the gipsy girl, perhaps born in a caravan, perhaps motherless. I saw one of my listeners, a stranger, furtively wiping her eyes.



From a painting by Miss Fortescue Brickdale.

Afterwards I asked about her. "We hardly know what to do with her," was the reply. "She is such a peculiar girl. She was born in a caravan!"

And now look back to life one. The last moral is too plain to need preaching; tender judgment for those hard pressed.

But do we make allowances for religious people, who also have their peculiar temptations? That of pride, of knowing one is at least trying to do right, and forgetting it is God Who has given us the wish, and the chance to carry it out. Self-indulgence, which belongs to many religious emotional natures, and is apt to get overlooked by such, especially as it is mostly in things harmless in themselves. Or hardness towards others' failings. Irritability, from the very force of our best feelings, such as fervour, strong sense of justice, hatred of evil. Do we forget that these faults—since all things have two sides—arise out of the very "chances" as surely as our gipsy's special temptations do from "no chances," as we blindly say.

And are we looking out for such faults in ourselves? Or if we belong to the second picture, do we remember that we must be hard on ourselves, in spite of temptation? Everyone has a chance, yes, yes, just as we saw the poor girl sharing in the lovely sights and thoughts that are free to all in one form or another.

Little maid, much you know of the struggles in your mistress's soul; hers for whom you think it must be so easy to be good.

Child, your teacher may be cross, hard, exacting. What do you realise of her inner life?

Sister, does your brother's irritability arise from religious emotion, good in itself but yielded to over-much?

And so on; you can fill in the rest every day of your lives, and it will take all that time to teach us to judge as we shall be judged of God:

"According to their lights, not each by each."

A Welsh Spinster.

NANCE LOVEL.

By Jean Courtenay.

CHAPTER III.



"WELCOME home, my Nance," cried Mrs. Lovel, as she met her little daughter at Meriton station, and thought how bonny and well she was looking, notwithstanding her long journey. "Did you have any trouble, darling, in coming?"

"Oh, no, mother dearest; Mrs. Sinclair arranged everything for me, and I travelled with old Mrs. Harvey and her daughter all the way to London. Oh, mother mine, it is lovely seeing you again!" and she hugged her mother closely.

At Hillside the whole family was eagerly expecting her, and a babel of welcome greeted her ears as the cab drove up to the door.

"Hullo, Nance, old girl! I say, you do look jolly," was Bob's greeting as he helped her out of the cab.

"Well, Nance darling! How are you?" and Audrey's happy face was close to hers. "Aren't you longing to see Ernest?" she added in a whisper.

"God bless you, child, we shall all feel better now you are home again," and Nance's loving arms were tight round her father's neck, and her ruddy curls mingled with his grey locks.

"Oh, Nancie darling, I do love you so," chirped little Phyllis, as she tried to reach her sister.

And then Jack's tall form emerged from the hall, and catching hold of her arm he said with a smile—

"Jolly glad to see you, Nance, old girl. It does a fellow's heart good to have you about the place again."

The days went on, and all were kept busy preparing for Audrey's wedding. Nance was here, there, and everywhere, with her ready help and merry jest; but her heart was often far away, and she eagerly waited for some word or message from Giles Conolly. She felt he loved her, and the thought gave her the greatest joy, but until he made some sign she did not like to speak even to her mother (though that loving mother had always been her children's closest confidante) of this new and wonderful happiness.

She had not seen him for a moment since Evelyn had interrupted them in the balcony at Pontresina, for that astute individual had taken good care that there should be no communication between them before Nance left for England.

Meanwhile Jack Lovel was growing more reckless and desperate-looking every day, and whenever he could get a moment alone with Nance he poured forth on the subjects of his office grievances and continued ill-luck at cards.

Audrey's wedding-day dawned fine and sunny. Everything passed off successfully, and after the last guest had left Nance sank into a chair by her mother, almost too tired to speak.

As they were resting thus, Dr. Lovel entered looking very stern.

"My dear," said he to his wife, "I have bad news for you. I have not spoken before, knowing you were busy with our guests all day. Jack has disgraced himself as I always feared he would. He has been running into debt for some time, and now has taken money from the bank to pay some pressing bill. He would have been arrested had it not been for the kindness of Mr. Hill, the manager, in keeping the whole matter quiet."

"Austin, how terrible!" gasped poor Mrs. Lovel, while Nance turned white and faint.

"Ay, you may well say so," continued the doctor bitterly. "I have done with him for ever. I have forbidden him to enter this house again, or to hold any intercourse with the members of our family, and the sooner he clears out of the country the better I shall be pleased."

Nance slipped out of the room and wearily climbed the stairs to her small bedroom. She loved Jack as one of her own brothers, and this news almost stunned her. As she entered the room a tiny slip of paper attracted her notice on the table, and opening it she found in Jack's writing the following note—

"It's all up. I am forbidden to enter the house. Meet me this evening at 8.0 in the lane behind the garden. Nance, don't forsake me now.

"Your miserable cousin,

"Jack."

Nance glanced at the clock. It was just six. Hastily crumpling the note in her pocket, she knelt for a few moments in earnest prayer for her erring cousin, and then went downstairs to help her mother, if possible, in giving the rooms their usual comfortable homely appearance.

At five minutes to eight she stepped out into the garden, and, running softly, she soon reached the gate leading into the lane. Opening this, she peeped out, and saw Jack walking moodily in the shadow of the wall.

"Nance!" he cried. "You are a dear little cousin to come," and he drew her into the shadow near him. "Well, I suppose you have heard all, but say you don't hate me quite."

"Jack dear, you know I should never do that. I am so very, very sorry," and Nance's tears fell fast.

"Oh, hang it all, old girl, don't do that, I say! I'm not worth anybody's tears," said Jack, caressing her hair clumsily. "I couldn't leave the old home for ever, without saying good-bye to you, but I must not stay. I wouldn't have uncle know I had seen you for all I'm worth—which is precious little," he added, with a bitter laugh.

Nance dried her eyes, and, clasping her hands over his arm, she said softly—

"Jack, my poor old boy, don't get bitter and give up trying. Please God, you will live to bring comfort to us yet, and make amends for the sorrow you are causing now. And, Jack dear"—the sweet voice trembled a little as she tried to break through her natural shyness—"will you take this with you, and read it sometimes for my sake?" and she held out a little Bible.

Jack's face softened, and, bending down, he kissed her gently, saying—

"Little Nance, you have always been my comfort, and if it were not for you, I should have gone to the bad long ago. Many thanks for your parting gift, dear, and to please you I will promise to read it. Will that do? And now I want you to promise that you will never tell anyone you met me here to-night."

"If you really wish me to, I will," said Nance, rather gravely, "but I should not be likely to tell anyone—except mother."

"That won't do at all, Nance. You must promise to tell no one, no matter who may ask you. You won't refuse this last request of mine?"

Nance sighed, and then said gravely—

"Very well, Jack—I promise."

Jack threw his arm round her and, with one last kiss, turned and ran down the darkening lane, and Nance, wiping the tears from her eyes, went back to the house.

Alas! there had been one witness of that interview that she little thought was near. As her slender form vanished through the gate, Giles Conolly came down the road and, with white set face and stern sad eyes, passed quickly out of sight.

* * * * *

"Nance, my child, I have been telling Mr. Conolly how famous we are for our fruit. Will you take him round the garden?"

"Certainly, mother"; then shyly, "Will you come now?"

It was the next afternoon, and Giles Conolly, after a sleepless night, had determined to see Nance and ask her to explain the meeting that had apparently confirmed all that Evelyn Sinclair had hinted, for he felt in his heart that had Nance given him an answer that last night at Pontresina it would not have been a refusal.

Unable to resist the longing to see once again the sweet face that haunted him, he had left Switzerland, and come direct to Meriton, where he took rooms at the principal inn. Impatient for to-morrow's interview, he had inquired where Hillside was, and, quite by accident, had arrived at the back of the house instead of the front. There he saw his little sweetheart (there was no mistaking the curly head and slender figure) clasped in a tall young fellow's arms, and had seen their mutual kiss, and heard her sobbing cry, "Good-bye."

Dr. and Mrs. Lovel had welcomed him warmly, for they had heard from Nance how kind he had been to Mrs. Sinclair at Pontresina; and now, at last, he had his chance of solving the mystery that so troubled him.

Yet, as he followed Nance into the hot sunny garden, gay with flowers as only a Devon garden can be, he put aside the troubling thoughts, and, as he looked down at the fair, downcast face beside him, and remembered the happiness that had shone there when she greeted *him, he said* softly—

"Nance, my little one, are you glad to see me, or have you forgotten my existence by this time?"

The blue eyes flashed an indignant glance at him as Nance whispered—

"You know I could not do that!"

Conolly's arm stole round the slender waist, and he said, while his voice trembled—

"Darling, do you love me?"

The great blue eyes were raised for a second, and then Nance tried to hide her sweet, blushing face against his shoulder.

"My precious Nance!" whispered the low tender voice she loved best in all the world, and Giles bent his tall head and their lips met in a long, long kiss.

After the first few moments of passionate happiness had passed, and Giles had led her to a seat beneath a huge apple tree, he thought once more of that meeting in the lane. Still keeping his arm around her, he said—

"Darling! I have been worrying over something which I feel sure you can explain at once."

"Tell me, Giles, and I will try my best," said Nance with a happy smile.

"I was wandering about last night, because the thought of a certain small girl prevented me from staying quietly in my rooms, and by chance came along the lane above this garden. There I saw you—but you were not alone. Darling, will you tell me whom you were weeping for last night, and whose were the arms that held my Nance so closely?"

A look of utter helplessness crept over the sweet face.

"Giles, ask me anything but that, for I cannot tell you. Oh! don't be angry!"

All the malicious words of Evelyn Sinclair rushed to Conolly's mind, and a stern look came over his dark eyes.

"Nance, my own Nance, I must ask you this, and you must answer me. True love cannot flourish where there is not perfect confidence. You cannot love me as my wife must if you refuse to answer my question."

Nance's white face looked piteously at him, but her promise bound her firmly, and drawing herself gently from his encircling arm, she said—

"Giles, I love you truly, you know that, but I cannot answer your question, so do not ask me again."

The latent jealousy which had been fanned by Evelyn Sinclair's constantly-dropped and most cruel hints burst into a flame, and Conolly lost his self-control. Rising quickly, he looked with angry eyes and proud hard mouth at the small white-robed figure and loving face before him.

"Then I fear, Miss Lovel, our paths must separate. I thought you tender and true, I gave my whole heart into your keeping—and you regarded me only as one of your many victims—and already have another in your toils. I wish you joy if your handiwork pleases you. And as for me, I will never trust a fair face and false tongue again."

The girl's slight figure shivered as if with cold, though the glorious sunshine was over them both. Her eyes darkened with pain, and her young face looked drawn and old. She answered never a word, but with a curious little air of dignity about her childish figure, she quietly led the way to the house.

"Kindly make my excuses to Mrs. Lovel," said the cold polite voice, "and say I was obliged to hurry away." And with a deep bow Giles Conolly passed out of the house and was seen no more in Meriton.

(*To be continued.*)

A LOG AND COAL-BOX OR COFFER WITH PANELS DECORATED IN GESSO.



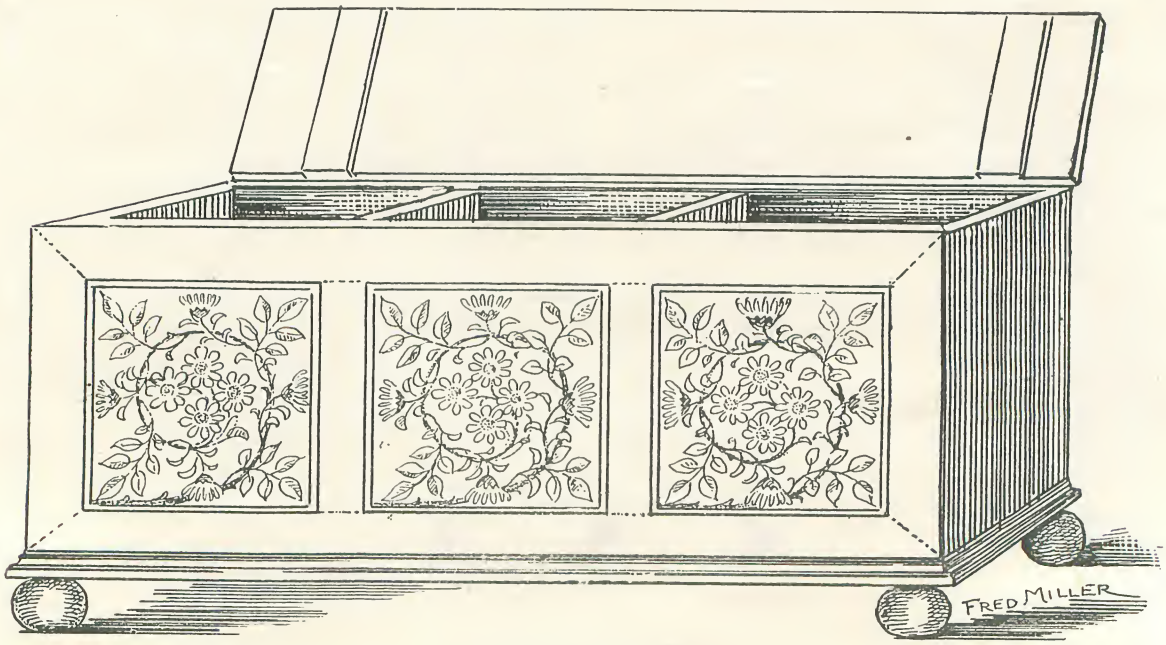
No house in the old days was complete without a linen chest or coffer, and one can sometimes pick up the plain oak ones, similar to the sketch accompanying these notes (minus the decorated panels), for a reasonable sum. I bought an oak one at a sale in a village for 10s., and it cost another 5s. to repair it. Being perfectly plain it was just the article for decoration, and to paint upon the three panels in "gesso" was the very idea. But as these old coffers or chests are not going every day, I had better tell my readers how such an article can be contrived.

First of all, there is getting the article made either by some amateur carpenter or by a joiner. In this case the chest would be framed together and panelled much as a door is, but we can dismiss this aspect of the case, as no instruction from the writer is needed as to the making of the chest, and what I shall have to say touching the decoration will come at the end of this article. A good many of us have to contrive and make shift to do our best at a venture, and to those I may be a little helpful. Let us take such an article as I have sketched, which is contrived out of a packing case, whose proportions are not dissimilar to that figured. The effect of panels can be obtained by having some half inch strips of pine glued and screwed on to the side of the box. The joints are indicated by dotted lines. For greater security a few screws could go through the inside of the box into the "stiles," as the portions of a door carrying the panels are termed. If the screws are put through from the front, then the holes should be sunk to receive the heads of the screws, and these holes carefully filled up with coloured putty. The plinth at the bottom of the coffer is contrived out of builders' moulding glued and bradded on to the box.

I am aware it may be urged that this plan of producing the effect of panelling is a sham, to which I reply "Certainly"; but as some of us cannot afford to have a chest made by a joiner, we must do the best we can under our circumstances, and a panelled chest (or what looks like one) is to be preferred to a plain box.

The lid can be strengthened by battens screwed on inside. These must be the length of the width of the inside of the chest, so that the lid can be closed. If the lid is rough it had better be covered with some material, or it might be stuffed and upholstered. If the wood is planed, then it can be stained, with the stiles, a dark brown, and afterwards varnished, or polished with beeswax dissolved in warm turpentine, and rubbed on the wood with a piece of flannel. Four turned balls of wood will form the feet, unless we have casters screwed to the bottom, but as a chest such as this is not pushed about a room, I should recommend the turned wood feet as handsomer in appearance.

The chest inside could have three divisions, so that there might be one for coal, one for blocks or billets, and the third for dusters or other odds and ends. I think it would be worth while having a sheet iron movable coal-shoot made so that it could be lifted out to be filled, and when fires are given up the chest could be used for quite other purposes. Economy of space has to be studied in these days of small flats.



A COAL-BOX OR COFFER.

Decoration of the Panels.

Those who are not art workers could fill the panels with Japanese gilt leather paper. Remnants can often be bought very cheap, or a few yards can be purchased at some decorator's or house-furnisher's. The pieces should be cut just a trifle smaller than the panels, to allow of the paper stretching a little when pasted. The wood should be well sized a day or two before putting on the paper. Very strong paste is necessary; that known as cobbler's paste is the thing. It can be had at a shoemaker's warehouse, and may require thinning with a little boiling water. Put plenty on the Japanese paper, and even apply a second coat half an hour after the first, so that the paper is quite limp before it is laid down. It will then adhere firmly if well rubbed over to get out all air bubbles. The top of the box could also be covered with Japanese paper, especially if the wood is rough. It should be brought over the edges of the lid and carried a little way underneath.

Gesso.

This is a name given to ornamentation in slight relief. It was largely used by the Italians in the sixteenth century, and specimens of furniture and coffers so decorated can be seen in South Kensington Museum. The material composing gesso is plaster of Paris mixed with hot fish-glue, consequently it must be put on while warm, for if gesso becomes solid it cannot be used again. Only mix up, therefore, a little at a time.

The design must be transferred to the wood or other surface to be decorated, and then the gesso can be painted on with large camel-hair brushes, using the gesso in a "blobby" manner, *i.e.*, the gesso must be allowed almost to drop from the brush. Accidental qualities, which are very pleasant, are thus obtained, some portions of the design receiving more of the gesso than others. By going over the design a second time when the first coat is dry, further relief can be obtained, and it helps the effect to do this here and there.

When the gesso is hard, it can be painted in oil colours mixed with copal varnish. Some pleasant accidental effects can be obtained by putting the colour on and then partially rubbing it off with a soft rag. This gives a natural sort of light and shade. Designs can be stencilled in gesso and then coloured. Such a design as the one given could be treated as a stencil and afterwards touched up by hand.

The panels might be stained or coloured before putting on the gesso. Linoleum or canvas could be stuck on the wood with strong glue paste and then decorated with gesso. In addition to being painted, gesso looks well gilded. If Japanese paper be used, gesso could be used to give prominence to some portions of the pattern, afterwards colouring such portions to harmonise with the colours of the paper.

There is a material sold in tins called "Denoline," which is ready prepared, directions being printed on the tins. Some artists' colourmen and decorators sell it or can procure it. If very considerable relief is required, you soak tow or wool in gesso and stick this on, and when this is hard bring up the surface with another coat of gesso put on with a brush. It does not do to lump gesso on, as it cracks in drying.

In working on an old piece of furniture, see that the wood is well cleaned with soda and water to remove all grease, before commencing your decoration.

A GIRL'S RAMBLES THROUGH HAUNTED SCOTLAND.

By James and Nanette Mason.

PART I.

EDINBURGH LADIES OF BYGONE TIMES.



DEEP attachment to their native land is the characteristic of most Scotchmen and Scotchwomen, and they are credited with being seldom backward in asserting it. To them there is no country like that which, with its Lowlands and Highlands, stretches north of the Tweed away to John o' Groat's, no air like its "caller air," no running water like its burns and streams, and no people like their "ain folk."

They may remove from Scotland—having their bread buttered on both sides, perhaps, in distant places—but in their heart of hearts it has a corner all to itself for ever. The skirl of an occasional bagpipe is to them the sweetest music, and they feel an emotion not to be put in words at the sight of a stray sprig of heather.

A typical Scot, they say, once in pursuit of fortune, emigrated to Canada. Nothing would satisfy him but to take as part of his baggage a handkerchief full of earth from the field of Bannockburn, and every New Year's night during his long stay in the backwoods of his colonial home he spread the earth on the floor, placed a chair on the earth, and, planting himself in the chair, ate a substantial meal of hotch-potch, haggis, and oatcake, washed down by the national beverage, after which he and his sang Scotch songs and danced reels and strathspeys till morning.

All may not express their devotion to the land of the mountain and the flood in the same manner, but the feeling is never absent, and comes oozing out in the conversation of our northern friends in unexpected ways and in all sorts of unexpected places.

And what wonder? The land is one to be proud of—remarkable for its history, remarkable for the strong character—fresh, original, cautious, level-headed, argumentative, sometimes pugnacious, and always persevering—of its people, remarkable for its literature, remarkable for the influence it has exerted in the world, an influence out of all proportion to its size and population.

About this land we are now going to write.

We may well call it haunted Scotland in the title. Every place on earth has its ghosts, and the more romantic the incidents that have happened in it, so much the more interesting the crowd of its phantom inhabitants. It goes then without saying that Scotland, with its stirring history, can boast of troops of ghosts of the first quality, to read about whom will furnish not only entertainment, but a good deal of instruction for such girls as have a mind that way.

We propose in this and the following papers to go on pilgrimage through at least a portion of the northern kingdom, speaking of days that are gone, and of people and things that have passed away; and of days and people and things, selecting particularly those that are interesting from a girl's point of view.

There will be no antiquarianism, certainly not. Girls rambling through a picturesque country are not inclined to leave the open air, so fresh and free, for the close atmosphere of an antiquarian museum. There is a place and use for everything, but to the young and bright spirits, who as a rule read the pages of The Girl's Own Paper, dusty details, local interests, dry bones and old stones, would, we know well, prove only an unattractive rigmarole.

Our main object will be to speak of human life, and of all subjects in the world, the most fascinating is people. In the goodly company of our ghosts there will be queens and princesses, famous ladies and eccentric ladies, poetesses and story-writers, bright Scotch lassies, and dear, and sometimes queer, old maids—in fact quite a gallery of notables of all sorts and sizes to illustrate the lights and shadows of bygone days, and the share that women-folk have had in the making of Scottish life and history.

It is right that our wandering feet should make a start with the capital, so old recollections of Edinburgh will form our first subject. Even were it not the capital, it would deserve the first place on account of its beauty.

"The noblest city in the world," says the late William Black, the novelist. It is a city, too, where all, whether they have visited it or not, feel as if at home, for reading has made us familiar with its leading features—the old town, with the High Street and Canongate, where every step is in historic Scotland; the new town, so different in character, and such an admirable contrast; the castle, round which the city first sprang; Princes Street, with its gardens, the finest metropolitan thoroughfare ever planned; Arthur's Seat watching over everything, and the sail-dotted Forth and the coast of Fife away in the background.

Edinburgh is full of stories of royal personages, and the names of Queen Margaret and Queen Mary are now on the tip of our pen; but by way of a change let us speak first of humbler folk of more modern date quite as picturesque in their fashion and rather better fun. The Queens will come afterwards. Make way, then, for the old Scottish ladies who lived before intimate intercourse with England had revolutionised Scottish manners, and steam and electricity had upset the easy jog-trot habits of society in "Auld Reekie," and enlarged there the mental horizon of everybody.

Of all the picturesque characters who have had their headquarters in Edinburgh, the most entertaining to read about are these old ladies, of whose peculiarities we get an account in such books as Chambers's *Traditions of Edinburgh* and Lord Cockburn's *Memorials of His Time*.

The race has been for many years extinct, which, from one point of view, is a good thing, for it would be a quite impossible and not-to-be-tolerated race nowadays. But old times were not like ours, and the old ladies were certainly in harmony with their own surroundings. Some of them were singularly lovable, and all had an individuality that might well make most of us humble ourselves in the dust as poor, weak and insipid creatures.

"They were a delightful set," says Lord Cockburn—"strong-headed, warm-hearted, high-spirited; the fire of their tempers not always latent; merry, even in solitude; very resolute; indifferent about the modes and habits of the modern world; and adhering to their own ways so as to stand out like primitive rocks above ordinary society. Their prominent qualities of sense, humour, affection, and spirit were embodied in curious outsides, for they all dressed, and spoke, and did exactly as they chose; their language, like their habits, entirely Scotch, but without any other vulgarity than what perfect naturalness is sometimes mistaken for."

One of the most original of them was Miss Sophia Johnston, of the Hilton family, who flourished about the close of the eighteenth century. Many of her oddities were no doubt due to the fact that her father, out of pure whimsicality, resolved to see how it would turn out, and gave her no education whatever. Sophia, thrown thus on her own resources, took to carpentry and blacksmith work, and could lay floors and shoe horses in fine style.

She grew to womanhood ignorant both of reading and writing; then she taught herself both arts, and soon acquired an extensive familiarity with books. Literature, however, never became so prominent in her conversation as sound and powerful common-sense, very freely expressed.

In dress she never varied—"a man's hat when out of doors, and generally, when within them, a cloth covering exactly like a man's great-coat, buttoned closely from the chin to the ground, worsted stockings, strong shoes with large brass clasps. And in this raiment she sat in any drawing-room, and at any table, amidst all the fashion and aristocracy of the land, respected and liked."

The only companion she had in the flat in which she lived was a servant. When the maid went out, which she generally did for the whole of Sunday, Sophia made her lock the door and take the key with her. Sometimes people called, and she took stock of them through a spy-hole. If they were uninteresting, she made no sign; but if it suited her humour, she talked through the hole, and when tired of them told them to go away.

Another Edinburgh character—though she had more love for the fields than for the city—was Miss Minie Trotter, also of a good family. Her great delight lay in long country walks, ten miles at a stretch being nothing to her, even within a few years of her death. Through living much alone, she had acquired some entertaining habits, but they never interfered with her enjoyment of her friends whom she used to invite regularly to her cottage on Blackford Hill to partake of "a bit dinner." "She generally sacrificed," says Lord Cockburn, "an ox to hospitality every autumn, which, according to a system of her own, she ate regularly from nose to tail; and as she indulged in him only on Sundays, and with a chosen few, he feasted her half through the winter."

She looked a rough piece of granite, but within lay hid a well of deep feeling which would spring up at odd times and flow freely in some eccentric channel. Dr. John Brown, the famous author of "Rab and his Friends," has published some interesting details about her. She was penurious, he says, in small things, but her generosity could rise to circumstances, and though slenderly endowed she did unnoticed many extraordinary acts of liberality.

She had no belief in banks, but kept all her bills and bank-notes in a green silk bag that hung on her toilette glass. On each side of the table stood a large white bowl, one of them containing her silver and the other her copper money, the latter always full to the brim. They were accessible to Peggy, her handmaid, or to any other servant in the house, for the idea of stealing money never entered her brain. Indeed, she once sent a present to a niece of a fifty-pound note wrapped up in a cabbage-leaf, and entrusted it to the care of a woman who was going with a basket of butter to the Edinburgh market.

A touching example of her generosity is related by the niece to whom this present in a cabbage-leaf was sent. One day, in the course of conversation, her aunt said to her: "Do ye ken, Margaret, that Mrs. Thomas R—— is dead. I was gaun by the door this morning, and thought I wad just look in and speer (inquire) for her. She was very near her end, but quite sensible, and expressed her gratitude to God for what He had done for her and her fatherless bairns. She said, 'She was leaving a large small family with very small means, but she had that trust in Him that they would not be forsaken, and that He would provide for them.' Now, Margaret, ye'll tell Peggy to bring down the green silk bag that hangs on the corner of my looking-glass, and ye'll take twa thousand pounds out o' it, and gie it to ——" (naming a law agent) "for behoof of thae orphan bairns: it will fit out the laddies and be something to the lassies. I want to make good the words 'that God would provide for them'—for what else was I sent that way this morning but as a humble instrument in His hands?"

It does one good to read of an incident so calculated to make us look beyond an eccentric exterior to the kind heart and generous thought, and to encourage us to take advantage of Heaven-sent opportunities in a similar spirit. But some of these old ladies were not models to be followed, and of these we may mention two maiden sisters whose names have perished, but who have long had a place in the traditions of the Scottish metropolis.

They had come down in the world, and had at last arrived at keeping house in a single room. Here, says Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, who gives the story a place in his "Picturesque Notes" on his native town, our two spinsters fell out, on what subject nobody knows, and "fell out so bitterly that there was never a word spoken between them, black or white, from that day forward. You would have thought they would separate: but no; whether from lack of means or the Scottish fear of scandal, they continued to keep house together where they were.

"A chalk line drawn upon the floor separated their two domains, it bisected the doorway and the fireplace, so that each could go out and in, and do her cooking, without violating the territory of the other. So, for years, they co-existed in a hateful silence; their meals, their ablutions, their friendly visitors, exposed to an unfriendly scrutiny; and at night, in the dark watches, each could hear the breathing of her enemy. Never did four walls look down upon an uglier spectacle than these sisters rivalling in unsisterliness."

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

*** The Competition for the Lady Jenkinson's Thalberg Scholarship will take place at the Royal Academy of Music, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, on Monday, December 16th, 1901. The Scholarship is open to female pianists, who must be British-born subjects, between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one years. Candidates play two pieces of their own selection. The Scholarship is tenable for two years, and amounts to about £20 a year. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Royal Academy of Music, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, London, W. The last day for receiving entries is Tuesday, December 3rd.

*** We have pleasure in commending the following letter to the attention of our girl-friends.

The National Home-Reading Union, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C., September 23rd, 1901.

TO THE EDITOR. Dear Sir,—May I be allowed to invite the attention of your readers to the opening of the Thirteenth Reading Season of the National Home-Reading Union? The Union exists to give guidance to readers in the choice of books, and to lay open the attractions of study to those who cannot as yet be classed as readers. For this purpose, lists of books are drawn up and articles contributed to the Society's magazines by some of our foremost teachers. The lists cover a wide range of subjects—the beginning of Colonial enterprise, nature-study, the Far East, the history of education, Victor Hugo and romanticism, the poems of John Keats, and social questions of the nineteenth century, to name but a few of them. The scheme of reading falls into three main divisions—a section for young people, in which the books selected are specially adapted for elementary schools, Sunday schools, and young people's clubs and guilds; a section for people who, while they are intelligent readers, have not the time to go deeply into any subject; and a section for those who are already students. Above all, the National Home-Reading Union is for those who join it an educational organisation which extends to its members tutorial guidance, and strives to render study attractive by all the means which can be devised, and this at a fee which brings it within the reach of everyone. The methods adopted are far too varied for space to be asked for their description, but all information may be obtained from the Secretary, N. H. R. U., Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, W.C.—I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully, M. C. MONDY, Secretary.

*** We are compelled to repeat the information that we undertake no direct communication through the post in connection with "Study and Studio." Our readers are constantly enclosing stamped addressed envelopes with their inquiries, and begging us to send them a reply at once. We regret that these envelopes should be wasted, but we can only answer our correspondents in due course by means of this column in our magazine. The Rules, which are frequently printed, may be taken as a guide in this matter.

MISS H. D. (Germany).—We very much regret that our rules prevent us from replying to you by post. Were we to undertake to do this, however, as a general thing, our work would be endless. The circular letter you have enclosed from Germany is interesting to your friends; but we do not consider there is any field for the publication of such matter. The letter is very well written and is graphic, but it does not embody anything of sufficient novelty to catch the public ear. You might utilise your Continental experience in a story, in which all the points you have noted would tell for something as accessories; and your university training, to which you so modestly refer, would stand you in good stead in such work. The mere description of German life, although it may be well done, is too much a matter of course in these days of travel to win acceptance alone. Do not use initials and dashes in such work; rather, invent names. The other plan makes a page look uninteresting.

PATCH.—We are glad to be able to congratulate you heartily on the improvement plainly visible in "Una and the Lion," for we well remember your former two stories. The success of which you tell us is most encouraging for you. The central incident in "Una" is well managed. We were glad to find the manuscript was not genuine. You have the art of describing natural boys and girls, and your present story, by having a "beginning, a middle, and an end" is free from the blemish we pointed out in your second attempt. We therefore encourage you to persevere, and, if you continue to take pains, we confidently expect you will do well.

FIDELIO.—It is rather difficult to convey the correct pronunciation of musical names on paper, but we will make an attempt. Scherzo is pronounced skairt-zo; Passacaglia, passa-cahl-ya; Chopin, Sho-pang (but pray pronounce the "pin" lightly, as in French); Ysaye, Ee-sah-ee; Berlioz, Ber-lee-o; Sauer, Sour, in two syllables; Sarasate, Sah-rah-sah-tay; Wiengartner, Veengartner; Moszkowski, Moss-koff-ski; Grieg, Greeg. The rest are pronounced much as they are spelt.

LUCY MORPHEW and LUCY AYERS wish us to state that South Australian view post-cards have been sent by them to different people for the last year. This is in reference to a statement we printed in May. Possibly the length of time before an answer can appear may account for the discrepancy in our correspondents' information.

NATALIE GOURAINOFF.—Many thanks for your letter and enclosure, safely received.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

FIDELIA.—Your letters are always welcome, and invariably bring with them some gladdening message. I never forget, dear. Your first Correspondent has written most enthusiastically, telling of your great goodness to her "In His Name."

CONNIE.—I hope to give you a Correspondent before this is in print. Thanks for the sweet lines sent. So glad you have joined the "Guild of Sympathy," and that the "G.O.P." is such an old and helpful friend of yours. I am sorry I have not space for a longer letter, so can only add my love and best of wishes to you and all my dear friends of the Twilight Circle.

KATHLEEN.—You are very happy in being able to write, "I have never for one moment doubted God in any way," and "despite all failures and discouragements, and they are not a few, I have been growing daily in love to Him." Your profound conviction that "NORA will some day be a bright Christian, and yet be able to thank God for sad experiences," is a message which will, I hope, comfort her. I will not forget your kind offer.

MASA.—You tell me that you have many blessings, but that in spite of these you are "utterly miserable because of one drawback"—a very slight degree of lameness; but for this you think you could be perfectly happy. As it is, you dwell upon this little personal defect, and are constantly asking yourself, "What have I done that I should have it?" Your mother gave you good advice when she bade you look round and compare your light burden with the heavy ones many people have to bear. I am not unsympathetic, my dear girl. I know how hard it is to fight against the painful self-consciousness of which you complain. The only remedy for it is to forget self in kindly thought and care for others. Whenever you are inclined to brood over your own trouble, look round you for someone to whom you can say a cheering word, or render some thoughtful service. Ask God to help you to look outside of self, and to make you such a source of joy and comfort to others that they and you will alike forget that one trouble. From what you tell me, I judge that it causes you no pain. What a blessing this is! If it were a cause of daily suffering and wakeful nights, how much harder life would be! Try to look at the bright side. Try, by God's help, to be such a girl as none can help loving. This is quite possible. There are hundreds of people who have serious personal defects which are scarcely noticed, and, if at all, never unkindly, because they are so lovable in themselves. I do not think your trouble need stand in the way of your obtaining employment. You write, "Do not judge me harshly. I have no God to comfort me. I am groping in the dark." God forbid that I should judge you hardly. I feel deeply for you, less for the trouble, which weighs heavily, than because you are trying to bear it without Divine help. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

A SCOTS THISTLE.—It is quite true that evil thoughts, and even impure ones, come into human minds at times when every surrounding circumstance ought to keep them at a distance. They come unbidden, and are hateful and unwelcome to us, yet we often find it most difficult to drive them away. We are not to blame because we are compelled to mental consciousness of these vile suggestions of the Evil One. We only sin by being willing listeners, by cherishing and encouraging unholy thoughts and allowing them to be the seeds whence spring wicked acts. Read again the story of Christ's temptation, which was so real a thing, and rendered the stronger by bodily weakness consequent on long fasting. He was tempted to distrust, to presumption, to worldly ambition, to idolatry of the worst kind. I quote a few words from an able commentator which may help you in regard to this matter as they have helped others. "No man, however holy, is exempt from temptation." Jesus Christ was "God manifested in the flesh," and yet, whilst in the manhood, He "was tempted of the devil." Remember "that to be tempted to the greatest abominations is not sin whilst a person resists, for Christ was tempted to worship the devil." Observe, that whilst Christ was exposed to the full force of temptations, and this under the most trying circumstances, He never for one moment temporised with the arch-enemy of souls, or assented to his evil suggestions. If we fall victims to the wiles of the tempter, it is because of our readiness to listen, and our not seeking help from Him Who has promised to bruise Satan under our feet. The only weapon Christ used against the Evil One was "the sword of the spirit, which is the Word of God," and that belongs to us also. I have often thankfully noticed the happy coincidences alluded to in the second part of your interesting letter.

BESSIE W.—I gladly number you amongst my friends, and rejoice that our Talks have "done you great good, time after time." Yes, even the most earnest Christians often need cheering on their way. I thankfully acknowledge that my dear girl-correspondents often give me just what I want in the way of encouragement. I am very much interested in the story of your struggles, and glad to think that your hard work has already won a measure of success. I am a profound believer in the power and preciousness of prayer, and can say, with you, that God does fulfil His promises, and responds to the cry of His needy children. Your confidence is fully respected, and it is a joy to me to know that the opening of your heart to me has been a real relief. Write again. I understand your regret at giving up the "G. O. P.," your old and helpful friend, and I hope some other correspondent will pass on hers, or "a richer sister" be found willing to send you an extra copy.



THE LORD'S HANDMAID.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF PASTOR KARL GEROK, BY SARSON C. J. INGHAM.

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord" (St. Luke ii. 38).

LINGERS the breath of lilies
In Mary's quiet room,
Sunset fades from the lattice,
Yet evening brings no gloom
Kneeling, she waits to ponder
Upon the angel's word,
Yet only breathes for wonder,
"Behold Thy handmaid, Lord."

"What means the future glory,
Pure joy or present woe?
Nothing I see before me
To mark the path I go.
This motherhood of blessing
May pierce me like a sword;
My low estate confessing,
I am Thy handmaid, Lord."

Oh, blessed thou who thinkest
As Mary thought that hour;
Oh, blessed thou who linkest
Thy weakness to God's power;
Let it be joy, or sorrow,
His purpose shall accord,
Say for each day and morrow,
"I am Thy handmaid, Lord."

Think, if to-day with pleasures
God's angel comes to me,
With pledge of earthly treasures,
Pure Love's felicity.
If what was vain desire
Brief life is to afford,
Tending the altar-fire,
"Behold Thy handmaid, Lord."

But if in my mean dwelling
God sends His messenger
To point to Jordan's swelling,
Or clash of strife and stir,
My mouth shall guard Love's sealing,
And utter back no word,
A rebel heart revealing;
"I am Thy handmaid, Lord."

If from my young Ideal
The Father sternly wakes,
Calls me to conflict real
To task that mars or makes,
Appoints my home with strangers,
Unknits each kindred cord,
Even 'mid desert rangers,
"I am Thy handmaid, Lord."

When my fresh springs are drying,
I will contented be;
Tears shed through my low crying
Shall water flowers for Thee;
Though for my humble dwelling
None asks with friendly word,
Thy Spirit mine is telling,
"I am Thy handmaid, Lord."

What if, of lineage royal,
Proud blood stirred in my veins,
Mary the meek and loyal
Reminds of higher gains
Than privilege of station,
Jewels, or self adored,
The sceptre of a nation—
"I am Thy handmaid, Lord."

Must I, in service weary,
Find the day's bread too salt,
Be bound to drudgery dreary,
Hard words for little fault;
In Life's low rooms, confiding
In Thee, I trust Thy word,
The secret Thou art hiding,
"I am Thy handmaid, Lord."

So may my heart's desire,
In happiness and woe,
Like a pure flame aspire
To Him Who loves me so.
Should Life's sweet spring uncover
My grave on the green sward,
May friends who leave it love her,
Who was Thy handmaid, Lord.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XXIII.—NO. 1143.] NOVEMBER 23, 1901. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SILENT STRINGS.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Lady Dye's Reparation," "A Cluster of Roses," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

THROUGH THE NIGHT.

THE laughing groups had all gone to the other end of the long garden, but Sis could see the flutter of the girls' dresses through the trees. Presently they disappeared, and then came a rumble of wheels on the road; they were bringing the carriages to the inn door, she thought—it must surely be time to start.

Getting up from her seat, she walked quickly along a



"IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE THE MAN WAS FLUNG OUT OF THE CART."

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narrow path leading straight to the back-door of the house. The talking and laughter had ceased; the sitting-room was empty; Sis passed through the front entrance and found the croydon waiting, and the black mare pawing the ground. In the next minute Martin appeared from another part of the inn, and came towards her alone.

"Where is Judith?" was her first question.

"Well," he said, looking red and foolish, "I think she must have got a good way ahead. The Conningtons wouldn't leave her behind. They made her get into their brake."

Sis stood staring at him for an instant with dilated eyes. Something in the light of those grey eyes was like a blaze, and almost frightened him.

"Then she has treated me shamefully, Mr. Bourne."

She said it slowly, word after word, and was quite silent. He did not know how to answer. He dared not tell her that Judith had acted deliberately, and that he had been glad enough to consent to her plan. Sis was angry—so angry that he stood before her like a whipped schoolboy.

"Don't take the matter too seriously," he said at last. "I'm sorry that Judith has annoyed you, but it's only a bit of harmless fun. Besides, it can't be helped now."

No, it could not be helped. Sis felt this as she seated herself in the croydon, never bestowing a single glance on the landlady, who stood smiling in the doorway. They were off; the black mare gave an impatient bound forward; she had had a rest and a good feed, and was in the right mood to go ahead. A long white road lay straight before them, with miles of heath stretching away to right and left; and in front of them was the afterglow of the sunset.

It was that proud silence of hers which exasperated Martin Bourne. The brandy had mounted into his head, and he thought that she felt him to be mean, and common, and unworthy to sit by her side. There are strings in the human heart which had better be left mute, for when they are played upon by evil forces they give out a discord which angels shudder to hear.

"You might be a little more civil, Miss Sis," he said insolently. "Can't you get down from your stilts for once? Why do you speak and look at a man as if he were the dirt under your feet? I'm beginning to lose patience, you see."

The grey eyes flashed again. But Sis did not meet the look in those eyes that glared at her with a red angry light; she was more indignant than frightened, as yet.

"So you are still dumb! Do you suppose I am going to bear with your silence all the way home? Speak out, won't you? Give a crumb of comfort to a hungry man; say that you'll try to tolerate me if you won't love me."

"No!" The girl's voice rang out as clear as a bell. "I will make no promise at all. We shall soon part company, Mr. Bourne; the best thing that we can do is to forget each other."

"Look here, Sis," he said, trying to suppress his rage, and speak in a natural tone. "Isn't it possible to come to an understanding? Let us resolve not to forget each other—let us make up our minds that we will not part company, but walk together to the end of the journey. Why shouldn't you take me for a life-companion—that's the sort of phrase that pleases a sentimental woman, I suppose? I'm not a pauper; I don't gamble much; I get a little drunk sometimes, but not too often. You will be all the better, Sis, if you fling some of your ridiculous notions to the winds. I'll tell you what you need, my dear child; you just need a good fellow to take care of you, a fellow that doesn't pretend to be cleaner than his neighbours. You don't realise that you are living in a world where nearly all the men and women are as muddy as they can be."

Then Sis spoke, calmly and with a touch of supreme scorn.

"Thank God that I can't realise a lie," she said. "I have only to send my thoughts straight to Oxford, and I find a home where my two sisters always walk in white."

"Then you're a fortunate girl, that's all I can say. Sisters have never been in my line; I've no relation nearer than an aunt and a cousin. But I don't see anybody in white excepting yourself."

"Mr. Bourne, I don't want to talk to you," she answered. "I'm not sure that you can trust your own eyes. Other people may not be as dark as you see them, and my own heart does not tell me that I am perfectly white. But I know that I long for what is purest and best, and I could not be contented with a life-companion whose desires are not as mine."

"Then you'll never find him." There was a concentrated passion in his choked voice. "If you want to keep your white robe, you'll have to walk alone. And what's the good of perpetual solitude, I should like to know? Part with your desire for an ideal husband, and you'll be as comfortable as any reasonable wife can wish to be. Be a warm-hearted human girl; give a smile when you are asked for it; give a pleasant word when a man hungers for the mere sound of your voice."

He was grasping the reins with a loose hand. She gave one glance at his face and turned away in disgust; it was an evil face, flushed a deep red; the veins on the forehead stood out like cords.

"Be quiet, Mr. Bourne," she said coldly. "You do not know what you are saying. Do not speak about—about love again. You will be calmer to-morrow."

"There's no time like the present," came in his rough hoarse voice. "No, Sis, I won't be shut up. Let me have an answer now, and it had better be a kind one."

The land lay under the grey veil of dusk; only a dull crimson line stretched across the western sky; only the cry of some belated bird floated through the silence. His left hand unconsciously loosened its hold on the reins; he was moving closer to her, stretching out the right to seize her waist, when there was a violent jerk, and the mare plunged forward with a wild leap. In a moment, in a twinkling of an eye, the man was flung out of the cart as if some invisible power had got him in its clutch; and Sis was left with the galloping mare alone.

Faster and faster they went; the bushes and hillocks seemed to assume strange shapes in the gathering darkness, a direction-post stood up, tall and grim, by the wayside, like a spectre in a feverish dream. Sis sat through it all as if she were part of a wild dance, and yet was only a spectator, not an actor, in some uncanny scene. Everything was whirling round and round, nothing was clear, nothing was plain. Only, amidst all this terrible confusion of the head, a voice in the heart rose up to tell of a great deliverance and coming peace.

She did not know how long that mad gallop went on. It stopped suddenly, but in the next moment Sis lost her consciousness of the present, and fell headlong into a gulf of darkness. Dimly she seemed to be aware of a dull noise like the thud of something heavy striking on the ground, and then came a mysterious hush and a blank.

Very slowly, very gradually, a sound as of rushing waters murmured in her ears, and her eyes opened on a sky sown with stars. The air blew cool upon her face, the murmur was dying away, she felt the soft sweet turf under her head. Yes, she realised what had happened now; she had been thrown out on the short grass by the roadside, falling clear of the rough stones and dust of the way. Alone, quite alone, but safe, thank God—weak, and fragile, and shaken like a reed by the wind, but fully conscious of that mystic heart-song of freedom and rest.

She stirred a little, and then took courage, and sat upright. Not frightened, no; all around lay the silent land, above was the star-sown sky, and God was over all, and in all, blessed for ever. The shock and the terror had passed away, and a new woman seemed to fill the place of the nervous girl who had got up that morning, so little aware of the way in which she was to be led. The Oxford Sis was left miles behind; the guest at Heathergate had finished her part in the scene; this new woman sat serene in the solitude of the night. Who was it who had said something about those who walked in white? Were they many or few? Like a vision they came trooping through the darkness, which yet was not darkness to the illuminated eyes, women who had won an unrecorded victory, and fought a bloodless fight, women who had refused to be bought or sold, poor women who had chosen to struggle on in a lonely and rugged way rather than be given to the wrong mate. Did that solitary path look fair to the youthful eyes that saw it winding up the hill? No; it was too rough, too stern, and alas! too silent for the multitude to tread. The voices of playmates had died in the far distance; the whispers of love were hushed for evermore; but clearer and sweeter sounded that mystic song of the heart which told of everlasting peace.

The noise of approaching wheels broke suddenly into that strange reverie. An open carriage, with lights, was coming into view, and presently it stopped short. Sis made an effort to rise to her feet, and then sank down on the turf again.

"Is anyone hurt?" said a man, coming to her side. "How did you get here? Can we do anything to help you?"

"There has been an accident," she managed to say. "I was thrown out of a cart, and someone is left lying in the road, a long way behind. How it happened I scarcely know."

"Do you live in this neighbourhood? Shall we take you home?" the man asked.

Sis put her hand to her head, and hesitated.

"My name is Sis Wilmer; I live in Oxford, but I am staying with the Faynes at Heathergate," she said, speaking in a curious automatic way.

There was a brief pause. Then a woman's clear voice came suddenly from the carriage.

"Oh, I know!" she said. "You came with Miss Fayne to see our place the other day. We live at Woodmere; and really I think it will be best for you to come home with us. Let us take care of you for to-night. I am Mrs. Hervie."

The man who stood by her gave her his arm, and she rose, slowly and stiffly, to her feet. Instinctively she knew that it was Lance Hervie who led her carefully to the carriage, and put her into a seat by his mother's side.

"I won't tease you with any more talk," Mrs. Hervie said, in a motherly tone. "You must be hurt, I am afraid. Are you in any pain?"

Sis was really in pain. She felt as if she were a mass of bruises from head to foot, but she tried to make the best of herself, and thanked Mrs. Hervie for her kindness. Like one in a dream she heard the Hervies explaining that there was a short cut—a cross road—to Woodmere, but that Heathergate was quite a long way off. And then, giving herself up to a sense of ease and relief, she lay back in the corner with half-closed eyes, and was bowled swiftly along in the stillness of the summer night.

The front of Woodmere looked solemnly out of the surrounding gloom; one or two lighted windows made a yellow glow in the dark shade of the trees; the deep voice of a great mastiff greeted them as they drove up to the door. In a few minutes Sis found herself in the dim old hall where ghostly men in armour kept perpetual watch and ward; and the housekeeper took charge of her at once. She was conducted upstairs to a room which looked as if some stately dame of old had just left it, and hardly realised the tenderness that surrounded her until she fell asleep.

In the morning she was far too ill to be removed, and Mrs. Hervie had everything done in her own way. She said afterwards that it was pleasant to have a sick girl in the big empty house, and all the rest were singing the same song. Judith Fayne appeared, very fussy and anxious, and was courteously dismissed. Something in Mrs. Hervie's bland manner convinced her that Sis had made certain revelations. In her usual health, Sis would probably have been more reserved, but Mrs. Hervie's gentle questions had brought out the whole truth.

There was a deep but quiet indignation in the heart of the hostess as she sat by the girl's bed. Hers was a motherly heart allied to a strong head, and she had heard many other stories of a similar kind. This poor child was to have been trapped into an engagement with a man whom she cordially disliked; it was Judith who meant to bring about the match to secure her cousin's goodwill. And then, too, a dangerously pretty girl would have been comfortably disposed of; a possible rival might have been swept out of the way. Yes; Mrs. Hervie knew the world very well, and she also knew that its stories repeat themselves.

"My dear," she said softly, "I am very glad that you have been sent to us. I am going to write to your own people, and ask one of your sisters to join you here."

Sis was slowly recovering from the shock, and the strange experiences she had gone through; but nothing surprised her so much as her own weakness. For four days she was kept a prisoner in her room, and on the fifth they took her down the wide stairs and gave her a seat in an easy-chair in an oriel window. Here she sat in peace, looking out upon the richly-wooded park, and listening to the songs of the birds, losing herself, for a little while, in a sort of waking dream.

"Are you better?" said Lance Hervie's voice by her side. "Yes; I see you are recovering; but you must have had a great deal to bear. You have heard from your sister, of course? We are expecting her this afternoon."

He spoke gently, but gravely; and once more she thought of the man who had fought at Naseby, and had left no enviable name behind. He had heard the whole story of her adventure, and wondered how her people could have let her go unguarded among strangers. Perhaps he pitied her for her ignorance of the world; anyhow, there was something thoughtful and kind in the hazel eyes that met her own.

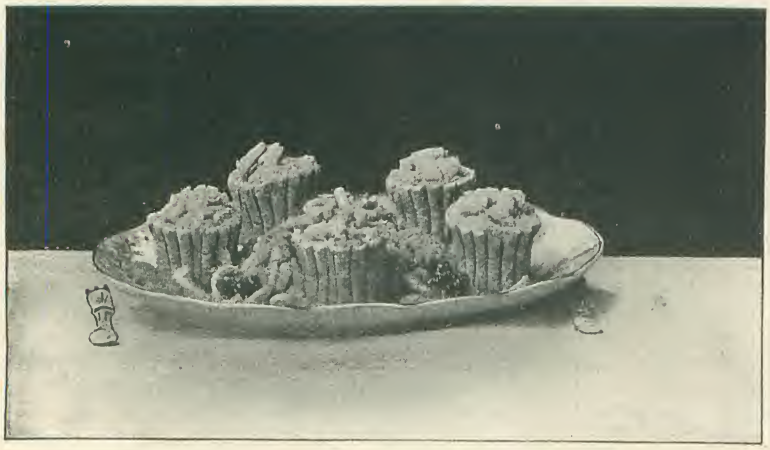
"Mrs. Hervie has been very kind," she said. "As to the accident—it seems like a bad dream."

"It doesn't seem like a dream to someone who was left lying in the road," remarked Lance Hervie, with a grim smile. "A broken leg is real enough, and a cut on the head will probably be remembered for many a day. That man who is related to Miss Fayne isn't at all likely to get well for some time."

She did not feel very sorry for the fallen hero of her misadventure. Something seemed, too, to have steeled her heart against her friend Judith, and already the time at Heathergate was fading into a far-distant past. It was not many days since she had been the guest of the Faynes, but she saw them now with clearer eyes. A great experience shows us people through the other end of the telescope; they look strangely little sometimes. But that was not all; she had got a fresh view of herself, and of her own little self-willed heart. "Lean not unto thine own understanding," is a motto that has to be dinned into many a girl's ear before it remains in her mind. And this motto had come into Sis's mind to stay.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME MODES OF SERVING CHEESE.



CHEESE TIMBALES WITH MACARONI.

At this time of the year cheese is at its best; it is the time when the cheese fairs of olden days used to be held, and in fact are still held in some parts of our country. The farmers of Derbyshire and Cheshire look forward to the autumn as the season when some of their arduous toil will be finished and they will reap the reward of their labours during the long summer. Cheese-making is by no means light work, especially in the counties named, and Gloucestershire folk will say the same. Those who go in for creams and small makes have an easier task comparatively, and this is fast becoming an industry for ladies, as we are glad indeed to see. We long to see some of the finer kinds of cheese revived; our grandmothers were proficients in making several that have been allowed to be forgotten. I have one most excellent cream cheese in mind. It used to be called Colwick cheese, being made chiefly in and around the village of Colwick, near Nottingham, but since the village became a suburb of a fashionable town—I beg pardon, city—the art of making this delicious speciality has apparently gone out, for even in Nottingham market they are no longer offered for sale.

While nothing can improve a piece cut out of a ripe well-made cheese, and few accessories will be needed to render it an acceptable finish to any repast, or even a complete meal by itself, with the scraps of stale and dry cheese there is scope for a good deal of culinary invention to display itself. There is absolutely no excuse for wasting anything but the barest rind; the drier it is the better it will grate, and grated it has many and varied possibilities, whether for use as it is or as an addition to other things.

A word first as to the way of keeping a piece of cheese for eating. Many people, proud of their handsome cheese-dish, set this away in the larder, the cover in position, and



A CHEESE LUNCHEON.

leave it thus till they want it out again. They are astonished to see how damp the piece of cheese has become and how strongly it smells—indeed, they are glad to shut the cover down again. As a matter of fact, these handsome dishes ought to be kept for table use alone; a piece of coarse cheese-cloth is quite sufficient to wrap round the cheese itself when it is put away, and left thus it will not mould or grow dry too soon.

A loaf of milk bread one or two days old is very nice for eating with cheese, when butter and celery go with it for the mid-day lunch; with cheese as it comes on the table at the close of dinner biscuits are better and more suitable than bread; the butter then should be formed into little balls. Some diners like to eat an olive or a pickled walnut with cheese; some like pickled cherries or plums. A cheese biscuit—that is, one in which cheese itself is an ingredient—should not be eaten with cheese; it should form a savoury by itself. The best biscuits for accompanying cheese are those of the cracker variety or the kind known as breakfast; very pretty, though rather small, are the tiny squares called dinner biscuits.

Our long illustration shows a cheese luncheon complete; the smaller ones give us a few suggestions as to how to treat scraps and leavings of stale morsels.

Take the first one of these—it is *Cheese Timbales with Macaroni*. Make the timbales first, and stuff them with a bit of bread to keep them hollow while baking. They are made of nice short pastry, which lines little fluted moulds. The macaroni is broken into short lengths and cooked till soft by throwing it into boiling salted water, then it is drained and added to some creamy white sauce in which there is a fair allowance of grated cheese, piquancy being given by a dash of cayenne pepper and celery salt. The yolk of an egg added to this sauce would make it richer, but is not absolutely necessary. Better than egg is cream and a small nob of butter. Keep the sauce very hot, fill the cases as soon as they come from the oven, then sprinkle more grated cheese freely over all.



CHEESE CONES.



CHOUFLEUR AU GRATIN.

Our next illustration shows the popular *Choufleur au gratin* of the restaurant. It also is served piping hot. The cauliflower is first cooked in salted water, then crushed with a fork; to it is added grated cheese in the proportion of about three tablespoonfuls to a medium-sized specimen, a few breadcrumbs, salt and pepper, and a little cream or dissolved butter. Toss the whole well together, butter a shallow dish and put in the mixture, sprinkling with more crumbs, pouring a little butter on the top, then bake rather quickly till crisp. Everything that is baked *au gratin* comes to table in the dish in which it is cooked.

Another mode of serving cheese as a savoury to finish a nice dinner—our previous recipe ranks either as an *entremet* or luncheon dish—is to make *Cheese Cones*.

For these, beat a whole egg and mix with it enough grated cheese and breadcrumbs to make it firm enough to handle, adding salt and pepper and a very little milk thereto. Shape these cones in the hand, then roll them in another beaten egg and fine breadcrumbs, then fry quickly in very hot lard to a pale brown. Do not fry them too much or they will be dry. Serve these also hot, on a paper doyley.

Lastly, we have home-made *Cheese Biscuits* and *Cheese Canapées*. The latter are prettier in reality than our photographer was able to indicate. Take the biscuits first, however, for they want nicely making, and ought to be both crisp and appetising. Three ounces of self-raising flour, two ounces of grated cheese, a pinch of salt and pepper, an ounce of fresh butter, the yolk of an egg, and enough milk to make a dough. Roll out thinly, and cut with a wineglass or tin cutter, baking them on sheets of buttered paper to a pale brown. Keep in tins.

For our canapées the method of procedure is this. Cut a slice of white bread from a large loaf, remove all crust, and shape neatly into triangular pieces. Fry these on one side only in butter, then drain, and spread upon the side that is not fried a mixture composed of the yolk of a boiled egg, a spoonful of made mustard, a little butter beaten soft, and two spoonfuls of freshly-grated cheese, with a sprinkling of cayenne pepper. Spread this evenly over each piece, then sprinkle, or rather pile, on the top to form a tiny raised mound as much more grated cheese as the canapée will support. Garnish with a minute sprinkling of minced parsley, and decorate with nasturtium flowers if decoration seems needful at all. They are ornamental enough without anything.

L. H. YATES.



CHEESE BISCUITS. CHEESE CANAPÉES.

NANCE LOVEL.

By JEAN COURTENAY.

CHAPTER IV.



FOUR years had passed; many changes had taken place at Hillside. Hilda, a pretty dark-eyed brunette of eighteen, was just engaged to one of the Vicar's sons, Bob was away on the ocean—for his dream was realised, and he was now a sailor. Ethel and Tom were as devoted as ever, but their long thin arms and legs seemed always in the way. Phyllis was a dainty little maiden of nine, more like her sister Nance than either of the others. One small restless form was missing. Arthur's chair was empty, for diphtheria had visited Meriton two years previously, and the merry, delicate little fellow had been one of the first to succumb to the disease.

Nance was still the comfort of her parents, and the dearest sister to all the rest of the family. Bravely she had hidden all the agony of her loss, and although her mother feared that something had been said during that visit to the garden with Giles Conolly that had killed for a time all her child's youth and brightness, yet the earnest eyes seemed to plead for silence, and she asked nothing.

Nance had received more than one offer of marriage, but her gentle yet decided refusal had been always the same. She never mentioned Giles Conolly, and nothing would induce her to go near the old apple-tree in the orchard, but these were the only signs she gave of her inward pain. Nothing had been heard of Jack Lovel since the day of Audrey's wedding; he had vanished completely and was rarely given a thought by any except Nance.

The Sinclairs had returned to Meriton, but only for a few weeks; and during that time Evelyn had carefully avoided meeting Nance. They had then moved to London, much to Mrs. Sinclair's grief, but her daughter declared she hated the quietness of Meriton; so, as usual, her mother's wishes were over-ruled. Shortly after they left, the news reached the Lovels of her marriage to a wealthy diamond merchant. Vague rumours of domestic quarrels and growing misery followed, but after Mrs. Sinclair's death nothing further was heard of her daughter.

Meanwhile, out in far Australia, on a lonely station miles away from any habitation, lived a tall, sad-looking man. His bronzed face and splendid physique showed perfect bodily health, but no smile ever crossed the firm lips, and the dark eyes had a sad longing in them that nothing seemed to satisfy.

He was Giles Conolly!

Four years back he had thrown up his profession, and, after gaining his uncle's reluctant consent, had come out to Australia to try to drown the memory of that sad little face—false as he thought it—at Hillside.

He had heard occasionally during that time from his uncle, Sir James Stretton, but his letters were very brief and contained no outside news.

As he rode into his yard on this hot December afternoon, he was accosted by a tall thin man, whose hollow cough seemed to tear his emaciated form to bits. His clothes were very shabby, and all he carried was a small bundle tied up in a large handkerchief. Something about him, however, seemed to speak of better days, and Conolly knew he was speaking to one who had, at any rate, been educated as a gentleman.

"Excuse my troubling you, sir, but could you find me some work to do?" A fit of coughing here shook the feeble frame, and Conolly's keen eyes noticed that the handkerchief he held to his lips was stained with blood.

"Hardly strong enough for work, are you?" he said, not unkindly.

"If you could find me something fairly light, sir, I would do my best," pleaded the stranger, and Conolly told him to come into the house.

The next morning "John"—for that was the only name he would give—was far too ill to think of work, and for many weeks Giles Conolly nursed him patiently. His strength seemed to have left him suddenly, and he lay quiet and helpless between the attacks of coughing, very grateful for all that was done for him, but evidently in a rapid consumption. Conolly had become very interested in him, and often wished he knew something of his past life.

One morning he rode into the nearest township, some thirty miles away, and found a letter awaiting him. It was from his great-uncle's lawyers, and brought him startling news. Sir James was dead, and his will being opened, it was found that he had left all his property and money to his great-nephew, Giles Conolly, on one condition however. He was to leave everything untouched in the lawyers' hands for ten years, while they searched diligently for any trace of his daughter Mary Stretton, or, failing her, of her children if she had any. (The stern old man even now would not mention that daughter's married name, so that the search was made doubly difficult.) If they were found, Conolly was to have a sum of £50,000 paid to him, and the property and all the residue of the money was to go to this same daughter Mary or her heirs. The lawyers added that of course they would at once institute a search, but feared that it would be a fruitless one, and they could only express their regret that their client would be obliged to wait for his inheritance for so long a period as ten years.

Conolly read the letter many times, and almost rejoiced that there was no necessity for him to return to England at present. His love for Nance Lovel was as strong as ever, and he could not bear the thought of settling down anywhere near her, or of hearing of her as the happy wife of some other man.

Arriving home he went in at once to see his patient.

"Well, John, how have you been to-day?" he asked cheerily.

"Fairly comfortable, thanks," answered John in his weak voice, "and you—did you find any letters waiting for you?"

"I have had one letter, and must confess I was a bit startled by its contents. It brought me the news of my only relative's death. Poor old uncle!"

"Did he live in England?" inquired John.

"Yes, at Stretton Hall, in Somersetshire," replied Conolly, liking to take his patient's thoughts away from his pain and weakness.

"Stretton," murmured John, "my name is Stretton."

"Your name is Stretton!" repeated Conolly in surprise.

"Will you look in that little book on the table?" said John. "I was called Stretton after my mother, and that is the only thing that I possess that belonged to her. She died at my birth."

Conolly fetched the book, a small volume of poems, and opening it at the title-page, saw to his infinite amazement, in his uncle's handwriting, the words, "To my dear daughter Mary, from her affectionate father, James Stretton."

It was too wonderful to be true. Here before his eyes was the heir, and alas, poor fellow, his days were numbered.

"Will you tell me what you can of your parentage?" he said gently. "I think my letter concerns you too."

"My father was a ne'er-do-weel, like myself," replied John, "and ran away with my mother, I believe. I was their only child, and as they both died before I was two years old, I can tell you very little more about them"

"Stretton," said Conolly gravely, "I have a great piece of news to tell you. My uncle without doubt was your grandfather, and by his will you are the heir to his large estate and beautiful Stretton Hall."

John Stretton did not seem much affected by this news.

"I shall never see either," he said softly, "and it will make no difference where I am going."

"Nay, but think a moment. Are there no dear ones in England whom you would like to remember? You must make a will, my dear fellow, for you have much to leave."

"Who would have had everything if I had never been found?" asked Stretton quickly.

"Oh, I suppose it would have come to me, but I don't grudge you a penny of it."

A sudden look of pleasure stole over Stretton's white thin face, and he said eagerly—

"Conolly, will you bring me paper and pen? I would like to make my will now at once, I may not be able to very soon."

Giles fetched writing materials, and propped up the invalid with pillows so that he could write.

After some minutes the sick man looked up with a smile and said—

"Will you find me two witnesses? I want this finished."

Giles nodded, and, leaving the room, came back with two stalwart men who worked for him. The will was then duly signed and witnessed, and having put it away for safety, Giles sat quietly down by the bedside.

"Would you like me to read to you?" he asked gently.

A flush passed over the thin face on the pillow.

"Thanks. Will you read me a few verses from that?" and he pointed to a little well-worn Bible that always lay close to him.

Conolly took it, and in opening it his eyes were caught by the familiar name "Nance Lovel." Pointing to it with his finger he exclaimed—

"Who is that? Do you know her?"

The worn face smiled tenderly.

"Ay, I know her well, my little Nance, my good angel always!"

The dark eyes watching him grew stern. Was this poor fellow another of Nance's victims?

"Conolly, I would like you to know all. My full name is John Stretton Lovel, and I was brought up by my uncle, Dr. Lovel, of Meriton, in Devon. I repaid his kindness by reckless idleness and final dishonesty, and was at last banished by him from the house and neighbourhood. Nance was always my favourite cousin, and when I left she was the only one to wish me God-speed. Selfish as I always was, I made her promise never to tell anyone that she had come at my bidding to say good-bye in the lane; and often since I have wondered whether that promise ever caused her any trouble. She would never break it, I know, whatever the cost might be of keeping it, for she was always as true as steel."

There was a groan from the silent listening figure, but the sick man did not hear it.

"That Bible was her parting gift, and I should like her to know that I have learnt to love its sacred pages, and that my last hours are peaceful, for I have found repentance 'after many tears.' In the will I made to-night I have left a legacy of £10,000 to my sweet little cousin. You will not mind? The rest, of course, to you, as the only heir. Will you take charge of this Bible after I am gone, and return it with your own hands to my cousin at Hillside, Meriton, and give her my message?"

Conolly managed to assent, and his earnest handclasp seemed to please the dying man. He lay back exhausted while Giles, steadying his voice, read a few verses, and then he fell asleep.

When morning dawned Jack Lovel had passed away, and his peaceful face made Giles whisper as he looked at him—

'At evening time it shall be light."

(*To be concluded.*)

A REMINISCENCE OF WORDSWORTH.

It has seemed to me a pity that this story of Wordsworth, with its daintiness as of dried rose-leaves and lavender, should be in danger of passing into the grey shadows of the land of forgetfulness. Let me give it in the words of my old cousin, when over eighty years of age. "I am half ashamed to speak of the part I personally played," she said with a self-deprecatory laugh; "and the only excuse I can offer for it is, that I was young at the time, and that my companion was as greatly lacking in modesty as myself. We were making a tour of the Lakes, and in one of our rambles came suddenly upon Rydal Mount, where Wordsworth was at that time living. Suddenly my companion made the suggestion that we should call upon him! Dismayed and startled, I demurred, but was soon reasoned down, my companion urging that it would be quite easy to ask to see Mr. Wordsworth, and if we were admitted we could then tell him how greatly we liked his poetry. So we went up the garden and knocked at the door, to be told by the servant who answered our summons, that Mr. Wordsworth was ill and could not see visitors. By this time the idea which had entered our minds as a girlish freak, assumed larger proportions, and my companion and I were ardently desiring to speak with the poet, and were feeling that to be turned away with our wish ungratified was a thing not to be borne. So great were our lamentations that the maid-servants who so far had been obdurate, relented slightly, saying she would tell Mrs. Wordsworth. So Mrs. Wordsworth came to the door to speak to us. She was gentle, sympathetic and courteous, but confirmed what the servant had said regarding the indisposition of her husband; then with a kindness to two silly young people which I have appreciated more in after years than even at the time, she told us that if we would go round the house to a particular window—explaining that it was the window of Mr. Wordsworth's study—we might look in upon Mr. Wordsworth, who was in his room, while she would explain to him the meaning of such unusual visitors. We gladly availed ourselves of this device by which our wish was in part to be gratified, and as we two immodest young things, awed by this time, let me say, into something like self-conscious gravity, looked through the window into the room, Mr. Wordsworth nodded to us, smiled, and kissed his hand." My old cousin concluded her reminiscence with, "If I am ashamed of the part I played, I think Mr. Wordsworth's was very charming."

CHARLOTTE CARL.

NEW SONGS FOR GIRLS.

"RED CLOVER," in its sweet, swinging rhythm, has a particular charm for a young mezzo-soprano, so fresh and full of the love of nature are its words, which are matched excellently in facile melody by Teresa del Riego (Chappell). As we sing of the lowly blooms of the "blush-red clover," visions of the wind-swept fields come to us far away from dusty towns and teeming highways, and we are of the same opinion as the "Robin atilt in the apple-tree" in the song, who vows there's nothing sweeter. It is difficult to say which is the most attractive, "Red Clover" or another bright ditty dealing with the doings of the same wee bird, entitled "So robin sang," by Gerald Lane. The compass and notes are quite easy, and the innocent wording appeals very prettily to us (Enoch). There are yet two or three more bird songs suitable to mezzos. "Tell me, swallow!" another of Gerald Lane's, which, together with the two first mentioned, is published in three keys, and which is equally light-hearted; "White Throat," by George S. Aspinall, certain to commend itself to young vocalists for its joyousness and spontaneity, without any difficult passages (Ascherberg); and Frank Moir's "Spring-time," of the same refreshing *genre*, with a little minuet interlude which gives it an old-time flavour (Ashdown). None of these songs are at all exacting in their requirements, nor do they want large voices.

Sopranos should annex a charming little lay in praise of "Buttercups and Daisies," the words by our favourite, Clifton Bingham, the music, so ably translating them, by Frederic Cowen (Boosey). No. 3 key in A flat is the one for high voices.

The beauties of spring, after all the long, dead winter, do certainly rouse the innate poetry of our being, and Maude Valérie White has caught this exuberance of feeling in an admirable way while writing "The spring has come," the very rhythm of which warns us to "pack clouds away" and rejoice, as nature rejoices all around us. Again, sopranos must select No. 3 key, and they will find nothing beyond very moderate powers of performance (Chappell). A. L.'s music possesses invariably a subtle refinement and daintiness of expression ever welcome to girl singers, and this is very appreciable in "The only time to love" ("*La jeunesse n'a qu'un temps*"):—

> "O the days, days, days!
> When we roamed the woodland ways,
> And the primroses and violets
> Peeped out beneath our feet."

Such tender sighs of regret there are at winter time! in the music, such pretty turns and graces for the voice—all to a graceful accompaniment reminding us of the swaying of the valse. The highest key is No. 2 in G (Chappell). "Babie Marie" requires to be sung with much simplicity by a sympathetic young voice, and it is effective and touching indeed. Frederick Rosse writes it (Ascherberg).

Contralto songs are perforce of a heavier and more serious type. A very fascinating one is Teresa del Riego's "Slave Song," sung beautifully by Alice Gomez, who portrays all the sad yearning of its burden (Chappell). Two songs in a most popular mode and of a quasi-sacred character are "The Ladder of Life," by Ed. St. Quentin (Morley), and "The Pilgrim's Hope," by Paul Rodney (Enoch). There is a sweet, short, quaint idyll, "Dear little Baretoes," by C. P. Scott, wanting little voice (Boosey); and another, "Little Feet," treating so simply and so truly of the ways the dimpled Baretoes must needs go. Landon Ronald writes this with tenderest feeling for the subject (Enoch); and "My Treasures," by Paul Rodney, recalls many dear times and loved faces of tiny people—little sisters, little brothers, all grown up and gone away *into* the big world, and, alas! some *out* of it (Enoch).

But, to end more cheerily, here we find "The Eton Boating Song," capitally set for the guitar by Madame Giulia Pelzer (2, Southampton Street), and it goes so fluently and well. And, for girls with musical brothers, we feel obliged to mention "Forging the Anchor," by Paul Rodney (Enoch), and "The Old Gray Fox," by Maude Valérie White, with splendid words by Conan Doyle, both of which the brothers will declare are "hard to beat" (Chappell).

MARY AUGUSTA SALMOND.



SHEEP IN A STORM.

(*See Frontispiece.*)

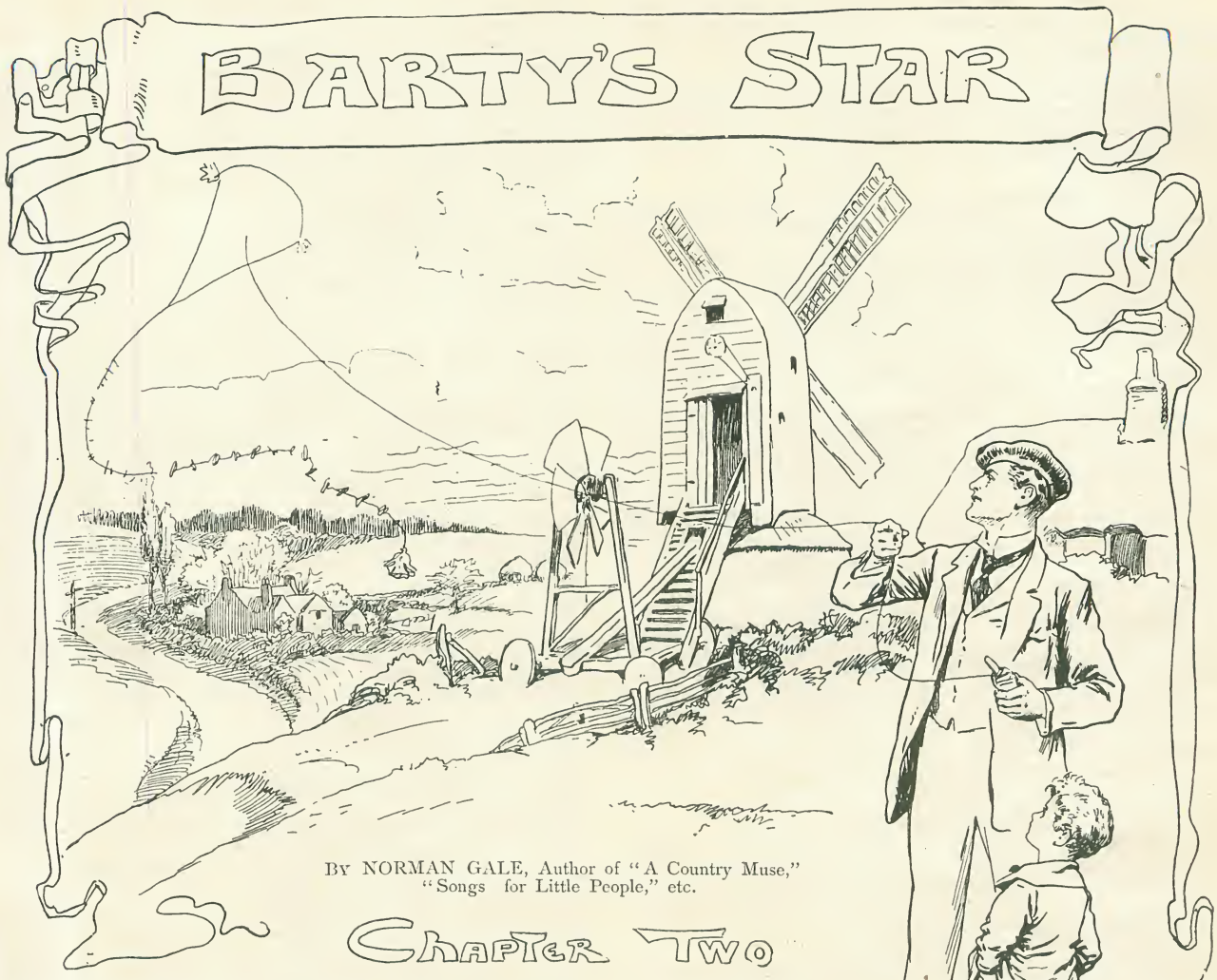
BY NORA CHESSON.

THE storm comes slowly up the skies,
The valley in its shadow lies,
Yet still a light as faint as hope
Lies all along the sheep-trimmed slope,
And fain would save the distant tower
From darkness yet another hour,
But vainly from the tempest flies.

The herons from the marsh have gone,
Beholding how the dark draws on;
The beech-tree yonder on the hill,
Where silly sheep are feeding still,
'Twixt light and lightning shuddering stands,
A landmark between alien lands—
Each leaf aghast in the hot breath
That whispers to all trees of death.

The sheep feed stolidly, nor know
How near their heads the lightnings go.
The old tower not more careless stands
Of human wrath and human hands
Than these meek things that without fear
The lightnings see, the thunders hear,
Nor cease from feeding to and fro.

BARTY'S STAR



By NORMAN GALE, Author of "A Country Muse," "Songs for Little People," etc.

CHAPTER TWO

WERE it a custom on the part of the nation to catalogue with exactness its illustrious noodles, as well as its abundant masters in all ranks of thought and action, we should certainly know what was the name of the person who first gave tongue to the foolish statement that children should be seen and not heard. If I knew, to him or her I would raise in my memory a statue of disapproval more lasting than brass. I would not be thought to recommend the adoption of tactics so slovenly that the quicksilvery merrymakers should, when wronged by the absence of a proper restraint, grow into chatterboxes whose volubility is without wholesome boundaries, but I cannot help deploring the conduct of such parents as seem set upon making children into mutes. I am willing enough to grant the preponderance of the chaff over the wheat; but precious grain is sometimes to be discovered, and then, because of its matchless quality, it repays the harvester a hundredfold for his patience in winnowing the valuable from so much that is, if not quite valueless, at least merely temporary in interest. When Barty, because of a gush of high spirits, used to degenerate into loquacity and sauciness, I took pains to mend his faults; when, on the contrary, he figured as a grave mark of interrogation, or as a commentator upon the open-handedness of Nature, I made it one of my chief objects in life to listen to him, in the hope of catching golden hints illustrative of his earlier existence. As bright heavens and beds exquisite with blossoms most caused him to reach back to his former home, I tried to keep his mind in the necessary grooves, though not manifestly, for fear of arousing self-consciousness in him. I was afraid lest the poet should conquer the historian, and the boy, perceiving the character of my requirements, should begin to invent rather than to record. That is a dangerous moment when children first find themselves possessed of a power to spin webs from the silk of thought. The human caterpillars soon grow cunning.

Before I forget it, I must tell you about the opening of the iris. One morning, as soon as breakfast was over, and Barty arrayed for his usual scamper up and down the lawns, for the visits he paid every day to the blossoming kings and queens in the garden supplied him with plentiful exercise, he discovered that the pioneer among the irises had unfolded considerably since his overnight inspection. Straightway he fell a victim to the panic of joy. Too slow to suit his racing desire, his short legs carried him in search of a sympathiser, and he rushed headlong into my study, flags of excitement waving rosily in his cheeks, his golden nebula of hair blown into odd shapes by the breeze. He tried to explain the nature of his embassy, but could not, for his brain was too exhilarated to attend to the minting of orderly explanations. Howbeit, the language spoken by hands and feet and eyes was easy to comprehend

without calling a Daniel to judgment, so I followed my nimble leader with all speed, assured of the urgency of the matter, and soon we stood hand in hand before the marvel causing Barty's whirlwind of emotion.

"Well, Bartimæus?"

The child was so deep in delight that the ear and the brain had suspended their harmonious agreement. I moved so as totally to eclipse the flower.

"Bartimæus!"

"Yes, daddy."

"Do you want so show me something, chicken?"

Barty had as many nicknames as a rood of the Milky Way appears to have stars.

"Its mouf's nearly open," said the boy.

"Hush! I believe it will open ever so wide soon, if we don't frighten it by making a noise. Shall we watch it?"

No answer. The bare idea made speech out of the question. Standing stock still in his blue blouse, one hand holding a wooden spade, the other now dropped loosely at his side, Barty stared intently at the miracle on the top of the stalk, with his radiant glances helping, as it pleasures me to imagine, the sun change the bud into a flower. I stooped to entangle a kiss with the nebula, and then walked away, knowing full well that the child's mind was too perseveringly occupied with the revelation of Nature's skill in packing to notice my departure. Exactly one hour later I walked along the path on tip-toe to see what had happened. The boy was where I had left him, still fixed upon his project. I went up close behind him, sat down upon a camp-stool, and opened the morning paper as rustlingly as I could, on purpose to make a fresh test of his abstraction. He did not heed. Dame Nature surely never had a prettier compliment paid to her genius. I had just looked up from the current crisis, when Barty said to himself very quietly, offending me and Lindley Murray's ghost in the same breath—

"Its muvver's unbuttoning its jacket like my muvver does."

A few minutes later he shouted in triumph—

"It's open! I heard it speak!"

I jumped up, flinging diplomatic complications underfoot. At last that industrious trinity—sun, soil, rain—had declared the velvety palace of the iris to be open for the inspection of fairies, butterflies, birds and human beings.

"What did it say, Barty?"

"I don't know. It speaked wiv a pop."

"Spoke, not speaked. Have you ever heard irises speak before?"

"Ever so many," he said, in a tone belonging to the heartiest conviction.

"Where? Can you tell daddy where?"

His characteristic pucker showed as a signal of perplexity. I watched him harking back, hunting for the lost trail, endeavouring to throw off the effects of that cup, full with nepenthe, held to his lips by Mystery herself at the very moment when was accomplished his transit from system to system. But he who mixed the draught was no apprentice. The drug sufficed.

"I—I nearly can, daddy," said my little son.

"Never mind, dear. Don't you want to give our new friend a kiss?"

"Yes." With great gentleness he laid his lips upon the blue banners now spread out in the air.

"Look, daddy! It has free tongues."

He was bending with joy over the first baby held up by the iris for the warm and windy palms of heat and breeze to fondle.

"Shall we pick it and take it in to mother? Poor mother's ill."

"Muvver has a klekshun of greenhouse," Barty replied, referring to some exotic flowers which were helping to make the sick room cheerful.

"Well, we'll leave it then. See, it has a tiny sister just peeping out of her green bonnet."

"Will they tell one anuvver fairy tales?"

"Perhaps. Come along. I am going to teach you ever so many things about the sun and his big boys."

If I were to write down a full and faithful account of all Barty knew about astronomy before he reached his fifth birthday, my readers would probably charge me with romancing in a lavish manner; and yet, millions of Englishmen who have reached their riper years know twenty times less than the mite of a boy did at this very green point in his career. He ate knowledge of this sort as the average lad eats an orange; that is, not without the semblance of greed. And because Barty so hungered and thirsted to learn the big letters in the starry alphabet, eager to read the scripture of the sky, his sleeping arrangements were altered so as to allow of his sitting up late some warm and regal nights for the purpose of listening to my informal lectures. With a comforter round his neck, and a small pilot jacket (of which he was disastrously proud) buttoned close about his fragile body, Barty drank in the elements of astronomy from such positions of vantage as my knee or my shoulder. Sometimes—as a very extraordinary favour conferred by mother, under whose dear brows there beamed two stars fit to be immortalised in the firmament—we were permitted to go on the leads, where we commanded all the timeous constellations, and felt, such was the pride begotten by our exalted position, as if we were almost able to put our hands upon the back of the Great Bear and to stroke his silver hide. There is surely no need to relate in detail what extravagant calls were made upon my learning and patience by this slip of a Zoroaster, nor how difficult it was to supply easy answers to his ceaseless crop of questions. For quite six months, if fine, out of doors, if wet, in his nursery or in my study, the boy and I laboured upon the solar system, the atmosphere, rainbows and other phenomena of frequent occurrence, albeit Barty made bewitching efforts to drag me farther afield in space, there to discuss such monsters as Aldebaran or Sirius. He was only won from these insinuating methods—he had a quaint trick of kissing each button upon my waistcoat when desirous of causing me to break my word—by a promise on my part to give him a lecture about some gigantic sun upon his fifth birthday. As he had reason to know how little like pie-crust his father's promises were, whether connected with scoldings or kissings, he would resume his study of Neptune or Uranus in a cheerful spirit. And what a faithful savings-bank his memory was when the pledge had joy at bottom! The Old Lady in Threadneedle Street could not have been surer had she used her strongest vault as a guardian for the delight not to be taken out and squandered till a certain date was reached. But there was a big hole in Barty's remembrance when the promise had sombre associations. A very big hole.

We used to put our heads together over maps of the solar system, and when Barty was master of such terms as orbit, diameter, circumference, he found a special delight in supplying me with information about every member of the sun's family, each item of which I gravely wrote underneath the big and little dots upon the rough chart I had drawn.. He knew the pace of light, and how it was first measured; and he was moderately well informed about Saturn's rings, though I speak who should be silent. I do not think Barty and I were ever happier than when we had a blackboard on the lawn and considered diagrams while thrushes whistled their wonder from the ash opposite the front door. And how good it was to turn from Uranus to tea when mother and a maid came bearing milk and queen cakes and other inducements for the cessation of our happy-go-lucky lessons! And how delighted Barty used to be whenever he found a dark companion revolving in the exceedingly weak fluid he was allowed to call tea! Bright fell the delicate evenings of those days so prodigal in regard to immediate joy, so busy in harvesting stuff for recollection. My heart quickens always as memory paints this scene upon her magic canvas. It is always the same; it is always a surprise.

Although it was most difficult to persuade Barty to leave his obstinate questionings—ought I to employ inverted commas?—about the firmament's population, save when he pondered upon the speechlessness of those flowers which I like to believe were mates of his in a far-away home, or spent his soul upon such new acquaintances as love-lies-bleeding and gladiolus, I thought it good policy at times to

endeavour to awaken in him other interests—a passion for Jack the Giant-Killer, a desire to attend with more or less regularity to the creature comforts of rabbits or fowls, a wish to learn how Horatius kept the bridge. But at this epoch in the boy's history I was never successful for long.

Guinea-pigs were but indifferent skids upon his astronomical wheels; and it was not till a certain Fifth of November when I execrated the memory of Guy Fawkes, thus disobeying the injunction contained in *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, by aiming a rocket at Orion, that I bethought myself of kites and toy-balloons as means to prevent Barty from an unhealthy excess of botany and astronomy and musing. Forthwith I instructed him in the art so dear to Mr. Dick, and from the moment when we first sent our paper bird to swoop and curve in the blue territories above our heads, an endless source of amusement, an enduring magnet to distract the boy's mind from feeding too constantly on meteors and hollyhocks and mystical shreds of reminiscence, was found. We also procured a small captive-balloon, which always went upon its journey bearing what Barty fondly imagined to be a successful copy of himself. It certainly wore one of his blouses, and its sawdust legs were covered by a pair of his discarded knickerbockers and stockings; moreover, a flaxen wig and a sailor hat, which for long had falsely represented my son as devoted to Queen and country on board an ironclad, helped the resemblance. Barty always greeted this apparition with devastating cordiality whenever it returned safely from a voyage. To him this soaring image was fifty times more valiant than Benjamin Franklin and Doctor Nansen rolled into one.

If, by any chance, necessity compelled me to leave Barty to his own devices for the whole of a summer's day, he very soon drifted into one of his astronomical reveries, even though I had set him to dig for gold just beyond the cucumber-frame in the kitchen-garden. Upon a certain afternoon I returned home to find a strange posture of affairs. Barty had possessed himself of a pail of whitewash and a brush. With these he had mapped out upon the lawn, using a liberal space so as to manage the orbits with sufficient magnificence, a solar system, which held its ground for several weeks in despite of brooms and rainfall, though in a faded fashion, as if the mimic planets had been changed from comely bodies to the thinnest of thin ghosts. A blob of whitewash represented the sun; lesser blobs stood for his companions, and the correct number of tiny moons clustered about the spheres of Jupiter, Saturn and Neptune. The paths of all these planets were scrupulously shown, with a view, I think, to impressing Dick, the stable lad, a young rascal as crammed with innocent mischief as an egg is full of meat, from whose buoyant eyes fun and frolic seemed positively to leak. The whole work was as creditable to Barty's head as it was vexing to my heart; and, when I recollected the morrow's tennis-party, I felt inclined to send the culprit to bed. But what was this infant Kepler doing? Had he levanted after completing his picture, fearful lest my criticism should be alarmingly hostile, or was he watching my exasperated countenance from one of his innumerable hiding-places? No. There he sat, some distance away from Neptune's orbit, on a part of the lawn which sloped upward to the wall, perched on a high chair he had dragged from his peculiar dominion—the nursery. He looked as grave as the Woolsack; the evening sun fell full upon his bare knees, and revealed quite a dozen small wounds caused by thorns and gravel and cats.

"What's all this, Barty?" I asked, taking care to let asperity be heard in my tones. "What are you doing there?"

"It's the solar system."

"So I suppose. I hope you're ashamed of yourself for making such a mess. I feel very much inclined to put you across my knees. Go up into the nursery at once, instead of sitting there mumchance. I expect the fly-catchers think you are the silliest boy they have ever seen. I don't wonder. Why, in the name of goodness, are you sitting in that chair?"

"This is where me and Dick is going to create things," said Barty.

I went indoors to find his mother. I thought she would like the violets from my button-hole. As I passed through the hall I met Barty's nurse, and I very soon heard the immediate result of the order I gave her. Screams rent the air. My small ape did not yield his throne without a struggle. The testimonial he suddenly issued touching the excellence of his lungs was far-reaching. It reached quite half a mile—quite! That evening ended in slaps!

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

What is the King's Family Name?

It is a vulgar error to say, as is often done, that the family name of the present reigning dynasty in England is "Guelph."

If the Royal Family can be said to have a family name, that name would be "d'Este," not "Guelph." The last Guelph of the male line (Guelph III., Duke of Carinthia) died without issue, and left the representation of the family to his only sister Cunegunda, who in 1040 married Azo d'Este, Marquis of Este.

From this marriage, in direct male line, are descended all the members of the Royal and Ducal families of Hanover and Brunswick, whose correct family name is, therefore, d'Este.

That this is the case is evident from the fact that the children of Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex (whose marriage with Lady Augusta Murray was invalidated by the Royal Marriage Act of 1772) assumed the surname of d'Este, not Guelph.

The View of the Sea.

Visitor: "I cannot catch even a glimpse of the sea, yet your advertisement says, 'Drawing-room, with fine view of the sea.'"

Landlady: "And isn't that a fine view of the sea hung over the piano? The frame alone cost fifteen shillings."

The National Anthem.

Many writers have tried their hands at revising the words of our National Anthem, but not with much success. The best addition perhaps is that written by Longfellow, which was sung for the first time in public by Miss Clara Butt when Her Majesty's Theatre in London was opened a few years ago—

"Lord, let war's tempests cease,
Hold the whole world in peace
Under Thy wings;
Make all the nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of Kings."

Medical Women in Switzerland.—At the University in Berne there are 190 women students of medicine against 174 men; in Geneva 168 women and 183 men. At the other Swiss Universities the proportion of female students is smaller, and yet their numbers are considerable. At Basle only four medical students are women. There are in all 511 women studying medicine in Switzerland—only 21 of Swiss nationality. According to the German *Weekly Medical Journal*, there are 95 women students in Germany; of these 39 are Germans, 56 are foreigners. Berlin has 25, Leipzig 24, Freiburg (in Baden) 18, and Halle 12.

PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was already dark when the crocodile passed in at the gates of Holly House on its return from the expedition to town, and Miss Phipps gave instructions that the girls were to go straight to their rooms to dress for the evening. Full dress was the rule for the evenings of term holiday, for even if nothing particular was going on, and no extra guests expected, it gave one a gala feeling to don a light frock, and gaze down upon one's very best shoes and stockings. Before leaving for town in the morning, visits had been paid to the box-room to take the rarely-used splendours out of their wrappings, and now they lay stretched out in all their glory on the narrow beds, white, blue, and pink, a very wealth of colour and luxury.

Pixie O'Shaughnessy, having no adornment to do for herself, acted as lady's-maid to her bedroom, with much satisfaction to her mistresses, and credit to herself. She brushed Kate's hair until it was so smooth and flat as to be almost invisible from a front view; she tied Ethel's sash, and the ribbon to match which confined the ends of her curls; and she fastened Flora's dress, which was a matter of difficulty and time, for though it was let out regularly each holiday time, it invariably grew too tight before it was needed.

"I can't help it," the poor thing protested miserably. "I don't eat half as much as Ethel, and she's as thin as a stick. It's my fate! I was born fat, and I go on growing fatter and fatter all the time. I shall be a fat woman in a show, before I am done with it. It's hard lines, for I should so love to be slim and willowy. That's what the heroines are in books, and it makes me quite ill every time I read it. Nothing exciting ever happens to fat people! The thin ones get all the fun and excitement, and marry the nice man, while the poor



"'I—I DIDN'T BREAK IT, MISS PHIPPS.'"

fatty stays at home and waits upon her hand and foot. Then she grows into an aunt, and takes charge of the nephews and nieces when they have fever or measles, or when the parents go abroad for a holiday. Everyone imposes upon her, just because she is fat!"

"No, indeed, then, it is because she's good-natured. Look at yourself now. You are always laughing!" declared Pixie soothingly. "Hold yer breath a single moment while I get the better of this hook. Ye'll not need to curtsey too low, I'm thinking, or you'll go off like a cracker! And the elegant dress that it is, too! I remember the night Bridgie went to her first ball, the Hunt Ball it was, over at Roskillie. It was me mother's wedding-dress that she wore, and she looked like a picture in it, the darlin'! Me mother was for having it altered to be in the fashion, but me father says, 'Leave it alone; you'll spoil it if ye alter a stitch! It's better than fashionable,' he says, 'it's artistic, and fits the child like her own skin.' So away it was put in Bridgie's cupboard, and Esmeralda comes peeping at it, and, thinks she, 'What yellow lace! It would be a disgrace to us all to have the girl dancing about with that dirty stuff round her neck,' so not a word did she speak, but off with the lace and washed it herself, with a good hard rub, and plenty of blue bag. Then she ironed it, with a morsel of starch to make it stand out and show itself off, and stitched it on again as proud as could be. It was to be a surprise for Bridgie, and, me dears, it was a surprise! Mother and Bridgie screeching at the top of their voices, and looking as if the plague was upon us. Would ye believe it, it was just what they liked, to have the lace that colour, and it was the bad turn Esmeralda had done them, starching it up like new! Off it all came, and mother found an old lace scarf, yellower than the other, and pinned it round Bridgie's shoulders, and she had pearls round her neck, and a star in her hair, and Lord Altrim danced the first dance with her, and told me mother she was the prettiest thing he had seen for a twelvemonth. But Esmeralda sulked all the evening, and it was very lively for me!"

Flora chuckled softly, and Ethel gave a shrill "He! he!" from her cubicle at the other end of the room.

"I do think you must be the funniest family! You seem always to be doing the most extraordinary things. We never do have such experiences at home. We used to go along quietly and steadily, and there is never any hubbub or excitement. You seem to have a constant succession of alarms and adventures."

"We do so!" said Pixie with relish. "Scarcely the day that we're not all rushing about in distraction about something. It's the boys tumbling out of the barn and cutting themselves open, or father bringing home accidents from the Meet, or the ferret getting loose in the drawing-room when there's visitors present, or not a pound of fresh meat in the house and the Bishop taking it into his head to drive over ten miles to lunch! And Bridgie was for going out and killing a chicken, and engaging him in conversation while it was cooked, but mother says, 'No, the man's hungry! Bring it in the same as if we were alone, and leave the rest to me.' And when he had asked the blessing she says, smiling, 'It's nothing but ham and eggs I've got to offer ye, Bishop, but there's enough welcome for ten courses,' and the smile of him would have done you good to behold. Three eggs he ate, and half a pig besides, and 'It's the best lunch I've had since I said good-bye to short jackets,' he said when he was finished."

"Now, now, Pixie, not so much talking! Get on with your own dressing, you little chatterbox!" cried Kate, putting her head round the corner of the curtain and giving a tug to the end of the short, black skirt. "Flora can manage now, and you have not too much time if you are to catch Lottie before she goes out. Hurry up! Hurry up!"

Pixie retired obediently, for Kate was head girl of the dormitory and must needs be obeyed, so one black frock came off and another went on, the stout boots were exchanged for slippers, and then—the others having already departed—she turned down the gas, and skipped along to the room where Lottie stood waiting for her, a vision of spotless white.

"That's right! I was just wondering what had become of you. Sit down here, and I'll put on the collar, and just call out if I stick a pin in you by mistake. I'm going to fasten it with this little brooch. There! Isn't it sweet? I think I will give it to you to keep. I never wear it, and you might just as well have it. Yes, I will! You shall have it for a term holiday present, because you were a kind little girl and didn't join the other girls when they were nasty to me last week. Are you pleased with it now?"

"Oh-h, Lottie! You darlin'! Is it really me very own?" Pixie was fairly breathless with pleasure and excitement, and could only exclaim rapturously and gaze at the reflection of the new treasure, while Lottie smiled, well pleased to have given so much pleasure. Yes! she told herself she was really devoted to Pixie O'Shaughnessy! There was something so sweet and taking about the child. It made one feel nice to make her happy, and she pinned, and arranged, and tied ribbons with as much zest as if she were arranging her own toilette.

"There! Now you are done. I think you look very nice. The collar goes so well with that black dress."

"My worrd! Aren't I stylish! I just look beautiful!" cried Pixie, poking her ugly little face close to the glass, and twisting round and round to examine herself in all aspects. That being done, she kissed Lottie effusively, expressed a hundred thanks, and danced downstairs into the schoolroom where the girls were standing about in twos and threes, looking so grand that it was quite difficult to recognise them. They all stared at her as the latest arrival, and Pixie being conscious of their scrutiny, held out her arms stiffly on either side, and revolved slowly round and round on one heel. The girls laughed uproariously at first, then suddenly the laughs subsided into titters, and Pixie, stopping to see what was wrong, espied Miss Phipps and the three governesses standing just inside the doorway, watching with the rest and applauding with their hands. It was an embarrassing moment, and the performer made a quick dash behind a sofa to screen herself from publicity, but she had not been there five minutes before she was called upon to answer a question.

"Pixie, Kate tells me you were in Lottie's room before you came down. Was she nearly ready?"

"She was, Miss Phipps, quite ready! Only waiting for me. She's on a white dress, and——"

"Never mind that. I want you to run upstairs, please, and tell her that the cab is here. She must put on her wraps and come down at once."

"I will, Miss Phipps." There was a whisk of short black skirts and off she went, running lightly upstairs, and raising her voice in rich, musical cry. "Lottie! Lottie!"

"The real Irish voice! She ought to be able to sing charmingly when she is older," said Miss Phipps to

Mademoiselle, and Mademoiselle nodded her head in assent.

"I 'ope so! It is a great charm for a young girl to sing well, and she is not pretty, *la pauvre petite!*"

"No; yet the father is so handsome, and my friends tell me that the two sisters are quite beauties, and all the family wonderfully handsome with this one exception. But Pixie is better than pretty, she is charming! Would you be kind enough to go to the dining-room to see if everything is ready, Mademoiselle? It is time we began tea."

Mademoiselle departed, and came back to give the required signal, when the girls filed slowly across the hall, casting curious glances at Lottie as she came downstairs. She was wrapped up in a long white cloak, and had a fleecy shawl thrown over her head, almost covering her face from view. She looked very dainty and smart, and when the door opened and they beheld her step into the cab, they felt a rising of envy which could not be entirely removed, even by the sight of the luxurious tea spread out on the dining-room table.

"Lottie is a lucky creature!" sighed Clara, discontentedly. "She is always going out. I wish my people lived near, instead of at the other end of England. I am glad I am north country, though; I don't like southerners! I agree with Tennyson.

> "'True, and firm, and tender is the north,
> False, and fair, and smiling is the south.'"

"It isn't false, it's fair!"

"It is false, I tell you. False, and fair, and——"

"Sweet, and fair, and——"

"Ask Miss Phipps, then, if you won't believe me. Oh, I say, look at the icing on the cake! We didn't have icing last time. Doesn't the table look nice? I do think it is sweet of Miss Phipps to take so much trouble. Sit by me, and we will get hold of Pixie, and make her tell us stories. It makes me laugh just to hear that child talk. Her brogue doesn't get a bit better."

"I hope it never may. Pixie, here! Sit by us. We've kept a place!"

But Pixie shook her head, for she had been engaged to Flora ever since breakfast, and was already seating herself at the other end of the table. She did not speak much, however, during the meal, for experience had taught what it had been difficult to express in words—that it was not respectful to her teachers to chatter in their presence, as she would do with her companions. She applied herself instead to the good things that had been provided, and ate away steadily until she had sampled the contents of every plate upon the table, and could superintend the choice of her companions with the wisdom of experience.

Miss Phipps had drawn out a programme of games for the evening's amusement, and later on the older pupils took it in turns to play waltzes and polkas, while the others danced. The teachers joined in with the rest, and it was a proud girl who had Miss Phipps for a partner; while Mademoiselle was so light and agile that it was like dancing with a feather, and Fräulein felt like a heavy log lying against one's arm. Then every one sat down and puffed and panted, while Jeanie, the Scotch girl, danced a Highland Fling, and when Pixie called out an appropriate "Hoch! Hoch!" the teachers laughed as heartily as the girls, for be it well understood there are things which are allowed on term holiday which the rashest spirit dare not attempt on working days! Then two pretty sisters went through the stately figures of a *minuet*, and Margaret sang a song in her sweet voice, pronouncing the words so distinctly that you really knew what she was singing about, which nowadays is a very rare and wonderful accomplishment. Altogether it was a most festive evening, and Flora was in the act of remarking complacently, "We really are a most accomplished school!" when suddenly the scene changed, and an expression of horrified anxiety appeared on every face. Mademoiselle came rushing into the room, which she had left but a few minutes before, and the tears stood in her eyes, and her face was scarlet with mingled grief and anger. She held in one hand the gold stopper of her precious scent-bottle, and in the other a number of pieces of broken glass, at sight of which a groan of dismay sounded on every hand.

"*Voila!* There! *Regardez!* See what I 'ave found! I go to my room, and the air is full of scent, and I turn up the gas, and there it is—on the dressing-table before my eyes—in pieces! My bottle—that I have kept all these years—that was given to me by my friend—my dear good friend!"

Her voice broke off in a sob, and Miss Phipps came forward to examine the pieces with an expression of real distress.

"But, Mademoiselle, how has it happened? You found it on the table, you say—not on the floor. If it had been on the floor, you might perhaps have swept it off in leaving the room and not heard the sound against the mat. But on the table! How could it be broken on the table?"

"Someone has been touching it and let it drop. I! I be so careless as to break my bottle? It is impossible to think of! I never come away without a look to see that it is safe. I dust my dressing-table myself every morning, so that no one shall interfere with my things. The servants know that it is so. When I came downstairs this evening it was all right. I have not been upstairs since."

"I think very few of us have. We have been too busy. Ellen would go in, of course, to prepare the bed. Did she——"

"Yes! It was Ellen who told me. I was in the hall and she came out of the kitchen and said, 'Oh, Mademoiselle, do you know? Your beautiful bottle is broken!'" Mademoiselle's voice broke; she held out the pieces and exclaimed in broken tones, "And I ran—and I saw—this!"

"I am sorry! I am grieved; but we must get to the bottom of this mystery. Things do not fall over and break by themselves. Girls, do any of you know anything about this? If so, please speak out at once and don't be afraid to tell the truth. If by any chance one of you has unintentionally broken Mademoiselle's bottle, I know you will be as deeply grieved as she can be herself; but the only thing you can do now is to explain and beg her forgiveness. Carelessness it must have been, and you cannot hope to escape altogether without punishment, but remember deception is fifty times worse. I have no mercy on a girl who knows she is guilty and lets her companions rest under the shadow of suspicion. Now, I ask you again, do you know anything at all of the cause of this accident?"

There was a unanimous burst of denial from all parts of the room; but different girls took the question in different ways, as was natural to the different characters. Some looked grieved, some indignant, a few showed suspicions of tears, and Pixie looked so thoroughly scared and miserable that more than one eye rested curiously upon her.

Miss Phipps glanced around with her keen scrutinising glance, then pressed her lips together, and said sharply—

"This becomes serious! You all deny it? Very well, I must find out the truth for myself. Call Ellen, please, Mademoiselle. I am sorry to have such a painful ending to our happy holiday, but we cannot go to bed with this cloud hanging over us. Ellen, Mademoiselle tells me that you found the scent-bottle broken when you went into her room just now to turn down the bed!"

Ellen straightened herself and fumbled miserably with the corner of her apron. She loved all the girls and had known many of them for years, for though other maids might come and go, Ellen, like the brook, went on for ever. She had been a servant in the Phipps family, and had accompanied "her young lady" when Holly House was bought and the school first founded. Matron, nurse, general factotum, and refuge in time of trouble, it would have been as easy to suspect her of duplicity as Miss Phipps herself. She was wretched now because she feared that her "children" might be in trouble, and her "children" knew it, and loved her for her fear.

"I did, Miss Emily. It was lying just where it usually stands, with the glass piled up in a little heap."

"It looked then as if someone had arranged it so? Not as if it had been, say, blown over by any chance?"

"I—I—it couldn't have blown over, Miss Emily! It was too heavy. And it wasn't near the window, either."

"And the pieces, you say, were gathered together, as if someone had placed them so? Very well, I understand! Now, Ellen, have any of the other maids been upstairs to your knowledge since Mademoiselle left her room at seven o'clock?"

"They say they have not, miss, for I asked them, and I've been in the kitchen all the time. We were busy clearing away after tea, and getting the refreshments ready for supper, and then we came and watched the young ladies dance."

"You would have noticed probably if anyone had gone upstairs?"

"I think I would, being together all the time. They have no work upstairs——"

"I know that, but I must speak to them myself later on. There is one thing more, Ellen. Your work upstairs takes you a good time. In passing to and fro, you didn't happen to see anyone in or near Mademoiselle's room, I suppose? Speak up, please! Remember I rely upon you to do all in your power to help me to get to the bottom of this mystery!"

The last words were added in a warning voice, for Ellen's start of dismay and drawn miserable brows too plainly betrayed the truth of her mistress's surmise.

"I saw—— When I went up first in the middle of the dancing, I was at the end of the passage, and I saw little Miss O'Shaughnessy coming out of a room. I couldn't be sure, but I *thought* it was Mademoiselle's!"

She had said it, and in an instant every eye in the room was riveted upon Pixie, and every heart sank woefully at the sight of her crimson, agitated face. It said much for the hold which she had made on her companions' affection that at this moment the feeling in every girl's breast was that she would prefer to find the culprit in almost any other girl than dear, loving, kind-hearted Irish Pixie. Perhaps Miss Phipps felt the same, but it did not become her to show favouritism, and her voice was very stern and cold.

"Come here, Pixie, please! Stand before me! You have heard what Ellen says! Was it Mademoiselle's room out of which you were coming?"

"It—was, Miss Phipps!" said Pixie, with a gulp, and a groan of dismay sounded through the room, at which Miss Phipps's eyes sent out a flashing glance.

"Silence, please! Leave this to me! Was it you who let the bottle fall and broke it, then, though you would not acknowledge it when I asked just now?"

Pixie's lips moved, but she seemed so paralysed with fear that she had to repeat her words twice over before they could be heard.

"No, I—I didn't break it, Miss Phipps! I didn't break it!"

"Do you mean to say you know nothing about it? Did you not notice it when you were in the room? May I ask what you were doing in that room at all? You had no business in there."

"I—I—please, Miss Phipps, the gas was down; I didn't see anything!"

"I asked you, Pixie, what you were doing in that room?"

To the dismay of her companions, Pixie hung her head and refused to answer, and, when the question was repeated, had no reason to offer but a stammering, "It was nothing! I was doing nothing!"

"That is nonsense, Pixie; you would not go upstairs and into a strange room, to-night of all nights, without a very definite reason. I insist upon your telling me what you were doing. If it is nothing of which you are ashamed, you need surely not hesitate to speak."

"I wasn't doing anything! I never touched it!" said Pixie once more, and an expression came over her face which was well known to the inhabitants of Bally William, if so far it was strange to her companions—a dumb, obstinate look which promised little satisfaction to the questioner.

"If you refuse to answer me, Pixie, it is your own fault if I suspect you. You have been with us only a short time, but I have always believed you to be truthful and straightforward. I should be sorry to change my opinion, but you will have yourself to blame!" She paused and looked down at the little black figure, and her face softened regretfully. "You need not look so terrified, child. Mademoiselle is naturally very grieved and distressed, but you know her well enough to be sure that she would forgive you if you have unintentionally broken her pretty bottle. She would be sorry to drive you into telling a falsehood—wouldn't you, Mademoiselle?"

"I shall say nothing to her. My bottle is gone, and it can do no good now. But she had no right to touch my things. My room is my own, and she had no business there at all. I thought you were a good girl, Pixie, and remembered what I—I had said to you. I did not think you would grieve me like this. I have not so many treasures!"

Mademoiselle's tears trickled down afresh, and the girls began to look askance at Pixie, and to feel the first incredulity give place to a horrible doubt. Why wouldn't she speak? Why did she look so guilty? Why need she have been so alarmed at the first mention of the accident if she had no part in bringing it about? Margaret held out her hand with an involuntary gesture of appeal, and Pixie, seeing it, shut her lips more tightly than ever.

"You may go to your room, Pixie," said Miss Phipps coldly. "I am very much disappointed in you!"

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

WINDSOR (*Training as Lady Nurse to Children*).—If you were trained for this career, you should have little trouble in obtaining an engagement. The demand for competent children's nurses is now very great. You could be trained at the Norland Institute, 20, Holland Park Avenue, W.; or at Sesame House, 43a, Acacia Road, N.W.; or in Manchester, where a training institution has recently been opened under the auspices of the Gentlewomen's Employment Association, 27, King Street, Manchester.

WHITE HEATHER (*Training for Foreign Missionary Work*).—We are glad to hear from you again, and to learn more definitely the kind of work for which you wish to prepare yourself. Probably the training given at the Zenana Medical College, 58, St. George's Road, London, S.W., would suit you best. The course lasts for two years, and is given partially free to ladies who are not able to pay the full terms. The students are taught medicine, surgery, pharmacy, and the treatment of tropical diseases. Board, residence and instruction are given at an inclusive charge of fifty guineas a year. The college is under undenominational management. If you preferred it, you could go to the Children's Home and the Wesley Deaconess Institute, which is under the management of the Rev. Dr. Stephenson, Bonner Road, London, N. Here a training of not less than twelve months is given for foreign mission work. The course includes theological, medical, and practical training. In the meantime, supposing you could not immediately enter upon either of the courses described, you would be quite wise to follow a course of ambulance training; but naturally this could only serve as a slight introduction to your medical curriculum. We could not advise anyone to go out to India or elsewhere as a medical missionary with a less knowledge of medical science than would be expected from a doctor at home.

A LOVER OF THE "G. O. P." (*Hospital Training in Glasgow*).—You are rather too young at present to begin your hospital training. The most important children's hospital in Glasgow is the Royal Hospital for Sick Children, Scott Street, Garnethill. The vacancies here are extremely few in proportion to the number of applicants. Candidates must be between the ages of twenty-one and thirty. Pupils pay a premium of £50 per annum. They earn nothing till the second year, when the salary is £15. The third year's salary is £20. The only important hospital in Glasgow for which you would be eligible in point of age is the Royal Infirmary. Probationers in this institution are expected before being received as probationers to enter for two courses of lectures and to pass an examination in the subjects of each course. This course and a second which follows it occupy three months, a period during which you would have to provide board and lodging at your own expense. No premium is charged at the infirmary, and the probationer begins with a salary of £12, which is gradually raised.

ESRUN (*Monthly Nursing*).—It is becoming much more the custom than formerly for educated women to engage in this branch of nursing, and we think, as you are fond of babies, that you might possibly do well to choose it. It is usual for pupils to be trained for two months, paying about ten guineas for tuition, board and lodging. Suitable hospitals for training are the Queen Charlotte and the Lying-in Hospitals in Endell Street, Bloomsbury, and York Road, Lambeth.

E. G. (*Nursing*).—We think it doubtful whether you could be received as an ordinary probationer in view of the physical ailment from which you have suffered. For although it is all right now, much standing about in hospital wards might easily bring it on again. But of course you could, if you liked, enter a hospital as a paying probationer, only this course you might consider too expensive. Anyhow, at nineteen you are too young to begin your training.

KATHLEEN (*Training for a Children's Nurse*).—An excellent course of training is given at the Norland Institute, 10, Pembridge Square, W. We advise you to write to the Principal for particulars of the terms. Trained nurses are in the utmost demand and receive high salaries.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AURICULA.—If you will send me the number of your piano, I will try to find out its age for you.

A. B. C.—I am told that the best way to remove rain spots from a gray dress is to sponge it all over with pure cold water. Benzine lightly rubbed on with a piece of flannel is extremely good for removing spots. But with such a delicate dress as yours I think either of these methods would be a risk. You would do best to take it to a good cleaner and ask his advice.

FLEUR-DE-LIS.—"I have a very pretty girl-friend aged 27. She has had a great many admirers, but has never fallen in love with anyone. Would you advise her to marry a man who is very devoted to her? He is very nice, well off, and in every way apparently suited to make her happy, and whom she respects and likes, but does not love." FLEUR-DE-LIS has asked a very difficult question, and as we think it is one of great interest to all our girl-readers, we print the question in full as well as the answer. We have known in real life extremely happy marriages result from unions where in the beginning there has not been the glamour of what is usually called "falling in love." From marriages of true friendship when deep respect lies at the bottom we have seen true love spring up and grow as year by year the man and woman have walked life's path together. On the other hand, we have known marriages which have begun in a hasty glamour of love which has been almost madness turn out in after years extremely badly. Our advice to FLEUR-DE-LIS'S friend is this: No one can decide for you. It is the step in life which every man or woman has to take for himself or herself. We feel that your marriage is very likely to turn out an extremely happy one. It is far better that the greater love should be on the man's side. Your deep respect will most probably end in deep love. At the same time we agree that there cannot be the same joyous interest in it all. One piece of advice we would lay special stress upon. If you make up your mind to take the step, remember that your solemn promise is "to keep thee only to him as long as ye both shall live." Never let your thoughts even for one moment wander into thinking you might have loved some other man. There lies the danger. Keep yourself away from it as if it were poison.

AN IRISH GIRL.—Your seed-cake was wet because it was not baked properly. You either put it into too cold an oven, or else did not leave it in long enough. You can tell if a cake is baked by testing it with a knitting-needle or skewer. Stick it into the cake; if the cake adheres to it and is moist, then it is not baked enough, and you must put it back into the oven.

E. M. J.—The following is a very easy and good way of making peppermint creams. Get one pound of best white preserving sugar, break up all the lumps, and put it through a fine wire sieve. Place the sugar in a large basin, add one teaspoonful of pure essence of peppermint (you can use less or more according to taste) to a small cupful of cream. Mix well together and then stir into the sugar. When you have worked it into a paste, roll it out on a pastry-board to the thickness required and cut into shapes. Leave to dry on plates and put away in boxes.

MABEL G.—We find your questions very difficult ones to answer, and we are very sorry indeed for the distress you must be in about one you love so much. On the question of military law, we consulted a major in the army, and his answer is this:—"Tell MABEL G. that her young man has committed two crimes. 1. Desertion. 2. Making a wilfully wrong answer on attestation when joining his new regiment. Honesty is the best policy, and the sooner he gives himself up as a deserter the better. A deserter has always the sword of Damocles hanging over his head. I know nothing about the pardon on the coronation."

WALFRUNA.—We are so glad you like the "G.O.P." At eighteen your height ought to be five feet two inches, and your weight seven stone twelve pounds.

CUPID.—I think your writing is distinctly good; it is very legible, and the letters are well formed.



VOL. XXIII.—No. 1144.] NOVEMBER 30, 1901. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

NANCE LOVEL.

BY JEAN COURTENAY.



"NANCE TURNED AT LAST, AND HER EYES GREW TENDER AS SHE GAZED AT THE BOWED FIGURE."

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CHAPTER V.



It was in early April, when nature was looking her loveliest clothed in spring attire, that Giles Conolly found himself knocking at Hillside. He had ascertained that the Lovels still lived there, and that Nance was "Miss Nance" yet. He had only waited to bury poor Jack Lovel and dispose of his own farm before taking his passage to England, where, after an interview with his lawyers, he had at once hastened to Meriton, feeling bound to deliver the message and book, which Lovel had left in his charge.

He hardly dared hope that Nance would still love him after all his cruel silence, and yet the thought of seeing her once more made his pulses throb tumultuously.

"Are any of the family in?" he inquired, as the trim housemaid opened the door.

"Will you walk in, sir, and I will see. I think they are all out, except Miss Nance."

The pretty drawing-room looked very bright with fresh spring flowers, and Giles waited there impatiently while the maid left the room. At last she returned and said—

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting, sir. I find Miss Nance must be in the garden, but I will fetch her in one moment. What name did you say?"

"Kindly tell her a gentleman wishes to see her, who brings news of Mr. Jack Lovel."

Would she be much altered? How would she greet him? These were the thoughts that rushed through his mind as he waited, and then he heard a light step outside, and the door opened.

The little figure with its quiet dignity was unaltered, and the face, though it had lost the child-like look, had gained a sweetness and depth of expression that made it very lovely.

She looked at the tall bronzed man for a moment, and then turned very pale as she said quietly—

"I think you wished to see me?"

All Conolly's resolution to meet her calmly vanished, and advancing towards her he murmured brokenly—

"Nance, Nance, don't you know me?"

The blue eyes met his dark pleading ones for a moment, as she said gravely—

"I hope you are well, Mr. Conolly. Won't you tell me the news you have of my cousin, for this interview is painful to us both?"

Conolly's face grew white beneath its tan, and his strong frame trembled.

"Ah," he pleaded, "hear of my bitter repentance, my life-long remorse for my doubt and hardness, and grant me one word of forgiveness. Nance, I have heard all from Jack, and though I know, to my infinite sorrow, that by my cruel jealousy I have forfeited all that is most precious in life to me, yet—is there no chance for my pardon?"

Nance stood as though she heard not, and her face was hidden from him. What had happened? Was this Giles—her Giles—who stood before her after all the weary years—and did he love her still? Her limbs refused to move, and the sudden joy almost paralysed her.

Knowing nothing of what was passing in her mind, and fearing from her silence that he had pleaded in vain, Conolly moved away with a groan, sank into a chair, and folding his arms on the table, bent his head upon them. Nance turned at last, and her eyes grew tender as she gazed at the bowed figure. Moving swiftly towards him she held out her arms, and in a low voice murmured—

"Giles!"

He raised his head, his dark eyes wet with tears; a look of incredulous joy dawned there as he saw her, and, rising, he caught her in his arms, and with a deep "Thank God," closed with his passionate kisses the sweet eyes that looked into his with unutterable love.

"Darling, darling, am I dreaming?" he whispered.

* * * * *

Later, sitting under the old apple-tree, now covered with its pink blossoms, he told her of Jack's last days, and her tears fell softly as she heard his message and received the little Bible.

Then he spoke of his uncle's death, and how he had found in Jack the missing heir, and Nance's blue eyes grew wide with wonder as she listened.

"Dearest," she said, as she nestled against his broad shoulder, "when you gave the weary tramp food and shelter, you little thought that he would prove to be our good angel. Poor Jack."

[THE END.]

TOFFEE AND A CAKE.

"TOFFEE for breakfast, toffee for dinner, toffee for tea, toffee for supper—even toffee under these circumstances may become monotonous." This is perfectly true.

But toffee just now and again is by no means a bad thing, if only in order that one shall not quite forget what it tastes like. When home-made and well made it generally tastes very nice. No souvenir of home can perhaps give more delight to the boy off to a boarding school than a tin—respectable in size—filled with nice toffee; and if, in response to his companions' verdict, "It's jolly good," he is able to say, "Yes, my mother (or my sister) made it," he experiences a feeling of pride as well as pleasure. That he would wish to have a cake in addition goes without saying. Here is a recipe for excellent toffee. Put a teaspoonful of cold water into a very clean pan and place on gas stove; add two ounces of fresh unsalted butter. As soon as the butter is melted, add two ounces of white (not crystallised) sugar and stir quickly with a wooden spoon. Add a few drops of juice from a fresh lemon and boil and stir rapidly, for some six or eight minutes, until it seems to set when a little is tried on a plate. Butter a rather deep plate and pour the toffee on to it, letting it remain until crisp and cold enough to cut into small pieces.

The cake, of course, cannot be completed quite so quickly. Provide yourself with a pound and a half of pastry flour, one pound of washed (or better, fresh unsalted) butter, one pound of fine white sugar, one pound of new-laid eggs (weighed unshelled), half a pound of sultanas, one teaspoonful of baking powder.

Rub the butter into the flour, then the sugar. Beat the yolks of the eggs, add these and mix. Beat the whites separately (on a plate with a knife) into a stiff froth and add them. Mix well; then add the raisins; mix, and lastly the baking powder. Bake from two to three hours in a moderate oven.

SOME SKETCHES OF FARM LIFE IN MANITOBA.

PART II.

THRESHING.



MY first experience of work on this farm was threshing. This took place about a fortnight after I went out there, but the preparations began a week before. We expected a large "gang" for certainly four days; as a matter of fact we had them six. I was much amused at the quantity of food of all kinds that was provided; but it was all eaten except a few loaves of bread. There were thirty-eight to dinner every day, and about thirty to breakfast and supper. The washing-up seemed endless, and one meal was no sooner over than another had to be got ready. The meals have to be on the table the moment the whistle sounds to leave off work, and they are just a rush from beginning to end. I do not think I ever saw men eat so much in so short a time. We were very thankful when threshing was over, and we settled down to the ordinary routine of the farm life. There was plenty of hard work as the house was large, and I had many opportunities of comparing the English "domestic" servant with the Canadian "help," and I quite came to the conclusion that there is a great opening for the former in Canada, provided she comes out determined to do anything that may fall to her share, and is not afraid of downright hard work. In many respects the life is far freer, and the service better paid; but it would be a great pity if our neatly-dressed, nicely-spoken English "maids" came out here only to degenerate into the very often untidy-looking, free and easy Canadian "girl." I do not know how they are in the towns such as Winnipeg, but in these country places, a "girl" is looked upon rather as an infliction to be endured than as a luxury. We should be amused and, I think, horrified, if our maids at home went out to dances two and three times a week, and then had to rest the next day.

But to continue my experiences. I think we were the strangest company that could have been got together. The "Boss" (as he was always called) and his mother were Irish and Roman Catholics. Three of the men also were Roman Catholics, two of them Irish-Canadians and the other Scotch-Canadian. Then the other three English were nominally Anglicans; one the nephew of a well-known dignitary of the Church of England, another came from the Midlands, and my husband pure Kentish. The cook was a Methodist and Canadian-born, though her father was a Cornishman, and I the daughter of an English clergyman. I certainly should not recommend anyone trying the experiment I did, though of course I did it to be with my husband; but it was an experience I should be very unwilling to repeat. We were all so utterly dissimilar that there was constant friction, which made everything very unpleasant. However, we had some pleasant times. Fortunately, the cook and I were good friends, and the mistress of the house was exceedingly kind to me. I certainly learnt a great deal, which has been very useful to me since, and my husband and I have both been glad we had the training, as it helped to prepare us for whatever might come, shadow or sunshine, and there has been a good share of the former, though a great deal more of the latter.

Among the pleasant memories, I may mention our first experience of sleighing. I shall never forgot my first ride. The "Boss" kindly offered to drive my husband and me to town one night after work, as of course neither of us knew anything about sleighing, and my heart was in my mouth many a time during those six miles. Up hill and down, it seemed to me we were just flying along, though in reality the horses were only going at a moderately fast trot; but the motion being so unusual made it worse. I was thankful when we reached town safely; and, being more used to it, I enjoyed the drive home. I have had many a sleigh ride since then, and there is nothing so exhilarating as to skim along over the snow, with the bells jingling, on a bright frosty morning, with the thermometer somewhere about zero. After all, on a still day, one scarcely feels the cold, one is so enveloped in furs.

We had some very cold weather while we were at Brandon, and some days I felt as if I could not work. Our part of the house was bitterly cold. The front part was heated by a furnace and hot water pipes, and there I could scarcely breathe, while in the kitchen to keep warm at all I had to sit with my feet in the oven, and then my back was cold. Those hot water pipes were a terrible nightmare to most of us, because they had to be kept heated properly, or there might have been a bad explosion. They also had to be kept filled, and often in the middle of the night I have heard the "Boss" wandering about looking at the pipes, and presently heard him filling up the reservoir, as the indicator showed that somewhere or other the pipes were not as full as they should be.

Our first Christmas in Manitoba was very pleasant. My husband got up at four o'clock, and, as we had the house to ourselves, the "Boss" and his mother being in Brandon, he made a fair amount of noise, and waked up all the others. He got all his work done, and he and I started just after seven to drive the six miles to church, so as to get at least one service. We got back soon after ten, had a pleasant dinner, and in the afternoon visitors came out to stay. That meant extra work, but we helped each other, and had it all done about nine, and then we played games and ate nuts and apples till bedtime. We all tried to be as cheerful as possible, but the thoughts of home and dear ones far away would keep coming to the top and made it difficult.

On New Year's Eve we went to a party given by two bachelors, living a mile away. My husband was driving that night and the road was not very good, and he drove us into a snow bank, and very nearly turned us out of the cutter. However, we just managed to save ourselves, and reached our destination without further accidents. We were the first arrivals, having gone early by special request The house consisted of two rooms, bedroom and kitchen. The bedroom was cleared for games, and the kitchen prepared for supper. The bed was in the cellar for that night, but on other occasions when we went to call, we were received in the bedroom, and the bed used as a seat, as chairs were rather a scarce commodity. After some time the other guests arrived, and we had a merry time till midnight. One thing amused me very much, there were a good many of us in a rather limited space, and so, without any warning, two or three of the young men quietly removed the stove from the bedroom to make more room. We should be astonished in England to have our fires suddenly dispensed with, but out here everyone uses the same sort of stoves, so it is no uncommon occurrence to see a stove removed for the time being, and brought back when the space is no longer needed. About midnight supper was served, a most sumptuous repast. The bachelors must have made a raid on the confectioners in Brandon, I think. After that a few more games, and then, with good wishes for the New Year ringing in our ears, we started back, getting in about half past one, and having a few hours' sleep before getting up at half past five to get breakfast for the "Boss" and one of the men who were driving into town to catch the early train.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FIDELIO CLUB.

CONDUCTED BY ELEONORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE second paper for the Fidelio Club must be in the hands of the printer before the monthly part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER containing the first paper has reached its subscribers. I have therefore only the names of a few members to chronicle, these being readers who take the magazine in weekly parts.

I am not much surprised to find that five of the Fidelians whose names are enrolled beneath give as their chief musical characteristic emotion, but I rather wonder if the description in every case is quite accurate.

You all, dear Fidelians, like your Chopin and Schumann better than your Bach or Brahms, and I am glad to know that you also like them better than you like Liszt or others of his school.

But now the important question suggests itself, does emotion really characterise your playing or only your taste in music? In other words, would a listener say that all of you play with great expression, or would not the criticism on some of you be that you play correctly, without much feeling, perhaps that you have a very good memory? Or, on the other hand, are not some of you chiefly praised for your nimble fingers or strength of wrist?

The possession of all these qualities is quite compatible with a genuine love for the poetry of music, but the player must know where she is, and must not mistake her desire for the fulfilment of that desire.

"Abt Vogler," whose responsive letter pleased me much, tells me that, though emotion is her chief musical characteristic, she includes Beethoven as a favourite composer. Sensible girl! Beethoven was the real founder of the romantic school, or school of emotion. I explained his position very fully in an article called "Beethoven's Romanticism" in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for October, 1899. But there is an immense difference between the emotion of Beethoven and that of Chopin, and the difference will be illustrated in the first two pieces which I have chosen for analysis this month. I had not intended to take another Chopin piece so soon, but in response to "Abt Vogler's" request, I give the charming A flat Waltz as my second number.

BEETHOVEN'S SONATE IN D MINOR, OP. 31, NO. 2.

This marvellously beautiful Sonate was composed in 1801. Beethoven was then thirty-one years of age. After a childhood and early youth passed in squalor and wretchedness, after losing the mother who had been his best friend and the father who was his sorest trial, he was now settled down in comparative comfort and—for him—affluence in Vienna. His pupils were his friends, and these friends belonged to the highest aristocracy. He was petted by high-born ladies and honoured by kings and courtiers.

Then came the crash. He proposed marriage to a countess and was scorned. That was a misfortune which he could and did live down. Fate had worse than that in store for him. Slowly but surely his hearing was going, and the kindliest, most sociable of men realised that he was being shut in to the isolation of a silent world. His despair was increased by the unaccountable shame which he felt in his infirmity, and, embittered by the sorrow of his rejected love, as well as anxious to shield himself from comment, friendly or otherwise, he fled from the gay Kaiser's town to the solitude of a village called Heiligenstadt. Here he improved. Wandering alone in the pine woods or by the brook side, he would listen for the song of the birds or the murmur of the water, and faint echoes sometimes reached the poor longing ears, bringing hopes, alas! never to be realised, but which for the time soothed his weary broken spirit.

Such was his mood when he wrote the D minor Sonate, and she who would play it aright must try to feel what he felt.

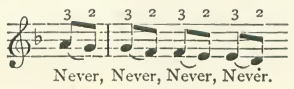
Now please understand me. Do not sit down, and after reading this grievous history, pour out your own sorrow and sympathetic indignation. You may do that when you are playing Chopin, who, like Heine, "out of his great sorrows made the little songs."

Beethoven made no "little songs." He took the perfect form as it was handed down to him by Haydn and Mozart, and into it he breathed soul-life such as it had never known before.

In playing Beethoven, emotion must be kept in check by intellect, and there is no possibility of expressing either without a very considerable development of muscle.

Let us therefore begin our study by overcoming the mechanical difficulties. There are three of them in the first movement. The passage beginning at the end of bar 2 and continuing through three whole bars will get the right rhythmical accent if you repeat the four words underlying the notes in Ex. 1.

Ex. 1.



The quavers must be united as the two syllables of the word *never* are united, with the same amount of stress on the first note that you put on the first syllable. The groups of two quavers must be separated just as you would separate the reiterated words *never, never*. This can only be done by changing the fingers on the keys in the manner indicated above. Of course it is understood that I always use the fingering 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and not the obsolete and foolish x, 1, 2, 3, 4. At the end of bar 8 we have a development of the same passage which must be played in the same manner, and at bar 16 the left hand joins in. Always the same division into couplets, with the accent of the word *never* on the two quavers.

At Ex. 2 we have the real beginning of the Sonate, the previous part being merely introductory.

Ex. 2.



The left hand, whether it be playing in the bass or, above the right, in the treble, demands all our attention, but the triplet accompaniment will need careful practice, in order that it may take its proper subordinate position. Do not overlook the change at bar 12 (after Ex. 2). The fluttering movement, which was hitherto perfectly smooth, is broken to indicate strong emotion and agitation. Change the fingering from the previous mode as here shown—

Ex. 3.



The four bars following this show a similar peculiarity.

The third difficulty which I shall point out is encountered on the next page. It is in the bass, and only needs practice because the left hand is naturally more clumsy than the right. The second chord,

Ex. 4.



marked *, is to be played. The dot under the tie gives this to be understood.

These are the chief difficulties of the movement, but the bass, beginning ten bars before the end, also demands special attention. It is not easy to play *pianissimo* in the extreme bass. The soft pedal may be used, and the hand must be held very flat on the keys, the fingers only moving just enough to sound the notes.

Now what does it all mean?

The long-drawn arpeggio at the beginning is a sigh from the depths of this aching heart. Hope (Ex. 1) flutters before him unsteadily. The sigh is repeated. Hope gains courage, becomes more sure of herself, then leads the way to a heaven which, like that described by Omar Khayyam, is a "vision of fulfilled desire." How rapturously glad is our musician now! But such unwonted gladness leads to agitation (Ex. 3), and agitation ends in uncertainty. After the double bar the story is repeated, but the sighs are more prolonged, and are succeeded, not by the fluttering hope theme, but by the rapturous joy which here becomes volcanic in its abandonment. How wonderfully the chain of chords leads down from heaven to earth before the next *largo*, where sighs are turned to prayers! The exquisite recitative must be played with absolute simplicity, but with pleading earnestness and with every imaginable shade of tone.

The *allegro* after the second recitative must begin like a whisper, then work up gradually to a climax of exaltation. The end of the movement explains itself. Like a vision it fades away.

I shall take the second and third movements of this Sonate next time. The first part is so wonderful, so full, that a month is not too much to give to the study of it alone.

Chopin's Waltz in A flat, Op. 34, No. 1.

Schumann once said of Chopin's waltzes, "They are so aristocratic that at least half the dancers should be countesses." The saying is both right and wrong. It is wrong because there should be no dancers at all. Chopin never meant us to do aught but listen to his waltzes. It is right because the atmosphere of the waltzes is one of serene dignity, well-balanced gaiety, never overstepping the bounds of decorum, and gracious, if somewhat self-conscious, loveliness, and these are things which, rightly or wrongly, we associate with the high-born circles in which countesses move.

There is another saying about Chopin which helps to the right understanding of these pieces. His heart, it has been remarked, was sad, his mind was gay.

His heart was sad because he was a Pole, and the sorrows of his unhappy homeland weighed heavily on his spirit. In all those compositions which were inspired by patriotic emotion—the Sonates, Ballades, Mazurkas, Polonaises—his heart speaks.

But the waltz is of French origin. And his gay mind reflected the witching joyousness of the French capital, which had received him so warmly and honoured him so steadfastly. It is Chopin, the favourite of Paris *salons*, that speaks to us in the waltzes, and with, I think, only one exception, they are uniformly brilliant and gay.

There is no real mechanical difficulty in the A flat Waltz for a player who has attained tolerable dexterity. The principal thing to be guarded against is awkwardness or jerkiness of movement.

Ex. 1.



In Ex. 1, for instance, the five notes must be played with the five fingers without change of position. If the hand be large, each finger can be placed over its own note before starting, but I do not recommend this proceeding.

Chopin himself was a finished player. He had learnt in the refined and exquisite school of Field, the Irish Nocturne composer, and he advocated a perfectly even lateral movement of the hand and arm. To gain this the student should practise moving the hands over the keyboard, striking only the outer notes, those marked * in Ex. 1. Then, when the hand has recognised the extent of its flight, the intermediate fingers may take up their positions, and the whole passage can be played in one sweep. At bar 11, the left hand joins in. It will of course need the same careful preparation, and at bar 13 we have an extension of the passage, in which the difficulty consists in getting the fifth finger into position after the thumb. This is done by throwing the hand forward towards the thumb pretty considerably during the progress of the five previous notes, so that when the thumb is reached, the little finger is ready to fall into its place, and there is already enough impetus in the hand to prevent any break in the continuity.

Now do not imagine that this can be done at once, or be discouraged if you find that it cannot. It is a knack of movement, like learning to balance yourself on a bicycle, and that is not easy at all. As with the bicycle, you may try several times unsuccessfully, but if you persevere you will find that this too comes, and comes all at once.

All these first bars are merely introductory—a sort of invitation to the waltz. But remember the aristocratic company that you are inviting and treat them with distinction. After the double bar the waltz proper begins, and all the difficulty is in the easy bass. That sounds paradoxical and, I am afraid, betrays my nationality, but it is true, for the passage is only difficult because it is so easy to play it wrongly.

There are three ways in which this accompaniment can be played. It can be played, as it generally is, with a thump on the first note, the other chords following whenever it pleases the pianist to put them in. This is what I call the tum-tum accompaniment.

Secondly, it can be pounded out relentlessly, as if you were driving nails into a wall, and with as little consideration for the feelings of the melody as for those of the people next door. This is the sledge-hammer accompaniment.

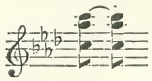
Finally, there is the right way, when it has the even beat of a vitalising pulse. Chopin said, "Let your left hand be your Capellmeister [band-conductor] and keep the time." The accompaniment, according to this rule, will be quite even and unobtrusive, merely supporting the winged thoughts above it. The little turn at bar 13, after the double bar, should be played so—

Ex. 2.



Bar 17 begins a beautifully graceful passage. Schumann said that it reminded him of the sweep of ladies' trained dresses. Remember this and play it as if it were some dainty web that would spoil by rough handling. Do not overlook the semiquaver at the end of bar 25. This is a coquettish little touch which gives character to the whirling motion.

After the second double bar, the waltz enters a new phase. The second quaver is to be played here—



The slur only joins the first one to it, while the dot shows that a tie is not intended.

The soaring scale passage a little later is best divided as follows, but there must be no perceptible break in it:—



The succeeding similar passages will be played in the same way—four little quavers to the last crotchet in the first bar and four to the first crotchet in the second bar; then, the

flight gaining impetus as it goes, we wind up with five notes to the second crotchet and the final crotchet in the treble comes exactly with the one in the bass, but is thrown off rapidly with a sharp—not all too sharp—accent.

How coaxing is the music at the change of key to D flat. Every little art that is irresistible finds a place here. The coda beginning sixty-one bars before the end is dazzlingly brilliant. All the countesses are glittering with diamonds! Then gradually the pageant fades away, the last sweep of the rustling dresses has passed (five bars before the end) and we wake with a shock to find that we have not been dancing but dreaming of a dance.



GAVOTTE BY GRIEG.
("Aus Holberg's Zeit.")

Edvard Grieg, one of the most distinguished of living composers, was born in 1843 at Bergen, in Norway, where he still lives. The Gavotte which I have chosen for my easy piece this month is part of a suite called "Aus Holberg's Zeit," which you can buy in Peter's Edition for 1s. 8d.

"*Aus Holberg's Zeit*" means "From Holberg's Time," and that was 1684–1754. He was a great writer of comedies, for which reason he has been called the Molière of the North. To the Scandinavian peoples he is what Shakespeare is to us, and, for that reason, Grieg, in writing a piece of old-time music, called it Music of Holberg's Time rather than music of the seventeenth century.

The gavotte, which was a popular dance in those days, came from France, and is so called from the Gavots or men of Gap, a town in the Haute-Alpes. It is not at all an aristocratic dance, for jumping is a great feature of it, and it is meant to be very lively. It is always in common time —four crotchets in a bar.

This Gavotte is in the key of G, so do not forget the F sharp all through. The first G in the bass is held down for two half and two whole bars, but if your hand is not big enough, you must let it up when you come to the second E (on the second ledger line). If, however, you are obliged to let it up you must not sound it again.

The little turn ∾ at bar 3 is played like this—



and all the other little turns are played in the same way—that is, each turn consists of three notes, the note printed, the note above it, and the printed note again.

At the third bar, after the light double bar, there is a difficult bit, but it can be made quite easy by playing the D with the left hand, leaving the right hand free to devote itself to the turn, so—



The three notes in the bass are played together, the crotchet G must be taken up when the following crotchet F is struck, the two minim notes being held down.

At the bottom of the first page, last bar but one, I advise you to leave out the turn altogether, as, unless you have a very big hand, it is impossible to make it sound well. In the same way I would omit the turns in the first bar of page two. *Pesante* means "heavy." You must play the chords thus marked on line two very firmly, and take the pedal with each different chord. The music remains loud to the double bar, getting slower and slower all the time.

The Musette is a bag-pipe tune, and it sounds very much like one. It is to be played a little more quickly than the Gavotte, and very softly. Each part of it is to be repeated except the last line, which is only played once. Then you begin again at the top of the first page in the original slower time, and end at *Fine*, after the second line of the second page.

This is a very pretty little piece, and everyone likes to hear it. If you are a very little girl, you may find it rather difficult, in which case you must write and ask me for something easier next time. I shall always be glad to hear from all the Fidelians, both large and small.

RULES OF MEMBERSHIP.

Every reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER (boy or girl) can become a member.

I.—Fill in the coupon on this page, and send it to the Editor, THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., with "Fidelio Club" written on the outside of your envelope at the top left-hand corner.

II.—In the space marked "Mind, Emotion, Muscle," underline the quality of which you believe yourself to be possessed most, and cross out the other two, thus—

~~Mind~~ Emotion ~~Muscle~~

III.—Every member may, each month, make one suggestion—that is, she (or he) may name a composer, a piece, or a style of composition to be analysed for practice.

IV.—Every member may also ask one question each month, and this may have reference to any piece that has already been discussed, or to any difficulty experienced in practising. Such suggestion and question will, with the answers, be published in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

V.—Members may join at any time. They need not cut out the coupon, but must send a copy of it, filled in, and state that they are subscribers to the magazine.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISSES KEAN (Dresden).—You need not send coupon. Just say that you are a subscriber to the magazine. The Editor has every confidence in the honesty of his girls and is pleased that they hesitate to mutilate the numbers for the sake of coupons.

"ABT VOGLER" will find her questions answered in this month's paper.

"YSOLINDE" (Oundle. Over 16. Emotion).—The opus No. of the B flat minor Scherzo by Chopin is 31. It was unnecessary to give it, because there is only one Scherzo by him in that key. Thanks for your good wishes. I am glad "so many girls" liked the "Stories in Music."

"SNOWDROP" (Maida Hill. Over 16. Emotion).—Mendelssohn's *Lied Ohne Worte*, Book 4, No. 2, has a difficult accompaniment, and "SNOWDROP" wants to know how to practise it. To play three quavers in the bass with two quavers in the treble, you must give one and a half bass notes to each treble note, like this—



Count "one, and, two, and," and so on up to "nine, and," and play each alternate treble note on "and." I cannot take Chopin's Funeral March in December, but I will remember your request.

"PHŒBE" (Littlehampton. 16. Mind).—As you are a subscriber to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, your copied coupon will be accepted.

"CARNATION" (Reading. 11. Mind).—It is pleasant to find such a little girl with such good taste. Ask mother to get you Haydn's pretty Sonate in D major, Cotta Edition, No. 333, published here by Augener & Co. It costs sixpence. I will tell you something about it later.

JULIA AMON (Rye. Under 16. Mind).—I will analyse your pieces and studies in the January No. of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and will tell you the metronome *time*. Practise them quite slowly till then. It was very thoughtful of you to send the music.

ELSIE BARTLETT (High Wycombe).—Copy the coupon as directed and say that you are a subscriber to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER; you will then be admitted to the Club.

MISS M. HAZELT JONES (Preston).—I am glad that you and your sisters have always liked my articles in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and that the new scheme commends itself to you. I was much interested in your account of your orchestra, and will tell you of some good music next month.

LILIAN PALMER (Rye. Over 16. Muscle).—Are you also going in for the Associated Board Exam.? If so, which of the pieces and which study do you like best? I will make a guess—the Moscheles Study and Grieg Sonate. Am I right?

MILLICENT HELSBY (Liskeard. Over 16. Equal).—Very good, but rather dull!

"DRESDEN" (Ealing. Over 16. Emotion).—Yes, the Club is called after the opera *Fidelio*, the heroine of which embodied Beethoven's ideal of womanhood.

Some Fidelians have asked me to take the pieces which they are working up for the Examination of the Royal College and Royal Academy of Music, and, as this is a case in which "she gives twice who gives at once," I shall take the studies and pieces of List B for the subject of my next paper.

VARIETIES.

CARE KILLED A CAT.

Well, but the cat couldn't help having care. Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards. So are many of the lower animals. And I am not one of those foolish physicians who say to their patients, you must not worry, you must not think of anything disagreeable beforehand, or even after it is passed and gone. The wise doctor will prescribe a cure for worry. It is the nervous woman or girl that worries, and the anxiety is only a symptom. We have got to get at the root of the mischief and cure the nervousness. Medicine alone will not do so, believe me, but everything which tends to exercise the vital force.

Apart from all other treatment, good easily-digested food, for instance, the daily morning tub, avoidance of stimulants, and fresh air exercise, relief to the mind is obtainable from performing the duties that fall to the lot of all. Let each and all of us who suffer from anxiety or worry endeavour to work it off. It is surprising how quickly the sun of happiness begins to shine again when duty and work are earnestly tackled. One is soon strong enough to laugh at one's sorrow and scorn the troubles that one thought were about to obliterate reason and life itself. Besides, mind you, the clouds that are seen on a distant horizon are never half so dark when they are close above us, or to give another sort of simile, the hill we begin to climb or descend when driving on the road is never so steep as we deemed it while still looking up from the bottom thereof or down from the top.

THE READER.

When books are cheap, why read trash?
See that you get real value for your cash.

MENTAL TREASURES.—You cannot treasure up too carefully good and beautiful thoughts, for they will colour your whole life.

THEY TALK SCANDAL.—Great numbers of moderately good girls think it fine to talk scandal; they regard it as a sort of evidence of their own goodness.

A SOURCE OF MISERY.—Half the misery of the world comes from want of courage to speak and hear the truth plainly and in a spirit of love.

WHO COULD RESIST SUCH BLARNEY?

"Upon a dreary day in February," writes a lady, "I arrived at Dublin, tired out. It was blowing half a gale, and sleet and snow added drawbacks to the weather. I took the precaution before engaging my Jehu to drive me out to Monkstown, my destination, to ask the fare, and upon arrival I tendered it with an added shilling as a *pourboire*. Pat solicited further *pourboires*.

"But," I remonstrated, "I have already over-paid you, and besides, you will have a light load back."

"Ah, my lady," said he, "it's just that I'm thinking of —the long, lone journey back without you!"

What woman—above all, what Irish woman—could resist such blarney?

TO PUSH ON THE WORK.

Two Chinese labourers were digging a well. Mr. Chang sent Mr. Lu down into the well to dig while he sat on the top and directed the labour. He first told Mr. Lu to "dig on this side," then "dig on that side," till the latter, tired of both the work and the directions, retorted—

"You sit up there and chew your tongue while I have to do all the work."

"One man here giving directions," said Mr. Chang, "can do as much as ten men down there"; upon which Mr. Lu threw down his pick and climbed up beside Mr. Chang.

"What are you doing here?" asks Mr. Chang.

"Two men up here," answers Mr. Lu, "can do as much as twenty men down there."

ONE CHRISTIAN NAME WAS ENOUGH.—It was not the custom for English people to have more than one Christian name before the reign of George III. Two or more names were first used by the Court, and the fashion soon spread it over the country, though at first it was considered presumptuous for a person of low degree to confer more than one name on his child.

YOU ARE YOUR OWN TEACHER.—Every girl has two educations, one which she receives from others, and one, more important, which she gives herself.

HOW A GIRL SHOULD DRESS.

By "NORMA."

As the January sales will have commenced before my next article appears, I will give a few hints on the subject in this month's for my London readers. I have often been asked, "Do you believe in sales? Are they genuine?" I most certainly do believe in sales, and they are genuine if you seek your bargains in the very best shops; but I most certainly do not believe in sales at cheap shops where their profits all the year round will not allow any genuine reductions at such times. In the best London shops, where everything during the special seasons is sold at an extravagant price, for extravagant people, there are undoubtedly marvellous bargains to be picked up during their after-season sales. Personally, I am not ashamed to own that I often buy my summer frock in January and my winter gown in July, for I feel perfectly certain that the style which was the *dernière* mode for the luxurious in January will be quite smart enough for me six months later. In this way I secure a gown made of the very best materials and in the best style for half the price I should have to give for one in an inferior shop six months later. Fashions change gradually as a rule; they stay with us longer than six months.

There are two or three essential things to be remembered about sales. Firstly, to go to the very best shops; secondly, if you cannot go on the first day, do not go till a fortnight later, for, as a rule, half way through the sales everything is reduced again. But of course things by this time are well picked over. Thirdly, do not go to a sale determined to find a wonderful bargain in some particular colour or material. I have often heard a customer come into a crowded sale-room and ask a busy attendant if she has a good bargain in a blue serge coat and skirt, or in a pale blue silk evening gown. The attendant says "No," and the customer goes away, saying, "You never find anything you really require at a sale." Now perhaps a rough blue tweed or a blue *crêpe* evening gown would have suited her requirements just as well if she had seen it, and someone else picks up a real bargain in such a gown five minutes later. Go into the show-room and look round yourself, and, when you see something you like, point it out to the pleasantest-looking attendant you can see. You need have no delicacy about doing this even in the most exclusive shops.

Good and expensive corsets are things to secure at sale terms. If you look over a basketful of odd-sized ones, you will probably be rewarded by finding a pair just your own number marked down perhaps from four guineas to a quarter of that price because the silk lace or the ribbon



TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES.



A NEW HAT.

bows are faded and the white lace a little soiled; none of these things matters. Look for a well-known make, and you cannot go wrong.

Fur is an easy luxury to keep your eyes open for, since with a little judgment you can often pick up a really excellent set of fur, collar and cuffs, on some old-fashioned jacket. These very expensive shops do not find it worth their while to pick even good fur off their old-fashioned jackets and opera-cloaks and remodel it to suit the style of the fashions they are creating. Never mind if the jacket is of no use; someone poorer than yourself will value it.

And now about winter fashions. There surely never was a time before when individuals could be so individual in their style and still remain in fashion. Indeed, it would be very difficult at the present time to say which was the most fashionable style of dress either for day wear or for evening. In Paris you can see long clinging graceful skirts fitting the figure as closely as a Suède glove with not a scrap of fulness behind. One may be frilled at the foot with shaped flounces and long enough to rest well on the ground, while the next *chic* figure which comes along wears a skirt which clears the ground and is closely pleated all round the hips, but full and springing from the knees. Then there is the elaborate panelled skirt, and some even have short paniers on the hips, but this last style, let us hope, will not be popular in England. It is the same thing with jackets—every length and style is in fashion. You are quite as much in the mode if you wear a short fur jacket pouched in at the waist by a band of Oriental embroidery and with neck-band and tight wristlets of the same, as if you wear one of this year's latest productions—a cloth jacket closely braided, short in front to the waist and with long coat-tails behind. Then again there is the three-quarter-length jacket of velvet, much betrimmed with applications of cloth and embroidered silk. But there is just one point upon which all leaders of fashion agree, that sleeves are the speciality of every gown and jacket, and it is agreed that they shall be worn tight and close-fitting as far as the elbow, while below that comes the test of the dressmaker's art and the good sense of the wearer. If you are *petite*, do not, for instance, be persuaded, because it is the fashion, to have long flowing arrangements of chiffon or lace reaching almost to the knees. Be mindful that all fashions are created for ideal heights and figures. One lovely Empire evening gown I saw on a slim elegant girl was made of some exquisitely light fabric, the tint of pink rose petals; a mere suspicion of a bolero or zouave, fitting over the top of the bust, glittered with silver embroidery; round the hem of the gown there was a design in silver tissue. With this perfect gown was worn an opera-cloak of grey panne lined with cloudy frills of pink chiffon, while a collar of chinchilla and old lace completed the delicious wrap. But a theatre-cloak much more easily copied was a circular one of grey cashmere lined with pink silk. It fitted the shoulders very closely and gave the sloping effect so much desired at present. A wide square collar just reaching the edge of the shoulders was trimmed with heavy cream lace; long ends of pink chiffon with many little frills fastened this cloak at the neck. It had a demure becomingness quite suited to the girl who wore it. But to be quite in the tide of fashion, opera cloaks and carriage-wraps must look as Japanese as possible; the loose sleeves must be kimono-shaped.

Evening gowns of heavy cream or white lace made over *glacé* silk very much flounced at the foot are made distinctive by a *chou* of black net fastened in the front of the bodice. For street gowns grey is the tone which is finding most favour with Frenchwomen this year—a grey material as hairy and soft as the coat of a prize Skye-terrier. A gleam from old silver buttons or a buckle of the new art enamel should catch the eye, but the *tout ensemble* is at once grey and warm.

It is impossible to describe the very flat hat which is so fashionable in Paris just now. It is made of two flat plates of felt or hairy cloth of any delicate shade, scarcely trimmed at all, but twisted and curved into the most becoming outlines; sometimes the dents in the brim are held in place by straps of black velvet which meet in the centre of the crown and are finished with a small ornament. But you cannot be long in Paris without noticing that velvety Edelweiss or chrysanthemums (not much differing from each other, the Edelweiss is so large) is the one trimming above all others for hats—fur hats, chiffon hats interlaced with



TWO CHARMING FROCKS.

strips of cut cloth, pale blue or pink cloth hats, or indeed any kind of hat so long as it is flat. The flowers must be laid perfectly flat on crown or brim, and when wings of birds are used they should follow the outlines of the hat *on* the brim. One word about materials. The hairy Zibeline certainly comes first for street wear, but for smart toilettes, and for those who can afford it, velvet is the correct thing.

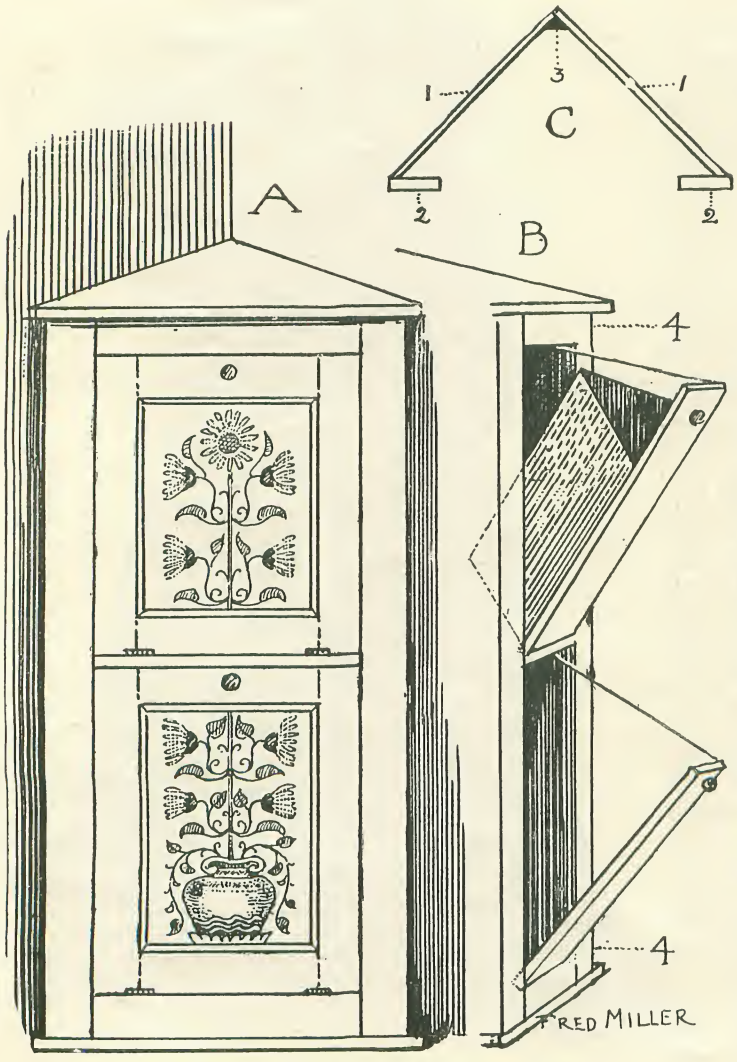
I think our artist has been most happy this month in the sketches of tailor-made costumes; they are *chic* and elegant as well as seasonable. What could be more tempting than the gown of light green Zibeline on the figure on the right hand? It is trimmed with straps of dark brown velvet; the bolero is effectively finished with *l'art nouveau* buttons. The centre figure has a coat and skirt with extremely smart-shaped revers and basque, and double-flounced skirt. Very many stitchings are used and narrow straps of deep sapphire velvet to match the blue frieze of which the costume is made. The figure on the left hand wears a sacque coat and skirt of deep soft Tabac cloth trimmed with double straps of darker silk, stitched, with brass buttons and deep sable collar, cuffs, and muff.

In the other page of illustrations the figure on the left side wears a short coat of caracul, with revers and cuffs of sable, and a caracul and sable muff, a brown cloth dress with velvet bow and insertions. The hat is of dark brown velvet with pheasant breast plume. The figure on the right wears a grey cloth pelerine trimmed with chinchilla, a skirt of grey cloth with satin bands, a grey felt hat with ostrich feathers and rosettes, and a boa of mink fur with long ends.

A CORNER CUPBOARD.

I DARESAY many of my readers have seen those coal cabinets, the front of which let down, somewhat as in my sketch, when the coals are wanted. The article I have designed, and which, so far as I know, is original, is intended to fill a corner close to the fire-place. In fact, in rooms where there is a chimney breast this corner coal-cupboard could be stood in the angle made by the chimney breast and the wall. Another one for other purposes—boots, etc.—could occupy the other corner. Corner cupboards were very popular in the old days, and are still often to be met with in cottages, and where space has to be economised there is much to recommend corner cupboards; moreover, they are picturesque in appearance.

Now as to their construction, which is very simple. First, get out the angle pieces, which serve for the bottom and top of the cupboard. The size will depend upon the depth of the cupboard, and will be in shape a right-angled triangle. These pieces should project some inch and a half or so beyond the door or front, not only for the sake of appearance, but in the case of the piece forming the base it will give rigidity to the cupboard, and help to keep it from falling forward.



A CORNER CUPBOARD FOR COALS AND LOGS.

The top might be half-inch stuff, while the bottom might be three-quarter. The wood for the back could be three-eighths inch (these measurements refer to the thickness of the wood), and if not got out in one piece, must be jointed with glue, or match-boarding which is ready tongued and grooved could be used. A reference to the plan C will make it clear how the woodwork fits together. The sides 1, 1, will be screwed or nailed to the top and bottom, and as the uprights 2, 2, have to fit against the sides 1, 1, they must have the front edges planed to the necessary angle, or they would only touch just at the corners, instead of the whole thickness of the sides.

The shelf or division in the middle of the cabinet upon which the doors work should be got out at the same time as top and bottom, but as it is not to project it must not be quite so large. This will materially strengthen the cupboard, as the sides can also be nailed or screwed to it. French nails, by the way, should be used, and holes made with a fine bradawl, so that the nails can be driven straight.

To strengthen the cupboard, angle blocks, 3, could be glued inside. See that your glue is boiling hot, or it will not stick properly.

The strips at top and bottom (4 in Fig. B) can be glued and screwed in position. See that they are correctly got out, so that they fit close to the uprights in front and don't yawn. The doors should be panelled as in a room door, but this is a complicated piece of joinery, so, for those who want

simplicity, the plan will be to get out a frame, something like a canvas-stretcher, and then glue this down on to thin panels, the size of the outside of your frames. American white Bass wood should be used for these panels, as it is free from knots, and is nice for painting or decorating.

Brass butt hinges, which must be sunk, will have to be screwed on to the bottom of the doors and cupboard, and small catches with knobs at the top of the doors to keep them closed. These can be purchased at a good tool or metal shop. Brass chains would be better than cord for keeping the doors at a certain angle when opened. There is a disadvantage in fixing them at the top as I have indicated in sketch, for they are more in the way there.

Such an article as I have schemed could be made at home, or if there are no brothers to assist, then a carpenter would get out such a thing at a small cost. The coal shoot could be made at an ironmonger's of sheet iron, the shape of D, *i.e.*, just smaller than the inside of the cupboard, and by having two holes made with screws to correspond screwed inside the door, it could be removed to be filled, and then hung on the screws, and while at the bottom it could rest on a block of wood.

Now as to finishing the cupboard from the outside. If the wood is good and nicely finished up, it might be stained and polished with beeswax dissolved in warm turpentine, but if the wood is not so good, then it would be better to paint it some nice colour. It would require two good coats of paint, and it could then be finished with enamel.

The decoration of the panels should be some rather severe treatment of foliage as I have indicated, put on in flat tints, or it could be stencilled. Those who are skilful enough might paint the panels with flowers and birds, while those who fear to venture on hand-work of any kind could fill the panels with Japanese gilt leather paper

SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING CLERKS.

In days long since gone the Preacher warned his son that "of the making of books there was no end." The nineteenth century has added its testimony to that of the previous eighteen that the Preacher was right. A very large proportion of the books made is of a fictional character, and efforts after original plots are many and ingenious. There is one theme, however, which never seems to grow old. It is the self-sacrifice of women. It varies with the years, its form changes, but we can always see the woman sacrificing herself in some way or another for the good of those she loves. In these days of competition, when the struggle for even a bare existence is so keen, the heroine of a novel is often the breadwinner of the family. The father, a hard-worked, worried business man, dies, leaving his wife and children totally unprovided for, and the eldest daughter, or the one with most energy, nobly steps into the breach. Without any previous training or experience, she invariably succeeds—if not at first, at any rate in a few months. In a short time she is earning enough to provide for the family—large or small—in addition to herself.

A young, inexperienced girl reads many such stories, and she imagines them all virtually true, or only a very little overdrawn. She does not know that in real life girls in a similar position are seldom so fortunate.

A girl left upon her own resources will find that, after she has considered every situation open to her, one of the best and easiest to enter is that of a typewriting and shorthand clerk. Of course she will need a little capital—sufficient to support her while she is preparing for work—but the course of study is not prolonged. Six months of steady application to work at a good shorthand school is sufficient to fit any ordinarily intelligent girl for a situation as a shorthand and typewriting clerk.

Equipped with the knowledge she gains there, she can hope to live independently of outside assistance and save up for a rainy day. At first, of course, being inexperienced, she can only obtain a small wage. With fairly satisfactory certificates, however, 12s. to 15s. a week is easily earned.

After a year's experience a girl's wage is just what she makes it. If she is careful and painstaking and attentive to her employer's interests, she will become a valuable clerk, and so be able to earn a larger salary. The number of advertisements for typewriters is a sufficient proof that there is a great demand for them. The supply is equal to and frequently exceeds the demand, but it is not of a sort that satisfies the demand. Business men, who have learned by experience what the ordinary typewriting girl is, are very eager to engage one who has made it her chief aim to be thoroughly proficient. Such a one frequently earns from 25s. to 30s. a week, and at the same time has good hours—not more than seven or eight daily—and a fortnight's holiday every year.

Of course it must be understood that such a position is only obtainable by an earnest worker—one who not only has made it her aim to know her business perfectly, but who besides is trustworthy, quick, and obliging. A clerk who is unwilling to oblige her employers—and there are many occasions for so doing—will never become invaluable to the firm. Consequently, as employers usually express their satisfaction in a monetary way, the clerk who objects to doing a little extra work or staying half an hour later in the evening will not receive a rise of salary or a present at Christmas.

A shorthand and typewriting clerk can add very much to her value by becoming mistress of one or two European languages. Of these naturally the two most important are German and French—more especially the former. It will easily be understood that a knowledge of the pure classical French or German is not so useful as an intimate acquaintance with the colloquial and commercial forms, trade terms, etc. A letter from an English to a French firm is not by any means the sort of composition a girl is taught at school. It may be asked, then, "How is one to obtain a good working knowledge of a language for commercial purposes?" The answer, of course, must vary with the individual case, but generally I might suggest that the language can best be acquired by studying for a time in the country, lessons in English, etc., being given meanwhile to solve the question of bodily support. Failing this, lessons might be exchanged with a German or Frenchman eager to be initiated into the mysteries of English. Let the knowledge be acquired as it may, its possession is important. It is often the "open sesame" to a good position in one of the great London or provincial hotels, where foreigners are constantly coming and going, and where the foreign correspondence is a matter of much moment. A lady clerk in such a position not infrequently has a salary of £2 or £3 a week, and of course, being well equipped for her work (no others need apply), earns it quite as faithfully as her humbler sisters their more modest wage.

It has been urged by some that when a girl has mastered the theoretical and practical parts of typewriting and shorthand, and is ready to begin her life-work, it is very difficult to get a suitable situation. There is a certain amount of truth in this, and for the information of those ignorant of such matters it might be stated that nearly all the big typewriter-manufacturing firms keep a list of those who use their own special make of machine. Often it is to these city merchants apply when they require a typist. Most of the schools, too, undertake to recommend successful pupils to situations. In these cases, however, if the pupil so recommended is engaged by the firm, she agrees to pay her school a certain commission, generally five per cent. on the first year's salary. Answering advertisements in the daily papers is the plan usually adopted, and one open to all. It is besides, as a rule, the most satisfactory, and though a clerk must make up her mind to some disappointments and difficulties at first, there is no doubt that if she is determined to earn her bread in this way, with training and experience she will most surely succeed.

PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

The three girls who shared Pixie's room were not forbidden to speak to her when they went upstairs to bed, and their first impulse was to pull aside the curtains of her cubicle, where she was discovered lying on the top of the bed, still fully dressed, with features swollen and disfigured with crying. She was shivering, too, and the hand which Kate touched was so icy cold that she exclaimed in horrified reproach—

"Pixie, you are freezing! What do you mean by not getting into bed? You will catch a chill, and then goodness knows what may happen! You may go into consumption and die."

Pixie gave a dismal little sniff, and her teeth chattered together.

"That's what I thought. A girl at Bally William died of a chill, and consumption's in our family. Me mother's cousin suffered from it every winter. I want to die!"

"Here, sit up! I am going to unhook you. Dear me, what a mess you have made of your fine collar! I don't know what Lottie will say when she sees it. Lucky girl, to be out to-night and escape all this fuss! She always gets the best of things. I never wish to spend such an evening again, I know that!"

"Pixie, why wouldn't you tell? Why wouldn't you answer Miss Phipps?" cried Flora, unable to contain herself a moment longer; and Pixie drew herself up and tried to look dignified, a difficult achievement when one is being forcibly undressed, and can hardly see out of red, swollen eyelids.

"I told her I had not broken the bottle. I gave her a straight answer, and that ought to be enough for any lady!"



"'I WANT TO DIE.'"

"Don't talk such rubbish! This house is not yours, and if you go wandering about into strange rooms, it is only right that you should be made to explain. And it looks so bad when you refuse to answer. You don't realise how bad it looks. After you left the room, Miss Phipps asked if we had heard you say anything which would explain your going into that room, and we all remembered—we didn't want to tell, but we were obliged—we remembered that you said you intended to have a good look at the scent-bottle."

"So I did, and I don't mind who you tell. I looked at it the very next day, but I never lifted it once. I was too afraid I'd be hurting it, but it was all right long after that—Mademoiselle said so herself!"

The three girls looked at each other quickly, and as quickly averted their eyes. Ethel gave a toss to her curls and walked off to her cubicle. Kate went on unhooking with relentless haste, and Flora sat down heavily on the edge of the bed, and melted into tears.

"I wish scent-bottles had never been invented! I wish that old Marquise had had more sense than to spend her money on a thing that would break if you looked at it! I know how easy it would be. I've broken lots of things myself. Mother always said to us when we were children, 'Don't be afraid to tell me if you've had an accident. I will never scold you if you tell the truth, but if I find out that you have hidden anything from me, I shall be extremely angry.' Lots of girls tell stories just because they are frightened, especially little ones, and when they are strange, too, and don't know people well. But we all love you, Pixie, really and truly we do! We won't turn against you. Oh, do tell! Do tell! Tell Kate and me now before we go to bed, and we will help you to-morrow."

"Will Miss Phipps talk to me again to-morrow? Will she be cross again? Will Mademoiselle be cross?" cried Pixie fearfully. "Oh, what will I do? What will I do? No one was ever cross with me at home. I'll run away in the night and swim over to Ireland. They'd welcome me there if I'd smashed all the scent-bottles in the world. I never meant to do any harm. I didn't know it was wrong to go into Mademoiselle's room. No one ever said I mustn't. Molly, our maid, broke something every day of her life at Bally William, and no one disturbed themselves about it. What's a scent-bottle? Suppose I had broken it, why should they make such a storm, I should like to know?"

Her sentences were broken by sobs and tears, and her companions had learnt by now that Pixie's outbursts of grief were not to be trifled with, for while other girls shed tears in a quiet and ladylike manner, Pixie grew hysterical on the slightest pretext, and sobbed, and wailed, and shivered, and shook, and drowned herself in tears until she was in a condition of real physical collapse. To-night Kate signalled imperiously to Flora to depart to her own cubicle, and herself bundled the shaking, quivering little creature into bed, where she left her with a "good night" sufficiently sympathetic, but—oh, agonies to a sensitive heart!—without attempting the kiss which had become a nightly institution!

Next morning Pixie's face was still swollen and puffy, but her elastic spirits had sufficiently recovered to enable her to make repeated attempts to converse with her taciturn companions, and to run in and out of their cubicles to play lady's maid as usual, in such useful, unostentatious ways as carrying water, folding night-gowns, and tying hair ribbons. This morning she was even more assiduous than usual in her attentions, for there was an edge of coldness and reserve in the manner even of Flora herself which cut deeply into the sensitive heart. Then when she had fully dressed, she gathered together Lottie's fineries and betook herself to the room which that luxurious young lady occupied in solitary splendour.

Early as she had been in leaving her cubicle, breakfast had already begun when Pixie made her appearance downstairs, and the furtive manner in which she entered the room was not calculated to dispel the suspicions with which she was regarded. Her "good morning" to the teachers was a mere mumble, and oh, how formidable they looked! Miss Phipps with tight lips and a back like a poker; Mademoiselle, a vision of misery, and Fräulein and Miss Bruce staring at the tablecloth as if afraid to raise their eyes. As for the girls, they munched away in silence, no one daring to make a remark, and it was significant of the solemnity of the occasion that not a single girl helped herself to marmalade or jam. By the unwritten laws of the school it would have been considered unfeeling to indulge in such luxuries while the reputation of a companion was at stake. It was a ghastly occasion, and Pixie seemed literally to shrink in stature as she cowered in her chair, glancing to right and left with quick, terrified glances. All the hopefulness of the earlier morning had departed, and among all the dejected faces round the table hers was conspicuously the worst.

There seemed a special meaning in the Bible reading that morning, and when Miss Phipps laid aside the book, she added a few words of her own before kneeling in prayer. The sternness had left her face, but it was very grave and sad.

"Before we kneel down together this morning, girls, there are some thoughts which I would like to impress upon you all. We are in trouble, and it behoves each one of us to ask in all earnestness that the cloud may be lifted, and that courage and truthfulness may be given where it is most needed. An accident, however regrettable, is not a serious offence, but in this instance it had been turned into one by the refusal of the culprit to acknowledge her offence. I have made every inquiry, and it seems morally certain that one of you must know how it happened, and be able to give a satisfactory explanation, and until she does so, the shadow of her deceit must fall on all. I ask those of you who know that they are blameless to pray for her who is guilty, that she may acknowledge her fault, and for yourselves that you be preserved from temptation; and I ask the guilty one to remember that God reads all hearts, and although she may deceive her companion, she can hide nothing from His eyes. And now we will kneel and pray, and let the words which you say be no vain repetition, but the earnest cry of your hearts that God will help us!"

Many of the girls had tears in their eyes as they rose from their knees, and no one was surprised when, as they filed slowly towards the door, Miss Phipps spoke again to request Pixie O'Shaughnessy to follow her to her private sanctum. Flora thrust her hand through Lottie's arm as they went upstairs and heaved a sigh of funereal proportions.

"Poor little Pixie! Don't you pity her? Oh, Lottie, you are lucky to have been out last night and escape all this bother! I wish I had had an invitation too, and then even if Pixie doesn't confess, no one could possibly think that I had done it. Poor little thing! She is so scared that she hardly knows what she is doing. Did you notice her face at breakfast? Did you hear about the accident when you came in last night, or who told you first?"

"I only saw the teachers last night, but Mademoiselle was crying, and I knew something was wrong. Then Pixie came to my room this morning to bring me back my collar, and she told me. It seems that she is suspected because she won't tell why she was in Mademoiselle's room. It's very stupid of her! There can't be any great mystery about it, one would think, though she wouldn't tell even me; but if she says she didn't break the bottle, I think she ought to be believed. She has always been truthful, so far as we know."

"Yes, but then we haven't known her long, and she has never been in a corner before. It is easy to tell the truth when all is going smoothly, but it's rather dreadful when you know quite well you are going to be punished, and if you let the first moment pass it's fifty times worse, because then you have been deceitful as well. What I'm afraid of is that she was too frightened to own up last night—you know what a scarey little thing she is—and that now she is determined to be obstinate and brave it out!"

Lottie hitched her shoulder with an impatient movement which drew her arm free from her companion.

"Well, I'm fond of Pixie O'Shaughnessy, and I am going to stick to her, whatever happens! It's mean of Mademoiselle to make such a fuss about an accident which nobody could help. I'll buy her another scent bottle myself, if that will satisfy her. I have lots of money, and can get as much more as I want. It's absurd making thirty people miserable for the sake of a few pounds. I'll ask Miss Phipps if I may go into town and buy one this very day."

"She wouldn't let you spend so much without your mother's consent, and it's my belief Mademoiselle wouldn't take it if she did. It was the association she liked, and you could not give her that. I'm fond of Pixie too, but I sha'n't like her a bit if she gets us all into trouble, and that's what it will mean if she is obstinate. We shall have all our treats and holidays knocked off until the truth comes out. It is bound to be discovered sooner or later, don't you think?"

"No, I don't! Lots of things are never discovered, and the holiday will be here in a month, thank goodness! It will have to drop after that, for it wouldn't be fair to drag the troubles of one term into the next. I don't know what Margaret is going to do, but I shall be kind to Pixie and try to help her!"

The girls had reached the schoolroom by this time and joined the group by the fire, so that Margaret herself was able to reply.



"'I WILL NEVER TELL!' SHE SAID. 'I'LL BE SILENT FOR EVER.'"

"I shall certainly help her if I can," she said gently, but her followers noticed that she avoided giving any opinion as to guilt or innocence, and the reticence depressed them still further, for it was unlike Margaret to refrain from speaking a good word if it was possible to do so.

She was soon to have an opportunity of trying to help, however, for half an hour later Miss Phipps called her out of class, and said sadly—

"I can make nothing of Pixie, Margaret. Will you try what you can do? She seems afraid of me, though I have tried to be as forbearing as possible, and perhaps she may speak more freely to a girl like herself. So long as she refuses to say what she was doing in Mademoiselle's room we cannot help believing her to be guilty. I am dreadfully upset about it all, and should be so thankful to get at the truth. I have heard of this kind of thing going on in other schools, but this is my first experience, and I earnestly hope it will be the last. She is in my snuggery. Go to her there, and see what your influence will do!"

Margaret went, and, at the first opening of the door, Pixie rushed into her arms with a cry of joyous welcome.

"Oh, Margaret, I hoped you would come! I wanted you to come. I'm so dreadfully miserable."

"So are we all, Pixie, but you can end the misery if you will only tell us truthfully all you know about

this accident. You do know something, I feel certain, or why should you be so afraid to speak? It's no use being afraid, dear. We all have to do difficult things sometimes, whether we like them or not, and it will only get worse as time goes on. The truth is bound to come out, and then how ashamed you will feel, if you have not taken the opportunity while it was yours!"

"Do you think it will be found out, really?" Pixie shivered, and twisted her fingers together in nervous fashion. "But how can it if I don't tell, and if—if there is no one else?"

"I don't know, Pixie, but I believe it will, sooner or later. It may be later, for God is very patient, and waits to give us our chance before He takes things into His own hands. In the days when Jesus was on earth, He used to work miracles, but He doesn't do that any longer. I used to be sorry for that, but I am not now, for it is so wonderful that He lets us help Him by putting it into our hearts to do His will. He won't show us in any miraculous way who is deceiving us now, but if she will listen He will speak to her, and make it seem impossible to go on doing wrong."

"That's what Bridgie said!" agreed Pixie eagerly. "It was the night before I came to school, and she was speaking to me for my good. 'You'll be far away from home,' she said, 'but you never need be far from Him, and He is your best friend. When you are happy and everything is bright, thank Him for it, for it's a shame to be always asking, asking, and never saying a "Thank you" for what you receive. And when you are undecided between two ways, take the one that's hardest, for that was what He meant by bearing the cross; and when you are in trouble, keep still,' she says, 'keep still, and you'll hear His voice in your heart.' And I was thinking of that last night, and I could hear Bridgie saying it all over again, as plain as if she were by my side!"

"And the other voice, Pixie—did you hear that too?"

"I tried to, but"—the small troubled face was pitiful to behold—"it seemed always to say the things I wanted, and I was afraid I was imagining. Then I remembered about doing the hardest thing, and every time I awoke I thought of it again, and this morning I decided that I would!"

"Pixie!" cried Margaret, in a tone of almost incredulous relief. "Oh, Pixie, you will really! I am so glad, so glad! You will come with me to Miss Phipps now, and tell all you know!"

But Pixie shook her head firmly, and her lips closed in determined lines.

"I will never tell," she said. "I'll be silent for ever!"

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

MARA.—I am so glad that the mere fact of having one friend to share your sad secret has given you a certain amount of comfort. I would fain be of greater use to you. The more I know of your trouble, the more I am convinced that medical advice is essential, and that the cause is remediable. I do not wonder that the cruel words quoted "cut deeply." Do not despair. Use the means suggested, and the blight may be removed from your life. You must pray that you may be enabled to "forget the things that are behind," though I know this will be a difficult task. Indeed, you are surrounded with difficulties and anxieties for another, as well as on your own account. God will strengthen and guide you. However numerous my correspondents may be, I shall find time and space to send you a word of comfort and sympathy. You write, "I love the 'G. O. P.' like an old friend, and look forward eagerly for it. It is the chief of the few sources of pleasure in my grey, monotonous existence, and I cannot bear to think of it without you and the Twilight Circle." Dear, I trust the cloud which hangs over you will soon disappear, and, despite the memories which haunt you, that a happy future may yet be yours.

A. E.—I am sorry the correspondent asked for is not available; but before this is in print both your requests will have been complied with. You will have received the "G. O. P." and been put in touch with a bright correspondent whose letters will, I am sure, cheer your loneliness. You have my true loving sympathy.

A GRATEFUL READER II.—I am most thankful that our Talks in the Twilight and Circle answers have helped and cheered you in such a season of trial and repeated bereavement. You have the best and indeed the only true source of consolation in knowing that those you mourn have only "gone before" to the home of our Father in Heaven. What joy can equal that of knowing that those whom God has called to come up higher had tried to dedicate their earthly lives to His service, and to "win souls for Christ?" My dear girl, I rejoice to think that trials, bereavements, and sorrow are all drawing you into closer communion with God; that you are putting duty before inclination and bearing your own burden bravely in order to cheer your father and lighten his weight of sorrow. My heart warms to you as I write, and I pray that God will abundantly strengthen and bless both you and yours.

FLORENCE (New South Wales).—I am sending you a correspondent who will, I hope, prove a comfort to you, my dear forlorn lassie. She wants to cheer somebody. You want to be cheered. I trust your correspondence will be as satisfactory as that of other girls who have become true friends through our Circle.

POPPIE W.—Thank you very much for kind offer. The correspondent alluded to in your letter has not given her full name and address, or expressed a wish to be put in communication with another, so I cannot avail myself of it. The verses sent were well worth passing on. My grateful thanks for them.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

OXFORD.—We have read through the book of verses you sent us with much sympathy and appreciation of your motive in writing them. But candour obliges us to tell you that they are very deficient in respect of form, and therefore are quite unsuited for publication. Take the first poem; the last line of verse 1,

"Oh, enter His service,"

is too short, as you will see if you compare it with another fourth line, *e.g.*,

"That are harder far to meet."

There is not a rhyme in that first verse. In poem No. 2, "awaiting for you" is an incorrect expression. It should be "awaiting you," or "waiting for you." "You" and "thou" are indiscriminately used. "Around" and "down" do not rhyme. We might go through the book with similar criticisms.

"What, oh, what will your harvest be?"

is too much like a line in a well-known hymn in *Songs and Solos*. We feel, however, that it is a rather ungracious task to find fault with these outpourings of your heart, which have doubtless brought you solace in lonely hours. In composing verse, it is necessary to select a metre and keep to it, paying attention to questions of rhyme and composition.

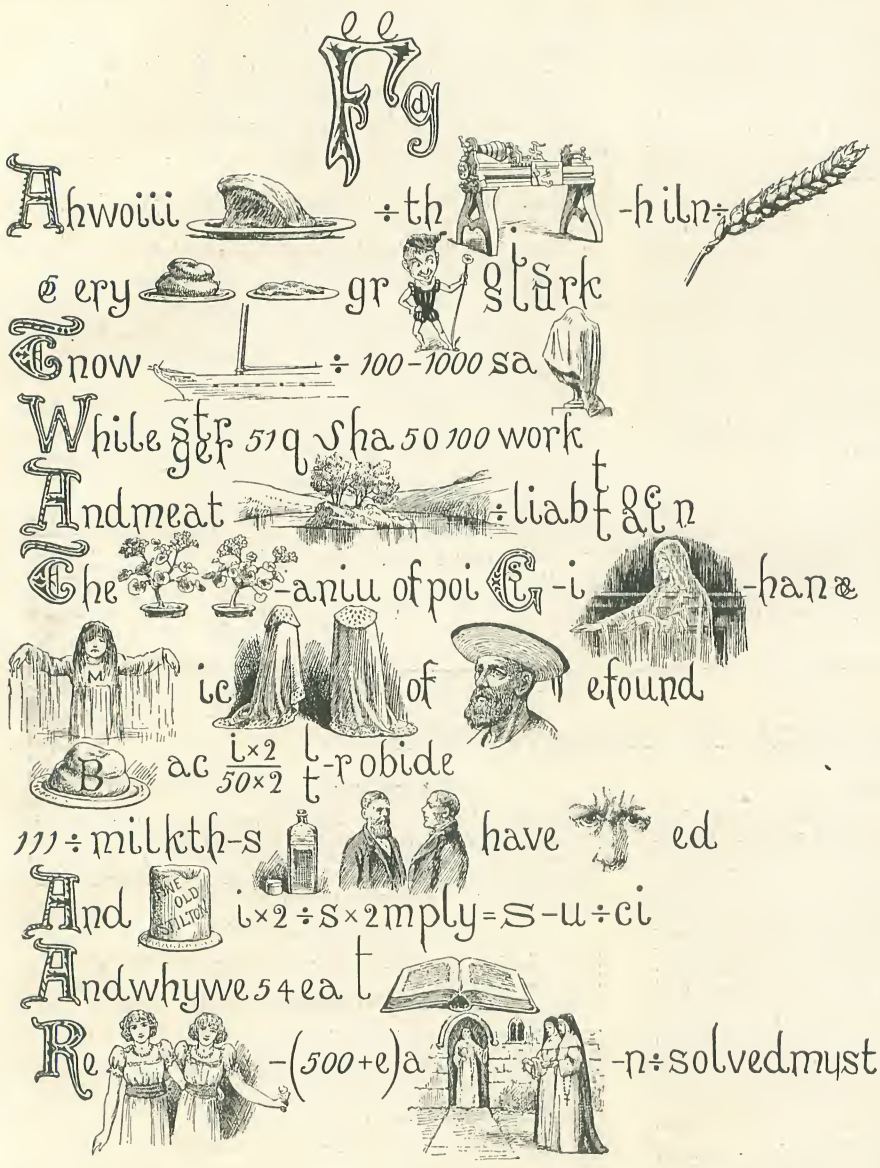
SYDNEY.—We answered a question by you in June, and A VERY OLD GIRL now writes to tell you that there is a setting of Tennyson's "Ask me no more," by W. H. Montgomery, published in the *Musical Bouquet*, No. 2628-9. If you cannot procure a copy, our correspondent kindly offers to forward her own, which she says is "very dilapidated."

A VERY OLD GIRL.—Thank you for your kind letter and offer to help SYDNEY. We sympathise with you in the condition of which you speak, and are grateful for your unselfish thought of others.

GLADYS.—We are very sorry that you had to wait so long for the criticism on your poems. Unfortunately we can never answer our correspondents as quickly as they and we should wish, owing to the accumulation of letters and also to the early time at which it is necessary to go to press. The magazine is in print long before you receive it.

MISS PORTER, 19, Eaton Road, Ilkley, Yorks, sends us a prospectus of her "Correspondence Lessons in Lip-Reading for the Deaf and Partially Deaf." The system is intended for educated people who have become deaf comparatively late in life, from illness or accident. MISS PORTER is willing to reduce her fees in case of need, and will forward full particulars on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



NEW CONDITIONS.

The monotony of seeing the same names in the Prize List time after time leads us to impose New Conditions in the interest of the less expert solvers.

The Prizes will all be of the same amount—HALF-A-GUINEA each. Twelve will be awarded for each puzzle, including two for Competitors living abroad. No Competitor will be allowed to take more than one of these Prizes during the year; so that for each puzzle we shall have an entirely fresh list of Prize-winners.

Two Special Prizes, TWO GUINEAS and ONE GUINEA, will be awarded at the end of the year to the two solvers, whether previous winners or not, who have secured the highest number of marks during the year. This condition is framed to induce the expert solvers to persevere after they are debarred from winning one of the monthly prizes.

Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only, and to be headed with the name and address of the sender.

Solutions must be addressed to The Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.

The last day for receiving solutions from the United Kingdom will be January 16th, 1902; from Abroad, March 17th, 1902.

This Competition is open to all, irrespective of sex or age.

OLEANDER.—There is nothing very remarkable in the "New Year Wish" you enclose. You should not use the second person singular and plural, "thee" and "you," indiscriminately. The last line is halting. The sentiment is unexceptionable.

PURPLE TULIP.—In the sonnet form you have chosen a very difficult medium for your composition. To write a musical sonnet is an achievement that may tax the utmost powers of a poet. Therefore, you must not be discouraged if we find fault. In the first sonnet you use the word "golden" too often (three times in six lines), and "golden mean" is not a happy expression in comparison with the rest of your simile. In the second sonnet, you use "bedight" as a transitive verb. Now, "to bedight," in the sense of to adorn anything, is scarcely ever seen, and the past participle, "bedight," is the only form in use. It is a little strained to speak of the sailor's eye as "soaring." A glance may soar, but not an eye. In No. 3, "and my eye" is a bad ending for a line. "Life" is the best poem. The thought here is excellent, but you spoil your treatment of it by suddenly introducing into the idea of a vision that of a key; and how can a key "show the sordidness" of anything? This may seem hypercritical, but the treatment of a sonnet can hardly be too fastidious. In spite of these strictures, you may be encouraged to try again; for, considering the extreme difficulty of the task you have set yourself, you have succeeded fairly well.

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THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

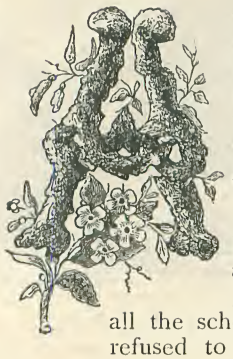
BY MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.



"SHE LOOKED SO WRETCHED AND ASHAMED."

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CHAPTER X.



WEEK passed by and the mystery was no nearer being unravelled than on the first evening, though every possible means had been taken to discover the offender. At the beginning of the time the general feeling had been in favour of Pixie, but girls are very human creatures, and as the days passed by and they suffered for her silence, a feeling of resentment began to grow against her. Why should all the school be suspected because one girl refused to tell what she knew? What was the use of pretending to be so kind and helpful if you would not sacrifice your pride for your friends' comfort? If Pixie were innocent, why should she be afraid to answer questions? But, really—and then the heads would draw close together, and the voices drop to a whisper—really she looked so wretched and ashamed, that one began to wonder if she could be innocent after all! A whole week and she had not once been in mischief. Didn't *that* look as if something was on her mind, while as for funny stories, she was as dull as Clara herself, and it was impossible to be severer than that!

After Margaret's failure no more personal efforts had been made to induce Pixie to confess, but at the end of a week the anticipated blow fell, for Miss Phipps addressed the assembled school and announced her intention of confiscating holidays until the end of the term.

"I am sorry to punish the innocent with the guilty," she said, "but I hope that the consciousness that she is depriving her companions of their enjoyment may have more influence with the culprit, whoever she may be, than any words of mine. I don't think it is right to deprive your teachers of their much-needed rest, so on Wednesdays and Saturdays you will have extra preparation during the hours which would otherwise have been your own. Of course no invitations can be accepted. I have written to your brother, Pixie, to say that you will not be able to go out with him on Saturday as arranged."

Pixie's cry of dismay was drowned by the general groan, which swelled ever louder and louder as Miss Phipps left the room. The younger girls looked inclined to cry, one or two stamped on the floor with irrepressible anger, and there was a very babel of indignation.

"I told you so! What did I say? As if we hadn't enough to do without slaving six hours more! I know what it will be now—I shall get so worn out that I shall fail in my examination."

"Preparation! More prep.! I call that adding insult to injury. If it had been a class, I wouldn't have minded half so much. I'm sick and tired of school. I'll ask my mother if I may leave the day I am seventeen."

"And I was going out on Wednesday! I had an invitation this morning, and was going to tell Miss Phipps after tea. I may as well write and say I can't go, and it would have been so nice, too. I should have had such fun!"

"Jack was going to take me to the c-c-circus! I've never seen a clown in all me days! I was c-counting the hours!" stammered Pixie tearfully, and at the sound of her voice, as at a signal, all the girls stopped talking and fixed their eyes upon her. She looked pitiful enough with the tears streaming down her cheeks, but there was not much sympathy in the watching faces, and for the first time the growing resentment forced itself into words.

"You have only yourself to blame," Kate said coldly. "If you had spoken up and told all you knew about that horrible night, it would have been forgotten by this time. I believe Mademoiselle is sorry already that she made such a fuss, but Miss Phipps won't rest until she has found out what she wants. If you will be obstinate, you must expect to be punished, but it's hard lines on the rest of us who have done nothing wrong."

"And we were all so kind to you, Pixie O'Shaughnessy, and made a regular pet of you—you know we did! We helped you like angels when you couldn't do your lessons. I've been in this school five years, and I've never seen a new girl made such a fuss of before. I call you an ungrateful serpent to turn and rend us like this."

"Clowns indeed! I should think you have something else to think of than clowns. Do you realise that thirty girls are losing their fun for three whole weeks because you won't speak? If you had any nice feeling, you would be too miserable for clowns."

"Oh, Pixie, I've such a smashing headache! You might tell! I was so looking forward to a rest this afternoon. It makes the week so dreadfully, dreadfully long when there are no holidays!"

Flora's voice was full of tears, and Pixie's miserable glance, roving from one speaker to another, grew suddenly eager as it rested upon her, for she was skilled in the treatment of headaches, and was never more happy than when officiating as nurse.

"I'll lend ye my smelling-bottle. It's awful strong! Ye said yourself the last time you smelt it ye forgot all about the pain. Will I run up this minute and bring it for you?"

"No, thank you!" Flora's tone was almost as cold as Kate's. "I don't want your loans. Smelling-bottles are no good to me, if I have to wrack my brains all the afternoon. You needn't pretend to be sorry, for if you were you could soon cure me. Come along, girls, let's go upstairs! It is no use talking to her any longer."

The girls linked arms and filed to the door, only Lottie lingering behind to thrust her hand encouragingly through Pixie's arm. Kate, standing near, caught the whispered words of consolation. "You shall go to the circus in the holidays. I'll ask you to stay with me, and we will go somewhere nice every afternoon!"—and told herself reproachfully that Lottie was more forgiving than herself.

"I don't feel in the least inclined to offer her treats, though I'm sorry for her all the same. She does look such a woe-begone little wretch! It's my belief she thought it was a good opportunity to examine the scent-bottle when we were all upstairs, and that she put it down too roughly or let it slip from her hands and hadn't the nerve to own up at once. I don't wonder she is afraid to confess now; I should be myself. You don't know what might happen—you might even be expelled! I don't believe Miss Phipps would keep a girl who was so mean as to make all the school suffer rather than face a scolding. There's one thing certain, I'm not going to have Pixie O'Shaughnessy fagging for me until this business is cleared up! I have tied my own hair bows before and can do them again, and I shall tell Flora and Ethel not to allow her in their cubicles either. If she is untruthful, how are we to know that she might not be dishonest next."

There is no truer proverb than that which says, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him!" for it is certain that when once we begin to harbour suspicion, a dozen little actions and coincidences arise to strengthen us in our convictions. It is also true that no judges are so unflinching in their judgments as very young people who set a hard line between right and wrong, and are unwilling to acknowledge the existence of extenuating circumstances. During the next few weeks Pixie was sent to Coventry by her companions to her own unutterable grief and confusion. No one offered to help her with difficult lessons; no one invited her to be a companion in the daily crocodile; no one made room for her when she entered a room; on the contrary, she was avoided as if her very presence were infectious, and when she spoke a silence fell over the room, and several moments elapsed before a cold stern voice would vouchsafe a monosyllabic answer. She was at the bottom of her classes too, being unable to learn in this atmosphere of displeasure, and the governess's strictures had in them a touch of unusual severity.

Curiously enough, it was Mademoiselle herself who showed most sympathy with Pixie during those dark days. Like most people of impulsive temperaments, she had quick reactions of feeling, and after having stormed and bewailed for a couple of days, she began to regret the gloom into which she had plunged the school. She had been fond of the droll little Irish girl, and, though convinced of her guilt, feared lest her own unbridled anger had frightened a sensitive child into a denial difficult to retract.

It happened one day that governess and pupil were alike suffering from cold and unable to go out for the usual walk, and the impressionable French heart went out in a wave of pity as its owner entered the deserted schoolroom and found Pixie seated alone by the fire, her hands folded listlessly on her lap, a very Cinderella of misery and dejection. When the door opened she looked up with that shrinking expression of dread which is so pitiful to see on a young face, for to be left *tête-à-tête* with Mademoiselle seemed under the circumstances the most terrible thing that could happen. Her head drooped forward over her chest, and she stared fixedly at the floor while Mademoiselle seated herself on a chair close by and stared at her with curious eyes. Surely the ugly little face was smaller—the figure more absurdly minute than of yore! The black dress with its folds of rusty crape added to the pathos of the picture, and awoke remembrances of the dead mother who would never comfort her baby again, nor point out the right way with wise tender words. Mademoiselle's thoughts went back to her own past, when, if the truth must be told, she had been an exceedingly naughty child; and she realised that it was not coldness and severity which had wrought the most good, but the tender patience and affection of the kindest of parents. What if they had been trying the wrong course with Pixie O'Shaughnessy? What if suspicion and avoidance were but hardening the child's heart and hastening her path downwards? Mademoiselle cleared her throat and said in the softest tone which she could command—

"*Eh bien*, Pixie! What are you doing sitting here all by yourself?"

"I'm thinking, Mademoiselle."

"And what are you thinking about then? Tell me your thoughts for a penny, as you girls say to each other!"

"I'm thinking of Foxe's martyrs!" was Pixie's somewhat startling reply. Her face had lightened with immeasurable relief at the sound of the friendly voice, and the talkative tongue once loosened could not resist the temptation to enlarge the reply. "We have the book at home. Did ye ever see it, Mademoiselle? It's got lovely pictures! There's one man lying down and they are pinching him with hot tongs, and another being stoned, and another with boiling oil. They were so brave that they never screeched out, but only sang hymns and prayed beautiful prayers. I used to long to be a martyr too, but I don't any more now, for I know I couldn't bear it, but it cheers me up to think about them. Bridgie says there's nothing so bad but it might be worse, and I was thinking that they were worse off than me. I'd rather even that the girls wouldn't speak to me than boiling oil—wouldn't you, Mademoiselle?"

"I would indeed!" replied Mademoiselle fervently. "But what a subject to think about on a dull grey day! No wonder you look miserable! You need not think about boiling oil just now at all events, for I have to stay in too, and I have come to sit here, and talk to you. Will that make you feel a little bit less miserable?"

"Now that depends upon what ye talk about, Mademoiselle," said Pixie with that air of quaint candour which her companions had been wont to find so amusing, and Mademoiselle first smiled, and then looked grave enough.

"I am not going to question you about your trouble, if you mean that, Pixie. It is Miss Phipps's affair now, not mine. I wish you had been more outspoken, but I am not going to scold you again. You are being punished already, and I feel sorry to see you so grave and to hear no more laughs and jokes. Shall we 'ave what they call an armistice, and talk together as we used to do when we were very good friends?"

She held out her hand as she spoke, and Pixie's thin fingers grasped hers with a force that was almost painful. She looked overcome with gratitude. Nevertheless now that it had been agreed to talk both felt a decided difficulty in deciding what to talk about, for even a temporary coldness between friends heaps up many barriers, and in this particular case it was difficult to feel once more at ease and unconstrained. It was Pixie who spoke first, and her voice was full of shy eagerness.

"How's your father, Mademoiselle? Is he having his health any better than it was?"

"A little—yes, a little better. He is in the South with my brother until the cold winds are over in Paris. He is like me—he hates to be cold, so he is very happy down there in the sunshine. I told you about him then, did I? I had forgotten that."

"Yes, you told me that day when I—when I lassoed you on the stairs, and I wrote the verb not to be rude to you any more. You said I would remember that, and I do; but perhaps you think I have done something worse than being rude, Mademoiselle! I want to know—please tell me—can your bottle be stuck together so that you can use it again?"

Mademoiselle's face clouded over. She had recovered from her first violent anger about the accident, but it was still too sore a subject to be lightly touched.

"No," she said shortly, "it cannot mend. I tried. I thought I might use it still as an ornament, but the pieces will not fit. There is perhaps something missing. I have put them away to keep, but it is no use trying to mend it. I have just to make up my mind that it is gone for ever. It seems as if I should never know what happened to it."

An expression of undoubted relief and satisfaction passed over Pixie's face as she heard these last words,

but Mademoiselle was gazing disconsolately in the fire, and it had passed before she looked up. Perhaps she had hoped that her words would draw forth some sort of confession, but, if so, she was fated to be disappointed, for when Pixie spoke again it was to broach another subject.

"Mademoiselle, I've a favour to ask you! I've been afraid to do it before, but you are so kind to-day that I'm not frightened any longer. It's about the party at the end of the term. The girls say they always have one, and they will be broken-hearted if they miss that as well as all the holidays. It is no use my asking because it's me that's in trouble, but, Mademoiselle, it was your bottle that was broken. If *you* asked Miss Phipps, she couldn't find the heart in her to say no! Please, Mademoiselle, will you ask if the girls can have their party the same as ever?"

Mademoiselle looked, as she felt, completely taken aback by this unexpected request. It sounded strange indeed coming from Pixie's lips, and it was difficult to explain to the girl that she herself would be the greatest hindrance to the granting of such a request. She looked down, fingered her dress in embarrassment, and said slowly—

"For my part I should be glad for the girls to have their party. It is hard that they should all suffer, and it *is* dull for them. I have been here three years, but it was never so dull as this. Yes, I would ask, but what would Miss Phipps say? That is a different thing! It seems odd to stop the holidays and give the party all the same, and—do you not see?—the bad girl—the girl who will not say what she has done—she would have her pleasure with the rest, and that would not be right. It is to punish her we have to punish many."

"But if I stayed upstairs——" cried Pixie eagerly, and then stopped short, with crimson cheeks, as if startled by the sound of her own words. "I mean I am the one they are vexed with; they want to punish me most. If I stayed upstairs in my own room, or was sent to bed, why shouldn't the others have their party? It would be an extra punishment to me to hear them dancing, wouldn't it now?"

Mademoiselle threw up her hands in an expressive silence. In all her experience of school life never before had she met a girl who pleaded in such coaxing terms for her own humiliation, and she was at sea as to what it might mean. Either Pixie was guilty, in which case she was one of the most arrant little hypocrites that could be imagined, or she was innocent, and a marvel of sweetness and charity. Which could it be? A moment before she had felt sure that the former was the case, now she was equally convinced of the latter. In any case she was gratified by the idea that she herself should plead for the breaking-up party, and was ready to promise that she would interview Miss Phipps without delay.

"And ye'll not say that ever I mentioned it," urged Pixie anxiously, "for maybe that would put her off altogether. Just ask as if it was a favour to yourself, and if she asks, 'What about Pixie?' 'Oh, Pixie,' says you, 'never trouble about her! Send her to bed! It will be good for her health. She can just lie still and listen to the music and amuse herself thinking of all she has lost.'"

The beaming smile with which this suggestion was offered was too much for Mademoiselle's composure, and, do what she would, she could not restrain a peal of laughter.

"You are a ridiculous child, but I will do as you say, and hope for success. I like parties too, but it will not be half so nice if you are not there, *petite!* See, I was angry at first, and when I am angry I say many sharp things, but I am not angry any more. If it had happened to anyone to break my bottle by mistake, she need no more be frightened to tell me. I would not be angry now!"

"Wouldn't you?" queried Pixie eagerly, but instantly her face fell and she shivered as with dread. "But, oh, Miss Phipps would! She would be angrier than ever! The girls say so, and it is only a fortnight longer before the holidays, and then we shall all go home. If it is not found out before the holidays, it will be all over then, won't it? No one will say anything about it next term."

"I do not know, Pixie. I can't tell what Miss Phipps will do," returned Mademoiselle sadly. She felt no doubt at this moment that Pixie was guilty, but that only strengthened her in her decision to plead for the party, for it did indeed seem hard that twenty-nine girls should be deprived of their pleasure for the sake of one obstinate wrong-doer.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Girls' Gloves.

Girls whose dress allowance does not run to unlimited numbers of new gloves may like to be reminded that there is nothing so economical for ordinary wear as white doeskin. These gloves cost only something under two shillings, and when dirty they can be washed almost unendingly. Thirty times is quite a usual number of resurrections for them to survive with equanimity, but—and here lies the secret of their economy—the washing must be done scientifically. The gloves must be put into warm water—not hot, for that makes them shrink—and gently rubbed with any uncoloured soap, the ordinary household sort known as "primrose" being the best I know for the purpose. They should be held, each singly, lumped into the palm of one hand whilst being soaped, so that they may not be stretched, and should be turned about whilst so held, then rinsed by gently shaking in the water. When quite clean they should again be soaped, and without being rinsed, should be squeezed between the two hands until all the water has run out. Then the gloves should be straightened out—not pulled—and hung up in a good current of air to dry. They must not be put near a fire, but gentle sunshine is an advantage. At this stage they will look abject ruins, but the novice need not despair, for they will emerge triumphant and be as good as new. The drying is rather a long process, but when it is completed the gloves must be smartly rubbed to take off the stiffness, and are then ready to be worn. Some patience is required in putting on freshly-washed doeskin gloves, but the "game" is distinctly "worth the candle."

An Even Temper.—One of the most charming traits of human character is an even-tempered and unruffled disposition. It never fails to attract. And a life full of obstacles rightly viewed and bravely met is very often adorned by this feature.

A Good Resolution.—I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it, for I shall not pass this way again.

A VISION OF SANTA CLAUS.

By CHRISTIAN BURKE.



Through the keen air crystal snowflakes are flying,
Drifting in heaps in the garden and glen,
Cyril and Mark in their cosy beds lying
Plan they will make some tremendous snow-men!
Loud wails the wind, rising higher and higher,
Drowsily crackles the nursery fire.

Dreaming, and faster asleep they are falling—
Mark is a soldier gone off to the wars—
Suddenly Cyril awakes him by calling,
"What a bad night for that poor Santa Claus!
'Tis such a pity it's turned so much colder,
Each year, you know, he grows older and older!

"Mark, if you only would rouse up and listen!
This time perhaps we may catch him at last;
Here by the firelight his white beard will glisten—
He is too old and too stiff to walk fast.
Maybe he'd ask us to help him unpacking,
Then we could tell him if anything's lacking.

"There is your boat—that's a heavy thing, rather—
Then there's my sledge, to bring all through the snow!
Does Santa Claus get a letter from Father?
Else I can't think how he always should know.
Mark, keep awake; I am getting quite creepy!
Oh, how I wish that I wasn't so sleepy!"

Then his voice fails, and, as shadows grow deeper,
Someone steals in like a beautiful ghost—
Kisses the brow of each warm little sleeper,
Leaving the treasures each wanted the most.
"But we *did* see him!" next day cry the brothers—
"Santa Claus' eyes are *exactly* like Mother's!"

GIRLS' AMBITIONS.

PART I.

DOMESTIC.

What does ambition mean?

Those of our readers who know some Latin will have no difficulty in recognising the word *ambitio*, a "going round," from *ambio*, to go around or about (*ambi*, around, about, *eo*, I go).

In Rome, candidates for office in the State used to go round from house to house, in order to solicit the votes of the citizens. A modern parallel will occur to everyone! It is easy to see how the term has acquired its present meaning. The ambitious man is, originally, he who "goes round" (in no bad sense) to canvass for power, place, influence, and by a swift and easy transition, he who strives or wishes for pre-eminence in anything.

Ambition is a two-edged word. It is sometimes used in blame, sometimes in praise. He who knew the heart of men and women, by the light of his unerring genius, uses the term mostly in the former association.

> "Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
> By that sin fell the angels,"

says Wolsey, in *Henry VIII.*, mourning over his ruined life.

"Vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself," says Macbeth. "A shadow's shadow," Hamlet calls ambition. And Antony's speech over the body of Julius Cæsar gains force in its satire, by the repeated assertion, in contrast with Cæsar's good deeds—

> "Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
> And Brutus is an honourable man."

In spite of this, it is also true that "ambition is the germ from which all nobleness proceeds."

Look at Napoleon, solitary on his island rock! He has drunk deep of the cup of ambition, and the dregs are bitter. Listen to his words:—

"Great ambition is the passion of a great character. He who is endowed with it may perform very good or very bad actions; all depends upon the principles that direct him."

Ambition, in plain language, may be either good or bad, in proportion as it is the desire for preferment, or the desire for excellence; it may be the ambition of self-seeking, of wishing to be above one's fellows, to be well spoken of, to be "somebody," or it may be the honourable impulse to do, to be, what is really great and admirable. We cannot, therefore, sympathise with those writers, even although Thomas à Kempis is one of them, who call ambition a foolish, hurtful, and destructive vice, or even "the last infirmity of noble minds." A self-glorious ambition may be, and is, dangerous and bad, but all ambition is not therefore to be condemned wholesale. What a dull, dead level life would be without it!

A great deal too much has been talked and preached about the desirableness of content with the sphere of life to

which it has pleased Heaven to call you. Pray, how do you know Heaven meant you to stay there always? You may be outraging the will of Heaven, denying what is best within you room to grow and to develop, by an ignoble content with your environment.

"He that is down needs fear no fall,"

sang Bunyan's shepherd-boy; but Great-heart did not tarry in the level meadow with the flocks; he went on his way to fight and conquer and win a celestial crown.

"And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn
The world's poor routed leavings? or will they
Who failed under the heat of this life's day,
Support the fervours of the heavenly morn?"

Feverish restlessness, discontent, irritation, because life is not all you would like it to be—these are not to be encouraged. But if you feel that you have power to do some good work in the world, then in heaven's name go and do it! For the world needs everyone who can do anything worth the doing.

The life of girls has altered much within the last fifty years. There were few avenues for the work of women in the days of our grandmothers, and there did not seem much to do but to sit down and keep quiet. Now, with the wide revealing of possibilities on all hands, there is the stirring of unrest in many a young heart. Girls in sheltered homes, safe from want, with no necessity to earn, are nevertheless longing to emerge, to do work of one kind or another. How often one receives the confidences of an eager young creature, who seems to possess all that life can offer, and who yet is not content with her sheltered nest and forced inaction! The energies have been perhaps strained to the utmost, up to a certain age, in education; she has worked diligently and well in the school-room or class-room, and is suddenly stopped short in all her definite labour to a definite end. Her life henceforth is desultory, made up of haphazard items; a little needlework, a little shopping, a good deal of visiting, playing at housekeeping now and again, a little "charitable" work on old-fashioned lines, and so forth. Some girls take easily and kindly to this sort of life, and enjoy the release from enforced mental effort. But she does not and cannot; her very soul revolts against it all! Her energies have hitherto been concentrated in a certain direction; to find them suddenly dissipated is bewildering and heart-breaking. Perhaps she gets out of health; this is a very usual result of a purposeless existence; and the family doctor administers tonics in one form or another. Or she falls into a state of depression, and the same personage orders plenty of amusement, change of scene, and so forth. Her mother is generally to be very much pitied, quite as much so as the girl herself. She and the family physician have failed to grasp the fact that what the patient wants is "an object in life," in other words, plenty of work, and the chance of doing it successfully.

The world is growing very much wiser in this way, although it must be acknowledged that the present transition period is an unsatisfactory one, abounding in difficulties for mothers and daughters alike.

To keep a girl of strong nature and decided powers in health and happiness, there is nothing like a good healthy ambition—the aspiration after excellence in one or another attainment or career, of so determined a nature that it will insist on its own realisation. So, girls, do not leave ambition to your brothers. If you are feeling dissatisfied, restless, conscious of wasted powers, just ask yourself plainly what you want to do or to be, and then try to do or to be that very thing.

Do not give way—and the temptation is often strong—to a vague crossness and irritation with everything and everybody, especially with those who have the control of your life. Do not muse on the lack of appreciation you meet with in your family, and consider yourself hopelessly misunderstood, but find out what it is you really want, and do not doubt that those who love you will wish, if possible, to help you to attain it.

You must be on your guard, however, against ignoring the beauty and heroism that may *lie hid in quiet*, everyday acts and deeds. "The trivial round, the common *task*," these, even these, may furnish food and aspiration for your ambition.

Is then "all we ought to ask," in the words of the sweet singer, "room to deny ourselves?"

Certainly not.

Self-denial is the parent of noble deeds, but "room to deny ourselves" is not all we ought to ask, or to expect, from life.

To return, however, to what we were just saying—it is possible to have, and to gratify, an ambition without soaring away from the home circle. And the eyes of anxious parents, who fear the preceding words may have incited their daughters to revolt, will brighten as they read that one sort of ambition, and a very good sort, too, may take the housewifely form. The domestic ambition is by no means to be scoffed at, and out of a family of girls there may be one who feels that this is her vocation.

Then let her elevate domesticity into a fine art. Do not let her fuss perpetually about the house, embittering the lives of the servants whose misdeeds form her constant theme of conversation; do not let Monday, because the laundress is going to call, be a *dies non* to all other interests; but let her study household management just as she would study any other art, in principles and practice. This is by no means unworthy of serious attention, and it is a mistake to suppose that homely minds are best fitted for the performance of small duties.

But how shall our aspirant cultivate housewifery as a fine art?

It is divided, like any other art, into several branches. First, she should know how to keep accounts. The knowledge she has gained of arithmetic at school is probably more than sufficient for this, and if she knows a little algebra, so much the better, for the London butcher has a tantalising way of omitting to state the price per pound charged for meat, and this is ascertained in a moment by a simple equation.

Still, we do not pretend to insist on algebra as a necessary qualification for a good housekeeper, only to show that it may have its uses.

Neatly-kept household books should be a subject of care. In the kind (*e.g.*, Letts's or Straker's) ready divided and ruled off into days—a week for each two pages—the weekly expenditure is seen at a glance, and it is easy also to discover the cost of food per head per week by very simple division. But it is not within our scope to write a treatise on housekeeping in detail, only to show that the accurate keeping of books may be made a fine art in its way.

Beware of harrying the household generally if you have forgotten how you spent sixpence. People who carry account-keeping to the pitch of worrying themselves and their families to the verge of distraction are to be avoided. The housewifely artist does not do this, but she does make a practice of putting down daily what she spends, and not trusting to memory for the details of petty cash.

The girl ambitious to shine as a perfect housewife may now obtain practical training at boarding-schools arranged for the purpose. This statement may come as a surprise to some of our readers. We give the names of a few such schools where ladies may be received as boarders, premising, of course, that we have no personal acquaintance with the schools in question. References could, of course, be obtained in each case. They are—Belsize House, Brunswick Square, Gloucester, in connection with the Gloucestershire School of Cookery and Domestic Economy; Camp End School for Household Training, near Malvern; Fryerne School of Household Management for Gentlewomen, Little Watersend, Temple Ewell, Dover; School of Housewifery and Domestic Science, 101–105, Stamford Hill, London, N.; School of Domestic Economy, Peel Terrace, Higher Downs, Bowdon, Cheshire; Wiltshire School of Cookery and Domestic Economy, Trowbridge.

The terms at these schools vary from two pounds ten shillings to one guinea a week for board, lodging and instruction. There is also a Colonial Training Home,

Leaton, Wrockwardine, Salop, which offers practical training to ladies and girls going to the Colonies. The terms for those intending to emigrate are ten shillings to fifteen shillings a week; for others, eighteen shillings to twenty-one shillings.

The subjects taught in these schools are such as cooking, laundry-work, housework, domestic hygiene, ambulance practice, household accounts, practical housekeeping, dressmaking, millinery, sewing and cutting-out, the care of the household linen, dairy-work, and everything, in short, that has to do with the care of the home.

It was at one time popularly supposed that knowledge of all these subjects "came by nature." Every woman was qualified by virtue of her sex to be a housekeeper, even as every man or woman who had failed in all other professions was qualified to be a teacher. What was the result? Women had to learn through failures, and the discipline was hard for them and for other people. There is also real danger involved in the attempts of a young and ignorant housekeeper. It does not matter much if in learning the piano you play wrong notes, and if in learning to draw you shade incorrectly; but it may matter as much as life and death if, in learning housekeeping, you put somebody into a damp bed. It is not every woman who is fitted, at best, to keep house, and there is no woman who does not need to learn how to do so.

Why should not some reader of this article allow the vague, desultory attempts at household economy, which are scattered here and there about her life, to come together and take shape in one beautiful and inspiring ideal form? Instead of being content to "like housekeeping" in a general way, let her now take up the domestic ambition with a will, resolve to make it her inspiration in life, and get a three or six months' training at one of the schools aforesaid.

For cookery there is the National Training School of Cookery, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., which is, of course, first-rate; simple cookery can be learnt all over the kingdom in technical schools and classes, and there are evening classes in many London Board Schools, free of cost. There is really no excuse for any woman who wishes to learn cooking, and does not avail herself of the innumerable opportunities afforded nowadays. *The Epicure Directory*, Granville House, Arundel Street, London, W.C., price 2s. 6d., contains lists of cookery schools and classes of every description in the United Kingdom, and lists of qualified teachers with their addresses.

The trained artist in domestic economy will probably feel the need of competent servants to carry out her ideas.

Perhaps one day a revolution in our homes will be accomplished which we cannot now dwell upon. But the clever housekeeper will do the best she can, and will not expect too much. She will also know that the management of others is no small part of her task, and will, it is to be hoped, study tact and forbearance; above all, avoid worrying herself and other people. Worry and fuss are utterly useless; indeed, they are foes to all the comfort of life.

There is a great deal included in housekeeping outside the cookery and kitchen department; there is, for instance, the decoration of the home. Girls find their homes ready furnished, it is true, but how much they can do to improve and brighten them, if they possess the artist's eye and the ready fingers!

To begin at a very small detail indeed, why should not the care of the house-linen be made a subject of interest? It is, for example, unpleasing to see a scrawl in ink on the corner of fine damask napery and sheets. Embroidery is not thrown away in marking them. Beautiful and really artistic work can transform a drawing-room or bedroom, and it is not wasted energy to learn needlework as a fine art in one of the many schools that abound in London. As we wish to be practical we name a few.

The Royal School of Art Needlework, Exhibition Road, South Kensington, is too well known to need comment. Miss Prince Browne, Artillery Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W., has classes for dress-cutting, plain needlework, and so forth. Miss Maud Pryce, 27, Digby Mansions, Hammersmith, teaches decorative and plain needlework. There is the London Institute for the Advancement of Plain Needlework, 16, Stafford Street, Marylebone Road. These names are only given as instances of many others.

The ways in which the needle may help to make the home more beautiful are too many to enumerate. One very easy way, needing no training, may be suggested—the draping of the windows. The appearance of these is an index to the housekeeping within. Dainty frilled arrangements in soft muslin, or lace curtains with a scrambling pattern hung anyhow—what a different impression these create!

"Oh, all these are trifles!" cries a reader. They are not, it is true, matters of supreme importance. It is not suggested that, taken alone, each form a sufficient object for a girl's energies, or indeed that every girl indiscriminately shall make the domestic ambition her own; but it is not contemptible to think of these details separately and try to combine them into a worthy whole. "Domestic economy" sounds unattractive, but "economy" means "the law of the house," and what aim in its way can be better than that of trying to beautify "the home," of which so much is said and sung?

There are other ambitions for girls, of which we shall speak in time to come; but, dear readers who have nothing particular to do, and who "rather like" housekeeping or domestic duty in any form, pray remember that to do any one thing really well is to gain an added interest and dignity in life. If your taste leads you in this direction, why not specialise in it? Resolve that you will raise this apparently homely work to the level of a fine art. If you can possibly undergo the training we have indicated, do so. For usefulness at home, for preparation for marriage, for some honourable and fairly paid post at home or in the colonies, this practical teaching on a scientific basis will be just what you want. It will brace your energies, interest your mind, and, if you are listless and depressed, may make you feel that life is worth living once more. You may also have one great satisfaction in knowing that this unassuming "domestic ambition" of yours will contrast favourably with some ambitions of a more imposing sort, inasmuch as it involves nothing but increased happiness and comfort to your fellow-creatures, and contains no dangerous pitfalls for yourself.

LILY WATSON.





MISSION HALL TYPES. [*Photo by Scarlett & Francis.*

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A "SISTER."

By FLORA KLICKMANN.

PART I.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND WORKERS.



A MILDMAY DEACONESS.
(*Photo by Lambert & Lambert.*)

It is usually when a girl has left school and is just entering upon the early years of womanhood, that she realises with sudden force the fact that her life has been entrusted to her as a personal responsibility, and that she alone will be held accountable for the way the years are spent. And then the more thoughtful-minded will look around and try to discover some sphere of work that will directly benefit their fellow-creatures. In the majority of cases it is the vocation of a "Sister" that appeals to such girls, and for which they consider themselves most adapted.

Yet a large proportion of those who seek admission into these communities of women-workers are utterly unsuited to the life. So many girls are carried away in the first place by the glamour of the thing, seeing only the bright, pleasant side of a Sister's calling, and knowing nothing of the hard, harrowing work that it entails; some are primarily anxious to escape from a home-life that is tedious or uncongenial, and they feel that by joining a religious community they avoid the reproaches of their friends; others again will fully appreciate the sacredness of the work, and in choosing it be actuated only by the highest motives, and yet they have to be declined on physical grounds.

Every Sister who is at the head of a community says practically the same thing: unless a girl approaches the work with a single eye to God's service, she is worse than useless. In a very short time the novelty wears off, and the glamour is stripped from everything; the Sister is being confronted with suffering and sorrow and work that is not only laborious but often positively revolting. For instance, the loathsomeness of some of the diseases, and the preponderance of vermin that I myself have seen in a morning's round of visits have turned me faint from sheer nausea. It must be an unselfish love for poor humanity that the novice brings with the service, otherwise she will do no good herself, and only be a hindrance to her fellow-workers. Moreover the constant demand that is made upon her bodily strength, and the bad air and painful surroundings in which so many hours of the day are passed, make it imperative that a Sister be in perfect physical health. Nervous, highly-strung girls will often rush to this work in an overwrought, though possibly most sincere, state of mind; these are no good. The constantly-recurring cases of heart-breaking sorrow which have to be dealt with often undermine the strongest constitutions, unless the Sister carefully guards against it; a neurotic or hysterical girl would go under directly. Not that a hard-natured girl is any more desirable. The great need is for an unvaryingly cheerful, sympathetic, yet unemotional temperament.

In giving a general idea of "What it means to be a Sister," it is difficult to know which individual communities to select as illustrations, since in London alone their name is Legion and the work they accomplish positively immeasurable. I have only space to mention a few, but these may be taken as fairly representative of the work of the whole.

Perhaps one of the best-known Institutions is that at Mildmay. The scheme of their work is clearly stated.

"No vows bind a Mildmay deaconess, but she voluntarily, for Jesus' sake, relinquishes all other pursuits, devoting herself wholly to such forms of Christian service as those in authority at Mildmay deem most suited to her abilities. Her one aim is to win souls for Christ."

The Deaconess House is conducted on Evangelical Church of England principles, the members working in various parishes at the request of the clergy, their primary duty being systematic visiting from house to house. Of course the ordinary routine of open-air missions, mothers' meetings, classes for women, night school for men, take up a large portion of their life; but, in addition to this, nursing and medical work is a prominent item in the curriculum. The Mission Hospital is at Bethnal Green; and there are various other similarly valuable institutions in connection with this side of the work. There are about two hundred and fifty deaconesses and nurses in all. There is a Probation House, a Junior Deaconess House, and a Central Deaconess House. A candidate for entrance at the Probation House must send in as full an account of herself as possible, with two names for reference, and if accepted, she resides in the Probation House for a month, on payment of £4 4s., and is given as complete a view as possible of mission work. A short paper of theological questions has to be answered before the month ends. The entrance to the Junior House follows upon a satisfactory completion of the term at the Probation House. Junior deaconesses pass through a two years' training which includes a systematic course of Bible study, cutting-out and needlework, sol-fa singing, the keeping of accounts, and a certain amount of house-work, cooking, and simple nursing. Those whose means admit of it pay the cost of their maintenance in the home, and many contribute generously to the funds for carrying on the work.



A MILDMAY DEACONESS.
(*Photo by Robinson.*)

The "Grey Ladies" are a number of women-workers who live together in a delightful "College" at Blackheath, and help in Church work in various parishes in South London. The particular duty that each shall undertake is chosen for her by the Bishop of Southwark, who is the warden, after every consideration has been given to her special abilities. The members pay fifty pounds per annum for board, lodging and general attendance, but this does not include washing,



MISS EVES AND A GYMNASIUM CLASS. (*Hoxton Christian Settlement.*)



MISS YEATMAN. (*The first head of the Grey Ladies.*)
(*Photo by Russell & Sons.*)

and they also provide their own dress, the uniform being grey and black—hence their name. One day a week each "Grey Lady" is supposed to reserve for rest or recreation; this is an excellent system, as it forms a beneficial break in the constant strain such work entails.

The Maurice Hostel at Hoxton is a Christian Social Union settlement that is doing splendid work in connection with the Church of England. Here, again, the workers receive no payment, but each contributes to the maintenance of the whole. I asked Miss Eves, the head of the women's house, if the members go through any special course of training; but she has no fixed rule in this respect. "If anyone came wishing to do relief work, who had no knowledge of the poor, I should recommend her to work in a Charity Organisation Office for a few months. If she wished to do club work, I should send her into the clubs under an experienced worker. And so on." The work at Hoxton is chiefly among the poverty-stricken classes whose sordid existence is spent in the factory by day and in the streets when the day's work is over. The girls' and boys' clubs that have been organised by the settlement are a Godsend to these benighted ones.

St. Hilda's, Bethnal Green, was originally started by old pupils of Cheltenham Ladies' College. A number of girls had looked round for some definite sphere of work, on leaving college, and they decided that there was ample scope for any number of workers among the teeming crowds of East London. Here they pitched their tent, and they do much parochial work in the parishes of St. Philip's, Clerkenwell, and St. Leonard's and St. Saviour's, Shoreditch. Resident members pay one guinea per week, and here, as at Grey Ladies, and in many other sisterhoods, one day a week is set apart for recuperation.

Settlements such as these are of immense help not only to the clergy of the district, but also to the workers themselves. There are many who are anxious to devote themselves to helping the poor and suffering, who have no idea how to go to work in the first place; moreover it is mentally injurious for a woman to live by herself in the midst of so much that is depressing. But when once such units are banded together, with some experienced organiser at their head, there is no limit to the benefit they may be to the world at large.

Next month I will deal with some of the Sisterhoods in connection with the various dissenting bodies.

(*To be continued.*)

GRANNIE'S TABLE.

By E. A. BENNETT, Author of "Aunt Jane's Turkeys," "The Result of a Song," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"BEAUTIFUL weather for the time of year!" So said the warmly-clad ladies, as they hurried along the sunny side of the frosty pavements, drawing their furs closer round their throats and burying their hands deeper in their muffs as they met the biting north-east wind at the corners of the streets.

"Seasonable weather for Christmas-time!" remarked the men, in their thick great coats and mufflers, nodding cheerfully to one another as they strode along briskly to their comfortable homes.

But a very different view was taken of the weather by the inmates of a tiny room at the top of a house in one of the most wretched courts of a large city. There was no sunny side or warm wraps, so no wonder neither the beauty nor the seasonableness of it was appreciated by them.

Of all the miserable places in the town, and there were plenty of them, Black Jack Court held by a long way the highest place. It owed its name, and a good deal of its misery, to the "Black Jack" standing at the top of a narrow, thickly-populated alley which led to the Court. It was a small enclosure, not many yards square, but though this was decidedly a great disadvantage in the matter of fresh air, it was so far convenient that any one of the numerous occupants returning home in a state that rendered it difficult to find his own door, was unable for obvious reasons to go far wrong. It likewise had the advantage that any matron waylaying her recreant spouse with words of indignation and wrath, could be swung off with the full force of the masculine arm, and was brought up by the opposite wall without sustaining more damage than that of a severe shock.

There were eight houses in the Court, and each house was packed as tightly with human beings as it could be. It is true that the "Specter" paid visits at intervals, but his reception was so distinctly unfavourable, to use the mildest term, that he was in no hurry to encounter it oftener than duty absolutely compelled him. Besides, poor man, he knew well enough the uselessness of it. His arrival was known to the whole Court before he had taken two steps down the alley, and was the signal for many and varied re-arrangements. Though he was perfectly aware

that Mrs. Smith and six children and a nephew and niece were herding together in a room about twenty feet square, how could he prove it in the face of a torrent of assertion from the mother, backed by the strongest asseverations of her neighbours, that "Polly had got a little place, and Nevvy Jem had gone to the wars, and Jess and Bill, bless 'em, had gone to live with their aunt in the country," albeit he knew that the children were only in hiding in the room of a neighbour, and would rush home as soon as his back was turned, bringing the other children to be shielded in the same way? Or how could he maintain that the Dixons, with a large family, were taking in a lodger, when Mrs. Dixon wept copiously into her apron at having her word doubted, and Dixon dramatically, if thickly and unsteadily, declared his intention of "doing for anyone as made his old girl turn on the waterworks." So the inspector wisely beat a retreat, though the three pots of beer and two pipes on the table led him to suspect the near presence of the lodger, probably in a cupboard from which a strong odour of tobacco proceeded.

Only once had he had the best of it, and then his triumph was short-lived. He had been carrying on a lively altercation with a woman who, in a tiny room hardly more than a good-sized cupboard and with four boys of her own, had lately taken two children to nurse. Volubly as she declared that they were not there, and she knew nothing about them, he felt sure from her perturbed looks that this was untrue, and, thinking she was expecting them to come in, he sat down on a large box to await their arrival. Time passed on till suddenly a fearful gasping and choking noise made itself heard from the box under him. Jumping quickly up, he hastily threw open the lid, to find the two missing children tightly wedged into the box, blue in the face, and within a hair's-breadth of suffocation. In the fearful hubbub that ensued the inspector fled from the scene, and for the future neither sat down on a box nor prolonged his visits unduly for fear of fatal consequences.

In the small back room at the top of Number 8, the beautiful seasonable weather was becoming very hard to bear. The biting wind whistled through the crevices of the ill-fitting window and shaky door, and would certainly have blown all the smoke into the room had there been any fire to produce it. The furniture of the room consisted of a chair without a back, a three-legged stool very uncertain on its legs, and an apology for a bedstead; but beside the bed, looking strangely out of keeping with its surroundings, stood an octagon-shaped oak table. The oak, dark with age, the beautifully carved border of quaint devices, evidently the work of a skilled artist, the massive and curiously twisted and carved legs, showed it to be a table that would have made the heart of a collector fill with envy, and which he would have given a good sum to call his own.

On the bed lay a young man whose thin wasted face showed signs of severe illness, and who was evidently in the last stage of exhaustion. By his side sat an old woman, neatly and cleanly dressed in a brown stuff skirt and blue apron, with a faded red and black check shawl crossed over her shoulders. No one had ever seen "Grannie" dressed in any other way, or otherwise than neat and clean, however hard times might be. Just now her dear old wrinkled face was puckered with an anxious frown as she watched the sick man, and every now and then laid her knotted hand on the thin transparent one on the bed. After a time the young man moved uneasily and opened his eyes.

"I'm so thirsty, grannie," he said in a whisper. "Is there anything to drink?"

Grannie took a cup off the table and, raising his head a little, held it to his lips. He drank eagerly and lay back.

"Now do 'ee try to eat a bit," grannie said, breaking up some bits of bread, and dipping them in the remainder of the milk. "'Tis poor stuff for sick folks, but 'tis all I have. Just a spoonful or two, Ronny, lad."

Ronny obediently tried to swallow it, but two or three spoonfuls were as much as he could manage.

"How cold it is!" he said, shivering in spite of the fact that the threadbare blanket that covered him had been supplemented by a clean patch-work quilt and grannie's best brown cloak.

"'Tis bitter, lad," returned grannie, "but I've got nothing more to put over you. Maybe 'twill be a bit warmer to-morrow."

Ronny made an effort to take her hand.

"You've been a good friend to me, grannie," he said, "a better friend than a scamp like me deserved to have with him at the last. I don't think I shall trouble you much longer. God bless you for all you have done for me."

Grannie stooped down and kissed the white face and said gently—

"I couldna bear to leave thee alone, lad, and I'll stay by thee to the end, if the Lord sees fit to take thee. And if thee 'as been a bad lad, thee had better tell *Him* so and then go to sleep, and it'll be all right."

Ronny smiled a little at this simple faith, but he soon fell into an uneasy sleep, and the old woman, after watching him for some minutes, crept softly to the door and went to her own room on the opposite side of the landing. It was a little more furnished than the other, and boasted of the luxury of a comfortable old arm-chair, a chest of drawers, and a bedstead. The latter, however, had no bed-clothes, which, indeed, Grannie Wilson had carried off bit by bit to put over the "poor lad" as the day got colder. Grannie stood in the middle of the room looking round her and passing in review all her possessions.

"There's the drawers and the bed," she said aloud, "but they don't belong to me, so 'tis no use thinking of them, and I don't believe there's anything here as 'ud fetch tuppence. I daren't take another blanket or he'll be froze to death by mornin', and who knows if he'll last till then with nothing even to wet his lips?"

That there was nothing for her either did not seem to occur to grannie. She had had a hard life and had often been reduced to sore straights before, and just now all her thoughts were centred on Ronny.

"Well," she said at last with a sigh, "many's the time I have had no one to trust to but the Lord, and He has always helped me, and I make no doubt He will now."

She stood still for a minute with her eyes closed and her hands clasped, while her lips moved in the old familiar words. She repeated twice the petition for daily bread, and then she went quietly back to her seat by the bed. An hour or so passed, and grannie was dozing when the door opened a little way, and she woke with a start.

"Grannie Wilson!" came in a whisper through the chink.

"Come in, Peggy child, and shut the door."

After a short delay Peggy entered. She was an elf-like child who might have been about ten, but as no one knew anything of the day she made her appearance in the world there was no certainty about it. People, judging from her size, would have said she was nine or scarcely that, while there were some who said that for 'cuteness and sharpness at getting the best of a bargain, she was double that age. She had no home, "sleeping rough," and no friend but grannie, to whom she had taken a strange liking, in spite of the old woman's perpetual efforts to teach her better ways. She had a white wizened face, with long black hair hanging straight round it, and sharp black eyes, and her attire at this moment was a picturesque combination of a short frock, chiefly rags, a pinafore—grannie's attempt at tidiness—a long woman's jacket, and a boy's cap. The last-named article was for the time diverted from it's proper use and made into a coal-scuttle, being piled up with bits of coal and clutched tightly in one hand. In the other hand she held a cracked jug, and the corners of the pinafore knotted together and tied round her waist formed a receptacle for pieces of wood. No other means being available, she made use of the strong teeth with which she was provided and carried a large paper bag in her mouth. She entered cautiously on bare feet, and setting the jug on the table, peered at the white face on the pillow. Then, taking the bag from her mouth, she whispered in an awestruck tone—

"Be he dead, grannie?"

"No, but he's mighty bad," whispered grannie back, "and, Peggy, girl, I dunno what we be to do. I've got

neither bite nor sup to give him, unless the Lord sends us some."

Peggy grinned.

"Seems as though He had!" she said triumphantly. "At least I've got summut to eat and a drop o' milk and some bits o' firing."

Grannie fairly sobbed with delight.

"Thank the Lord!" she said fervently. "I know'd He send me help."

"Well, I'm a rum un to run errands for the likes of Him!" Peggy said with a grimace. "But, anyhow, I've had a bit o' luck, whether He sent it or not I dunno, and I've come to have supper wi' you."

She emptied her pinafore on to the hearth, put her cap on the floor, and, opening the paper bag, displayed to grannie's hungry eyes a stale loaf of bread and some scraps of meat and potatoes.

"I'll light a bit o' fire to warm us," she said, "and then we'll have some of the bread and bits, and leave the milk for him," nodding at the bed. Almost as if an angel had come to her help, grannie watched Peggy light the sticks and put two or three pieces of the precious coal at the top. "Now I be going to get the kettle and the teapot," she said. "What d'ye think I've got here?"

She produced from her pocket a screwed-up bit of paper containing about an ounce of tea, and poor grannie, who had been longing all day for a "cup o' tea," beamed at the prospect before her. Peggy went noiselessly about, bringing the things from the other room, and then another idea seized her.

"Let's bring in your arm-cheer, grannie," she said in an eager whisper, "and when we've had our supper, you can take a nap and I'll look after him."

"Well, thee beest a cliver little maid," returned grannie, "and I'll not say but it 'ud be real comfortable."

So Peggy rushed off, and after some dragging and coaxing to get it through the door, the arm-chair was got to the fire. Grannie settled herself in it, and Peggy, sitting on the floor, did the honours of the feast, the only drawback to their enjoyment being the doubt in each mind whether it was advisable to eat much with the prospect of the next day before them. Meantime Peggy poured forth the tale of her "bit o' luck."

"It was like this, yer see. I was standing at the railin' of one of them houses over there and looking over into the airey, when I 'ears 'em talking down below, and presently the cook comes up and looks up and down the street. 'E're's a nice kettle o' fish,' she sez, 'that little varmint of a boy gone off sliding somewhere, I'll be bound, and all them boots and knives to be cleaned and me off my head with work and wanting to finish my gown.' 'Let me clean 'em, mum,' I sez, quick like. 'I can clean 'em first-rate.' 'You?' she says; 'well, I never! What next?' 'Why, the knives,' I sez, 'that's what next,' and then the cook larfed—'ow she did larf! 'You be a rum un,' she sez, 'but come along, and if you'll clean the knives and boots I'll give you threepence.' So I goes down below, and I soon has 'em cleaned, and the other young woman she sez she could see her face in the boots, and the cook gives me threepence, and just then the missus comes in and cook tells her about me, and she tells the cook to give me a loaf of bread and some bits o' coal to make a fire, 'cos I'd told cook about you. And cook gi'es me all them, and I buys a bit o' tea and some milk for him, and my, ain't it prime!"

Grannie had put a little milk to warm, and just as the last crumbs of the "bits" were consumed—the loaf being prudently kept in reserve—a movement from the bed showed that Ronny was getting restless. Pleased at having so nice a meal for him, grannie poured the milk over some bread, and was delighted to find that he took it quite willingly. He smiled as he saw Peggy holding the cup and watching with intense interest every spoonful he ate, but he was too weak to speak more than a whisper of thanks, and then Peggy perched herself on the chair by the bed in a business-like way, that showed it was not her first experience in nursing, and grannie dropped off into a much-needed nap.

For the time they were free from hunger and trouble, but a loaf, however carefully hoarded, will not last long, and the next evening saw grannie fireless, and with only a scrap of bread. Moreover, the next day was Christmas Eve, when Peggy had little chance of earning or begging a penny, and there was Christmas Day, Sunday and Monday to be faced. Grannie had made a scanty living by selling oranges, flowers and so on, but even if she could have left Ronny, she had no chance of getting anyone to stop and buy at this busy time. Something must go, and looking round in despair, she bethought her of Ronny's coat, which was lying over him on the bed. It was true it was his only remaining garment, but then it was useless without the others, and if he lived grannie knew he could borrow enough to get some clothes to seek for work. Yes, the coat must go! Granny was lifting it gently from the bed, when an unexpected obstacle arose. Ronny moved uneasily, and holding it in his weak fingers, murmured, "No, no!"

Grannie soothed him, and after a time tried again, with the same result. Ronny was evidently slightly delirious from extreme weakness, but some idea seemed to be fixed in his head with regard to the coat, and he resisted any attempt to remove it. Over and over again grannie tried, but in vain. Once, indeed, she contrived to get it away, but in a few minutes Ronny discovered its absence and became so restless, tossing about and muttering incoherently, that it was evident he would soon become worse, so grannie hastily replaced it and gave it up.

As she sat thinking what she could do, her eyes fell on an object which was the only thing left that would be worth trying to sell with any hope of success. But she put aside the idea at once, and would not think of it. It was impossible, she could not do it! It was the thing she prized most in the world—in fact, her only treasure. Through all her greatest troubles, in all her direst needs, she had never dreamed of parting with her most cherished possession, her beautiful table! It had been the wedding gift to her of her dear husband, and she prized it for his sake, as well as because she knew how he had valued it in memory of his good grandmother, to whom it had been given in remembrance of long and faithful service. And now was she to part with it for a stranger—a lad of whom she knew nothing save that he was ill and in sore trouble? No, it could not be expected of her, and she turned away resolutely, and sat with her back to it.

But somehow she could see the table wherever she sat, and—yes, it was true that Ronny was no kith or kin of hers, but ever since he had been living in that wretched place, had he not done her many little kindnesses? Had he not, however tired he was, always carried up her can of water, her coals, and anything else she needed? Had he not always had a cheerful word for her, no matter how dismal his own prospects were? She remembered how Ronny had often carried her basket for her, or gone to get her flowers, buying the first bunch "for good luck." And how many times had he come in and shared his supper with her, when he guessed she was "short," declaring he was dull all alone and must have someone to talk to?

Grannie's eyes went slowly back to the table and then to the bed. No, she was not bound; he was only a neighbour, and she had done what she would. One last effort she made to draw away the coat, but Ronny moaned, and rousing a little as she touched his hand, said—

"Mother! mother!"

Ah, he was no kith or kin of hers, but he was some woman's son, and was she to let him die for the sake of a table?

Grannie hesitated no longer, and not trusting herself to delay, she went downstairs in search of "Master Hardy," the ground floor front, an honest man who had always been willing to help her in these matters. He came up with her, and glancing compassionately at the bed, said—

"Well, he do look bad and no mistake. A nice, well-spoken chap he was too, always a pleasant word as he came in. Dear, dear, it's a sore pity, that it is! I'll do the best I can for you, missus, that's certain."

He went away with the table, and grannie, throwing her apron over her head, indulged in a good cry. But she was a brave old woman, and in a few minutes she cheered up, scolding herself for being such a stupid, and diverting her

thoughts by settling what it would be best to get. In a very short time her friend returned.

"He would only give five and six for it, the old cheat," he said indignantly. "'Twere worth a lot more than that, I know, but I did my best, and I told him if you didn't think that enough, I'd go back and bring it away."

"Ay, 'twere worth a deal more than that," said grannie wearily, "but I must have the money. I knows you did your best, and I thank 'ee kindly."

"You're quite welcome," returned Hardy. "I made him promise as he would keep it for a week, in case you could buy it back."

"There's no chance of that," said grannie sadly, "but I do hope the poor lad 'll get a little better, so as I can go and pick up a trifle next week."

The man lingered a few minutes, and then wishing her "Good day," left her to her sad thoughts. After all, it seemed as if it had hardly been worth the sacrifice, but still this would get better food, which was what Ronny chiefly wanted, and it might keep him from sinking, and perhaps if he lived for a few days longer—well, the Lord had helped her before, and He might send her help again if she did her best. As Ronny appeared to be in a state of stupor, she thought she could leave him while she went to spend some of her precious money in necessaries for the next few days, and though, when she returned, the absence of the table seemed like the loss of an old friend, still the pleasure she felt in giving Ronny some really good food, and watching him sleeping comfortably, did much to console her.

(*To be continued.*)



SILENT STRINGS.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Lady Dye's Reparation," "A Cluster of Roses," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

NEW EXPERIENCE.

It was Kate who answered the summons and came to Woodmere. At the sight of her peaceful face Sis burst out crying, and sobbed heartily on her shoulder.

"How foolish I was to leave you!" she wailed. "I would have my own way, you know. I never gave you a moment's peace until you let me come away. And I've suffered, Kate, I have, indeed."

"I was almost afraid that something would happen," Kate said. "Never mind, dear; we will take good care of you in future. And you have made Mrs. Hervie your friend."

The sisters seemed to fall quite naturally into their places in the grand old house. They harmonised so perfectly with their surroundings that Lance wondered why they had never come to Woodmere before. Sometimes it happens that we meet a person who fits quite comfortably into an empty niche in our life, and then we marvel that the niche was vacant so long. So much time has been wasted, we say, so many hours have been lonely when we might have had the solace of true companionship. Why have we been separated so long from this friend of the heart? Why? Only because the time was not ripe for his coming, only because the longing for him was not great enough to be fulfilled.

The old servants smiled secretly when they saw a group of three lingering in the picture-gallery, or watched Sis's slender white fingers toying with the chain-armour in the hall. She wanted to wear a piece of it, she said. Wouldn't it look well under her green coat? And she should feel so safe if she had it on.

"So you like these girls," said Mrs. Hervie, when she was alone with her son.

"One of them is a girl," he answered. "The other is a woman, with all a woman's deepest secrets locked up within her, and she isn't likely to give away the key. The girl is wonderfully fresh, but what a shame to have left her with that wretched cad! It makes me simply furious when I think of it. The brute was as drunk as he could be. Well, mother, we'll keep them as long as we can."

So the bright days came and went; and there were rambles in the park, drives over the downs, and quiet talks in the mellow light. Lance found more in Sis than he had ever expected to find; he had been like one who is first charmed with the perfume and beauty of a little flower, and then discovers that its cup is full of honey. They had so much to say to each other that Mrs. Hervie and Kate naturally became companions. They were not given to sudden intimacies, these two women, but a secret affinity drew them close together; and one evening, when Sis and Lance were sauntering along the terrace, Mrs. Hervie spoke about a mother's hopes and fears.

"A mother seldom ceases to fear," she said. "But I have only had one or two little frights, and I was rational enough not to let him see that I was scared. I have left off dreading the arrival of the wrong daughter;

it is such an old truth that dread brings on the thing dreaded. If mothers would but see that the right bride is just as likely to come as the wrong! He is a good son, Miss Wilmer, but the old house can't be always filled with guests, and perhaps he and I are too much alone."

The pair on the terrace turned; and came slowly towards them, Sis wearing her sole dinner-dress, a very simple black silk with some soft frilling about the neck, and a cluster of pink roses on the left shoulder. Kate had never fully realised her sister's beauty till that moment; her face was alive and alight with a new kind of gladness, some fresh interest had come into her life and transformed it with magical glory. It was her first draught of the new wine of the woman's kingdom, the first realisation of a power to embody an unacknowledged dream.

There was a great deal revealed in Lance Hervie's face; he was charmed, interested, and drawn out of the dreamy self which sometimes absorbed the active part of life. Kate, silently watching, divined everything. She saw that the dreamer in his nature had almost extinguished the doer, and knew how good it was for him to be awakened; but when she turned from him to Sis, her heart gave a sudden throb of fear.

The undisciplined heart of the girl had been roused up from its happy sleep, and after the waking there would come the inevitable pain. Claud had said once that Sis was the sort of woman who would sacrifice herself to her love, and Kate recalled her sister's passionate grief at Drew's departure—a grief which was then quite untempered by resignation. She did not fear a lack of proper pride; before the world Sis would always hold her own, and keep up her head with the best. But she was afraid of the influence of any disappointment on a nature so intense, afraid of that inward waste and desolation which no eye can see and no tongue can disclose.

She shared the stately bedroom which had been given to Sis, for the girl loved her companionship. And when the door was shut and they were alone together, the younger crept up to the elder in her child-like way, longing to let out some of the secrets which burdened her with a new experience.

"Did I look at all nice to-night, Kate?" she asked.

"I never saw you look better," was the candid answer.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" She unfastened the cluster of pink roses from her bodice, and held them up lovingly to her sister's face. "Did they—did other people think so, too?"

Kate looked down at her gravely and tenderly; she was just a little the taller of the two.

"Yes, Sis, they used their eyes, and one could easily read their thoughts. But admiration, appreciation, and all that kind of thing——"

"That's not love," said Sis, her delicate cheeks flushing.

"No, but love generally begins in that way. Only one can never be quite sure until it is declared plainly; so many things 'lay siege to it.'"

Sis still played with the roses, looking through her long eyelashes at Kate.

"I suppose," she said softly, "that there is such a thing as love at first sight, isn't there? One sees a face that captivates one, and then believes that the owner is one's affinity. Perhaps he is, perhaps he is not; but I don't think we can ever forget that strange thrill."

"Possibly there will be a good many thrills before we get to the end of our experiences." Kate spoke with a smile, not caring to take Sis too seriously. "Do not place too much dependence on a first emotion; that sounds like a bit out of a book, and I fancy I have read it somewhere. Anyhow it is common-sense."

The girl gave an impatient sigh.

"Oh, how I hate the thought of change!" she said. "I want the magic glory to last; I want the charm to be eternal."

"Why, Sis, you don't want the scaffolding to last for ever; it is the house that must endure. The charm is only the scaffolding, you know, and, within, the walls must rise slowly, stone upon stone. The wise woman buildeth her house; she does her part in the building, and so the home is made. She need not fear that she can lose anything because those first emotions are carried away; they have served their purpose, you see. Now I'm sure you are sleepy, dear, and you must forgive prosy old Kate for boring you with a sermon."

"You haven't bored me; I could sit up all night to listen to you. And at home you are always so busy that we don't get many long talks," said Sis.

"Well, our talk has been very long to-night, and I want some rest, my child. ''Tis a good dulness,' so you must let it have its way," Kate answered, pretending to stifle a yawn.

The sisters lay down side by side on the big bed, which was guarded by four posts carved in the similitude of angels with folded wings.

"One to watch and two to pray,
And one to bear my soul away,"

thought Kate as she rested her head on the pillow, and then she fell to wondering who had made the rhyme. It was very old, and it had floated down to us from the past. Her eyes closed in peace, while Sis lay waking for a while, with a heart that throbbed at the remembrance of Lance's parting glance. The one sister expected so little in this life that she could sleep easily, and the other looked forward to so much that it was a marvel if she slept at all.

Morning came and flooded the spacious room with sunshine. Then the maid entered with cups of tea and threw open the windows, letting in a wave of perfume and song. Flowers and birds were revelling in their sunny life out of doors; the peacock, spreading out his gorgeous tail, screamed to people to come and admire his splendour; the wood-doves cooed that it was love-time; the bees hummed a song of honey. It seemed as if Dame Nature and her children were making great preparations for a glorious day.

"I am going to enjoy myself," thought Sis, watching a sparrow swinging on a spray. "I wonder what will happen before the birds go to bed again?"

Two things happened. The morning post brought a letter for Kate from Addy. Dr. Wilmer had declared himself rapidly wasting away for lack of the usual attentions. Kate must return at once. He would not let her remain at Woodmere a day longer. The nursing of Sis could surely be finished at home.

For the master of the house there was a telegram from the South of France. His uncle was dangerously ill, and required his presence at once. Mrs. Hervie promptly decided that her son should not travel alone, and nothing was talked of at breakfast but plans and trains. It was all very horrid and disappointing, thought Sis, trying to enjoy the savoury omelette, and picturing the dulness of the old home. If they could have stayed just a little longer! Just as they were getting used to their host and hostess, and feeling as if they had

become a part of Woodmere, they must go away. It seemed as if you only had samples of happiness in this unsatisfactory world—just little pieces cut off from the big piece which was hidden somewhere and ought to have been all your own.

Perhaps Lance Hervie's feelings might have been expressed in the very same words. The carriage waited at the door. Sis, in her green coat and skirt, with her dainty chin tucked into a black feather boa, looked shyly at him out of her pathetic grey eyes, and said a very quiet good-bye. She was lovely, he thought, and hers was just the kind of loveliness which appeals to a fastidious man. The farewell was hard to say.

"You must not forget Woodmere," he said. "And you will come back to us, I hope. I have a good deal of painful business to get through, but it will help me to think that we shall meet again."

Kate heard the words and saw the look which accompanied them. Poor Sis, whose little heart was full, could not realise in the least that the thought of her would be a help to anyone. But she bore herself very prettily and gracefully to the last. Mrs. Hervie kissed both sisters and echoed that consoling hope of seeing them again.

So they drove away from the dear old house, taking with them a basket of the choicest flowers from the greenhouses. Sis was glad that they did not pass Martin Bourne's farm on their way to the station. There were few things she dreaded so much as the sight of his face.

"Did you write a farewell note to Miss Fayne?" Kate asked as the carriage turned into the road that ran across the heath. "I meant to have reminded you."

"Yes, I wrote it," Sis answered. "I think she was really kind in the beginning, you know. But, afterwards—— Oh, Kate! How could she have been so cruel? She must have known that he was not fit to drive."

Kate's lips were firmly set.

"She has lost Mrs. Hervie's good opinion," she said. "And I daresay she will never forgive you. But that doesn't matter in the least. It was right to send a few civil lines, just to show that there was no ill-will on your side. But I want her to feel that your friendship is at an end."

"Judith will think that we shall be as intimate as ever one day. She is that sort of girl," said Sis, looking over the flowery waste with a sigh. "She believes that you can forget all unpleasantness and begin again. 'Laugh it off,' she would say."

"This is a matter that can't be laughed off," said Kate, speaking more warmly than usual. "We cannot thank her if good comes out of the evil that she did. But we will try to forget the affair, my child, and it will be wise to forget Judith too."

The carriage rolled on, and it seemed to Sis that the fair wild country had never smelt so sweet as on this morning when she was going to leave it; but all the freshness and floweriness smote upon her heart with an unspeakable sense of pain. She began to picture to herself how the rest of the week would pass. She would go back to her old place in the bay window-seat, and look down the long garden walk and dream her day-dreams. But there would be something real to dream about now. Did she not almost wish the phantom hero back again? You could change him frequently—he might be dark or fair, ancient or modern, according to your mood, but if once a real face got distinctly imprinted on your memory, it could never be dismissed or changed at will.

They had come to the quiet station, and had just ten minutes to wait until the train came up. There were only one or two persons on the platform, and the sisters stood in silence looking along the line. To one of them it was a relief when they had taken their places and were steaming away from the scene of Sis's first romance, for she had seen deep into the secrets of a young girl's heart.

They got back to Oxford in the glory of a golden afternoon, when the old city was looking its best, and Sis remembered Claud as they drove past Balliol. A strange pleasure stirred within her when she saw the grave grey front with its drapery of green foliage, and felt that harmony between old and new which one always knows in Oxford. Heart and eye alike are busy there, dwelling with untiring interest on the solemn walls that cast their shadow on her streets, and the crowd of towers that rise above her into the blue of the sky.

The old house in Worcester Street looked as dingy and dull as ever, but Addy's face welcomed them at the open door, and her voice had a ring of true joy in it.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you both!" she cried. "Sis, I hope you'll never go away any more. You can't imagine how I have worried myself about you. Why, I thought you would be bruised and battered out of recognition, but you are just the same! And the change has done good to Kate."

So the old life began again, and all the monotonous duties had to be taken up in the usual way. Sis realised this fact when she found herself among the familiar things, and thought of the uninteresting days and weeks which lay before her.

"You must describe your accident very fully," Addy said. "It is just the sort of thing that I can use in a story. Don't forget the smallest detail, and make it all as awful as you possibly can."

Amice came in the evening, eager to hear all Sis's experiences. She had some news of her own to tell.

"I am going to London," she said. "Aunt Verdon has written to say that I must really come. Mother will not go, but she has consented to spare me for a week or two. Of course I shall see Claud."

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

COLOMBO (*Ship Stewardess*).—You have observed that advertisements are seldom inserted in the papers of stewardesses being wanted. The reason is that the shipping companies seldom have much difficulty in filling such posts with women who are connected with members of their own services. The companies prefer to keep these appointments as far as possible for the relatives of their *employés*, and therefore we think there is very little chance of an outsider securing a post of this kind. If an applicant possessed some knowledge of nursing and were specially well qualified, no doubt an exception might be made. But for short Channel crossings the widows and daughters of ships' officers are generally preferred.

NIL DESPERANDUM (*Hand-Painted Articles*).—Goods of this class are most difficult to sell. Hand-painted Christmas cards, unless of the most exquisite quality, are superseded by cards which can be colour-printed wholesale. Very little in the way of artistic work can be done remuneratively unless it is carried on in the way of trade and on thoroughly business-like lines. We think, however, that if you could carry some one branch of artistic work a good deal further, you might find yourself more advantageously placed. For instance, the art of glass-staining offers now some good chances of remunerative employment to women of taste. There is a good demand for really handsome fire-screens in stained glass; but there is scarcely any sale of the screen upon which a few bulrushes or birds are painted in an amateurish way. You could learn much that would be valuable to you in this direction if you were to attend classes at the Central School of Arts and Crafts in Regent Street. We do not advise you to attempt china or terra cotta plaque painting; the fashion for these things is quite at an end. The art of enamelling is also taught at the school we have named, and is now successfully practised by many ladies, who make beautiful brooches, pendants, and other ornaments which find a ready sale. But of course to succeed with either glass-staining or enamelling real artistic power is indispensable.

GERALDINE (*Hospital Nursing*).—You are unfortunately still too young to contemplate becoming a hospital nurse immediately. You could not be received even into a children's hospital until you are twenty-one, and hospitals for adult patients usually expect probationers to be not less than twenty-three. We would suggest, however, that you might profitably employ your time meanwhile by attending classes of the St. John's Ambulance Association, or of the National Health Association, 56, Berners Street, W.

GREEK SLAVE (*Governess*).—To have passed the Senior Local Examination is certainly not a qualification which would enable you to take a very good post as governess. As you are aware, you are at present weak both in languages and in music; and you therefore propose to take a situation in a family where you would have facilities for studying these subjects. We do not think this can be easily done, as most employers would be unable to spare you time enough for this purpose. The best way of effecting your purpose would be to go abroad and to take there a situation to teach English subjects to young children. This plan can be carried out with tolerable ease in Germany, especially if the teacher can go for a time to the British and American Governesses' Home, 22, Kleinbeerenstrasse, Berlin, and there wait while seeking a situation. Otherwise we recommend you to make an effort to continue your education further by attending some good college, such as Bedford College, York Place, Baker Street, or Queen's College, Harley Street, W.

N. C. (*Hand-made Underclothing*).—In order to decide what prices you should charge for the above work, it would be best for you to consult the catalogue of some large draper and see what prices are usual in shops. Much of the underwear now sold by outfitters is made by hand, and the charges are often distressingly low when one considers that the tradesman has to deduct his profit before the poor seamstress receives her payment. At the same time it would hardly do for a private worker to charge more than the prices customary in shops, as she is already at some disadvantage in the competition, the shop offering naturally a larger stock of patterns. The charges for workmanship would not be different for flannelette or longcloth; but whatever difference there were in the cost of the material would, of course, affect the price of the finished article. We regret that we are quite unable to reply to our correspondents privately, these columns being expressly designed for the purpose of answering questions.

SEVENTEEN (*Teaching Dressmaking*).—Your idea of qualifying yourself to become a teacher of dressmaking under the London School Board is an excellent one. As you live in London, you cannot do better than follow the course for teachers of needlework, dressmaking, and millinery, arranged by the National School of Cookery, etc., Buckingham Palace Road. You should take the seven months' course of dressmaking and plain needlework combined, which would cost ten guineas, and to this you might advisedly add practical tailoring, advanced needlework, and millinery, which would cost thirteen guineas. Upon successfully passing examinations in these subjects, you could obtain the teacher's diploma. There is a fair demand in many quarters for good teachers of dressmaking and cutting. If you failed to get a post under the London School Board, you would probably find an appointment elsewhere, for instance, in a school or polytechnic institute. But of course it is a great point that you should not merely have a talent for dressmaking, but be clever in exposition and have really a talent for teaching

MISCELLANEOUS.

VIOLETTE.—Although you deny it, your letter proclaims you a flirt. You apparently have trifled with the love of a good and honest man, and must take the consequences. If you are ever loved again, perhaps you will have learnt a salutary lesson. The good looks that you inform us you possess are but poor property when "the heart is not in its right place."

A LOVER OF THE GIRL'S OWN.—I know of no way in which you could clean glacé silk satisfactorily at home. You might try carefully washing a small piece of it, but I do not think it would look nearly so well as done by a cleaner. To make the hands white, squeeze two lemons, put the juice into a bottle, add an equal quantity of pure glycerine. Shake well together. Rub well on your hands every night.

A. G. O. E.—I think that all girls ought to try to look as well as ever they can, and I do not think it at all wrong of you to wish to have a nice skin. I should recommend you to be very careful about how you wash your face. Always use soft water. If your tap or well water is not soft, and you live in the country, you can easily collect rain-water in an old barrel. London water is hard, and the rain-water gets dirty before you can collect it. If you live in London, write again, and I will tell you how best to soften hard water, by using a chemical preparation. Keep an old kettle or saucepan for your rain water and heat some every night before you go to bed. Wash your face well in this moderately warm water, using any good soap—such as buttermilk or curd; lather the soap well on to a loofah (you can buy them at any chemists), and rub your face all over with it. At first perhaps the loofah will be a little prickly and harsh, but it soon gets soft with using. This thorough washing will make the skin act well and keep the pores from becoming clogged. Wash the soap well off, with fresh water if you like, and dry with a soft towel. Then rub into your face some lemon and glycerine. I have given the directions how to make it above to "A LOVER OF THE GIRL'S OWN." I think if you try this you will find your skin will be much improved. If you happen to have a skin which glycerine does not suit, rub in white vaseline—you can buy it in large square tins, it is the purest kind—or lanoline.

HOLIDAY LASSIE.—At Hastings there is a Y.W.C.A. at The Welcome, 101, Queen's Road, Hastings. Terms, 10s. 6d. weekly. Apply to the Matron. At Eastbourne there is a Home—Kedesh, 13, Duke Street, Eastbourne. Terms, 7s. 6d. weekly. Apply to Miss O'Malley; Belclan, Eastbourne. At Folkestone there is a Home—Rhoda Lodge, Guildhall Street, Folkestone. Terms, 9s. weekly Special return fare 5s. Apply to the Lady Superintendent. At Clacton-on-Sea there is a Home—The Marguerite Home, Wellesley Road, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex. Terms, 7s. weekly. Apply to the Lady Superintendent. At Sheringham there is a Y.W.C.A. Home at Holt House, Sheringham, near Cromer, Norfolk. Terms, 14s. weekly. Apply to the Lady Superintendent. The principal historical event connected with Hastings was the Battle of Hastings. It was fought on October 13, 1066, between Harold II. and William Duke of Normandy. Harold was defeated and slain. This battle ended the Saxon period of English history, and with William I. the Norman period commenced.

TOMATO.—Here is a recipe for tomato sauce for keeping. *Ingredients*—To every quart of tomato-pulp allow one pint of cayenne vinegar, three-quarters of an ounce of shalots, three-quarters of an ounce of garlic, peeled and cut in slices; salt to taste. To every six quarts of liquor one pint of soy, one pint of anchovy sauce. Gather the tomatoes quite ripe, bake them in a slow oven till tender, rub them through a sieve; and to every quart of pulp add cayenne vinegar, shalots, garlic and salt in the above proportion; boil the whole together till the garlic and shalots are quite soft, then rub it through a sieve; put it again into the saucepan, and to every six quarts of liquor add one pint of soy and the same quantity of anchovy sauce, and boil together for about twenty minutes; bottle off for use and carefully seal or resin the corks. This will keep good for two or three years, but will be fit for use in a week. A less expensive sauce may be made by omitting the anchovy and soy. Here is a recipe for tomato sauce to be used at once and not for keeping. *Ingredients*—One pound of tomatoes fresh or tinned, one onion, bunch of herbs, one ounce of butter, bacon trimmings, six peppercorns, and salt. Peel and cut up the onion, fry it brown in the butter with the herbs, bacon, and peppercorns, then add the tomatoes sliced and the salt, let it simmer until quite tender, be careful to remove any fat from the top. Rub through a hair-sieve and re-heat. When made with fresh tomatoes it may want a little stock.

RARA AVIS.—The ordinary rule of growth is that a child should increase two pounds in weight for every inch in height between three and four feet, and two and a half pounds for every inch between four and five feet. A girl of fourteen, height four feet nine inches, should weigh about six stone four pounds. A girl of seventeen, height five feet two inches, should weigh about seven stone twelve pounds; and a girl of five feet eight inches should weigh about ten stone; and a girl of eighteen, height four feet eleven inches, should weigh between six and seven stone.

AN ENGLISH GIRL IN FLANDERS.—I think that the bird which closely resembles a nightingale in appearance, but is rather smaller with a white breast and slightly yellow bill, and builds in thick bushes about six feet from the ground, and lays fine white spotted eggs, is probably the greater whitethroat, *Sylesia cinerea*.



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MY LADY. [*Photographic Union, Munich.*

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SILENT STRINGS.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Lady Dye's Reparation," "A Cluster of Roses," etc.

CHAPTER X.

"TO SEE CLAUD."

"Of course she will see Claud."

Kate repeated Amice's words to herself with a secret pang which no one suspected for a moment. Addy and Sis were so accustomed to see Drew as the devoted lover that they had never got a glimpse of Claud's inner self. Claud, they thought, was so much occupied with his religion, and the work that it entailed, that he had neither leisure nor inclination for a love-affair. Nor had it entered into their heads that Amice was in *love with him.*

They knew perfectly what the dream of Drew's life was, and they looked to Amice to make it come true. Every kind word that she spoke of him, every smile that she gave him, was repaid with their ardent gratitude. Above all things they wanted her to be kind to their dear old boy and give him the desire of his heart.

Only Kate—silent, self-contained Kate—knew that Amice could not see Claud without hurting him; and she was almost angry with the girl for speaking those few words. He had thrown himself, with all his soul, into the hard life which he had chosen. Why, then, should Amice go to seek him with her lovely face and half-revealed emotion? For when Amice was close to Claud she was not quite mistress of herself; and it took all his strength to fight against her charm.

Yes, Kate was almost angry with her on the morning of her departure. Her trunk had been sent to the station, and she had arranged to walk there, attended by the devoted Addy and Sis. The graceful young figure, all in grey, with a grey feathered hat set daintily on her sunshiny hair, was a vision of delight; but Kate's farewell kiss was rather coldly bestowed. The three girls walked briskly off, turning the corner of Worcester Street, and then crossing the bridge, talking eagerly as they went. Everyone knows that the road to Oxford Station is not beautiful; but old associations made it very dear to them. Amice remembered that she had walked this way with her friends to meet Claud when he came home from London, and now she was going to see him in his own sphere of work. She was excited, happy, and beautiful; her companions noticed her brightness, and almost wondered why a visit to old Aunt Verdon should make her so ecstatically glad. If they had divined the real cause of this great joyfulness, they would have gone home with saddened hearts.

But they did not in the least suspect the truth, and exulted in the admiring glances which she attracted at the station. They stood with her on that familiar platform, the scene of so many meetings and partings, waiting for the up-train, and chatting to the very last. Then they saw her seated comfortably in the corner of a second-class carriage, and took a long look at her brilliant face as the train moved away.

Amice Hinton knew very little about London, and at her aunt's house it was not likely that she would see much of society. For Mrs. Verdon, who was many years older than Mrs. Hinton, was an easy-going person who did not care to entertain, and never went out unless she was compelled to do so. Her husband, a prosperous lawyer, had left her a house close to the British Museum, and she lived in it with two elderly servants, very seldom inviting anyone to be her guest. It was a large house, and she might have let a part of it if she had chosen; but she seemed to enjoy her solitude. All the furniture was old and faded; the carpets were so dingy that the original pattern could scarcely be traced; yet Mrs. Verdon never had anything new. The things would last as long as she lived, and she did not object to shabbiness.

Into the dim dining-room, where the table was laid for lunch, Amice brought the sunshine of her presence, the light of her clear brown eyes, the glory of her hair, the radiance of her smile. She shone out all the more brightly against a background of drab curtains and smoke-coloured walls; and Mrs. Verdon, shaken out of her lazy calm for once, gave her a cordial welcome.

As she went upstairs she caught herself wondering how long it was since her aunt had bought a new gown. Mrs. Verdon was attired in a black merino, so old that it had lost its original jetty hue, and had become a dismal brown. Amice said afterwards that she was almost afraid that fossils would be served up for lunch; but the meal was a pleasant surprise. There were some excellent cutlets with tomato sauce; and the girl's healthy appetite was fully satisfied.

"If people come to see me, they always do as they like," said Mrs. Verdon amiably. "You may make your own plans, my dear; I am utterly incapable of making plans; they require too much thought, and I'm unable to think. When you go out I shall sit in my chair and smile at you. When you return I shall do the same."

"You must be very easy to live with, aunt," said Amice, laughing.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Verdon thoughtfully. "You see, I never let anyone live with me, so it is a point that we can't decide. As a matter of fact, I like people best when they are at a distance."

All through the rest of that bright day Amice's mind was full of Claud and his work. It was very natural, she said mentally, that she should think a great deal about an old friend; but was it true that she thought of him simply as a friend?

Looking into the shop-windows, with her aunt's trusty servant, Martha, by her side, she recalled some of Sis's words with a touch of resentment. Sis, in her unthinking way, had once said that Amice was not fit for slumming and that sort of thing. In fact she had implied that Claud's sphere was the only place in which Amice would be perfectly useless. But who makes our friends the judges of our capabilities? How frequently they are deceived! At this moment she found that someone was pressing close to her elbow, and turned her head to see an exceedingly grimy little girl gazing at the brilliant display of millinery with intense delight. She was worshipping the beflowered hats and bonnets with her hungry eyes, quite forgetting that young ladies in dainty grey costumes do not like to be jostled by the unwashed. Amice drew back quickly with a sudden start.

"Very unpleasant, miss," said Martha in a tone of sympathy.

Very unpleasant indeed. Amice moved on to the

next window, and continued her day-dream. She felt herself capable of making any sacrifice for Claud's poor people; her Oxford friends had always told her that she had charming ways with the poor. How calmly she could glide into some wretched attic, and soothe a lonely sufferer in his last pain—supposing that sufferer to be in Claud's parish! And when the hard day of sick-visiting was done, how sweet it would be to minister to Claud himself, to give him the womanly care that man assuredly needs, to listen earnestly to all the details of his labour.

It was a very common day-dream; hundreds of good girls, with their eyes wide open, were walking in the same path and dreaming in the same way. When a young woman happens to fall in love with a young man, she always believes herself to be the very helpmeet destined for him by heaven. If he were to choose anyone else, he would be flying right into the face of Providence, and misery would be his earthly portion. Amice Hinton, who was really very good, and not at all silly, had wrought herself up to the conviction that Claud would find in her a true fellow-worker, as well as a devoted wife.

That evening, as they sat at dinner, she began to lay her plans before Mrs. Verdon.

"Do you remember anything about the Wilmers, aunt? But of course you do; they are such very old friends of ours."

"No, my dear, I do not. I have nearly forgotten all my own old friends, so it isn't to be expected that I can remember yours."

"Well, they live in Worcester Street, close to us, you know. I see the girls every day, as a rule, and mother is very fond of them. There are two sons; the younger has gone to California—we miss him dreadfully—and the other is a curate somewhere in the east of London. To-morrow evening he conducts a service, and I want to go to his church."

Amice did not speak as naturally as usual. She wanted to go so very much that she was positively afraid of being opposed; but there was nothing to fear from Mrs. Verdon.

"Do exactly as you please, my dear," replied her aunt, with the utmost amiability. "I don't know where the place is, but you can get anywhere quite easily. Omnibuses and trains run in all directions. I never go out myself; but everybody else goes everywhere, so it must be simple enough."

"Oh, yes, it must be perfectly simple," said Amice, enormously relieved, "and I am rather good at finding my way. Perhaps Martha knows how to get to St. Mark's."

Martha suggested a certain omnibus which went part of the way, or there were trains which might be still more convenient. She had never been near St. Mark's in her life; but her third cousin kept a shop in that neighbourhood, and she had heard that it was rather low. Not being on good terms with the cousin, she had not visited him; but Miss Hinton would be in no danger of losing herself. Still, if she—Martha—could be of any use——

"Oh, no, thank you!" Amice interrupted. "I should like to go alone; it would be a new experience. And I am not nervous in the least."

"How nice of you not to be nervous!" said Mrs. Verdon, with lazy approval. "Your mother has splendid nerves and lots of energy. When there was anything to be done, she always did it, and I sat still and let her. It was such a good arrangement, because it pleased us both."

Amice's sweet laugh rang out like a little peal of silver bells. Her aunt smiled at her affectionately; the girl was so extremely pretty that she felt quite proud of her niece.

It was not wonderful that Amice went to bed that night with the idea that all her desires would be fulfilled. Her window overlooked the Museum, and she could see the massive columns bathed in moonlight; but the treasures, which those pillars guarded, had very little interest for her just then. What did it matter if the keys of some of the ancient mysteries could be found within that great repository? All that she cared for was contained in the heart of one little woman, who longed to put the key into someone's hand, and bid him open, and take possession of the hoards that were hidden there.

She did not realise, poor child, that he had never sought to win all that she had to give. That he should need her, that her life should be necessary to his, that was the great desire of her heart. His intellectual power, his quietness, his very aloofness, had made a deep impression on the girl's romantic nature. His reserve had increased the charm, and the interval of separation had only strengthened it.

The spacious, dingy old room was fortunately provided with a cheval-glass, a luxury unknown in the modest home in Beaumont Street. When she had taken off her dress and put on a pretty blue dressing-gown, she went up to the glass, and stood looking at the charming picture of herself which it presented to her. Amice was very young still, she was quite alone, and she smiled into her own fair face with a glad consciousness of its beauty. Putting up her white hands, she unfastened the rich coils of bright hair, and let the whole wavy mass hang loose about her shoulders. How good of God to have made her so sweet to look upon! Surely He, who had fashioned the outward form so perfectly, would fulfil the longing of the inner self.

So she went to her pillow, full of a glad hope, happy in the belief that she had come to London to win the desire of her heart.

Drew was forgotten that night; the devotion, which had sprung up in his early boyhood, was as nothing to the girl who dreamed her lofty dream. Amice thought that she wanted something higher than common love; the lifelong companionship of a saint, that alone would satisfy her need.

(*To be continued.*)



AN AMERICAN POISONER.

FAR in the wilds of California there grows a poisonous plant whose outward aspect is mild and inoffensive, nay, even beautiful and insinuating, but which, in its native country, is well known and dreaded by the inhabitants.

The country child in England learns at a very early age to avoid the stinging-nettle by the road-side, for pain follows its touch so rapidly that there is no difficulty in associating cause with effect. But the plant now described goes to work with the skill and the guile of a professional poisoner, and in places where its character is unknown it frequently escapes detection for years.

As I said before, its appearance is innocent and attractive; it creeps like the ivy, developing from its woody stem a thick mat of adventitious roots whereby it clings to wall or other support. The foliage is deciduous; the handsome, rather yellow-green leaves are ternate, being composed of three large leaflets, and change to a bright yellow in autumn, when they certainly make an effective contrast with the crimson of the Virginian creeper, if associated on a wall with this plant.

The fact of its beauty under such conditions brings us to the serious part of the business. For if this terrible poison plant had remained in its native wilds, where it is known and properly dreaded, this article need not have been written. Unfortunately its handsome foliage has tempted the eager plant-hunter to import it for use in our gardens, and, more unfortunately still, it has somehow been accidentally provided with a false name, and goes about doing its deadly work under the alias of *Ampelopsis Hoggii*, whilst in truth it belongs to the often dangerous tribe of Sumachs, and its real name—well-known in medicine—is *Rhus Toxicodendron*, or "Poison Oak."

The method in which this poisoner goes to work is very mysterious, and at present the plant holds the monopoly of its secret, and baffles investigators. In California it is considered dangerous even to approach within many yards of it, especially during spring and autumn, when it is most virulent. In England it seems to be generally held that the juice of the cut stem contains the active principle of the poison, and produces the effect to be hereafter described.

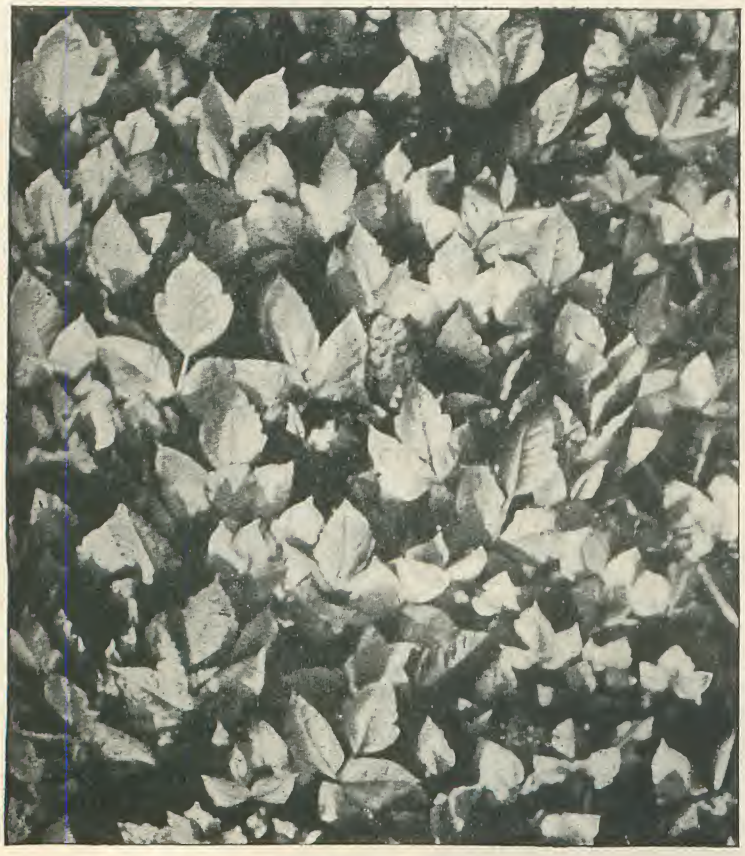
But, granting that the latter is the true observation, the mystery does not end here. For, in the first place, it is not necessary for the successful inoculation of a victim that the hands which touch the plant should have the smallest scratch or abrasion of the skin whereby the poison may enter; and secondly, although the hand alone has touched, it is usually not in the hand, but in the eyelids that the first symptom of poisoning begins.

It must be remarked that not everyone is susceptible to this peculiar poison. It is possible for some to handle the plant with complete impunity; but it is also possible for one who has for years been perfectly immune suddenly to become susceptible and, on the next occasion of handling it, to suffer severely.

The writer of this article, besides having known and observed a number of subsequent cases, has had five years' painful personal experience of the symptoms produced by the *Rhus Toxicodendron*, the origin of the evil having remained wrapped in mystery during the whole of that period.

It is noteworthy that each successive attack tends to be more severe than the previous one, so that the very general law whereby partial or total immunity to the action of a poison is gradually attained through frequent doses thereof, certainly does not hold good in this case.

The symptoms are very constant and definite. On handling the leaves and stem of the plant, no unpleasant sensation is felt; the leaves are smooth and soft to the touch, having a slightly shiny surface like that of *Ampelopsis Veitchii*, and there are no hairs or spines of any kind. Within a few hours at most, however, the victim is seized with slight shivers, and at the same time he becomes aware of irritation in the eyelids, which rapidly increases until it reaches a degree of intensity almost intolerable. Meanwhile the eyelids swell enormously, and in a really bad attack are soon closed beyond all power of the sufferer to open again.



"THE POISON OAK."

The rest of the face gradually becomes involved, the eruption and swelling always travelling from the forehead downwards; small blisters form upon the surface and "weep" copiously, like those of eczema, the glands of the neck may become enormously enlarged, and the unfortunate patient, who is quite unrecognisable by his nearest relations, may find speaking and taking food very difficult. There is considerable nervous prostration, and in a case observed by a medical man, known to the writer, the heart's action was considerably disturbed.

The poison appears to work downwards at a certain fixed rate, and in about four days it will have done its worst as regards the face of its victim, leaving it scarred, distorted out of all shape, and still dreadful to look upon, and will now be pursuing its terrible course through the veins of the arms and hands.

These appear as if badly scalded, and in severe cases careful bandaging of every finger separately may be necessary, whilst the irritation is so unbearable that a man has been known to tear off the bandages as soon as they were adjusted.

In very severe attacks other parts of the body may become involved, and the poison may pass visibly from head to foot of the patient, but this is by no means an invariable rule.

Eventually the skin of the affected parts is completely peeled and a fresh cuticle formed. Even now, however, the trouble is not at an end, for the new skin is exquisitely sensitive and is speedily attacked by a kind of nettle-rash, like a blush, whose irritation is almost unbearable. This, as well as trouble in the glands of the neck, may persist for many weeks, whilst the debility following an attack of the severity described above is very marked.

In the experience of the writer, no internal remedies are of any avail, though cooling lotions and ointments may soothe the irritation and help to heal the scars.

Of course, it is possible to be very slightly affected, so that all the symptoms are greatly modified, but even in these mild cases most of them are present in some degree.

It will be seen that the "American Poisoner" is no despicable foe, nor one to be carelessly harboured without penalty, and this description is written in the hope that the unwary may be put on their guard hereby, and may be saved from the frequent and severe sufferings which have fallen to the lot of the writer, through the introduction, under a false name, of this dangerous plant.

E. H. G.

A KITCHEN SONG.

By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

In the centre of castle and fortress, they say,
The kitchens were guarded around,
And still at the heart of all comfort to-day
The toil of the kitchen is found.

Its tasks may be homely, its plenishings poor,
All humdrum its routine may be;
But while your two hands must its trammels endure,
Your mind may be joyously free.

You can make-believe croquet with duster and broom,
With tennis the cobwebs assail,
Go yachting excursions when cleaning a room
With flannel and scrubber and pail!

Enjoy what you have not, rejoice in the sun
Though humble your casement between,
And know that no task-work, if cheerfully done,
Can ever be servile or mean.

The Levites, we read in God's work-a-day Word,
Were all for high service enrolled,
Yet they cleaned pots and pans in the house of the Lord,
And burnished the snuffers of gold.

Count nothing ignoble, then, done for the King,
His smile for all pains shall atone;
Some day, when the angels promotion shall bring,
Your kitchen may lead to a throne!

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART II.

FAMILIAR WORDS (*Continued*).

"And the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen" (2 Cor. xiii. 14).

"THE love of God." What a vast subject again opens before us as we read these familiar words! Who can fittingly describe the love of God, or grasp more than a fragment, here and there, of its wondrous significance? Even Jesus did not attempt to define it fully, though He put an eternity of meaning into two letters when he used that little word "so." "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Jesus, in these words, and in His personal fulfilment of their truth, gave the most stupendous proof of the love of God that could ever be afforded, and left a subject for everlasting contemplation, wonder, gratitude, and praise to angels and to all mankind. A world condemned on account of sin, powerless in itself. Only one way by which its salvation could be won. So vast was man's need that only the love of God could have devised a fitting and sufficient sacrifice by way of atonement. The best amongst men could by no means pay his own debt, much less redeem a brother man. But God planned redemption for us and willingly bestowed the unspeakable gift. By "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ" the purpose of the Father's love was perfected.

God's love willed a full, free and sufficient salvation for the guiltiest of sinners. He "sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved." He imposed only one condition, that of faith in the "love of God," and "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." This is all expressed in the text I have already quoted to you, my dear ones, and no doubt the wording is familiar to you all. Note the further declaration in Christ's own words in the same chapter—St. John iii. 35, 36.

Does it not seem wonderful that, on such conditions, one sinful human being can be found who is not eager to claim the pardon so graciously offered? Sometimes in connection with the affairs of this life, when we are sorely depressed and downcast, a friend gives help that we never dreamed of seeking. Or a letter comes bringing good tidings, so bright, so unlooked for, that, whilst the old sorrow is not effaced, we almost forget it in our present joy. We may have been praying for the help or wishing for a rift in the dark, overshadowing cloud, but not really expecting the one or hoping for the other. So, when it comes, it seems too good to be true. We can hardly believe in our

happiness, but it being of a worldly sort, we are speedily convinced that it is real. The help is a tangible thing. That letter, with its happy tidings, is so real, and having faith in the writer, we give ourselves up to the joy it was meant to bring us.

Is it not wonderful that any of us can doubt the supreme love of our Father-God, as manifested in the gift of His Son?

Just think! For nearly nineteen hundred years the message of God's love and the proofs of "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ" have been before the world. True, the story of it, divinely inspired, has been passed on from generation to generation. The Gospel, the good news of the love of God, first proclaimed by Christ Himself, then proved on the Cross, has been taken up, preached, written down, printed in almost countless languages, and is now scattered over the known world.

Those who companied with Christ testified of His grace, and many of them died martyrs to their faith in Him, the everlasting truth of His words and His death, as a crowning proof of the "love of God." Many of their letters abide this day, invaluable proofs of the same truth, and make parts of our precious New Testament. Do you know of any other letters so old, or that have had and have still so many readers as those written by the "unlettered and ignorant men," as the fishermen brothers were called, and who were the first disciples chosen by Christ? You can only give one answer to this question. They live to bless the whole world, and to teach us lessons of the love of God.

That precious letter that lifted the weight from the mind of some one of you did much for her. But its influence was limited to herself, or perhaps to the members of her home circle who sympathised with her joy.

Think of it, dear girls, and ask yourselves whether you have rejoiced over the glad tidings of the love of God and the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," in anything like the same measure as you have done over the cheery news sent by your human friends, from time to time. You believed their news, hence your joy. You acted upon it, hence came more lasting good.

Why have you not obtained lasting good, both for soul and body, from the "old, old story" of God's love, and the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ"? Just because you have not received this in the same spirit that you took the good news in that letter from the earthly friend, in whose good-will and affection you had perfect faith. In regard to the good news which is the outcome of the infinite love of God, you have not fulfilled the only necessary condition—belief in its truth, and the acting upon that belief.

To those who do believe in the love of God and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, as manifested supremely by the life and death of the Son of God, I need say no word. They know the best that can be known, only their knowledge will grow and become more precious, and give more happiness with every day of life, no matter what worldly troubles may come before a glorious eternity dawns upon them. In all such trying seasons, "My grace is sufficient for thee" will come as a message to sustain and cheer them, however rough the earthly path may be.

To you other dear ones who are still doubting the truth of that message which is above all the outcome of "the love of God," I can only say that when the sincerity of God, if I may use the words, flashes upon you, it will make the darkest place full of light and life. You have not as yet been able to grasp its reality. But once convinced of this, it will at first seem too good almost to be true. Then you will wonder that you could ever doubt "the love of God," and next you will want everyone you come in contact with to share in your belief and be partakers of the same joy also.

In our talk, this twilight hour, I began with the highest manifestation of the love of God, but I do not want to end there. It is the knowledge of the greatest which enables us to find out those lesser manifestations of that love which are around and about us at all times. We do not even see many of them, and we are often unconscious of their influence over our lives, but they are no less real in their effects. If they were withdrawn, we should soon be conscious of their absence.

You all know about the searchlight, and how, by its means, those who are in one place or ship can see clearly what is going on at a distance of many miles on land, or scan the horizon and detect the presence of other vessels—enemies it may be—at sea. They were in sight all the time, but the darkness hid them from us until the light was turned upon them.

When we have grasped the great fact of God's love in its highest sense as manifested in the gift of His Son, we begin to discern it at every step of our path and in all our surroundings and the incidents of our daily lives. We are, in a manner, working downwards, but every new discovery lifts our minds and hearts to the Source of all good, and the least of our many blessings increases in value because we say to ourselves, "It is the outcome of the love of God."

Most of you will be familiar with the words of "A General Thanksgiving," one of the most beautiful and comprehensive forms of words ever compiled for congregational use. They are amongst the "familiar words" which we may utter so often, that we fail to seize their full meaning. In these we acknowledge God as "Almighty and Father of all mercies," and owning our own unworthiness, we offer humble and hearty thanks "for all His goodness and loving-kindness to us and to all men."

Note the unselfish character of the thanksgiving. I love those words, "to all men." They acknowledge our kindred with all the human family, and that the interest of each of its members is identical with our own. You will observe that in this thanksgiving the vast, yet still the lesser, proofs of the love of God are taken first—

"Our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life, but above all thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, for the means of grace and for the hope of glory."

In our talk this evening, dear girls, we, as I have said, began with the greatest proof of the love of God. In the words just quoted it is the climax to which the rest gradually ascends. We descend from the greater to the less, but find that the smallest is an item in the same glorious whole.

Our creation. This wondrous body of ours endowed with life. What a precious gift is expressed by that one word "life"! We may have wealth and all that it will buy for us, but life is what no riches can buy, and sooner than part with it, we would give up every earthly possession. It is the outcome of the love of God, joined to wisdom and omnipotence in ordering all things for us.

Our preservation. The guardian love of God has shielded us from harm as we have passed from helpless infancy through every stage on the way to old age. "All the blessings of this life" which have cheered and strengthened us by the way, the powers of mind and health of body, "life and breath and all things," prove the "love of God."

If we realised the all-embracing character of this love, the exercise of every faculty would stir us to thankfulness. We "have been fearfully and wonderfully made." Has this thought stirred us to say with the Psalmist, "I will praise Thee"?

As we breathe the pure air or quench our thirst with the pure water, as the light of the sun shines upon us and its rays warm us, as we partake of our daily food and lie down in comfort to take our rest, do we say to ourselves, "Every blessing, small or great, comes from the good hand of our Father-God, and proves that He is love, and that He loves and cares for us in the smallest things as well as in the greatest"? One can never grasp that idea of the love of God in all its comprehensiveness, because the proofs of it are endless, and we are constantly meeting with new ones. We should see far more than we do if we were to be more on the look-out for these proofs, and our wonder at this love, when joined to a sense of our unworthiness, would fill our hearts to overflowing with adoring thankfulness.

Perhaps some of you, my dear ones, are ready to say, "I do not need to be reminded of the love of God. The words have boundless meaning for me. How can I live surrounded by proofs, yet remain unconscious of it?"

I thank God for all of you who are able to say this. So many use the good things of this world—its riches, its influence, and its luxuries—as if these lifted them above the

humble folk who have to labour day by day for their daily bread, and who deem it blessing enough when their common wants are supplied. Riches might mean personal merit in the eyes of many who enjoy them, instead of bringing responsibilities and calling for thankfulness in proportion. Do not such need to be reminded that all the blessings of this life are owing to "the love of God"?

Again, there are numbers who can pass through the loveliest scenery in this fair earth of ours absolutely without seeing its beauties or carrying away a mental picture to gladden them in thought, when far away. Much less do they discern the love of God in the beauties and glories of creation.

To those who think much of God and little of themselves, everything serves as a reminder of His vast and unchanging love.

How different the world would be without the sounds which fill the air when one is in some lonely country spot, out of sight of a human dwelling and without human companionship! How they speak directly to us then, and we have ears to hear with fulness of delight as we pause to drink them in!

I shall not soon forget how the song of an imprisoned bird brought a message of cheer to my heart and turned my thoughts heavenward. I was feeling very sad and downcast from some cause or other, and the sunshine brought me no gladness, neither did my countless remaining mercies remind me that the love of God was providing them still. A tiny disc placed close to the eye shuts out all light beyond it, and so did the one dark spot obscure my spiritual vision for the time.

The place was a busy square in the centre of a large city, and from a high-up office window hung the sadly too small cage containing a lark. All at once the sun shone on the little captive, and as it reached him a burst of song, as gladsome as if he were rising from a grassy nest, came from his throat.

That sweet bird-voice spoke to me anew of the "love of God." It reminded me that, were I thinking more of it and of the unfailing blessings still and at all times mine, no little dark disc of temporary trouble would be able to come between me and the light of God's love. My heart would respond like the song of the feathered captive to the light which never failed, and would find vent in praise and thankfulness. Reproachful conscience would have whispered, "I profess to believe in the love of God. I have a miserably poor way of showing my faith, since the privation of one blessing makes me sad, downcast, and forgetful of all the rest."

A dear friend of mine, who died many years ago, leaving a large family, mostly grown up, impressed upon his wife the value of the old home, even to those who had gone out into the world, or were married and had homes of their own. "I want you to stay here," he said, "so that the children may always have the home to come to, no matter how old they may be, or how far off they may live."

The wish of the dying father was carried out, and, whilst the mother lived, there was always an unfailing welcome for children and children's children under the old roof. It is impossible to estimate the value of that home, and the influence of its mistress. It was, so to speak, the head-quarters of family love. All the younger people carried their joys and sorrows to it, certain of sympathy and comfort, as well as of wise counsel. With such a centre, anything like family disunion became impossible, and all the members were noted for the manner in which they stood by each other in any season of individual difficulty or trouble.

What a precious lesson you, dear girls, and I may learn from the picture I have drawn. If an earthly home, with only a loving mother and good woman at its head, could be such a centre of comfort, helpfulness, and family affection, think what it is for us, at all times, to have the privilege of taking everything to our Father-God, with the absolute certainty of His love and of His willingness to hear, answer and bless all who come pleading the "grace of our Lord Jesus" in its fullest sense.

You and I have this house, "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," to turn to in every time of need. It is our Father's house. The door is ever open, by the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," and through it we obtain admission and tell out our requests unto Him. That earthly home I spoke of was open only to the children of the one family, but the home above has "many mansions," open to all who desire admission, and seek in the appointed way, for the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ has "opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers."

The loving mistress of that earthly dwelling had love and welcome enough for all whom near kindred had given the right to claim them. But she could not have sent invitations broadcast, or helped the many who had no such claim to plead.

The home of our Father knows no narrowness or limitations, save just the observance of the one condition—"faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." No fear that the "love of God" will prove insufficient to meet the wants of all who seek it in Christ's name.

Thus far I have dwelt only on God's love for His children. That subject cannot be exhausted, but when we meet again we must consider the other senses in which the words are used, and the last clause of the Apostolic benediction, "The fellowship, or communion, of the Holy Ghost."

VARIETIES.

Chinese Sayings about Women.

Trust not a vain woman, for she is first in her own eyes.

A vain woman is to be feared, for she will sacrifice all for her pride.

Give heed to the voice of an old woman; sorrow has given her wisdom.

Like sheep that be leaderless are many women come together for much talk.

The gods honour her who thinketh long before opening her lips. Pearls come from her mouth.

Try to make the World Better.—The world is never all we could wish; but if it goes wrong, let us not spend ourselves trying to make it go worse. Rather, let us make it a little smoother and a little pleasanter by our disposition, manners and deeds.

A Thought for Students.—We shall never understand any times, even the nearest, until we study them in the spirit of eternity.

Where the Brass Band was.

A showman at Barnstaple, in North Devon, recently put outside his show the following notice, "Come and see the Musical Dog. Admission 2d."

A good many people, attracted by this invitation, paid the sum named and entered the tent, where a big dog, wearing a huge metal collar, was crouching in a corner.

After waiting for a while the audience grew impatient and called to the showman, asking when the performance was going to begin.

The showman seemed much surprised at their request and exclaimed, as he edged towards the entrance—

"Why, there's the musical dog!"—pointing to the mastiff. "Can't yer see the brass band round his neck?"

In Pursuit of Pleasure.—We smile at the ignorance of the savage who cuts down the tree in order to reach its fruits; but the fact is a blunder of this description is made by every girl who is over-eager and impatient in the pursuit of pleasure.



NEW YEAR'S EVE.

By NORA CHESSON, Author of "Ballads in Prose," "Under Quicken Boughs," "Songs of the Morning," etc.

EVERYTHING comes to her who knows how to wait, and from the patient inquirer who seeks to lift the curtain of the future upon Near Year's Eve, there shall surely be but few things hidden.

Does she want to know the exact appearance of the man she is to marry? Let her eat a hard-boiled egg, whose yolk has been extracted and replaced by salt, and go to bed (not fasting but thirsting), and she will dream of someone who brings her water to drink. The face she sees in her dream will be the face of her future husband! Such a spell needs some courage and endurance in the worker of it, as does the following one; but old wives will tell you that, like Somebody's patent pills, "they have never been known to fail." This is an omen that has nothing to do with marriage, but only with good fortune to come. Whosoever desires this must put under her pillow for nine nights running—beginning with New Year's Eve—a dead ember and a piece of coal that the fire has never touched. Having done this, she may be sure of good luck for a year to come, and also of the ill-will of her bed-maker and laundress!

It is said that the house-mother should rake her fire out carefully on New Year's Eve, and spread out the ashes smoothly on the kitchen floor. Next morning, when she rises, she may (or may not) find a footmark in the ashes. Turned towards the door the footmark bodes that one of the family will die early in the year; but if the print is turned as if entering the room, there will shortly be a birth. Who eats herrings on New Year's Eve will be prosperous all the year; and who chances to receive money on New Year's morning will be in luck's way as long. Those who have a dark man for their firstfoot may rejoice; and so may those who see a man first from their windows on New Year's morning. Floors must not be swept until the sun has shone on this day, lest the luck of the house be swept out with the dust. This is an Oriental as well as an Occidental superstition, and one may find it in Japan and Anglesey.

All water becomes wine between eleven and twelve on New Year's Eve, but no one must be so curious as to go out to stream or well at this time, or, like Peeping Tom, he will be blinded for his indiscretion. On this night, too, as on Christmas Eve, the cattle are supposed to receive the gift of human speech for an hour, and the bees hum midnight Mass in their hives! Mummers and masquers choose the New Year for their especial season; and New Year carols were once as popular and as pretty as those sacred to Christmas.

Men and women with blackened faces, much be-ribboned and carrying brooms, go about from house to house on New Year's Eve offering to sweep out the Old Year, and are paid in kind with eggs and butter, and New Year cakes baked in the shape of a crescent. The master of a house, before he bolts and bars the front door for the last time in the old year, will lay down in the doorway the largest silver or the smallest gold coin in his possession. If it remains in the doorway untouched until the New Year is rung in, and the door is re-opened, the house will not want money all the year.

It is very lucky to be paid money on New Year's morning (Northamptonshire), and luckier to give away food (Ireland), but industry is misplaced at this season, and those who want good fortune to come their way must not bake or brew to-day, must not wash clothes, mend clothes or make clothes. Wheels must not turn at all during the twelve nights of Christmas, and the knitting-needles may rust if they will (Saxony), for—

"Who knits, with sorrow sits;
Who spins, adds three to her sins;
Who weaves, the Virgin grieves;
Who nets, God forgets;
Who fishes, against heaven wishes."

A dream dreamed on New Year's Eve is sure to come true; but a New Year's Morning dream comes through the Gates of Ivory instead of the Gates of Horn, and is not to be believed in.

A New Year's Day child will be always lucky, if a boy; if a girl, she will have no luck but much beauty, according to a Hungarian superstition, and men's hearts will be poured out like water before her.

The Wassail Bowl is as much a New Year as a Christmas custom. Here is a Gloucestershire Wassailing song.

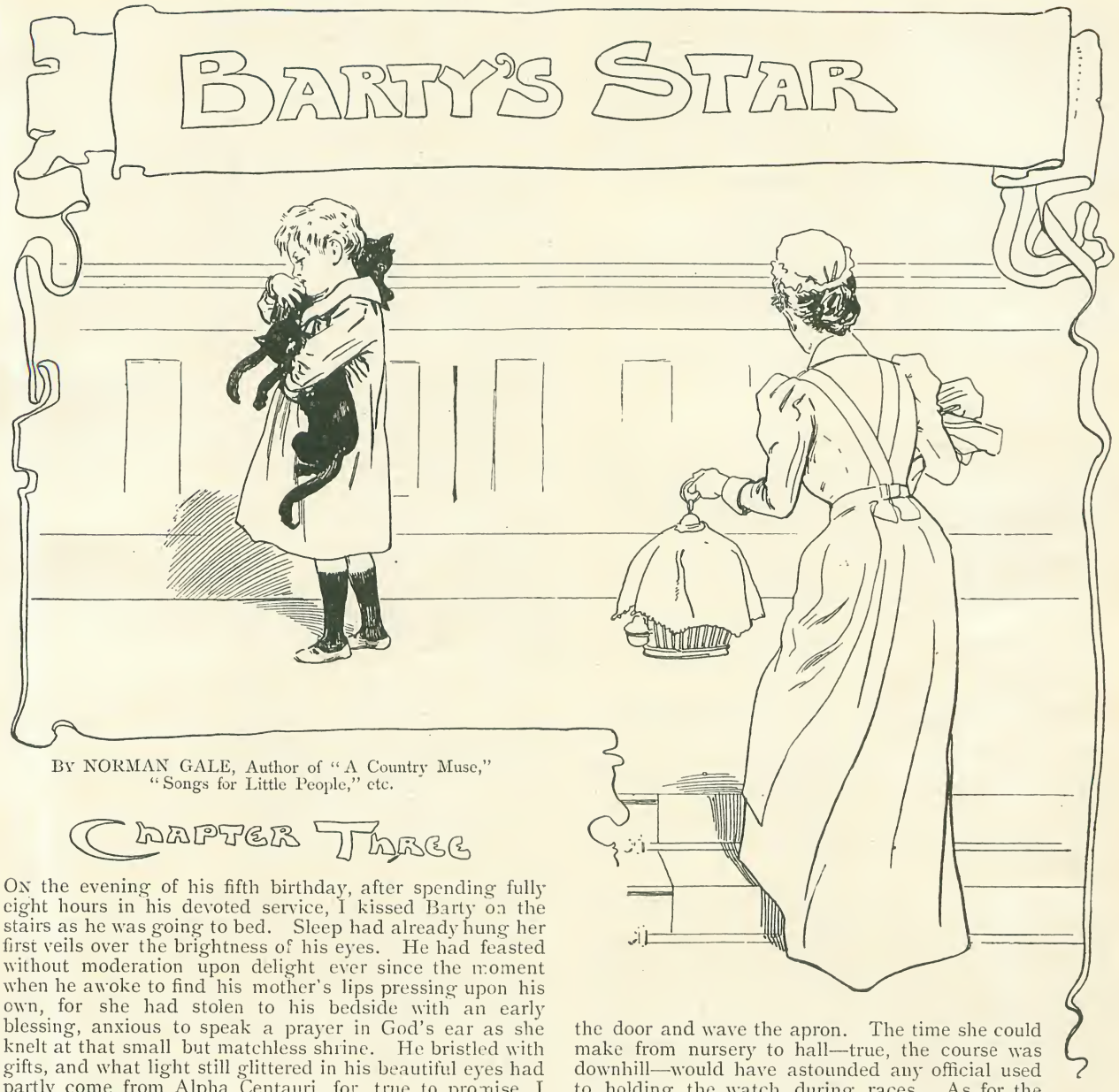
"Wassail, Wassail, all over the town,
Our toast it is white and our ale is brown;
Our bowl is made of a maple tree;
We be good fellows all; I drink to thee.
Be here any maids? I suppose here be some;
Sure they will not let young men stand on the cold stone.
Sing hey, O maids, come troll back the pin,
And the fairest maid in the house let us all in."

Country folk used to observe the quarter whence the wind blew on New Year's Eve with much attention. "As it is calm or boisterous; as the wind blows from the south or north; from the east or the west; they prognosticate the nature of the weather till the end of the (coming) year. The wind of the south will be productive of heat and fertility; the wind of the west of milk and fish; the wind from the north of cold and storm; the wind from the east of fruit on the trees." (Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland). When the New Year fell on a Sunday, "a pleasant spring and a rainy harvest were promised by the calendars, also many wars"; on a Monday, "little fruit and the death of great men"; on Tuesday, "a bad harvest and much rain in spring and summer"; on Wednesday, "many wars" but "a good harvest"; on Thursday, "many winds and floods, but much fruit"; on Friday, "earthquakes and much free giving of money"; on Saturday, "hot summer, late harvest, much fruit, and rumours of wars."

Truly these superstitious customs are amusing reading, but every true reader of this magazine will, we feel sure, rather respond, in their hearts, to the sentiment of the following lines—

"Father, let me dedicate
All this year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be;
Not from sorrow, pain or care
Freedom dare I claim,
This alone shall be my prayer
Glorify Thy Name."

BARTY'S STAR



By NORMAN GALE, Author of "A Country Muse," "Songs for Little People," etc.

CHAPTER THREE

On the evening of his fifth birthday, after spending fully eight hours in his devoted service, I kissed Barty on the stairs as he was going to bed. Sleep had already hung her first veils over the brightness of his eyes. He had feasted without moderation upon delight ever since the moment when he awoke to find his mother's lips pressing upon his own, for she had stolen to his bedside with an early blessing, anxious to speak a prayer in God's ear as she knelt at that small but matchless shrine. He bristled with gifts, and what light still glittered in his beautiful eyes had partly come from Alpha Centauri, for, true to promise, I had taken the boy upon a tremendous trip in the course of the afternoon. Under each arm was tucked a cat, one adult, the other half-grown; and behind him walked his nurse laden with socks, starched blouses, and a canary in a cage with bars the same colour as the bird, a feature of the prison which appealed to its owner with considerable force. With such pets Barty usually began the night, whether or no the cats were sleepy. They, indeed, not seldom showed many signs of disgust, and with furry fists and tails proclaiming anarchy, resisted from landing to landing this tyranny of early closing. But Barty, in the spirit of a Roman Dictator, clung with resolution to his elastic slaves, despite the transport difficulties. The mother protested least, for experience had taught her that the nurse, with a spirit no less governing than Barty's, would come as soon as her young master was asleep, to flap an apron and bundle her downstairs. But release was not possible till she had played the hypocrite in Purgatory, that is, in Barty's bed, where she was wont to act a falsehood night after night, pretending, as soon as she had sworn for a few minutes in an undertone, a response which was not sincere. When the boy's enchaining arm relaxed its hold, she crept out of bed inch by inch, and then waited for Lizzie to open the door and wave the apron. The time she could make from nursery to hall—true, the course was downhill—would have astounded any official used to holding the watch during races. As for the canary, he was wont to hang on a nail not far from the window, where he began his shrill matins at an unearthly hour on summer mornings, while Barty lay and soaked in the music as if his ears were sponges, encouraging the songster from the bed with all manner of quaint sayings, to which, as he fondly imagined, the bird replied in crescendos of melody. There were occasions when I wished this ecstatic fowl in Hong Kong, since its piercing language travelled as easily through lath and plaster as the sun's rays explore the backs of the clouds whose fronts appear to us so gloomy. Sometimes, so destructive to the nerves was its lofty screaming, its voice had to be put out, as if it were a candle, by a cloth extinguisher, which transformed the bright cage into a dungeon of the darkest kind.

Well, Barty was going to roost with two cats and a bird for company; his pockets bulged with infantile treasures; he was, as it were, a walking robbers' cave. In his mob of hair he had thrust a pair of compasses which I had given him as a mark of remembrance and congratulation; and round his neck was a silk wrap sent by one from among his worshipping aunts. He laughed the victor's laugh as he squeezed the wriggling cats closer to his proud bosom.

"I am going to look for my burfday star," said he.

"I'll come too. Trot along. Hop upstairs, Goldfinch."

We sometimes called him by this name because his voice was so exquisite, and his hair so yellow—so yellow. I had to shut the door of the nursery before he would leave hold of his tabby burdens. This done, he set them free upon his counterpane, whence, nimble as spilled quicksilver, they immediately departed, one under the table, the other to a most advantageous position under the chest of drawers. The maid hung the canary in his place; Barty began to make his way toward the window.

"It's too early for stars, dear," said Lizzie.

"Why, so it is, chicken. I had forgotten."

"I shall keep awake till it's ever and ever and ever so dark," said the young astronomer, using such a swelling emphasis upon the repeated adverb that the cat under the table thought it prudent to join her mother behind the chest of drawers, "and then creep——"

"And creep and creep," I suggested.

"Out of bed to look at it. I fink they will send it to-night."

"Who are they?"

"Oh, them," said Barty.

"Quite so. It was stupid of daddy to ask. Why, you're yawning. Put your hand in front of your mouth, you rogue! When it's dark I'll peep and peep and peep in to see if you are asleep. I shall be such a quiet mouse."

"Then Jane'll eat you."

Jane was the elder of the cats.

"I'm not afraid. Good-bye. Kiss me twice, once for me and once for myself."

As I was leaving the room he called out.

"Daddy!"

"Yes, little man?"

"Are there any beasts in Heaven now?"

"Beasts?"

"Ones wiv twenty-four eyes," my questioner explained.

I uttered an exclamation which caused the nurse to jump.

"There, dear, don't worry that golden head about animals to-night. Go to sleep, and have pretty dreams of mother."

"But it's such a lot of eyes, daddy," mused Barty, who was by no means content to forego a lesson in unnatural history.

"Never you mind. Twenty-four eyes aren't nearly as good as mother's two. Just you dream about them, Goldfinch; you can't possibly do better."

I killed a coming remark with a kiss, walked quickly from the room, and went straight downstairs to ask the elder star of those twain that daily shine in my domestic firmament whether it would not in the case of a child so imaginative as Barty be discreet to confine all scriptural news within sweet and assuring boundaries, leaving the more startling episodes till he should come into his riper years. If I could ever have been angry—the kind God forbid!—with the angel who has made these rafters into rainbows, who has enchanted these common floors, whose tireless thoughts for my increased content for ever cluster round my life as bees round a colony of Canterbury bells, it would have been when she allowed to trickle into Barty's brain matters belonging to the machinery of dread. Every fact rushed to that organ smeared with birdlime. The boy remembered too well, and, holding the information constantly before his eyes, began with unconscious magic to transmute it, for it is the fashion of children to make dragons out of dogs, so to speak. Give them but inches, and they will take ells. Elongation, flames instead of breath, scales replacing fur, a couple of wings, a tongue three yards long by one yard wide, a den littered with thigh-bones and skulls—there is a portrait of the monster as gradually evolved by generations of children, or at least, child-like minds. Every child has a passion for size; a part of the heritage into which he comes at his birth is an unconquerable appetite for exaggeration—a pea is a pumpkin; a swallow an eagle. It is one of his prerogatives to make mountains out of molehills while he is young and growing into the courage necessary for the years when he will have to make molehills out of mountains, bracing himself to exchange with adversity such a hearty buffet as the Black Knight exchanged with the Friar, and to keep a smiling face and a generous heart, despite punishment received. Knowing Barty's delicacy of perception and his magnifying powers as well as I did, I was always fearful when I learned, as, for example, I did on the evening which I have been describing, that from the tender lips of his mother he had heard anything likely, when distorted in the workshop of dreams, to shake the heart of the boy in a fashion fierce and revolutionary. The sunshine of the Bible—there is the beam (I thought within myself) under whose influence I would have his soul forced! Do not, mother, trouble his little breast so soon!

A comment upon the conversation held between me and Barty's mother, shortly after the child had questioned me about Saint John's miraculous beast, was supplied more quickly than I had anticipated. About four hours after the boy had gone laden to bed, we were suddenly terrified to hear screams of fright proceeding from the nursery. Rushing upstairs three steps at a time, I dashed into the room, calling out—

"I'm here, Barty! What's the matter, my lamb?"

The lamb rushed from his bed and clung about my knees, the light coming from the passage revealing to me a face twisted by dread.

"Mother—nurse—light a candle! What is it, dear? No one shall hurt my boy!"

I tried to lift him from the ground, but he was fastened to his hold as firmly as ivy clasps the oak. I had the feeling that his delicate hands would bleed if they were forced to yield their grip, so I stood and waited for the high tide of agony to abate, without attempting to hurry the event. His mother knelt down and pressed his face to her bosom.

"Tell mother, sweet. Did something frighten him?"

Barty slowly lifted his head for the purpose of looking upon that heaven whence lightning had never flashed for his wounding. Horror zig-zagged about his eyes, and the familiar firmness of his lips had crumbled into a pitiful weakness. I could feel his heart drumming against my leg at a rate which hastened the beat of my own.

"Tell her, then, sweet," pleaded the mother afresh.

"Anuvver Satan's fallen—fallen from—from heaven," sobbed Barty; "he's tumbled down my—my—my chimney, he has."

"You hear?" I said to his mother in a low voice.

She stretched up a hand to me in dumb acknowledgment of mistake. I kissed it.

"Little lamb, little lamb," she said, "it's all right. You've had a nasty dream."

"I've not, mamma. He's there now—in the fire-place," cried Barty, his voice rising as he remembered the nearness of his enemy. "And it's my burfday."

His birthday! And to have it thus ruined by a second Satan!

"Come, Barty," I said, "let me go, and I'll soon find out what's the matter."

I went up to the grate; something rustled loudly as I approached, whereupon Barty, in whom the stock of confidence due to his parents' presence was as limited as it was perishable, betook himself to fresh wailing.

"He's there. I know he is. He'll scratch, daddy!"

At this prophecy I could not help laughing heartily, and as I did so I pulled from its place the gay parasol, which in summer did its best to brighten the hearth. The fluttering was now considerably increased.

"Bring the candle nearer, nurse."

She handed it to me, not without signs of silly fear, and immediately retired towards the door, ready for flight in case the intruder proved to be, as Barty protested, a second Father of Lies.

"Why," I exclaimed, peering down into the dark cavity, "it's a bird! It's a starling, Barty; I can see a bill the colour of a lemon, and he has such bright eyes, poor fellow. I think his tumble has damaged him, or else he is even more frightened than my goldfinch. I've got him! How he pecks! Now, then, Barty, here's your fallen angel—all over soot."

The thistle of grief changed with astonishing swiftness into the rose of delight. Barty let fall the fold in his mother's dress, which had served him as a buttress while I explored the fire-place, and ran across the floor in his eagerness to see the bird in my hand.

"May I kiss his head?" he asked, tears and smiles living together upon his face, and celebrating there a radiant marriage.

"Wait till I've wiped it with my pocket-handkerchief," said his mother. "Now then, kiss and make friends, and remember that never, never, never will anybody ugly or cruel fall down your chimney."

"Most certainly not," I added. "Mind, nurse, you are never on any account to tell Master Barty stories likely to make him have bad dreams. There are plenty of simple and happy tales. Just now he needs to be fed on what is peaceful and contenting."

"Yes, sir."

"You quite understand?"

"Yes, sir."

We now held a Cabinet Council for the purpose of deciding what our course should be in regard to the visitor who had fluttered our dovecot in such a thorough fashion. With Barty on my knee, his mother standing behind the chair, and the starling in my left hand (I wonder his galloping heart did not break against his ribs), this grave concern began. The child and the bird stared at each other with all their eyes, and when Barty put out a finger to stroke that lustrous top-knot, the starling, splitting his lemon-coloured dagger in two, squeaked his distaste for such fondling; whereupon we all laughed at his funny voice and querulous temper.

"Now, Barty, what shall we do with this fellow? Shall we get twenty-three more like him, and then have them in a pie instead of four-and-twenty blackbirds?"

"Yes, daddy!" He wriggled with joy at the prospect. The starling eyed him suspiciously.

"Would Barty like to be shut up in a pie with a lot of other little boys?" asked his mother.

"No," replied Barty, with much emphasis, nestling closer to me at the bare thought of being baked in an oven.

"Let the starling answer for himself," I suggested. "Now, sir, do you wish to be confined in a pastry prison and cooked in the kitchen range?"

To be sure of a reply I touched his pate. He squawked an undoubted negative.

"He says he should hate it, Barty. Shall we put him outside the window-sill and see whether he can fly away?"

"Let's," said Barty, who had become laconic after his harrowing experience.

The other Cabinet Ministers consenting, I flung up the window. The bird smelt freedom, and struggled to enjoy it. No brighter jewels ever flashed in a starling's head.

"I should think he will be likely to give chimneys a wide berth in future," said the elder angel, stretching out her forefinger to stroke the bird for a farewell. The diamond in her ring was shamed by the lustre of the living gems set on either side of the pale dagger.

"Kiss him good-bye, Barty."

When the child had gravely kissed the glossy crown I opened my hand. The gaol that was built of flesh and sinew and bone being no longer a prison, Satan disappeared. Joy steered him through the darkness.

I was about to close the sash when Barty suddenly exclaimed—

"There's my star."

To me the gloomed patch of the horizon between the elms was as barren of stars as it had appeared to be a year ago, when I found the boy so intently drinking in the rays of the invisible sun.

"In the same place, dear?"

"Yes."

"Is it as bright as it was?"

I heard the rustle of a dress behind me, and, looking over my shoulder, saw the child's mother bend forward, with apprehension showing in her eyes as she awaited the answer to my question. The silk upon her bosom dulled and glowed with rapid alternations as unspeakable dread caused her heart to travel at the pace set by that sweetest of jealousies—a mother's love.

"No," said Barty, "it's more teeny-weeny."

"Thank God!" was whispered behind me.

In my turn I reached a hand to her as a sympathetic signal. She held it on her breast, where it cupped the slowing heart.

"Are you sure, Barty? Why are you crying again?"

"I don't know; it's—my little pigs are all cold."

We laughed at this sudden leap from affairs celestial to an atom of nursery lore.

"Can we find room for Barty in our bed to-night, mother, do you think?"

"Certainly."

"He can lie between us and be as snug as a nut in a peach."

"No," she said, "not even the lambkin shall come between us. You have him on your side."

"No, you. I sometimes think I steal him from you too often."

"Nonsense. Let me take him and pop him into bed."

When they were gone I returned for a moment to the window, drew up the blind, and looked out upon the gorgeous night. Heaven seemed to drip with stars; they oozed out of its floor, forming superb stalactites. There was no atmospheric reason why Barty's sun should appear smaller to him; on the contrary, the clearness was all in favour of its nobler presentation. Half in gladness, half in sorrow, I was forced to conclude that this world was eclipsing the last whence Barty had journeyed. That inevitable drug which is compounded of the Overseer's poppies was taking effect.

(*To be continued.*)

GRANNIE'S TABLE.

By E. A. BENNETT, Author of "Aunt Jane's Turkeys," "The Result of a Song," etc.

CHAPTER II.

THE days passed without much change, and grannie watched alone, for it was characteristic of Peggy that if she had nothing she kept away, so as not to trespass on grannie's small store. Ronny did not get any better, and was seldom quite sensible, but on the other hand, grannie did not think he was any weaker, and he was willing to take as much milk and broth as she could give him, and as long as he did that, she felt hopeful.

It was late on Christmas Day, as she was sitting by him, that, seeing his fingers close on the coat, it came into her head to wonder why he set such store by it. She drew it gently towards her, and felt in all the pockets, but as she well knew, there was nothing in any of them. She turned it over and examined the lining, thinking she might find some name on it, for, oddly enough, the only name by which he was known to her was that of "Ronny"; while to the inhabitants of Black Jack Court he was Jack or Dick or whatever name happened to come handy. There was no name, however, but as grannie put her hand again into the breast pocket, a crackling noise like paper attracted her attention. She tried again. Yes, there was something between the lining and the cloth.

Greatly excited, grannie found an old pair of scissors and carefully cut the stitches. She put her hand inside and

drew out a letter. It was fastened up and addressed, but owing to some liquid having been spilt on it, the name was quite illegible, the only thing plainly visible being Northcombe Manor, Bridgeford. Grannie turned it over and over and debated what she should do. Evidently Ronny did not mean it to be sent, perhaps not till he was in the last extremity, or even not while he was alive; but it might mean help of some kind, and at all events his friends ought to know where he was. For all she knew, his poor mother might be longing for news of him, and at this thought grannie determined to go down and consult Master Hardy as to what was to be done. Hardy gave it as his opinion that it should be sent without delay.

"It looks as if there were two lines of writin' above the name of the house," he said, turning the letter carefully about and peering at it from all sides, "but 'tain't possible to see what it is. Most like he is the coachman's son, or maybe the gardener's. Anyhow, Missus Wilson, they'll be pretty sure to know who he is, and if I was you I'd send it off to-night, and you must write a line and say where he is to be found. I've got a bit of paper handy. Now sit you down and write at once, and I'll go and put it in the post. The sooner it's posted the sooner it'll start. 'Tis most like they'll send you a few shillings to help get him some food if they don't do no more."

So grannie sat down, and with her spectacles firmly fixed on her nose, bravely embarked on the task.

"HONORED SIR,—This is to let you know as the young man is very ill. I found this letter in his coat under the lining, and I now take the liberty of sending it, hoping you may know who his friends are, and if they wants to see him alive they must come soon, as I have only enough food for a day or two more, and the Lord only knows what we shall do then. Honored sir, Master Hardy nor me we can't read the name, and the poor lad ain't in his senses, and he thinks you may know who he is, so as you could tell his folks. Hopin' as you will excuse the writin', as I am only a poor old woman. He is in the attic at No. 8, Black Jack Court, and milk is all he can take now.

"Honored sir, your respectful
"ANNE WILSON.

"We was nigh starved last week, and the Lord sent Peggy to help us, and I trust to Him to send us help agen."

Then by Hardy's advice the envelope was addressed—

"To the Gentleman at Northcombe Manor,
Bridgeford,"

and he added "Immediate" in large letters at the top. Having looked at it admiringly, he went out to post it, scorning the offer of a penny for the stamp, "as if he couldn't do that much for a poor chap down on his luck like that," and grannie climbed again to the attic.

Through two long days hope sustained her. Even when Tuesday evening came without any sign of an answer, she only wondered how long her letter would be reaching its destination. Hardy had promised to hurry up immediately should any letter arrive, but when Wednesday morning failed to bring news she began to be less cheerful, though her friend assured her letters were often delayed on the way.

Grannie tried to be hopeful. Surely if his friends got the letter, they would send him something. Even a few pence would be so useful, for again she had to face the fact that her stock of food was fast diminishing. All Thursday she listened anxiously to every sound in the court or in the house below. Ronny seldom moved, and even her untrained eye saw that he was sinking, and she could only sit beside him and look on. Once, knowing her sad straits, Hardy came up with a cup of tea and a bit of bread and butter, which he insisted on her taking; but even he could say nothing cheerful now.

The short cold day was drawing to a close, and the room was getting dark, when a faint sigh from the bed made her think the end was near, and with the feeling that someone ought to say a bit of a prayer, grannie sank on her knees, and in a quavering voice, interrupted with sobs, repeated the only prayer that at the moment she could remember. She was watching Ronny so intently and was so absorbed in her prayer that she did not hear the door open behind her.

The new-comer paused on the threshold for a moment, and as long as he lives he will never forget that scene. The miserable room, the fireless grate, the death-like face on the pillow, and the old woman clasping with her rough hands the thin cold hand of the lad, as if to let him feel the touch of a friend to the last, while with the tears running down her withered cheeks, she repeated, "Deliver us from evil." Then, with a sob, she concluded the last words firmly, as though the assurance of His power and glory were a sufficient help in this time of need.

Before the sound of the last word had died away the gentleman stepped up to the bed. He laid his fingers lightly on Ronny's wrist, and then held a teaspoonful of a restorative to his lips. For an instant he thought he was too late.

"Speak to him," he said hoarsely. "Try and get him to swallow it."

Grannie, who was too tired out and numbed with the cold to express any surprise, exerted herself to do as he asked.

"Ronny, lad," she said earnestly, "do 'ee drink it. The Lord has sent us help, and thee must take it. Do 'ee hear, Ronny? Drink it, there's a dear lad."

Apparently her voice reached his dulled ears, for Ronny made an effort and succeeded in swallowing a spoonful, and then more easily two more. The stranger stooped over the bed and looked closely and anxiously at him. Grannie, with her hands clasped, was murmuring, "Thank the Lord! Thank the Lord!" but she was too cramped to be able to move. The gentleman glanced at her, and in another moment he unfastened a thick rug and spread it over the bed, and taking off grannie's cloak, he wrapped it round her.

"Let me help you up," he said, lifting her from her kneeling position and putting her into the arm-chair. Then, taking her hands, he said huskily, "God bless and reward you for your goodness. It's all right now," he went on soothingly as grannie, quite upset and trembling all over, began to cry. "You must sit there and rest. I'm going to look after you both."

Hardly able to believe her eyes, grannie watched him open a large basket and produce a spirit-lamp and a saucepan, and in a few minutes he had a cup of hot beef tea—"broth," as grannie called it.

"How long is it since he had any food?" he asked anxiously.

"Nearly an hour, sir. I gave him the last drop of milk I had."

"Did he take it willingly?"

"Yes, and he'd have drunk more if I'd had it to give him. Be you a doctor, sir?" she asked.

The gentleman nodded.

"I have been. I must try and get him to take this," he said, turning to the bed.

He raised Ronny's head, and a look of relief came over his grave, anxious face as, without opening his eyes, the young man drank some of it. The doctor laid him down again, and filling up the teacup, put it into grannie's hand.

"Now you drink that," he said cheerfully. "You want it very badly too, I think. I've got plenty more here," for grannie murmured something about keeping it for Ronny. "When you have finished it I want you to tell me how I can get some coals for a fire and other things that I must have."

Grannie, satisfied that Ronny was in good hands, felt at liberty to enjoy the welcome nourishment, but the doctor felt something like despair as he shivered even in his thick great-coat, and knew that the old woman was too worn out to be able to give him any help.

"Grannie, I've got a drop of milk for him and a bun," said a voice on the other side of the door, and Peggy shuffled in. "It's all I could get, but I'll go and try again, and—— Oh, my!"

She stood astounded in the doorway, and would have run away had not grannie called her.

"It's Peggy, sir," she said; "what we should have done without her I dunno, and I'd like to give her a drop of this nice stuff. She's pretty nigh starved, I know."

"And yet she has brought some food for him," said the doctor, looking down wonderingly at the thin pinched face of the scarecrow before him. "Come here, child, and eat this, and then do you think you could get me some coals and light a fire?"

"My! Couldn't I jest!" returned Peggy, clutching in a ravenous fashion at the sandwich he held out to her. "My word, ain't it prime!" The sandwich disappeared in a second, and two more rapidly followed. "Now I'll cut along and get a bit of firing, but you'll 'ave to give me some money to pay for it. The chap wot keeps the coal won't let me 'ave it without. A quarter of a 'underd 'll do, and if you gives me sixpence I can get a bit o' wood too."

"I think we'll have a whole hundred," said the doctor, smiling, in spite of his anxiety, at the eager little face. "But you bring up enough to light the fire, and then come and show me where to find a man to carry the rest, and to get me some more things."

"Master Hardy 'll be in by this time," interposed grannie, "and he'll be pleased to do it. He's been a good friend to us all the time."

"Run off, child, and be quick," putting half-a-crown into Peggy's hand, which made her open her eyes wide with astonishment.

She scudded off like a hare, and in a very few minutes came rushing back, carrying an old basket heaped up with coal and wood, a box of matches and two candles, which she triumphantly displayed.

"Here's the change," she said, taking it out of that convenient receptacle, her mouth. "I thought you'd like a bit of a light."

The doctor, who was sitting on the broken chair with his eyes fixed on Ronny's face, nodded approval. In a few minutes a blazing fire, such as probably that grate had never seen before, made the room look much more cheerful, and the doctor, after giving Ronny some more nourishment which he took readily, turned to grannie.

"I must go and get some things I could not bring with me," he said. "Will you give him a little more beef tea in about a quarter of an hour if I am not back? He will lie quite quiet, I think. Peggy, come and show me where Hardy is, and bring that basket with you."

With another look at the bed the doctor went off, followed by the much astonished Peggy; and grannie, feeling fresh life come into her with the food and warmth, sat watching Ronny with a heart full of thankfulness. It was not long before Peggy returned in a state of wild excitement.

"Oh, my word, ain't he a swell!" she said in a shrill whisper. "Just you look 'ere. A whole pound o' tea, and sugar, and butter, and two whole loaves of bread, and—and—" Peggy fairly stuttered over the last items, "I dunno how many mutton chops and a lot o' bacon, and I believe he's going to give me some supper, 'cos he said I was to stop with you till he came. Ain't it prime?" and Peggy lay down in front of the fire and rolled over and over in vast delight.

Grannie had carefully administered some more food, and was hoping she saw a little change for the better, before the doctor reappeared, followed by Hardy carrying a large bundle. He hurried to the bed.

"He's a bit better, I thinks," whispered grannie, "and he's had some more broth."

"That's right," returned the other. "Will you open the bundle, Hardy, and can you stay and help me for a few minutes?"

"Yes, sir," responded Hardy, "and glad enough I be that the poor young fellow's got a bit o' help at last."

The bundle contained blankets thicker and warmer than grannie and Peggy had ever seen, and they watched with great interest as the doctor and Hardy carefully and gently removed the bedclothes and replaced them with clean new ones, laying the rug over all. Then signing to Hardy and Peggy to follow him, the doctor went out on to the landing.

"Has grannie got a room of her own," he inquired, "or is that her room?"

"It's here," said Peggy, opening the door, "but she ain't been able to leave him for days and nights, and she couldn't go to bed if she had, 'cos he's got all her bedclothes."

The gentleman looked at the bare bedstead and his lips quivered.

"What a noble old soul!" he said, half aloud. "Hardy, will you bring up the rest of the coals and put them here; and, Peggy, you must light grannie's fire and get her a nice supper, and bring back her bedclothes, and she must go to bed and have a good rest. Do you think you could cook a chop?"

"I knows I could," said Peggy eagerly, "'cos I cooked a bit once for grannie, and she said it was lovely."

"Then cook two chops this time, one for you and one for her, and you must sleep here somewhere so as to get her breakfast in the morning."

"I can sleep on the floor; it's a sight better than being under an archway. You see, if you don't keep still," Peggy added confidentially, "the bobbies is sure to see you and rout you out."

"Well, you sha'n't sleep under an archway again if I can help it, you poor little mite. When the supper is ready, come and tell me."

Half an hour later Peggy appeared at the door, her face one broad grin; and much amazed was grannie at the sight of her room, a blazing fire, and a boiling kettle, and to hear Peggy's excited comments as she danced round the table.

"He said I was to 'ave one too. Oh, my, ain't it prime!"

But in the middle of the meal grannie paused horrified.

"Peggy, child, we ain't never asked the gentleman if he'll have something to eat. Whatever will he think of us." And grannie hastily trotted off to the other room. "He says he has got plenty in his basket," she said, when she returned, "and I be to go to bed, and he'll see to Ronny, as he thinks is a bit better. So Peggy, as I be right down tired, if you'll wash up the things like a good little maid, when I've finished, I'll just thank the Lord for all His goodness and go to bed."

(*To be continued.*)

PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

"Girls," announced Miss Phipps after tea two evenings later, "I have something to tell you which I am sure you will be delighted and also much touched to hear. You have, I suppose, taken for granted that no breaking-up party would be held this term, as I have unfortunately had to deprive you of all holidays and excursions. For myself, I had put the matter entirely out of my head, as out of keeping with our present position, but you have had an advocate whom I have found it impossible to refuse. Someone has pleaded your cause so eloquently that she has gained the day, and I have now to announce that your party will be held as usual on Wednesday next, a few days before we break up. Don't thank me, please! It is someone else who deserves your thanks. Can you guess who it is?"

The girls were jumping about in their seats, all excitement and delight. Ethel was tossing her curls, Flora beaming from ear to ear, Kate's eyes were dancing behind her spectacles, Margaret was looking

across the table at Pixie with an anxious, scrutinising glance. Who could it be—this unknown champion? There was whispering and consulting on every side, but the first suggestions fell wide of the mark.

"Mrs. Vane!" said one, mentioning the name of the giver of the "Alice Prize," which was held in such importance in the school, but no, it was not Mrs. Vane. "Miss Ewing!" cried another, naming a friend of Miss Phipps, who on one memorable occasion had begged a holiday for the entire school, but it was not Miss Ewing. "Nearer home, nearer home! She is in this room now!" cried Miss Phipps laughing, and then it was impossible to look at Mademoiselle's red cheeks and remain in doubt any longer.

The gasp of surprise, of gratitude, of admiration that went round the room was the most eloquent acknowledgment of the generosity which had prompted the request, and Mademoiselle grew redder than ever as she reflected that she would not have deserved any thanks had it not been for the suggestion of another. She looked instinctively at Pixie, and met a smile which reached from ear to ear, and was fairly beaming over with exultation. No one in the room looked so beamingly happy, but the next moment the smile gave way to a startled expression as Miss Phipps continued slowly—

"There is one girl whom I am unfortunately obliged to except in giving my invitation, and that is Pixie O'Shaughnessy. Whether she is guilty of really breaking Mademoiselle's scent-bottle or not it is impossible for me to say, but a suspicion has rested upon her which she has persistently refused to remove. I cannot allow a girl who defies my authority to be among us on such an occasion, and though the fact that she is in disgrace will cast a shadow over our evening, I consider that I have no choice in the matter. On Wednesday night, then, Pixie, you will have tea by yourself in the schoolroom, and go up to bed at seven o'clock."

"I will, Miss Phipps," said Pixie faintly. She had blushed until her face was crimson from the roots of her hair to the tip of her chin, and her face stood out like a vivid peony among those of her companions. Everyone looked at her, and the glances were more kindly than they had been for many a day, for it is easy to be sympathetic when we get our own way, and have shifted the burden off our own shoulders on to those of another. When the Principal left the room, attention was almost equally divided between Mademoiselle and Pixie, who were each surrounded by a group of excited talkers.

"Oh, Maddie, I do call you an angel! It was simply sweet of you to plead for us when you have been the one to suffer. I'll love you for ever for this!"

"So shall I, Maddie, and you'll see how well I'll do my verbs! I'll never worry you any more, but be so good and industrious. Dance with me, do, the first waltz, and I'll be gentleman, and not let you bump into anybody!"

"Pixie dear, I'm so sorry, but you would rather the girls had their party even if you couldn't go, wouldn't you, dear?"—this from Margaret, while Lottie tossed her head and said—

"She needn't distress herself! There is nothing to make a fuss about. Party, indeed! A fine sort of party! No one comes, and it is just like any other night, except that you dance and wear your best things!"

"And have programmes, and trifles, and jellies, and crackers, and all sorts of good things, and sit up until ten o'clock. I call it a ripping good party, and I'm awfully sorry Pixie can't come. If I get a chance I'll bring you something upstairs from the supper-table. You can't put lumps of jelly in your pocket, but if there is anything dry, I'll bring it to you when I go to bed!"

"So will I, Pixie. My party frock has a baggy front, so I can carry a lot. I could get a whole cheesecake in when no one was looking. Or would you rather have a mince-pie?"

"I think I'd rather have—both," said Pixie sadly. "I shall be so hungry, lying alone repining! I have never been to a party except once, at Bally William, and that wasn't a party either, for there was only me and two other boys, and the girls of the house, but we had crackers all the same, and I got an elegant little fan. The same I offered to you, Lottie, when you went out last time!"

"I remember, but it didn't go with my dress. That's another thing, Pixie—you haven't a dress to wear, so it's just as well you aren't asked, after all! I managed to make you presentable for a half-term evening, but that old frock of yours would never do for a breaking-up party."

Well, Lottie evidently intended to be comforting, but she had an extraordinary tactless way of going about it, Kate reflected angrily. She herself had a much happier inspiration, when she said with an elaborate affectation of relief—

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good! What we should have done without you to help us to dress, I really don't know! Mind you come to me first now. Ethel doesn't need you half so much, for her hair curls naturally, and mine always takes an unruly turn when it sees my best dress, and refuses to lie as I want it."

The listeners opened their eyes significantly, for no one had ever seen Kate's hair untidy, and it was impossible to imagine the lank locks exhibiting roving propensities, but Pixie smiled, and that was all that had been desired. Pixie flicked the tears away, and cried eagerly—

"I'll plait it in four, like I used to do Bridgie's when she went visiting. You wouldn't believe the style there is to ut. Esmeralda said no one would believe that it was really her own. It was for all the world as if she had bought a plait and stuck it on. I'll make yours look like that, too, if you'll give me time!"

"Oh, I'll give you time!" laughed Kate pleasantly. Her conscience misgave her when she thought of her behaviour during the last days, and saw how ready the child was to forgive the cold contempt with which she had been treated. It was pleasant, too, to hear again of Bridgie and Esmeralda, who had been so long unmentioned, and who must really be the funniest creatures! And now that the poor little scrap was to be punished in such drastic fashion, one might venture to show pity without being accused of encouraging wickedness. After all, she had so far been convicted of no worse crime than obstinacy.

Unfortunately for Pixie, some of her companions took a different view of Miss Phipps's decision, seeing in it a proof that the Principal at least was convinced of her guilt, and so felt themselves bound to follow her example by ostracising the offender. Some of Lottie's followers were among the number, and that young lady found herself in the difficult position of being drawn two ways at once, for she had vowed to befriend Pixie, yet was loath to risk her popularity by acting in opposition to the general feeling. She took refuge in an easy neutrality, remaining silent when gibing words were passed from mouth to mouth, and avoiding every opportunity of coming into contact with Pixie herself. With so many girls about and the rush of examination work on hand, this was easy enough to accomplish, for Lottie was ambitious, and made

special effort to come out in a good position on the list. Every evening she pored over books to "stew" up the subject of the next day's exam., and every morning seated herself before her desk, and became immediately immersed in the paper before her. Oh those papers, what agony and confusion of spirit they brought to one poor scholar at least! Pixie had been informed that the secret of examination work was to carefully read over the list of questions, and set to work at once on the one she could answer best, be it number one or six, but what was a poor girl to do when she was convinced that she could not answer one at all? No one had even imagined such a position, and yet it was the one in which she found herself over and over again during those last miserable days. She was so unused to examination work that the frequently formal wording of the questions disguised their meaning, and made her imagine ignorance when in reality she could have answered correctly enough, and, oh, what misery to look around the room and see every other girl scribbling for her life, and looking as if the only difficulty was lack of time to write all she knew!

Pixie's mode of proceeding was to print an elaborate heading to her paper, and while away a quarter of an hour in adding ornamental flourishes to the double lines, and in elaborately darkening the downstrokes of her capitals. Then she would scribble on her blotting paper, dropping intentional blots upon a clean page, and weaving them into a connected picture with no little skill and ingenuity. At this point a sharp reminder from teacher or scholar would bring her back to another melancholy perusal of the paper, and she would read and read the questions in the melancholy hope of finding them grown more easy for the time of waiting. Sometimes a query was put in so straightforward a form that it was possible to answer it in a single word, and then with glee Pixie would print "Question two" in ornamental characters, and write "Yes!" underneath it with a glow of exhilaration. At other times, as in the grammar paper, a question would make no calls on the memory, but would, so to speak, supply its own material, when she attacked it with more haste than discretion in her delight at finding something she could really accomplish. To give an example—Miss Bruce, the English teacher, quoted the sentence "How sharper than a serpent's tooth is an ungrateful child?" and asked to have it paraphrased so as to show the two predicates which made it into a complex sentence. Pixie licked her lips over this opportunity, and squeak, squeak, squeak, went her pen along the paper, making the other girls look up and raise their eyebrows at one another in surprised comment. Writing at last, and so eagerly too! Pixie must surely have an inspiration at last, and so she had, for the big straggly writing set forth an extraordinary sentence: "How sharper it is to have an ungrateful child, than it is to have a serpent's tooth." "Humph!" mused Pixie, gnawing her pen, "there's a queer sound to it too. If I didn't know for sure it was right, I'd be just as certain it was wrong!" and so the paraphrase remained to astonish the eyes of Miss Bruce, and give her a hearty laugh in the midst of the dreary work of reading examination papers that evening.

"Well, who comes out first in the exams. it is impossible to say, but there is no doubt who will be last! I don't think Pixie O'Shaughnessy will get more than a dozen marks for a single paper she has written," was the remark of a certain Evelyn, one of the leaders of the anti-Pixie faction on the day before the breaking-up party. "We used to think her clever, but it was only a bubble, which has collapsed utterly the last few weeks. A guilty conscience, that's my explanation. I call her a hardened little wretch, for she doesn't seem to mind a bit not being allowed to come down to-morrow. You would have thought that she would have been perfectly miserable, but instead of that she really seems in better spirits than before."

"She does, and she likes to hear about the party, too. Just watch her when we are talking about it, and she is all eyes and ears. We saw some of the refreshments coming in to-day, and she positively beamed! I said, 'Those are for supper to-morrow!' and she said, 'Are they as nice as usual? Do you think it will be as grand as last year? Will you have every single thing just the same as if Miss Phipps hadn't been angry?' I said that if Miss Phipps did a thing at all, she would do it properly, and that I was quite sure it would be quite as 'grand,' and she chuckled with delight just as if she were going herself. I can't make her out."

"Perhaps she thinks that Miss Phipps will relax at the last moment, but if she does, she is very much mistaken. There will be no pardon for her until she speaks the truth. As I said before, I believe she is just a hardened little wretch who doesn't care what happens to her, and that is why she doesn't show any sign of feeling."

"She has looked miserable enough until now. Why not give her the benefit of the doubt, and believe that whether she is guilty or not, she is generous enough to be glad that the whole school is not to be punished?" asked Margaret gently. "Whatever Pixie is, she is too impulsive and warm-hearted to be called 'hardened,' and I think some of you girls make a great mistake in treating her as you do. You will never do any good by bullying, for she is so terrified of anything like unkindness that it makes it still more difficult to speak. You would have more influence if you were kinder to her."

"Oh, Margaret, you are so absurdly good-natured! It's always the same cry with you. You would forgive everybody if you had your way!" cried Evelyn impatiently, and promptly flounced across the room, leaving Margaret and Lottie alone by the fire. They looked at each other in silence, and then Margaret summoned up courage to make an appeal which she had been meditating for some days past.

"They won't listen to me, Lottie, but they would if you asked them. It is really cruel to be always gibing and jeering as they are, and the older girls ought to set a better example. You are fond of Pixie, too, and want to do the best for her. Can't you persuade your friends to treat her better for the rest of the term?"

Lottie shrugged her shoulders impatiently, and frowned in worried, discontented fashion.

"It is only three days longer. What is the use of making a fuss? It is idiotic of Pixie not to tell what she was doing in Mademoiselle's room, and I can't go about lecturing the whole school because she chooses to be obstinate! I am going to invite her to stay with me in the holidays, and will give her a good time to make up for all this. What's the good of worrying? The girls will be too busy packing and preparing for the party to think of her any more now."

This was true enough, so true that Margaret could say no more, though she could not suppress the reflection that Lottie might have given the clue weeks before if she had been so disposed. "But, as she says, the worst is over. Nothing much can happen in three days," she told herself consolingly, wherein she was mistaken, for something very exciting indeed was fated to happen before half that time had elapsed!

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

HOPE (the Sixth).—This is such a favourite *nom de plume* that it has become perplexing, and I have had to substitute several other words already. Now I call you "Sixth," but if you write again, please choose some different pseudonym. I think you were quite right not to consent to the proposition of your kinswoman, and that she was wrong in asking you to sacrifice those you loved best to her selfish request. I am very glad you refused, and that you are so happy in your present sphere of usefulness. In regard to the other matter which lies so near your heart, I can only advise you to wait patiently and prayerfully; submissively also, even if the result should disappoint you. Where our feelings and affections are strongly engaged, we are apt to attach too great importance to little things. We interpret mere impressions as if they were facts, and, in considering their meaning, allow the wish to be father to the thought. I earnestly advise you, as I would a daughter of my own, to go on quietly doing your present important work, thinking as little as possible of the individual named, and leaving your future in God's hands. He will show you what is best for you in His good time. Do not think me wanting in sympathy, my dear girl. I fully enter into your feelings.

IRIS (Simla).—I have not heard from NORA lately, but if this meets her eye, I am sure she must feel deeply the interest taken in her, and the many prayers offered for her by you and members of our Circle all over the world. You write, "I long to tell her how good, loving, and infinitely kind God is." I know it because He has so often spoken to and led me, loved me and drawn me to Him ever since I determined to live for Him. I have often failed miserably, but how patient and loving He is. If you, dear mother-friend, share in your girls' troubles, we should share our joys with you. God has given me a happy Christian home, and many influences to lead me to Him, and I am learning more and more, if I am a slow learner. We must not despair for NORA." Your words are sweet and cheering, dear IRIS, and of late I have joyfully acknowledged so many hopeful messages from my girls, and tidings of their steady and happy spiritual growth.

KITTY.—I was sure that the beautiful letter of A DAUGHTER-IN-LOVE would appeal to many hearts. I trust the dear writer will forgive me for quoting so largely from it, since her words are being blessed to others. She will find a reward in the thought that God has enabled her—shy and diffident as she feels about speaking to those nearest at hand—to reach many hearts through her precious letter. I can well believe that many of my girls have prayed that God will bless this dear DAUGHTER-IN-LOVE, and make her life more and more eloquent as a lesson to all around her. I echo your wish that "our Father may fill the hearts of all our Circle members to overflowing with the kind of love that Jesus manifested to those around Him." I have arranged a correspondent for you.

LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY II.—You have given me a delightful picture of your busy and useful life. For a girl of fourteen you do so much, and evidently you do "with your might" whatever head and hands find to do. I understand the secret of your activity and earnestness, for you write that you have given yourself to Christ and are trying hard to follow in His steps. Still conscious of weakness, you thank God that you are daily gaining strength. The thought of the motherless and invalided girls fills you with sympathy for them and deep thankfulness for your own countless mercies. I gladly welcome you as one of my girls, and I pass on your sweet message which I know all members will reciprocate as I do. "I do so love our Circle, and I pray God to bless you and every member, especially those that are still in doubt and do not know the joy of simple faith." I shall be glad to hear from you again, and to hear further particulars of your work and progress.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MONTREAL.—You say you find it impossible to procure THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER in monthly parts in Montreal—but have you tried Renouf, 2238 St. Catherine Street? They tell us that they sell it in large numbers, and have done so for fifteen years!

AMACTUN.—Robinson's *English Flower Garden* is the best book on the subject. Or perhaps Beeton's *New Shilling Gardening Book*, which is a popular exposition of the art and science of gardening, would be enough for you.

ALBION.—You would get the fullest information about Government annuities by writing to the General Post Office. At fifty you would get £6 0s. 6d. per annum from Government securities at the Post Office on £100. You might also write to one of the large Assurance Companies. The Norwich Union gives £6 3s. 10d. I think the highest is the Sun and Life of Canada, which gives £6 13s. at fifty for every £100. You will see a long list of them in *Whitaker's Almanack*.

AN OFFICE GIRL.—The Post Office Savings Bank examinations are held in London. You could get all particulars by writing to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, S.W. The qualifications necessary to obtain the situation of woman-clerk in the Civil Service are a good knowledge of English history and composition, geography, arithmetic, and French. You must be able to write carefully and legibly. There was an article on "Women Clerkships in the Civil Service" in the November Part, 1900, of the "G. O. P."

RED TAPE.—A will is quite legal if written on any ordinary piece of paper, and the help of a lawyer is not essential, although it is often advisable. It is very necessary to express what is meant in language of the utmost clearness. If in writing the will a mistake is made, it is better to re-write the whole. The will should be written in ink. The will must be signed by the testator (the person who makes the will) in the presence of two witnesses. A will is revoked by a subsequent will.

FRANCES.—February 10th, 1865, fell on a Friday. I think your handwriting is fairly good. It is very legible, which is a great point.

CATHERINE MERMIT.—I think you will find this a good recipe for pot-pourri. Get some fresh-gathered roses (they must not have been standing in water) and pull off their petals. Place them on a tray, and stand them in a cool dry room—not in the sun. Turn the leaves about every day. When they are dry and crisp, add to them lavender, sweet-scented geranium, and lemon-verbena, all of which must be thoroughly dry. When they have been drying for about a fortnight, pepper the petals with powdered orris-root, cloves, cinnamon, and bay-salt. Then add oil of cloves and oil of lavender, about twenty-five drops of each, and about seventeen drops of oil of cinnamon and six drops of oil of musk. Mix them all well together, and place in a jar with a cover.

C. K. H.—This is a good recipe for icing a cake. *Ingredients*—Half a pound of confectioner's icing sugar, the whites of two eggs, and a little lemon-juice. If confectioner's sugar cannot be obtained, take the same weight of finest loaf sugar, pound and sift it finely. Add to it, very gradually, the whites of eggs well beaten, and work it to a stiff froth, then mix in the lemon-juice; beat again until very light, white and smooth. Now put the cake, already baked and hot, in front of the fire, put the icing on with a spoon, or flat wide wooden paper-knife. Smooth and let it set gradually. Here is another recipe. *Ingredients*—Whites of three eggs, a quarter of a pound of icing sugar, lemon, or vanilla, or orange-flower flavouring. Grind and sift the sugar, and add to it the well-beaten whites of eggs and the flavouring. Beat until it is firm and stiff, then proceed as in the preceding recipe.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XXIII.—NO. 1147.] DECEMBER 21, 1901. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

BY MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.



All rights reserved.] "AND THREW UP HER HANDS WITH A CRY OF DISMAY."

CHAPTER XII.



THE next afternoon all was bustle and confusion in Holly House, servants setting the tables in the dining-room, and clearing the large class-room, in preparation for the party, and governesses and pupils dressing themselves with as much care as though they expected to meet a hundred strangers instead of the every-day school set, without a single addition. Dresses which had not seen the light since the half-term holiday were brought forth once more, with such additions in the shape of sashes, flowers, and gloves as befitted the greater importance of the occasion, and in her own bedroom Pixie O'Shaughnessy was whisking to and fro, attending to the wants of three exacting mistresses, who all seemed to require her at one and the same moment.

"Hi, Pixie, come here! This place is getting knee-deep in clothes. For pity's sake put them away. I can't stir an inch."

"Now then, Pixie. I'm waiting for this hair-dressing. You make it look like an artificial plait, or there'll be trouble in this camp."

"Oh—h, botheration. The more hurry the less speed. Now I've broken this tape. Has anyone got a bodkin? No, of course not! There never is a bodkin when I want one. You'll have to manage with a hair-pin, Pixie, and be sharp about it. I shall be late for tea at this rate!" So on, and so on, and at each summons in rushed an eager little worker, so deft, so willing, so incredibly quick in her movements, that her mistresses were overcome with admiration.

"Your hands do you more credit than your brains, young woman!" pronounced Kate judicially. "You will never be a mistress of a High School; but you are a born lady's-maid, and you can come to me for a reference when you need it."

"That's what Esmeralda says. I am going to be her maid when she marries the Duke. He comes down to hunt near Bally William, but he really lives in England, in the most beautiful palace, with peacocks on the lawn. Esmeralda's going to have the drawing-room papered in yellow to suit her complexion, and to set the fashion of having little sisters to wait upon you like pages in old story-books," returned Pixie, with her mouth full of hairpins, and there was a rustle of excitement in the cubicles.

"Esmeralda engaged! You never told us! To a Duke. Which Duke? How lovely for her. When are they going to be married?"

"Now indeed I can't tell you!" returned Pixie regretfully. She was proudly conscious of having made a sensation, and it did seem hard to be obliged to dispell it, as soon as it was made! "There's nothing settled, for, to tell you the truth, he has never so much as seen her yet, but she was visiting old Biddy Gallagher when he drove past to the meet, and at lunch says she, 'He's the elegant creature, that Duke! I'm thinking of marrying him myself!' and took Bridgie's advice on the trousseau that very afternoon. She says she won't be engaged until she is twenty-one, and that it's a pity to unsettle him about it yet awhile, as there's over two years to wait. He wouldn't want to wait if he saw her, for she's more beautiful than anyone you ever saw out of a picture, though it's himself I pity when the tantrums is on her. We often talk about it, and plan how we will spend his money, and if you want to put her in a good temper you've nothing to do but call her 'Your Grace!'"

"I never heard anything so silly!" cried Ethel scornfully. Kate gave a mild "He, he!" as she watched the process of hair-dressing in the mirror, and reflected pensively that spectacles seemed strangely out of keeping with evening dress. There was no doubt about it, she was astonishingly plain, and, oh, how nice it must be to be beautiful like Esmeralda—so beautiful that even your own brothers and sisters admired you! It was a natural longing, for every girl wishes to be attractive to the others, and feels a pang if obliged to realise that the tribute of admiration can never be hers, but Kate was too sensible to grieve long over impossibilities. "I shall have to be extra amiable to make up for it, that's all," she told herself philosophically, as she lifted the hand-glass, and wriggled about before the glass to view the effect of the new coiffure. It was most elaborate and hairdresser-windowish in effect, and if it were not becoming, that was perhaps more her own misfortune than the fault of the operator, who had bestowed such pains upon the erection! So she declared truthfully enough that she had never felt so fine in her life, and threatened to sit at the piano the whole of the evening, so that all beholders might have an opportunity of admiring her "back hair." Her toilet was now finished, but Ethel's bows were waiting to be tied and smoothed out, and Flora had to be laced into her dress, and to be consoled when again visited with the dread of finishing her career as the fat woman in a show. Finally the first bell for tea was heard pealing downstairs, and away ran the three girls, leaving poor Cinderella to tidy the cubicles, and almost forgetting to thank her for her services, for in truth they had been so cheerfully rendered as to appear a favour given, rather than received.

Left to herself Pixie stole into the corridor and flattened herself into a doorway to watch the gay figures descending the staircase. The tidying away could wait for a few moments, but it was not often that one had the opportunity of watching so festive a scene. Doors opened on every side, and out they came, one girl after another, so smart and fine that one could hardly recognise them for the blue-serged damsels of ordinary school life. Down the stairs they tripped, with rustlings of silk, and crinklings of muslin, dainty white shoes, looking daintier than ever against the well-worn carpet. Such a crowd of girls, and each one looking brighter and happier than the one before. Lottie, in her white satin, followed by a troup of admiring satellites, Margaret, in blue, with her brown hair coiled round her head in a shining chestnut coronet, one after another, until at last there was no one left, and silence reigned in the corridor, broken only by a little sniff and sigh from the shadow of a doorway. "And one little p-ig stayed at h-ome," sighed Pixie, trying hard to laugh, and assiduously licking the tears from her cheeks, as she hung school skirts in a wardrobe, and folded every-day garments on bedroom chairs, in readiness for use on the following day. "Now they are all sitting down and beginning to eat. There'll be nothing but jam and

cakes, and elegant bread-and-butter—so thin you might eat a plateful, and starve upon it! I wonder what they'll be sending me upstairs. I couldn't look at a bit of plain food, but plum cake would be medicine to me. Me digestion was always delicate. Bridgie said so. 'The child needs tempting!' I've heard her say, over and over again, when the milk pudding came in at the door, and my appetite went out. I must go to the schoolroom now, I suppose, for Miss Phipps said I must be in my bed by seven. Ellen has the soft heart. I wouldn't wonder if she brought me something nice to cheer me spirits."

Buoyed up by this hope, she ran off to the class-room, and there was Ellen herself at the door, looking at her with such kind, sorry-looking eyes, as if there was nothing she would like better than to carry her bodily downstairs.

"Your tea is ready, Miss Pixie. Miss Emily's orders were that I was not to bring you any cake, but I have brought something else that you will like better."

What could that be? Pixie rushed to the table, and oh, joy of joys, there lay a big fat letter with the Bally William postmark in the corner, and Bridgie's dear, well-known writing straggling over its surface. No one in the world wrote such sweet letters as Bridgie, and how dear of her to time this one to arrive at the moment of all others when it was most desired! Pixie gloated over it with sparkling eyes, kissed it, hugged it, poked at it with her fingers to discover exactly how many sheets it might contain, and finally devoured it and the bread and butter together in one long beam of delight.

"Littlest and dearest, do you want to see us all, and know what we are doing? It is eight o'clock, dear, and we have had three dinners in succession, each lordly male waiting until the other had finished his meal before he could resign himself to come indoors, and at the third coming Molly sent for me to the kitchen to give warning for this day month, which same I took smiling, for it's never a bribe she would take to leave Knock Castle while O'Shaughnessy was left within its walls. It's Pat that's sitting at the table now, eating apples and cracking nuts as languid as if the day was his own, and Esmeralda frowning thunder at him because he wants the table to draw a sketch for the newest picture, which is to make all our fortunes yet. The Major is reading the newspaper, and groaning aloud at every comma because the Government has no senses at all, and the only man who could put them straight is tied by the heel by half-a-dozen children. The dogs are sitting in a circle round Pat, watching every bite with such big, longing eyes, and myself writing on my knee by the fire with the ink on the fender, looking threatening at the rug! Says Esmeralda, 'Five days more, and we shall see her again,' meaning yourself, to whom I write. 'Will she be grown, I'm wondering! She's too small altogether, and yet we don't want our Pixie changed. And the mimic she is! Wait till we hear the fine English talk of her, and have her correcting us all, on account of our brogue!' Then Pat must up and say there was no room for him and an English accent in the Castle at the same time, and the Major rebuked him, and asked was it for pleasure he paid as much for schooling as could be spent sensibly on as fine a hunter as a man could wish, and besought us all to put ourselves at your feet, and learn what you could teach us. Then Esmeralda sighed and clasped her hands, and says she, 'It's tired to death I am of me own family, and longing to meet somebody who has seen more of the world than Bally William. Couldn't we tell the Pixie to bring home one of her friends with her to divert us during the Christmas holidays?' and at that we all called out together, for it's dull we have been without you, little one, and looking forward to a frolic on Christmas. Last year we were all too sad thinking of the dear mother, but this year she will want to see us happy. I am sure she sees us, and often and often when I sit alone sewing as she used to do, I think about her, and feel she is near still, and it's only because my eyes are dim that I can't see her. Well then, dearie, think over your friends, and decide which it shall be! There's room at Castle Knock for anyone who has been kind to its baby, and it won't be our fault if she hasn't a happy memory of old Ireland."

The letter went on for another sheet, but Pixie's mind was so full of this new idea that she was hardly able to take in the words on which her eye rested. To take home a friend to Bally William! To give an invitation on her own account, and be able to show the glories of the dear old castle! This was indeed a dazzling prospect, and the problem of deciding which friend it should be kept her occupied even when tea was over, and she was undergoing the humiliation of putting herself to bed in the chilly little cubicle. Should it be Margaret? No; for Margaret, with all her sweetness, had little sense of humour, and though Pixie could not reason out the matter for herself, she yet realised instinctively that she would be uncomfortable and out of place in the haphazard atmosphere of the Irish household. Should it be Kate? No, that would not do either, for at first sight Kate was not prepossessing, and the Major and the boys would certainly take a dislike to her straightway. Should it be Flora—dear, fat, good-tempered Flora? But what fun Esmeralda would make of her, to be sure, and how helpless she would be when attacked by the boys' badinage! Pixie grew quite tired and sleepy puzzling out the question, her eyelids drooped down and down until the lashes rested upon her cheeks, and her thoughts passed unconsciously into dreams.

Meantime, in the large class-room downstairs the other thirty pupils were enjoying themselves with a zest all the greater for the dulness of the weeks which had gone before. The floor had been sponged with milk until it was quite smooth and slippery, a table supplied with such refreshments as lemonade, ginger-beer and sweet biscuits was placed outside the door, and the violin pupils took it in turns to accompany the piano, so that nothing was lacking to enhance the grandeur of the occasion. Pretty little programmes were distributed around the room; blue for the ladies, pink for the "gentlemen," and the former sat meekly waiting their fate while the former lounged round pencil in hand, and drawled, "May I have the pleasure?" in the fashionable approved style. After each dance, too, the couples marched round and round the room, conversing together as if they were at "a real party," and sternly tabooing the affairs of ordinary school-life. "Are you thinking of going abroad this season?" inquired Ethel grandiloquently of Violet, aged nine-and-a-half, and Violet fluttered her fan, and said, "Ya-as, oh, ya-as. I always go to the Isle of Man every summer." Then the gentlemen deposited their partners on chairs, and inquired, "May I bring you a little refreshment?" until the last drop of lemonade was drained, and only crumbs remained in the cake-baskets. They were all flushed and panting with the vigour with which they had joined in the dance, and at last Miss Phipps thought it wise to call a halt.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, you must really sit down for ten minutes!" she cried laughingly. "If you

get so overheated, you will be catching chills next, and I am sure you don't want to be invalided just before the holidays. Come and take your places round the room, and we will ask Lottie to dance her pretty scarf-dance for us, as she looks the only cool member of the party. There's your scarf, dear, in that drawer, and Miss Bruce will play for you. You dance so nicely that it is a pleasure to see it."

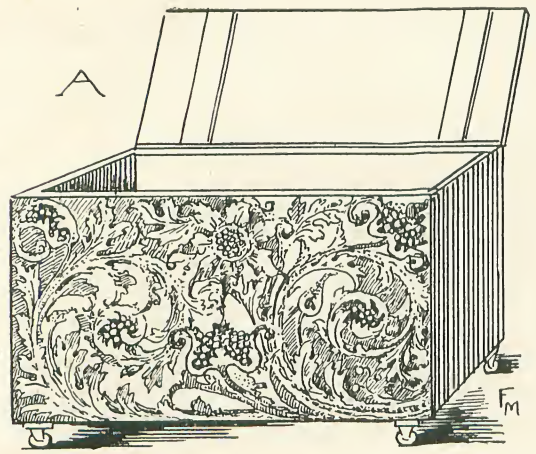
Lottie blushed with pleasure at such words of praise, and took her place in the centre of the room with smiling alacrity, and the watchers whispered admiringly to each other as they looked at the dainty, satin-clad figure. Lottie was not really pretty, but she was always so charmingly dressed that she gave the effect of beauty, and to-night in her gala frock she certainly looked her best. She danced gracefully and modestly, waving her chiffon scarf in the air, and moving it to and fro in a manner which looked easy enough, but which was in reality extremely difficult, and required no little effort of strength, so that by the time the dance was finished she was as flushed as her friends, and her breath came in quick, short pants. Poof—how hot she felt, and how tired! It was a relief to give the scarf into Mademoiselle's outstretched hands, and be free to feel for a handkerchief with which to wipe the moisture from her brow. There was a little difficulty in finding her pocket, and the girls watched her fumbles with amused attention. It was a little pause in the evening's entertainment, and for want of something better to do all eyes were fixed upon the figure which stood so prominently in the middle of the room. "Try again!" they cried encouragingly, and Lottie made yet another dive downwards. This time she was successful, for her hand disappeared into her pocket, and presently jerked upwards, bringing with it a small lace handkerchief rolled up into a ball, as if it had lain forgotten since the last time that the dress was worn. She flicked it in the air, and at that something flew out and clattered on the floor near her feet. Mademoiselle stooped to pick it up, and threw up her hands with a cry of dismay. It was a piece of glass, about half-an-inch in size, and in one corner was clearly discernible the end of an engraved letter—the letter "T"!

(*To be continued.*)

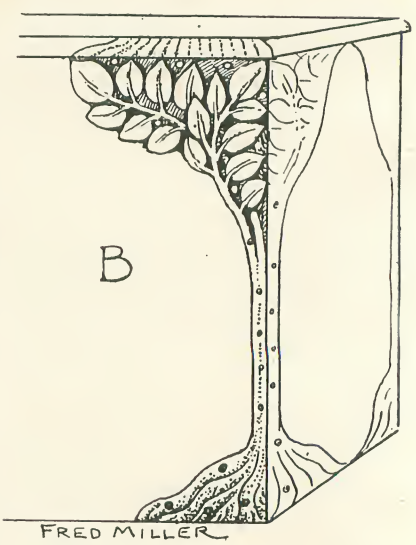
A DECORATED BOX-SEAT OR MUSIC COFFER.

ANY box that is in good condition and fairly stout, so as to ensure strength, can be made into a pretty and useful article, such as is sketched at A. As it is a gain to have it easily movable, for it would do for a children's seat or a foot-stool, castors, to be purchased at an ironmonger's, should be screwed on to the bottom. If the box is somewhat rough, then it might be covered with Japanese gilt leather paper. Strong glue-paste, *i.e.*, paste to which a little melted glue has been added, should be used, and it must be put on freely, so that the paper is quite moist when it is laid on to the wood to ensure it adhering.

If the wood is in good condition, it could be decorated

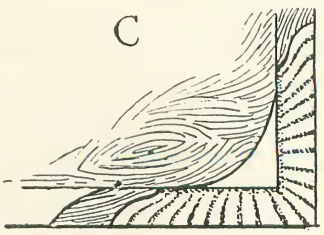


with gesso (see No. 1142 of the "G. O. P."). In sketch A will be seen an all over design, and in D a portion of the pattern enlarged, so that my readers can see the class of design used. This rich foliated ornament lends itself well to being wrought in gesso as the pattern is greatly helped by being in relief. Thus in the flower we can raise some parts—the edge of the petals, the portions that turn back connecting each petal, and the stamens in the centre—by going over them a second time, or allowing the gesso to flow or thicker here, while we leave other parts almost flat by only putting on a thin coating of the



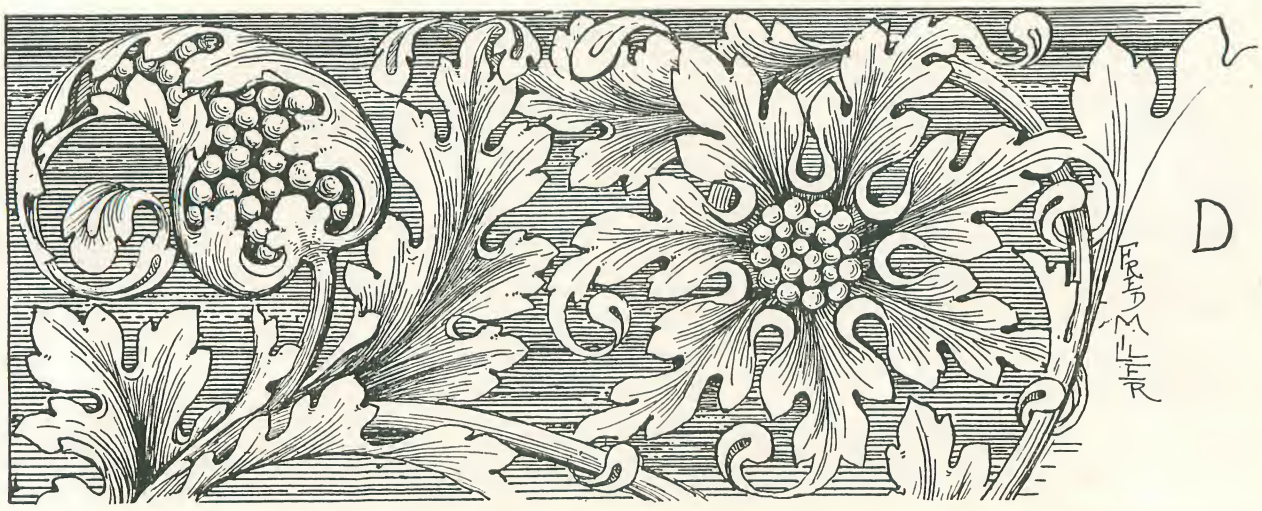
Before putting on the gesso, have the design transferred to the wood, so that you work away without hindrance or hesitation, for it is important that the gesso be allowed to flow on freely while it is hot. You can manipulate it with the brush when it is on the wood before it begins to set, but when this happens nothing can be done except tooling it up with steel scrapers after the gesso is hard. When the first coat is hard, you can go over some portions a second time, but try to get as much of the effect as possible with the first application of the gesso, for accidental effects are thus obtained which are often far more pleasing than where everything is done with careful deliberation.

In colouring the gesso use transparent oil colours as much as possible, such as raw sienna, burnt sienna, Prussian blue, gamboge, madder, etc., mixed with copal varnish. A friend who has had much experience in gesso told me that he found putting the colour on and then partially rubbing it off yielded very happy results, as the colour rested in the hollows and was wiped off in the raised parts. The wood itself could be stained some dark colour, or you could use a mixture of burnt sienna and Prussian blue mixed with copal. This only applies to deal or rough



wood. For decorating oak or any good wood, it would be a sin to paint it.

The coloring of gesso should be done in some such a way as I have hinted at, that is, by partially rubbing off the colour, so that the gesso itself does much of the work. It is no use using gesso if the value and character such a material gives one's design is lost in the colouring. Those who care to could try putting on a little gold leaf in places.



The gesso should be touched where the gold is to come with gold size, sold by gilders and frame-makers, some time beforehand, for the size must be nearly dry before the gold leaf is applied. The gold leaf, which is to be purchased in books, is taken up with a "tip" or flat brush, and just put on the portions sized. Gilders pass the tip over their hair, which is kept oiled, before taking up the gold leaf. A little practice would soon enable an amateur to gild gesso, as it does not greatly matter how much goes on. Gilding a flat surface is a much more difficult operation, for the gold leaf is apt to blow away or curl up when taken from the book. The sheets of gold leaf require cutting up into strips. Gilders turn out the gold leaf on to a pad of leather, and cut the sheets of gold up with a long narrow knife sold for the purpose. A wall of cardboard should be around three sides of the pad, as this prevents the gold from being blown away.

For the sake of those who prefer working in metal I have shown how beaten copper mounts can be fixed on the box. The lid could have simple ornamental corners as shown at C.

By the way, the design B could be carried out in gesso with a little adaptation.

When the colour applied to the gesso is quite hard, the whole can be varnished with some good hard drying varnish.

FRED MILLER.

VARIETIES.

RIVAL MUSICIANS.

The powers of the great Handel as an organist and harpsichord player were only second to his strength as a composer. The mastery which he displayed over the largest instruments, the command of the pedals, his splendid execution, left him for many years of his life unrivalled.

Even at the age of twenty-one he found but one man in Italy worthy to be called his rival. This was Scarlatti; and when "the dear Saxon," as the Venetians named Handel, visited their city, much excitement was caused by the friendly competition between the two players. In the end the Venetians awarded to Scarlatti the palm for playing the harpsichord, but decided that Handel was far his superior in organ-playing.

This rivalry, happily, was thoroughly amicable; indeed, on the part of Scarlatti it resulted in a genuine feeling of regard and admiration, and he never spoke of Handel but with the greatest respect.

DON'T PUT IT OFF.

"Friends, in this world of hurry
And work and sudden end,
If a thought comes quick of doin'
A kindness to a friend,

Do it that very minute. Don't put it off! Don't wait! What's the use of doing a kindness, if you do it a day too late?"

THE PARTRIDGE IN THE TEA-KETTLE.

A party were out shooting in the autumn of last year. A retriever was sent after a winged partridge, which had run into a ditch. The dog followed it some way down the ditch, and presently came out with an old rusty tea-kettle held in its mouth by the handle. The kettle was taken from the dog amid much laughter. Then it was found that inside the kettle was the partridge.

The explanation was that the bird, when wounded, ran into the ditch, which was narrow. In the ditch was the old kettle with no lid on. Into this the bird crept, and, as the dog could not get the bird out, it very properly and sensibly brought out the kettle with the bird in it.

MARRIED IN HASTE.—An American engine-driver, who could not get leave of absence for his marriage, arranged with his bride to be in waiting with a minister at a junction where the train had to stop for four minutes. The two were there ready, and the engineer jumped off, had the knot tied, jumped on again, and resumed his journey.

A DANGEROUS TIME.—"The most dangerous interval of human life," says Rousseau, "is that from birth to the age of twelve years. It is the time when errors and vices germinate."

FIGURES OF SPEECH.—An eminent politician, in a vigorous oration against the Government policy, is reported to have said that "they keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs till they pump it dry."

GRANNIE'S TABLE.

By E. A. BENNETT, Author of "Aunt Jane's Turkeys," "The Result of a Song," etc.



CHAPTER III.

WHEN grannie opened her eyes the next morning, it was to see Peggy bustling about getting breakfast, while an appetising smell of bacon pervaded the room.

"The gent's been in here," she burst out as soon as she saw that grannie was awake, "and he said I is a capital cook, and he took a bit o' bacon to eat hisself, and he said as he's a bit stronger this morning, and won't you get up now and let's have breakfast?"

"Ay, to be sure, child, and I am thankful as Ronny's a bit better."

But before she began her meal, she crept into the other room to look at the "poor lad," and though the doctor spoke cheerfully, she saw by his grave face that he was very anxious. All through the day they watched together, but Ronny took no notice of anything, only once opening his eyes, and then the doctor stepped back hastily and let grannie feed him. But towards evening, after a long, quiet sleep, he woke up, evidently more himself. The doctor put his finger to his lip and stood back out of sight.

"Why, grannie," he said faintly, "what have you been doing to make me so warm? Where did this rug come from? And I believe you've got a fire," turning his head slowly round, "how did you—— *Father!*"

"My dear boy!"

Grannie saw the doctor throw himself on his knees by the bed, and heard him murmur soothing words of affection, and then she crept softly away and left the father and son together. And in her own room she shed tears of joy and thankfulness, for she knew that she had helped to bring about once more the ending of the old, old story, "and is found."

It was not very long before Ronny's father came to fetch her back to the other room.

"He has been telling me all your goodness to him, and I never can thank you enough," he said earnestly, "and what his mother will say your own heart will tell you. She has been very ill and cannot move, or she would have been here by this time, but I hope my boy will soon get stronger now, and able to go to her."

Ronny was certainly better, but his father felt that he was not likely to gain strength quickly under such unfavourable conditions, and was anxious to move him as soon as possible. Every kind of nourishing food was procured for him, and grannie and Peggy lived in luxury. In a few days he began to take a little interest in things round him, and one evening took grannie aback by the inquiry—

"Grannie, where's your table?"

"Table?" returned grannie, looking round rather vaguely. "Well, it isn't here."

"So I see!" Ronny said, laughing. "But where is it?"

Grannie made no answer, but pretended to be desperately busy poking up the fire.

"What table is it?" asked his father. "We're not over-well supplied with them here."

"But this is a beauty," Ronny went on, a suspicion of the truth beginning to dawn on his mind. "An old oak octagon. You couldn't help noticing it. Grannie, come here. I will know what you have done with the table."

"Oh, well, Ronny lad, you see it had to go! It wasn't much use it being there and us having nothing to eat, and so I just got rid of it, and that's all about it."

"Oh, grannie, grannie!" said Ronny brokenly, as he took one hand and pulled her towards him. "Father, it was the thing she valued most in the world, and she said she would never part with it as long as she lived, and if it had not been for me——" Ronny could get no further.

"Well, I'll not deny I said it!" returned grannie briskly, "and I was rather sorry to part with it; but there, what's a bit of wood when it comes to a life, and I am happier seeing you getting better than if I'd a dozen tables, that I am; so don't you be making a fuss over it like a silly lad!"

Grannie saw to her surprise that Ronny's father had covered his face with his hands, and that Ronny was quite unable to speak.

"Now you'll go and get yourself worse again," she went on reproachfully, "a-worrying yourself about a bit of a table, and making your poor father anxious like that. I'll not hear another word said about it; so there. I'm just going to get supper, and the way Peggy and me is eating, you would never believe it!"

"Give me a kiss, grannie, before you go."

Grannie stooped and kissed him, and then bustled off to her own room, somehow feeling that when the time came she should miss "the lad" much more than the table. But, all the same, when Ronny gave her half-a-sovereign, telling her to go and get a nice little table as a present from him, she hurried off to the shop to see if by any chance her beloved table was still unsold. She knew it was unlikely, but it was a great disappointment to find it was indeed gone. One of the big furniture shop men had passed and seen it, the man told her, and he grumbled that he had got so little for it, although it was about four times as much as he had given her. So grannie, who had made up her mind not to be miserable over it, chose a pretty little table and took it to show Ronny.

"And I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you," she said. "You see I shall have this to look at when you're gone to mind me of you."

Ronny and his father exchanged glances.

"Grannie," said Ronny, "I don't want you to have a chance of forgetting me, and I think the best plan will be for you to come and live near us. Shouldn't you like to leave this miserable place and come and live in a nice little cottage in the country?"

Grannie sat down abruptly and stared at him.

"Why, bless the lad, of course I would! but whatever 'ud I do to get a bit of a living? It's fine in the country, I know; but when folks can pick flowers for themselves, they wouldn't buy them of me, I'm thinking."

"I don't want you to sell flowers, grannie. My father has got a pretty little cottage just fit for you and Peggy, and we want you to come and live in it."

Grannie gasped with astonishment and looked from Ronny to his father.

"We both wish it very much," he said, "and so does his mother. You know you saved our son's life, and nothing we can do can ever be enough to prove how grateful we are. If you will come, we will see that you want for nothing for the rest of your life, and Peggy shall live with you and go to school. I think you would like the village better than this wretched hole. Ronny will have to go away to the sea for a time and then he says he shall come and fetch you. Will you come?"

But the prospect was too much for grannie, and she threw her apron over her head and began to cry.

"Well, ain't I a silly old woman?" she said, at last, wiping her eyes and smiling through her tears. "Indeed, I am grateful for your kind thought; and as for Ronny, I only just did what I could, and it's very good of you, and it 'ud be grand for us, only I don't like to be a burden. Isn't there anything me and Peggy could do?"

She looked so anxious that Ronny said promptly—

"Yes, to be sure there is. You can open the gate for us."

"Open the gate!" exclaimed grannie, still more astonished. "What's wrong with the gate that you can't open it for yourself?"

"We might be driving," Ronny said, laughing, "and then it's such a bother getting down. But we'll see about that when you come; and in the meantime father will pay the rent of your room, if you can get on here a little longer and have Peggy with you."

"Well, I'll not deny as it'll be a great comfort to have the bit o' rent paid," said grannie, "and if I can get a few oranges——"

"Grannie, I told you I wouldn't have you selling anything," interrupted Ronny. "Father, are you going to give them a shilling a week to live on?"

"I think ten would be better, my boy," was the answer.

And after that grannie collapsed and said no more.

Great was the excitement in Black Jack Court when a comfortable carriage drew up at the entrance, and all the inhabitants within reach assembled to see "Jack" carried down and placed in it and driven off, waving his hand to grannie, who stood with Peggy and Hardy watching till it disappeared.

"To think of all that coming of your finding that letter," said Hardy, as they went back to number eight; "and after all the bad times, as you should be pervided for for life! And look 'ere," opening his hand, "I sha'n't have to worrit about rent for nigh on a twelvemonth, and a fine thing that'll be for me."

"And glad I be of it, Master Hardy," returned grannie, "and I'm sure I've got enough to be thanking the Lord for all my days, that I have."

The attic looked very empty when grannie got up to it, but she and Peggy had plenty to do. Those lovely blankets belonged to her now and had to be transferred with admiring awe to her bed. And then she had to get a new "rig out," as Ronny told her, for Peggy, and some things for herself, so as to be "tidy like" when the day came for this wonderful new start. So time did not hang heavy on her hands, though Ronny was longer getting well than she expected, and it was May before she got a letter from him telling her he was quite well at last, and that he was coming to fetch her next week.

The appointed morning found grannie ready, her new box packed, and her blankets made up in a neat bundle. The table had been carefully wrapped up by Master Hardy, though what was to become of it she did not know. Every thing was done except giving up the key, and she and Peggy, looking much less of a scarecrow in her neat frock, had been waiting some time before Ronny appeared.

"Here I am, grannie!" he exclaimed, giving her a hearty kiss. "How well you are looking, and Peggy is improved too, though she still looks thin. She will soon get fat and rosy in the country. Before we go I should just like to look into the other room. Is there anyone there?"

"No, it's empty," replied grannie.

Ronny went in, followed by grannie, but she said nothing as she saw him looking round, and knew what were his thoughts. At last he turned to her.

"Grannie," he said gravely, "I daresay you guessed that I did not deserve my father's goodness and love, or your kindness, any more than I deserved that God should have given back to me the life that I had spent so badly. But I trust I shall be a better man all my life for what happened here."

"Ay, my lad, please God you will," returned grannie gently.

"Now, I think we must be off," he said, closing the door. "I've got a carriage at the end of the alley, and here comes Hardy to carry your things."

So for the last time grannie went down the narrow, dirty staircase, and across the stuffy court, and found herself placed in a comfortable carriage with Peggy and her bundle opposite her, and her box and the table on the top. Then, with a "good-bye" to Hardy, who was to come and pay her a visit some day, Ronny said, they were off.

(*To be concluded.*)

SOME NEW MUSIC.

"'Tis Snowing" is the first song-title which meets our eyes as we turn them from a snow-covered landscape to our piano, laden with new music of all sorts and qualities for all kinds of tastes and purposes. R. H. Elkin and Bemberg are names to conjure with, when united as translator and composer, and this little songlet is just as true and sweet as we could well wish it to be in its faithful delineation of the feeling the snow-fall gives us, which has indeed something mournful about it and "akin to tears." In a nice warm drawing-room, quite safe from the cold, we descend from this "luxury of woe" to the practical, and find that our copy is for a mezzo, and it is all-pleasing, graceful, and easy (Enoch).

Sadness pervades some touching little verses by the Duchess of Sutherland, set to music by "Lilian Cromartie," which just suits them in its unaffected simplicity. The name of the song, "Parting," speaks for itself, and both keys are for a low voice (Cramer).

A propos of youthful days, many girls will enjoy singing "When I was a Child of Three," from Ivan Caryll's comic opera "The Lucky Star" (Chappell); and in an entirely different train of thought, "The Bridge of Love," with pretty music by Roeckel, and a serious argument dealing with the three ages of love will appeal to all. It is now published by Messrs. Gould.

G. H. Clutsam writes his plantation songs with such taste and just appreciation of the strong hold this kind of song has on the sympathies of the public, that the result is they are ever welcome. Amongst these "Joe an' Me" is an exceedingly sweet one, and we hum the refrain to ourselves long after the song is ended (Stanley Lucas).

Some light pianoforte music next claims our attention. No remarkable execution is required for a brilliant and easy "Impromptu Valse," by Walter Macfarren (Heller and Co.); a mazurka, "Graziella," by Carl Schmeidler, is all its title expresses (Ashdown), whilst an "Indian Dance" requires bold handling by not too small hands, when it becomes decidedly typical and striking. Frank Tipping is the composer (Ashdown). The following pianoforte sketches are all of interest—namely, "Im Hochland," by Olaf Petersen, a dainty melody in a minor vein (Joseph Williams); "The Spinning-Wheel," by E. Ouseley Gilbert, most characteristic and pretty (Chappell); and "Threshing," a rustic idyll by E. Ekless, which is another whirring kind of perpetual movement, quite facile and very pleasingly effective, played swiftly with nimble fingers (J. Williams). Two country scenes by Nicolai von Wilm are "In the Mill" (the wheel goes round in pleasant fashion in the left hand to a suave measure played by the right), and "The Old Castle," a more sombre and dignified picture. The clock sounds with due solemnity from the ancient belfry on page one, this being well worked up with an *allegro marziale* lasting its brief day and ending with some fine chords in successful imitation again of the chimes of the hour (Ashdown). The title of "Sparkling Diamonds" leads us to expect a certain amount of brightness in a slight but fluent little *morceau* by Leona Lacoste, and we are not disappointed in spite of its extreme facility (Morley). Now we are attracted by a neat red 1s. book of "Pretty Songs," illustrated and set to music by Leigh Kingsmill; and we see at once how he, with his coadjutor Alfred Phillips, both enter into and apprehend the joys and cares of child-life and all the fun and frolic. Elder sisters will be able to amuse the little ones through many tedious moments of wet days with this tiny volume (Phillips and Page); and another most excellent shillingsworth for the same purpose is "At the Zoo," by Edward Oxenford and Percy Jackman.

Mary Augusta Salmond.



FACING THE FUTURE.

HOW TO BE POOR.



HAT a queer title, I fancy I hear my readers say. "How to be poor." I should have thought that was easy enough. Do you? Well, then, just try the experiment. Knock off your little luxuries, give up a few of what you think necessaries, and let me know the result in a few weeks. No, my friends, it is not so easy to be poor—respectably poor. It is easy enough to be a tramp or a pauper; you have only to let everything go—respectability, self-respect, etc.—and there you are, but that is not being poor. One of the very hardest lessons a man or woman has to learn is how to be poor after having been rich—to have to economise in the little things which seem to be absolutely necessary. The bigger things, such as carriages, bouquets, men-servants, silk dresses, etc., are obviously unnecessary, and they are the first to go. But there are countless smaller things with which it is not easy to part: the summer holiday, which is supposed to be absolutely necessary for health, a pew at church, which made us appear so eminently respectable and differing from our poorer neighbours, the fresh-cut flowers, that made our tables look so pretty, the dainty lingerie and fresh ribbons and sashes, even the unconsidered postage stamps. All these have to be carefully adjusted to one's new position.

One of the most imperative and the most disagreeable curtailments must be retrenchment in the domestic department. No more ladies' maids, valets, parlour-maids or page-boys. At one fell swoop away they must go, and let me say (*par parenthèse*) that you will be amazed at the result. It is not only the wages, but the cost of board which makes it real economy to pay one good servant rather than three or four indifferent ones. But then, you must do many things yourself that you never did before. You must make your own beds, dust your own china, mend all your household linen as well as your personal apparel, and not mind opening your own hall-door when occasion requires. Moreover you must buy one dress where you bought three or four, one bonnet or hat of serviceable material, and alter the trimmings instead of buying new ones. Never allow yourself to buy rubbishy material because it is cheap (it is very dear in the end); and you must put out of your head once and for ever the idea that you can be in the latest fashion at any time. You need not necessarily be quite out of the fashion; a little common sense and taste will make it possible to pass muster even at garden and evening parties with old dresses; but then you must adapt and make the best of what you have got.

Cotton dresses must be banished, and blouses and skirts take their place, and every bit of dress and underclothes-making, and of course all millinery, must be done at home if possible.

The economy in men's clothes is not so easy. They must have the stereotyped black coat and tall hat and other clothing, none of which can be made at home; so, as usual, the self-denial presses most upon the women of the family. But the men can do something; they can travel third class instead of first or second class as formerly, they can smoke fewer pipes or cigars, and knock off their club subscriptions and help a little more in the household, and not mind little necessary economies. Much more they cannot do, but they should do that cheerfully.

You will soon find, if taken up in the right spirit, that the riches of a man or woman do not consist in the abundance of their possessions, and that the comfort of knowing that you owe no man anything but to love one another is a state of things worth striving after; that your fires are not less bright because you use cinders where formerly you used recklessly all live coal, that your dinner-tables are not less attractive because arranged with intelligence by yourself instead of your parlour-maid, and that your bonnet pleases your husband's or brother's eye none the less because you are your own milliner.

It is worth while to be "brought low" and made poor to learn this priceless lesson—a lesson that nothing but adversity can teach. And I am tempted to add that no one can really enjoy the good gifts of God who has not had to earn them, and above all, who has not learnt how to sympathise with the friend and neighbour who is poor in this world's goods yet rich above all telling in the good opinion and affection of their family and friends—a state of poverty which kings and princes may envy and millionaires may strive after.

"THE WHITE HOUSE CLASS."

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

PART III.

MISS BENSON was a wise woman. She did not wish to make the weekly classes at White House too severely scientific. So, on the third morning on which the young Mertons came up her spotless white steps, and into her pretty, comfortable kitchen, they found a variety of tempting ingredients laid out on the table in the window. There were currants and spices, and sultanas and sugar, and flour and baking-powder, and butter and jam. The fire too was alight, and nothing but one of the most interesting of processes to be gone through.

"I am going to have a tea-party to-night. I want a sponge cake, *voila tout!*" explained the old lady, with a sweep of her hands.

"But how are we to make it, please?" quoth the proud Lucilla humbly. "I haven't the faintest idea!"

"What ingredients do you suppose you will want?" queried Miss Benson.

"Flour, of course," answered all three.

"Butter as well," added Lucilla.

"Eggs," said Eva.

"Milk," supplemented Linda.

"Eggs certainly," assented Miss Benson. "And maybe a very little flour. But no milk and no butter. Sponge cake is one of the easiest of cakes to make. It is also one of the least expensive. On the other hand it takes the most time, and requires a good deal of elbow grease. Now, Lucilla, take two eggs, and their weight in flour. Put the latter in a basin, and, whilst you are breaking up six more eggs, Linda must sift the flour carefully. My last cook broke my sifting-wheel, Linda; but pass the flour carefully through that tiny wire-sieve and it will do as well. Now, Lucilla, break each egg separately. This is always necessary if eggs are bought in a shop. It is unnecessary if they are home-laid. As you see that the white of each is clear, you may add it to the ones already broken. There, that will do. Now, with a spoon, Lucilla, remove those little white specks and threads attached to so many yolks. If you forget to do this, the cake may taste strongly, and will be heavy too. Now whisk with that wire erection. It cost eightpence, and is better than any double fork. Nay,

child, but you have to whip for twenty minutes, and if you do it from the shoulder, you will never last out! Whisk with the wrist, as I show you—what a mercy I have the use of my hands, isn't it? Now, take a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, and add it to your eggs. Go on whisking all the time. I see that the mixture is more like milk than cream, so we must add the flour Linda has already prepared. If you were expert enough at whisking, this would not be necessary. Now squeeze half a lemon into the cream."

Poor Lucilla went on labouring at the beating, whilst Eva was directed to put a walnut of butter into a round cake-pan.

"Melt it, and then sift over some white sugar, turning the tin in all directions as you do so in order that it may be coated with the oleaginous compound. This little addition is the secret whereby confectioners manage to give their sponges the syrupy, frosty appearance so taking, and apparently unattainable by an ordinary amateur. The oven must be hot. Put a crumb of bread in it, Linda. Is it brown at once? Then the oven is hot enough. Now pour the cream into the pan, Lucilla, as quickly and deftly as possible. Cover its face with a sheet of tissue paper, and put at once into the oven. Don't attempt to look at it for ten minutes, girls. At the end of that time it will have risen as much as it will ever do, and the heat must be moderated in order to cook it thoroughly all through."

All three girls were intensely delighted at the result of this morning's work. Their cake emerged from the oven in first-rate condition. Though the cream had only half filled its tin when introduced to its fiery ordeal, it was a couple of inches above the top rim when finished. Loosening it with a knife from its surroundings, it slid out freely and satisfactorily without leaving any morsels of ragged sponge behind it. Then it was set on a sieve to cool.

"If we lay it on a flat surface like a plate," explained Miss Benson, "it would become moist and heavy with the condensation of steam. On a sieve it dries evenly and completely, and even its bottom layer will be as crisp as its crown."

So it was. And great was Mrs. Merton's satisfaction when she eat a bit of the first cake made by her daughters' hands.

Not to be prolix, I will say that this sponge mixture may be used in many different ways. It can be poured into patty-pans and made into spongelets. It can be spread out evenly on the tin top of an ordinary biscuit-box, then cut in two, sandwiched with jam, and so made into Swiss roll. It can, *par excellence*, be made into apricot shape. As this is a famous supper dish of Miss Benson's, I will tell you how she prepared it.

After making and baking a square sponge cake after the above plan, she caused the girls to scoop out its crumb as far as possible. This was done with the point of a knife. Then this hollow was filled with apricot mixture and covered with apricot glaze. To prepare the latter, she soaked a quarter of an ounce of sheet gelatine in about two tablespoonfuls of water. In order to do this, it was set over gentle heat in a small saucepan. As soon as it was melted, two tablespoonfuls of apricot jam was added to it. If too thick to run nicely when dropped from a spoon (and gelatine rather varies in strength), a little syrup from an open tin of apricots was added to it.

This glaze was then poured over the sponge-casing, which rested on a tin, through a fine wire-sieve. This enabled any glaze which ran down the sides to be pasted up again with the back of a spoon. That left over finally was taken up and poured into the centre of the casing.

Then two whites of egg were beaten up as stiffly as possible with a flat wire-netting spoon. Two and a half ounces of sugar were added to the froth and mixed up in it. This compound was next forced through a paper bag (the pattern for which I gave in a recent number of the "G.O.P.") on to the sponge. It was sprinkled with sugar.

"Never forget this sprinkling," directed Miss Benson, when she was teaching her class this particular recipe. "If you do, the meringue will entirely lose its crispness and character."

It was set in an oven for five or six minutes, taken out and let cool.

Then, lastly, the centre of the apricot *gâteau* was filled up with good tinned apricots.

"Would fresh fruit do as well, Miss Benson?" queried Lucinda, as she piled up the apricots. "Mother has a great prejudice against our eating any tinned things, and we would like our share of this delicious dish."

"To be sure," answered the old lady. "Any fresh fruit would do as well. Strawberries might be slightly mawkish, but raspberries would not be too sweet to use, or stewed apples. There, it is done now, girls; but it looks a little dry. So put away the syrup out of the tin, and I will tell cook to add a little to the cake before bringing it to the table. This must be done at the last moment, or it would soak into the sponge casing and make it sodden. But, for gracious, Linda, don't leave the juice in the tin! Pour it into a cup or bowl. No wonder your mother objects to your eating canned things, if that is the way you manage them. Never leave any contents of a tin in its former receptacle when once opened; that is what causes the few cases of poisoning we hear of. If it be fruit, an acid will be formed which is highly injurious. Why, even potted meat should never be left in the tins in which it is bought! It should be scraped out and put into a china pot. I have them of all sizes with tight-fitting covers. By using such, all danger of ptomaine poison is avoided."

As Mr. Ruskin's definition of cookery included a knowledge of fruits, Miss Benson told her class a little about the process of preserving fruits in a tin.

"I was for awhile in California," she said, and the girls set themselves to listen as to an interesting tale, "and saw several canneries at work. All prejudice on the matter was taken from my mind at seeing the way in which peaches and apricots were treated. Warm and luscious, they were brought from out of the hot sunshine into the cool depths of the store. They were always carefully covered with layers of their own glossy oval leaves. Then each downy, orange-brown skin was looked at, and if bruised in any way, that particular specimen was tossed aside into a large basket and sent away to feed the pigs; if whole and sound, the fruit was laid on a stone slab, and with one sweep of a sharp knife detached from its stone. Some of the kernels were bitter, others sweet; when this last was the case, the kernel was added to the quartered fruit and put into the tin with it. Syrup was then poured over all, and the air being expelled by artificial means, it was soldered down. Now, besides the care exercised in choosing only sound apricots, the tins were subjected to strict scrutiny before being used. It is almost impossible to say how quick and deft the packers were in discerning any flaw in them. Thousands of tins are passed through a store in the season, but quite as many are rejected as being unsuitable."

"Does the apricot tree flourish in all parts of the world, Miss Benson?" queried Linda.

"I do not know," replied the old lady frankly; "but it is not indigenous to England, though it flourishes so well on a south wall in our cold island. It was introduced only in the time of Henry VIII. The agent was his own gardener named Woolf, and this man brought it from Italy. The fruit was, however, well known to the Greeks and the Romans, so its antiquity is great."

"It is rather hard sometimes to tell an apricot from a peach," quoth Lucilla thoughtfully. "Do they belong to the same family, Miss Benson?"

"No," answered the old lady, who seemed to have such knowledge at her finger-ends; "the peach is of the genus almond, and of the natural order *Rosaceae*, whereas the apricot belongs to the plum family. Nectarines are a tender variety of the peach, with a smooth instead of a hairy skin, but apricots are quite distinct. I suppose you know that the tiny bottles of bitter-almond flavouring are distilled from peach stones and from the pulp of the bruised leaves. It is a deadly poison."

"Why do we so seldom come across canned plums?" queried Eva, whose special favourite was the above-mentioned stone fruit.

"There is no need to tin plums when we can procure them so easily in a dried form," answered Miss Benson. "Heavy pressure to extract moisture, and a thorough

drying in a southern sun, is enough to preserve this fruit to us. If prunes be properly cooked, they are almost equal to fresh plums, and their medicinal properties are too well known for me to enlarge on them."

"I suppose it is incorrect cooking that makes the stewed prunes, one is so often given, like nothing but hard skin and stone," went on Eva. "How do you cook them, Miss Benson?"

"Just gently stewing them," said the old lady. "But the secret is not so much to soak, as to plump them by pouring over them boiling water. The prunes, if treated in this way, ay, and dried figs too, will 'swell wisible,' like Mr. Guppy. Then they must be stewed in a prepared syrup until tender. Taken as a laxative, they are invaluable. But if given to very young children, the skins should be passed through a wire-sieve and reduced to pulp, or the results may be disastrous."

Here the kitchen clock struck a sonorous twelve, and the class had to adjourn.

(*To be continued.*)

SILENT STRINGS.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Lady Dye's Reparation," "A Cluster of Roses," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

AMICE'S ADVENTURES.

AMICE slept well, and came downstairs feeling braced, and ready for all the exciting experiences of the day.

The service at St. Mark's began at a quarter to eight. She had obtained all necessary information from Sis, who was always glad to talk about Claud and his work. It was a service for the poor, of course; all the people living near the church belonged to a very humble class, and at first the clergy had met with a good deal of opposition. Even now, although their footing was firmly established, there was an occasional outburst of wrath from certain roughs, who seized eagerly upon the smallest excuse for getting up a row; but, on the whole, St. Mark's was popular in the neighbourhood. Claud did not say much about himself, but his sisters were quite sure that he was winning many hearts.

It was one of those cloudy days which come to us sometimes in the middle of summer; all through the morning and afternoon a haze hung over London, and in the evening a fine, drizzling rain began to fall. It was a rain that drenched you unawares; and Martha, who had been shopping, was quite surprised on her return to find Amice prepared to start.

"I thought you'd give it up, miss," she said.

"Oh, no; I hate giving things up," the girl answered.

There was a bright flush on her cheeks, her eyes were shining gloriously. Martha gave her a swift inquisitive look, and said no more.

So sure was Amice that the rain would cease, that she provided herself only with a dainty umbrella and left her waterproof behind. She had decided on the omnibus route, although it would be longer, and believed that if she carefully followed Martha's directions she could not possibly miss her way.

Still, she almost admitted to herself, as she turned away from the house, that it was a depressing evening; the veil of mist thickened, no golden light shone over the crowded roofs and chimneys, the sky was a dense smoky grey. She hastened on, past the Museum, consulted a kindly policeman, and at length found herself seated in the omnibus which was to take her near to her destination.

It was not pleasant to sit squeezed among damp people, but now that she was fairly on her way to St. Mark's, her mood of exaltation returned. Her very fearlessness in coming alone would prove to Claud that she was quite fitted for London life, and did not mind roughing it in the least. She was so absorbed in her dreams that she did not notice the streets through which she passed, nor did she think of the lapse of time. Passengers got in and out, and at last the conductor set her down at a street-corner with a few hurried words of direction, and the omnibus rolled on.

The drizzling rain continued to fall; the pavement on which she stood was just wet enough to be greasy; a man in passing jostled her rudely, and grumbled because she had obstructed his way. It must be nearly eight, she thought, and the mist was like an early nightfall. A little confused by the strange surroundings, she turned down a street on the right—surely the bus-conductor had said right—and went on, passing dirty dwellings, and shops where unsavoury eatables were displayed in the windows. Grimy women, standing at the doors, looked inquisitively at her, tattered street-arabs peered up in her face, and still she pressed on, but no church came in sight.

"Am I going towards St. Mark's church?" she ventured to ask at last.

The woman to whom she spoke, dressed in tawdry finery, seemed a shade more decent than some of the others. She answered in a hoarse voice.

"St. Mark's? Lor, no. You're goin' straight away from it. You must turn back, and then go under the railway bridge; you can't miss it."

Amice thanked her, and began to retrace her steps, not daring to admit to herself that she was rather tired, and almost frightened. People and things seemed phantom-like in the murky gloom which was spreading everywhere around her. And then, through this blinding haze, came the faint sound of a church-bell, and her heart gave a leap of hope.

When she gained the end of the street she could see the arch of the bridge, and the red and yellow glare from the lighted windows of a public-house in its neighbourhood. She began to walk now at the top of her speed, feeling sure that she was very near the end of her journey, and sustained by the glow of excitement. A group of two or three were hanging about on the foot-path; once or twice someone asked her rudely "where she was pushin' to?" There was much confused talking, and once she caught the sound of a suppressed shriek.

Just as she reached the front of the gin-shop, a rough crowd poured noisily out of its doors; men and women, swearing, screeching, gesticulating, were making the wildest hubbub she had ever heard. There was no time to escape. In a moment Amice found herself in the very thick of the throng, pushed, twisted, hustled this way and that, and almost pressed to suffocation.

She could not make her voice heard; it was lost in the babel of vulgar tongues; she was forced onward, nearer and nearer to the railway arch, where some sort of struggle was going on.

Just under the arch there were three figures, standing out conspicuously in a small clear space. One, a woman, was leaning against the brickwork, wiping some blood from her face with the corner of a dirty apron; and a man, who seemed lately to have turned from her,

was glaring savagely at a slender boy, who stood confronting him. The man, brawny and brutal, with huge fists clenched, looked half-bewildered and half-furious, arrested in a moment of fierce passion. The lad, pale and thin, was in his shirt-sleeves, and seemed to be a good deal cleaner than those around him.

As the light fell on the young fellow's face, Amice was suddenly reminded of the face of St. Stephen, youthful and calm, as she had seen it sculptured in marble in some forgotten church. It was merely a flash of remembrance striking across her bewildered brain. In the next instant the man's big fist was lifted, and would have descended on the boy's head with frightful force, but he sprang lightly aside.

But the man was after him in a moment. Pent in by the bawling, crushing mob, Amice could just see what was going to happen, and her lips parted in a cry of horror which no one heard. The heavy fist was lifted again; and then there was a swift movement; a hand caught the great arm, and now a face that was indeed familiar flashed suddenly into the light. It was Claud Wilmer who had got fast hold of the brute, and would not let him go.

Some seconds of indescribable confusion followed, the crowd surging backward and forward till Amice was taken off her feet. The sound of a policeman's whistle shrilled high and loud through the dreadful din; breathless, and scarcely conscious, the girl was carried nearer to the archway again, and found herself, she never quite knew how, clinging desperately to the woman who still stood leaning against the brickwork. The poor creature, who could not stand without support, looked with dim eyes at the helpless stranger, and thought how odd it was that she should have got mixed up in a street row.

Someone else thought so too.

He did not see her until the police had appeared upon the scene, and taken the man into custody. Then a faint voice called him by name, and he saw the hapless figure, huddled near the wall; the grey hat and feathers crushed into a shapeless mass; the bright hair hanging about the delicate ears; the sweet face white as death.

He sprang forward, ready for helpful action at once, feeling a curious pulse in his throat, and a quick bound of joy in his heart. Shaken and battered as she was, she was her very self, and it was his business to care for her.

"You must come to the clergy house," he said. "It is a few yards further, on the other side of the arch. Are you alone?"

"Yes," she whispered.

He put his arm round her, and guided her feeble steps. She moved on mechanically; it seemed as if the day's suppressed excitement had carried her into a region of illusion, and she was being gently led to some goal which she had long striven to reach. The crowd had surged back to their haunts, some into the gin-shop, some to the evil-smelling dens which were their dwellings; the rain had ceased, and the air was fresher and clearer. They stopped at a door with a portico, and a light burning over the entrance, and he opened it with a key.

She was almost carried into a little room at the back of the house—the housekeeper's own room—and laid down upon a comfortable sofa. A motherly woman was soon busy with her, taking off the crushed hat, and sponging the wan face. At last, after a long interval, it seemed, she was strong enough to raise herself a little, and then Claud came to her side.

"How did you get into that street, Amice?" he asked.

"I am staying with Aunt Verdon in Bloomsbury, and I wanted to find St. Mark's. Then I missed my way, and got entangled in the crowd."

"How could Mrs. Verdon let you come alone?"

"She thought I was all right, and I wasn't nervous. Oh, Claud, how pale you are!"

"It was fearfully unwise to do such a thing. You don't know this part of London in the least. Are you quite sure that you are not hurt at all?"

She hesitated.

"I have a few bruises, I think; once I was afraid that my arm was broken. But there is nothing serious; and I'm just frightfully knocked up, that's all."

"You are not fit to go back to Bloomsbury to-night," he said, looking at her with anxious eyes. "Mrs. Taylor will take care of you, and I must send a messenger with a note to Mrs. Verdon."

Amice had been dreading the homeward journey.

"I will try to write," said she. "My aunt is not easily frightened. You must pay the messenger, Claud; my purse——"

But the pocket in the bedraggled grey skirt was quite empty. With an instinctive movement she put her hand to her belt. Her watch was gone.

"Why, there's nothing left!" she cried, in faint dismay.

"Just as I expected," he replied calmly. "Never mind; don't think about your losses now. I will write the note, and say that you are in safe hands. You will be able to return early in the morning."

"Yes," said Amice, sinking back on the sofa again. She was quite overwhelmed by the weight of her misfortune.

Claud went on speaking in a business-like tone.

"Rest a little longer, and let Mrs. Taylor bring you some tea. Then she will take you into our orphanage next door, and the matron will give you a room. I think you will be all right after a night's sleep."

"Oh, I cannot sleep!" There was a piteous sound in Amice's voice. "It was all so strange and dreadful; I never saw such horrid people before. And the streets are so miserable, and the shops——"

"Surely you knew that St. Mark's wasn't situated in fairy-land," he interrupted, smiling. "I would have stopped your coming if I had known what you were going to do. I thought that Addy and Sis had told you that this was not the place for dainty ladies. They will be horrified when they hear of your adventure."

"Then you did not think that I wanted to come?"

Her limpid brown eyes sought his anxiously when she asked the question.

"I own that I did not expect you," he answered. "I would have called on you, of course——"

"Oh, Claud, you don't understand! I was so eager to see you in the midst of your work. I'm not the fastidious creature that you suppose; I am sure I could get used, even to the roughs, if——"

She paused suddenly, a soft blush tinted her pale cheeks, and he felt the sharp stab of a hopeless pain.

"It's not easy to get used to them," he said gently. "I did not accomplish it all at once. You made a sudden rush into the middle of the worst of them, you see. But that young lad, who tried to defend his poor sister, is very fine; he has come to her help more than once, and has got himself nearly killed. We have some heroes and heroines among us, I assure you."

"I want to know more of these people," she said. "To-morrow I shall be perfectly well and strong."

"To-morrow," he answered lightly, "you will be

lamenting the ruin of your pretty frock. It was well for you that I was not in church this evening; I don't know what would have happened if I hadn't come up at the right moment."

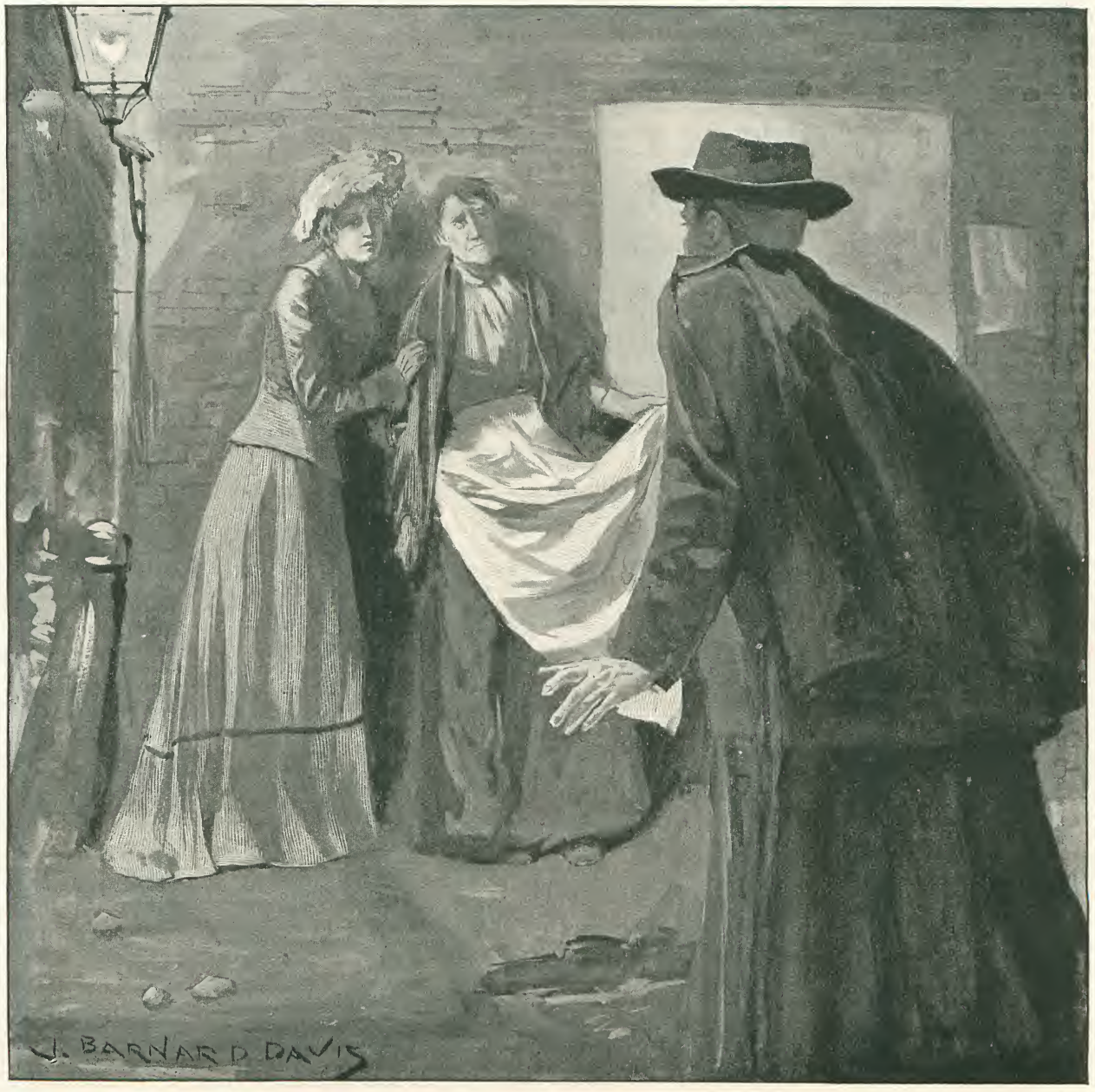
So he would not take her seriously. When he had left the room, Mrs. Taylor appeared with a nice little meal and some tea; and she was persuaded to eat and drink. Amice had not realised that she was in need of food; but she felt much better after she had taken refreshment, and began to tell the housekeeper of her losses. The purse was not a heavy one, but the watch had been her father's last gift. Mrs. Taylor was sympathetic, but she was an old-fashioned dame, and wondered secretly at Amice's foolhardy expedition.

She was conducted into the orphanage, and the matron led her into a narrow little room, very neat, and very bare, the best she had to offer. With a strange sense of disappointment Amice laid her head upon the meagre pillow; Claud had taken her experiences rather coolly, she thought. He ought to have been delighted with her determination to overcome obstacles; but, somehow, he had distinctly impressed her with the conviction that she had made a great mistake.

She spent a broken night, waking now and then with the sensation of being hustled and crushed; and once the matron came gently in to know how she got on. Still, she was well enough to rise and sit down to breakfast in the large room where the children took their meals. It was a new experience; and as she looked round at the contented faces of the little ones, she felt persuaded that she could devote herself to "the poor of this world." If only Claud would see that she knew her vocation!

But Claud, who had lain sleepless in his room, knew her better than she knew herself.

(*To be continued.*)



"HE SPRANG FORWARD, READY FOR HELPFUL ACTION AT ONCE."

A GIRL'S RAMBLES THROUGH HAUNTED SCOTLAND.

By JAMES and NANETTE MASON.

PART II.

A FEW MORE EDINBURGH LADIES.



THE language used by the old ladies of whom we were speaking in our first article was such genuine Scotch in every word and tone that an English girl would have been puzzled to make out even a half of what they said. They had a great store of choice pungent expressions, such as are now quite out of date, or perhaps only to be met with in a Kail-yard novel, whose scene is laid in some remote parish where words die hard and old ways survive for ever.

But it would be a mistake to think that with their primitive speech they did not possess the best of manners. Different from ours they were, no doubt, but the best manners of their time for all that. The ladies were real ladies.

The more formal of them observed a very rigid etiquette, of which a good example is given by Dean Ramsay, which we may quote, though the lady of whom he speaks was only an occasional visitor to Edinburgh and not a habitual resident. She was a Mrs. Helen Carnegy, of Craigo, who lived in Montrose, and died in 1818, at the advanced age of ninety-one.

In sending messages to her friends she preserved a nice distinction of address, carefully graduated according to their rank in society and their place in her estimation. She enjoyed company, and used to send out the servant every morning to invite the ladies required to make up the game, and her directions were arranged on this descending scale :—

"Nelly, ye'll gang to Lady Carnegy's, and mak' my compliments, and ask the *honour* of her ladyship's company, and that of the Miss Carnegys, to tea this evening; and if they canna come, gang to the Miss Mudies, and ask the *pleasure* of their company; and if they canna come, ye may gang to Miss Hunter and ask the *favour* of her company; and if she canna come, gang to Lucky Spark and *bid her come*."

When these old worthies gave themselves airs every onlooker was impressed. There was Mrs. Rochead, of Inverleith, near Edinburgh, a dame of aristocratic breed, who had shone as a hooped beauty in her day, and as she grew old became formidable by cold and rather severe solemnity.

To see her sit down was something to be remembered—a performance of which a picture in words has been given by the graphic pen of Lord Cockburn. "She would sail in," he says, "like a ship from Tarshish, gorgeous in velvet or rustling in silk, and done up in all the accompaniments of fan, ear-rings, and finger-rings, falling sleeves, scent-bottle, embroidered bag, hoop and train—all superb, yet all in purest taste; and managing all this seemingly heavy rigging with as much ease as a full-blown swan does its plumage, she would take possession of the centre of a large sofa, and at the same moment, without the least visible exertion, would cover the whole of it with her bravery, the graceful folds seeming to lay themselves over it like summer waves."

In the speech of these old ladies there was neither affectation nor insincerity. What they thought they said, even though their observations might sometimes prove unpalatable. But there was no unkind feeling in it, and they were ready to take, without resentment, criticism and sarcasm as plain spoken as they gave.

Metaphysical they were by training, not to speak of inclination. They would not have been genuine Scotch otherwise. Even the young ladies of Edinburgh, Sydney Smith used to say, did their love-making in a metaphysical way. "I overheard," he remarks, "a young lady of my acquaintance, at a party in Edinburgh, exclaim in a sudden pause of the music, 'What you say, my lord, is very true of love in the abstract, but——' Here the fiddlers began fiddling furiously, and the rest was lost."

United to this metaphysical turn they had a pronounced dislike to anything which they thought, rightly or wrongly, savoured of cant. One of them, to give an example, had asked a gentleman to dinner, and he had accepted with the reservation "If I am spared." "Weel, weel," said the lady, "if ye're dead I'll no expect ye."

Even in their last hour they preserved their coolness and philosophy. When a Miss Johnstone of Hawkhill, who died near Edinburgh in the close of the eighteenth century, was near her end, "a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning and rain came on, so as to shake the house. In her own quaint, eccentric spirit, and with no thought of profane or light allusions, she looked up, and, listening to the storm, quietly remarked, in reference to her departure—

"'Ech, sirs! what a night for me to be fleein' through the air!'"

Such are some of the characters whose ghosts haunt and make memorable the stairways and streets and closes of the old town of Edinburgh. But besides these there are other ghosts not to be overlooked by a girl on pilgrimage who keeps her eyes about her. There are those of the poetesses, a tuneful race of whom Scotland may well be proud, women, it has been truly said, whose songs are known wherever the Scotch foot treads or the Scotch language lingers.

Lady Nairne, the authoress of the "Land o' the Leal," "The Laird o' Cockpen," and many other well-known songs, was one of the most illustrious as well as the most gifted of them. She resided in a cottage in the suburbs of Edinburgh after her marriage, living there in great retirement, arising partly from a natural standoffishness and partly from the fact that she and her husband were rigid Jacobites. They belonged to a family described as Jacobites of the Jacobites, who after the '45 rebellion had sighed till they grew old for Bonnie Charlie coming back again, and in the interval cherished as one of their most valued possessions a lock of the Prince's hair. To see the best of the lady one must go behind her partisanship and exclusiveness and get acquainted with the kindly spirit of her songs.

That she wrote songs—and it was her ambition to write what people would grow better by singing—she long kept concealed even from her relations and friends. Authorship was not considered ladylike by grand folk in those days. "We dwell under a different *régime* now," says Miss Sarah Tytler, writing during Queen Victoria's reign, "and the bluest blood runs warm and kind: for the Queen of the land does not fear to put her private journal, with her name attached to it, into her people's hands in right royal frankness and simplicity."

Lady Nairne carried the art of mystification in regard to her work to such an extent that when she wrote to her publisher she did so in a feigned hand, and employed other feigned hands to transcribe her manuscript, whilst the manuscript was signed by initials not her own. She sometimes even ventured, under an assumed name, on personal interviews with him, and on these occasions she was carefully got up as an old country lady of a former generation. Imagine authors masquerading in such a fashion nowadays, and a contributor, say, to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER calling on the Editor elaborately disguised so as to represent her own great-grandmother!

She encountered many troubles in the course of her long life—it extended from 1766 to 1845—and troubles are held

to be a necessary outfit if one is to attain success as poet for the people. Her songs cover a wide range, and contrive in a wonderful way "to idealise at some distance the gladness and the sadness of the masses, or of the typical representatives of parties and classes among her countrymen." Many a girl who is not Scotch has found delight in singing her "Caller Herrin'," "The Rowan Tree," "The Auld House," and the Jacobite ditties "Wha'll be King but Charlie?" "Charlie is my darling," and "He's ower the hills that I lo'e weel," though the real flavour of these charming productions can only, we fear, be relished by those who hail from "the north countree."

Another Edinburgh songstress was Lady Anne Lindsay, the authoress of the ever-popular "Auld Robin Gray," who was born in the Scotch metropolis in 1750, and spent there a considerable portion of her youth; she was of an ancient Fifeshire family, however—"the daughter of a hundred earls."

She was an interesting, pretty, and agreeable woman, of whom it is said that though she had wit she never said ill-natured things to show it, and gave herself no airs either as a person of quality or as the authoress of "Auld Robin Gray." In her we have a good example of a single song songstress, for though she wrote other verses, "Auld Robin Gray" is the only composition to which her name is now attached.

Its origin has been often told. Lady Anne had a great liking for an old tune to which words were united, not in the best taste. So she thought of trying to make new words, and on setting about it produced a ballad of some eight or nine stanzas. This simple composition was received with rapture in her own land, and, passing beyond its limits, was quickly translated into almost every European tongue, whilst both at home and abroad it was made the subject of dramas and paintings innumerable. On one occasion Lady Anne had the gratification of seeing her rustic story rehearsed under the window by a company of performing dogs.

It is worth mentioning that the old tune to which "Auld Robin Gray" was originally sung is no longer in use. The tender and appropriate melody to which we always hear it wedded nowadays is not Scotch. It was written by the Rev. Mr. Leeves, a Church of England rector in Somersetshire.

A third Edinburgh poetess, famous also for a single song, was Miss Jean Elliot, who wrote the well-known "Flowers of the Forest." She lived in one of the squares on the south side of the town, and was long conspicuous as "the chief ornament of her circle through her talents, intelligence, and common-sense." Her father was Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, Lord Justice-clerk of Scotland.

The "forest" mentioned in the title of the song was a district in the south of Scotland once noted for its fine archers. These were almost to a man slain at the Battle of Flodden in 1513, and upon that disastrous event Jean Elliot's song is founded.

Miss Elliot in her youth took part in one or two stirring events. When she was a young woman of nineteen—it was in the year of the '45 Rebellion—she had a chance of showing that she was a good sort, full of dexterity, discretion, and self-control. A party of Jacobites came to Minto House in Teviotdale, where her father Sir Gilbert lived, in order to arrest him as an influential and dangerous Whig. He got warning in time, and concealed himself amongst the rocks and broom of the neighbouring hillside.

"Down at the house, in the commotion and excitement of the trying moment, Jean either put herself forward to receive and entertain the unwelcome company, or else she was thrust into this difficult position by the other women, for she was neither house-dame nor eldest daughter. But she did it so well, with such simple courtesy and composure, that the enemy retired, under the impression that Sir Gilbert could not be within reach when the young lady, his daughter, was able to behave with perfect calmness and propriety."

She died in 1805 at the age of seventy-eight, and over and above her claims as a poetess is remarkable in the history of the manners and customs of Edinburgh as the last woman in that city who, after cabs and suchlike vehicles came in, kept standing in her "lobby" a private sedan-chair, in which she was borne abroad when she wanted to take an airing or to make a call.

Contemporary with Miss Elliot there lived in Edinburgh another lady of family—a Mrs. Cockburn—who distinguished herself as a writer of verses, and who also wrote a song, often sung, known as the "Flowers of the Forest." It begins, "I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling," whereas the first line of Miss Elliot's song is, "I've heard the lilting at our yew-milking." There is a resemblance between the two songs and a difference, the resemblance no doubt to be accounted for by their referring to the same event and having for their key-note a line or two of an old ballad long since forgotten.

More might be said of Edinburgh poetesses, but the ghosts of Scottish queens complain that all this while we have been neglecting them in favour of old ladies and word-spinners. Of queens, then, and their doings and belongings in our next article.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

MABEL F. LUSCOMBE (Ontario).—Your story, considering that you are only thirteen, is very good indeed. You have sufficient material in it to make a very much longer and a very interesting story, describing in detail how all the circumstances came about which are only enumerated, such as the seizure of Veretta, the introduction of Alphonso into the place where she is imprisoned, and so forth. If we made any criticism, it would be that the heroine scarcely seems to rise equal to the tragic and thrilling *dénouement*. "That will be nice," is scarcely an appropriate remark, and she is not grateful enough to her rescuer, who has dared his life for her, the prominent impression conveyed by your words being that she is tired and hungry. You are describing a situation of supreme emotion, charged with possibilities of life and death. But we repeat that it is a most creditable attempt.

AUNT CHLOE.—The author of "Paradise and the Peri" (not "The Peri and Paradise") is Thomas Moore. The poem begins—

> "One morn a Peri at the gate
> Of Eden stood disconsolate."

You will find it in *Moore's Poems* or in *A Thousand and One Gems of Poetry* (Mackay), published by Routledge. "Tom Moore's Poems" are issued for a penny in the "Penny Poet" series (Masterpiece Library).

DEN ENK (Holland).—We do not know a volume of birthday poems suitable for young children; but we have inserted an inquiry in "Our Open Letter Box," and thank you for your pleasant note. There is Lear's *Nonsense Birthday Book* (2s. 7½d. net), but we doubt if it would meet your requirements.

G. J. C.—The beautiful lines you quote—

> "It happened on a solemn eventide
> Soon after He that was our Surety died"—

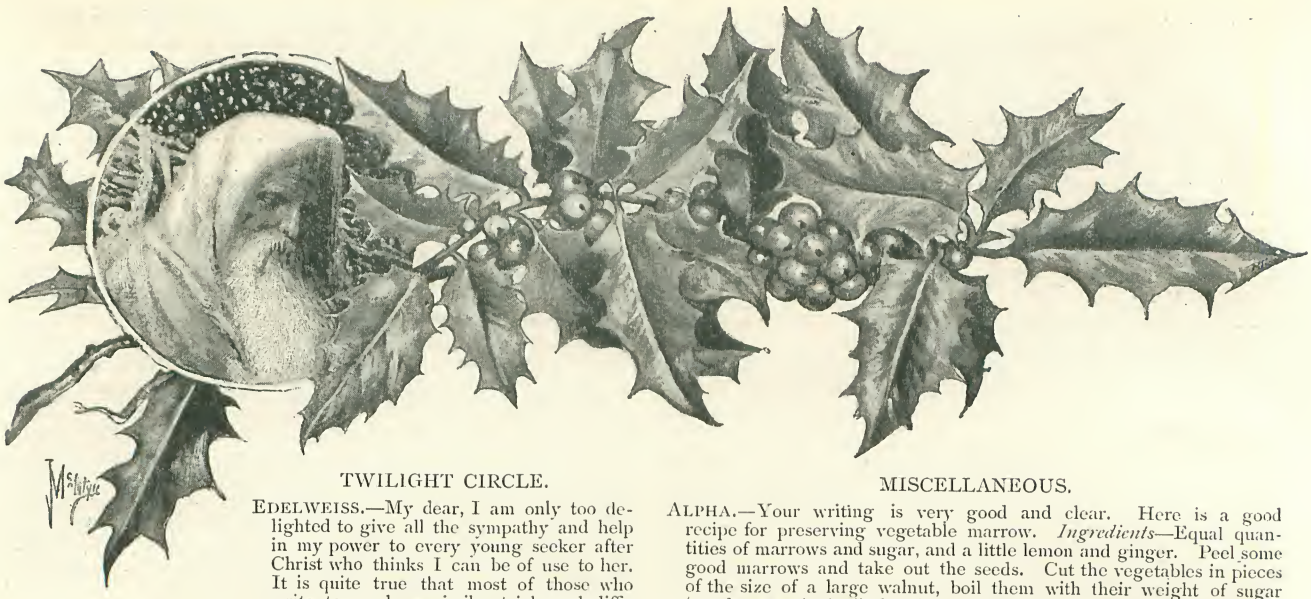
are not, as you suppose, the beginning of a poem, but are an extract from one. In Cowper's "Conversation," a poem of many pages, this episode, describing in reverent language the visit to Emmaus, occurs. You will find the passage at about the middle of the poem. It is, of course, complete in itself, and comprises some thirty-two lines. We hope this information may be useful to your friend in whose memory the words have lingered so long.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

MUSHROOM inquires for the name of the publishers of *The Use and Abuse of the World*, six sermons preached on the Sundays after Easter, 1873, in St. James's, Piccadilly, by the Rev. Canon Barry.

Can anyone tell DEN ENK, Holland, whether there is a volume of birthday poems in English suitable for young children?

L. N. H. kindly informs DENZIL that "The Matron's Story" is by G. R. Sims, in "Ballads of Babylon."



TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

EDELWEISS.—My dear, I am only too delighted to give all the sympathy and help in my power to every young seeker after Christ who thinks I can be of use to her. It is quite true that most of those who write to me have similar trials and difficulties to your own. They long to be followers of Jesus, to be true Christians, to give Him their love and service, to give up all that interferes with a whole-hearted devotion to their Lord. And yet, like you, they mourn over failures, poverty of service, want of love and of perseverance, and say, "I feel hopeless. The future is dark, and I dread the thought of what lies beyond the grave." Read the reply to YOUR GRATEFUL READER in December Supplement. Parts of it might have been meant for you. I do not ask my girls to give their real names and addresses, except for correspondents. It is optional for them to do this, or to use only a pseudonym.

FRIENDLY.—I have read your letter most carefully, and I can fully enter into your feelings, for I hold very strong opinions as to the danger incurred by these apparently unimportant beginnings. I shall not quote from your letter. Your position is a very difficult one, especially as your friend is a married woman, not a young girl, and it would be very hard for you to write without giving grievous offence. I fear you must wait for an opportunity of speaking. Letters, especially such as call attention to some fault or objectionable habit, always seem harsh, and often do more harm than good. Spoken advice may owe far more to the look of affection and interest which accompany them, the tone and even the touch of the speaker, than can be easily estimated. Wait awhile, but pray whilst you wait that God will give you the opportunity to be of use—the right words as well as the right time—and such real love for your friend that it may be manifest to her that you only seek to benefit her. May God bless your efforts. How much your interest in our Circle touches me! You write of the vast increase in my dear correspondents, and tell me that, for a year, you have made notes each month so that you could have the wants of each member before you for daily prayer. It will cheer many to read this, and to know that their wants and troubles are brought before God in your daily petitions, and those of other loving-hearted Christians. My love and heartfelt thanks for the joy your words have given me.

SINNER.—I do indeed join you in thanksgiving to God for the change of mind, heart, and life He has already wrought in you, and in the earnest prayer that He will perfect that which has been begun for your eternal good and His glory. It is most delightful to know how our Circle members think of and pray for each other. You write, "I try to take in the Twilight Circle always when I say 'Our Father.'" Dear, if we say that prayer in all its fulness, and from our hearts, we must take in the whole human family. I can truly say I do this. There is an enormous difference between the position of girls to-day and the one they held when I was young, to say nothing of going back to Apostolic days. I agree with you that girls cannot be too capable or too well able to hold their own in these days of struggling for a livelihood. But I think it is a great pity that many capable girls deem it becoming to adopt mannish ways and habits, and to forget the sweet womanly attributes which are God-given, and their greatest charm in the eyes of pure and high-minded men. Do not suppose I quarrel with the healthy out-door games you mention. Some day I hope to have a Talk about the too great eagerness of girls to come in some capacity or other "before the public."

YOUR LOVING GIRL, M. O.—I am sure you are a dear, warm-hearted girl, whom I rejoice to welcome as one of our Circle. I am very much interested in your letter. It is always a good thing for both when the old and the young are in true sympathy with each other. Your aged friend will give you the benefit of long Christian experience, and you can brighten her quiet life by cheery letters and visits. I am unable to insert the list you ask for. It would be too long. I will try to find you a Correspondent.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALPHA.—Your writing is very good and clear. Here is a good recipe for preserving vegetable marrow. *Ingredients*—Equal quantities of marrows and sugar, and a little lemon and ginger. Peel some good marrows and take out the seeds. Cut the vegetables in pieces of the size of a large walnut, boil them with their weight of sugar (good preserving) till the pieces, which should be shapely, are transparent. Use no water. Flavour with lemon or ginger, or both, as preferred. Time to boil one hour.

E. F.—If wrong names are designedly given at a marriage for the purpose of concealment or otherwise, the marriage will be null and void. When a wrong and fraudulent name is given by one party only, and the other party is innocent, the validity of the marriage is not affected.

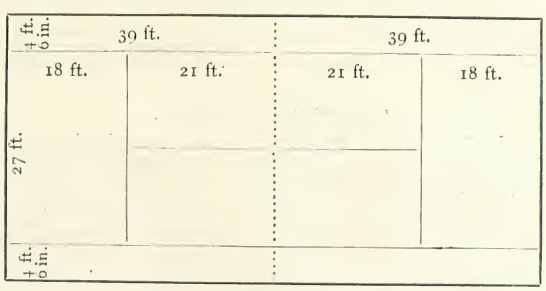
EIDER-DOWN.—These sort of quilts wash very well if carefully done. Fill a large washing-tub with tepid water (soft if possible), and make a good lather with boiled soap. Put the eider-down into it, and wash thoroughly clean. Shake it out well and hang it up on the clothes-line. It wants a good deal of shaking while it is drying and afterwards.

ERZSEBET.—In regard to the marriage of an American girl to a German abroad, any form of religious service may be used, according to the creed of the contracting parties; but the presence of the duly authorised Marriage Officer is, however, necessary to render the marriage valid. I believe seven days' notice must be given to the Consul, and one of the parties at least must have resided for that time in the district, immediately preceding the giving of such notice.

FAIRMEAD.—If the ladies do not mind the smell of tobacco, they can wait on in the dining-room after dinner, and coffee can be served to the guests as they sit round the table. But, when elderly ladies are present who might object to the smell of cigarettes, it is more usual for the coffee to be served to the ladies in the drawing-room and to the gentlemen in the dining-room.

A SERVANT.—The duties of each kind of domestic servant are given in Mrs. Beeton's *Book of Household Management*, but I am afraid it is too expensive a book for you to buy. Perhaps you could look at it in one of the Free Libraries.

"WENE M."—This is a correct plan for a lawn-tennis court—



PLAN OF LAWN-TENNIS COURT.

In England girls generally play in shirts or blouses and short walking-skirts. As your court is so hot, I should think nothing would look nicer than a white thin silk or muslin blouse and a piqué or voile skirt.

M. G.—I think the easiest way to clean white felt hats at home is with Propert's cloth ball. It costs 1s., and can be got at any saddler's.

SORCIE'S BAUDERA NICIONAS.—For a full explanation of the Tonic Sol-fa system, get Curwen's *Course of Lessons and Exercises in Tonic Sol-fa.*

NAN.—I expect your maiden-hair fern is *Adiantum cuneatum*, which is much cultivated by florists, and is a native of Brazil. You see it requires a damp, moist climate, and is very difficult to grow well except in a hot-house.



VOL. XXIII.—NO. 1148.] DECEMBER 28, 1901. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

BY MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

"PIXIE, awake! awake! Oh, Pixie, open your eyes! Get up, dear, get up! We want you downstairs!"

Margaret bent over Pixie's bedside, tears shining in her eyes, and lifting the slight figure in her arms, shook it to and fro, until the grey eyes opened in astonishment, and a sleepy voice murmured—

"Is't morning? Time get up?"

"Morning, no! It is not nine o'clock, and Miss Phipps thought you would certainly be awake with so much music going on; but it's no use, I must awake you, whatever happens! Here's your dressing-gown. Here are your bedroom slippers. You have to come downstairs with me this minute!"

"Am I the Queen?" asked Pixie, waking up all in a moment, and peering mischievously into Margaret's face. "When you are wakened up in the middle of the night, and taken downstairs in your dressing-gown and slippers, it's either a

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"'IT'S EITHER A FIRE, OR YOU ARE THE QUEEN.'"

fire, or you are the Queen, and the courtiers are waiting to kiss your hand. You know it is, Margaret! You have seen it in the pictures!"

"Yes, I've seen it; and perhaps there may be courtiers waiting for you, Pixie; and kisses too, and a dear little crown to put on that shaggy head! Great excitements have happened since you went to bed, and we know now that it was not you who broke Mademoiselle's scent bottle. We are almost certain that it was Lottie herself, and Miss Phipps has sent for you to help us!"

Pixie gave a start of dismay, and the laughter died out of her face, leaving it scared and white. Her fingers tightened round Margaret's arm, and she hung back trembling as they neared the schoolroom door. Another moment and they stood within the threshold, looking round on what seemed suddenly to have taken upon itself the aspect of a court of justice. The girls were as before ranged round the walls, and at the end of the room stood a row of teachers; Fräulein and Miss Bruce flushed and excited; Mademoiselle with tears in her eyes; Miss Phipps with an awful sternness of expression, which gave place to a momentary softness as she looked at the new-comers. Pixie glanced at them all, one after the other, and from them to the figure standing in the centre of the room, like a prisoner at the bar, her face white as her dress, her eyes full of terror and despair. She gave a sharp cry of distress, and rushed forward with outstretched arms.

"Lottie, Lottie, I didn't tell! I never told—Lottie! Lottie, I kept my word!"

A deep murmur sounded through the room as each hearer drew her breath in a sob of mingled conviction and regret, and of all the number Lottie seemed the most affected. She burst into a paroxysm of tears, clasped Pixie in an hysterical embrace, then, thrusting her aside, turned eagerly towards Miss Phipps.

"Oh, I will tell—I will! It was all my fault—Pixie had nothing to do with it—I will tell you all about it."

"It is more than time, Lottie. Begin at once, and pray calm yourself until you have finished!" returned Miss Phipps coldly, and Lottie wiped away her tears, and struggled to keep back the rising sobs.

"It was the night of the term holiday—I was going out—I was dressed and going along the passage, and Mademoiselle's door stood open, and I saw the light shining upon the gold of the scent bottle. I had no scent of my own, and I thought I would go in and take a little of Mademoiselle's. I knew she would give it to me if I asked, and if I told her next day, there wouldn't be any harm. But I was in a hurry, and I heard Pixie calling, and I put the bottle down too quickly, and the glass struck the corner of the table and fell into pieces in my hand. I was so frightened—and there was no time to think, for Pixie was running along the passage, so I just mopped up the scent with my handkerchief, and flew to the door. I suppose the piece of glass must have got in then, for the handkerchief has never been out of my pocket until to-night. Pixie said, 'Oh, what a smell of scent!' and I said something—I forget what—about its being rude to make remarks—and ran downstairs as quickly as I could go. I was so wretched all the evening I didn't know what to do. I thought when it was found out, Pixie would be sure to tell; but when I came home the girls all said how lucky I was to have been out, for no one could suspect me, and I said nothing. And I saw Mademoiselle crying, and I said nothing, and then I was afraid to speak, for it was too late! Pixie came to me and said, 'Lottie, they think I broke the bottle because I was the only girl in Mademoiselle's room last night; but I know that you were there too, and that you had been taking some scent!' and I begged and prayed her not to tell anyone else. I was so confused that I let her see I had broken it, but I said if she told I should get into trouble with my father, and she promised at once. She was so willing that I didn't feel as uncomfortable as I expected, but I was miserable when everyone blamed her, and she was punished. I comforted myself by thinking that I would ask her to stay with me in the holidays, and make it up to her then. She never told me what she was doing in Mademoiselle's room—I tried to believe that she was really to blame. She might have cracked the bottle, and that was why it broke so easily!"

"And so the best reward you could give to the friend who shielded you at her own expense was to suspect her of deceit! That will do, Lottie! You can go to your own room now. I will deal with you to-morrow. Now we will hear what Pixie has to say!"

Miss Phipps paused impressively for a moment, and then spoke again in tones so sweet and gentle that it was difficult to recognise them as coming from the same voice which had spoken but a moment before.

"Pixie you have heard Lottie's explanation! I will speak about that later on, but now I have a favour to ask you. For my sake, dear—for all our sakes—to help us to get at the whole truth of this unhappy affair, I ask you to tell me frankly what you were doing in Mademoiselle's room when Ellen saw you there?"

Pixie hung her head, and her cheeks grew as scarlet as the scarlet dressing-gown itself. She lifted one little slippered foot and stood perched on the other like a funny little ruffled stork in the midst of the wide shining floor, and the watching faces of the girls were pretty to see with their expressions of tender amusement and sympathy.

"Please, Miss Phipps," said Pixie hoarsely, "I was doing nothing. I was only after putting in the hot bottle!"

Miss Phipps stared, Mademoiselle gave a quick sharp exclamation of surprise, and turned impetuously to her Principal.

"The 'ot bottle! It is true. I 'ave one every night, but I thought that Ellen—that one of the maids——"

"We have put no hot bottle in your bed, Mademoiselle. It is Miss Emily's rule that any of the young ladies may have bottles of their own, if they take the trouble to fill them in the bath-room as they go to bed, and to put them back there in the morning. We never put one in a bed unless in the case of illness," said Ellen, who stood in a corner of the room, one of the most anxious and interested of the spectators, and at that Miss Phipps turned once more to Pixie.

"Then are we to understand that it was your own bottle of which you are talking? And what made you think of lending it to Mademoiselle?"

"She told me once that she was always cold," said Pixie faintly. "I didn't like to think of her lying there shivering. Bridgie gave me the bottle when I came away in a little red flannel cover. 'You're such a frog!' says she. 'Maybe this will warm you,' but I just roll my feet in my nightgown and hug them in my hands until they are warm. I thought perhaps Mademoiselle couldn't do that. Ye can't bend so easy when you're old, so she needed the bottle most."

"*Ma petite!*" cried Mademoiselle. "*Ma chèrie!*"—and she would have rushed forward and taken Pixie into her arms straight away, had not Miss Phipps held her back with a restraining touch.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME SKETCHES OF FARM LIFE IN MANITOBA.

PART III.

SOON after that circumstances led us to change our plans, and we decided to start for ourselves. We had heard of a farm about one hundred miles from Brandon, and by all accounts it was just the very place we were looking for. Not too far from the station, within easy reach of an English church; buildings on the place, a little out of repair certainly, and a good farm with over two hundred acres broken, and all for a nominal rent. Needless to say, we made up our minds at once, and left Brandon the beginning of February.

My husband settled to come by road, as we had bought a team of horses and a waggon and sleighs. He started away early one morning, intending to do the trip in three days, and meet me at Somerset station on Tuesday. He did not have a pleasant journey, never having travelled in this country before. It was very cold, and all the food he took with him was frozen solid almost before he had left Brandon. He had the sleigh full of trunks, and he also brought the waggon wheels, so he had a big load and could only travel at a walk. He kept the trail all right the first two days, and only suffered a little from cold; but he got very hungry, as he did not strike any place either day in time for dinner, and not knowing the customs of the country then as well as he does now, he was too shy to stop at any house he passed and get a meal. On the Monday he lost the trail altogether and got into deep snow, and had a hard job getting out and finding the right trail again. However, he fortunately saw a house, and inquired the way and got the right road, and then had no further adventures till he reached Somerset. I came the next day by train.

Our farm was six miles north of Somerset, and we went out to see what was needed to make the house habitable. We found it in a most dilapidated condition, but still we thought we might manage to make one room into two, and put up with them. It was only a sort of lean-to kitchen; but it was all that was any way available, so my husband and two men set to work to board it up and put in doors and windows. A fortnight afterwards we started to take up our abode in our new home. It was a cold morning and some friends we had made in Somerset, English people, begged me to stay with them while my husband went up and got the place a little ready; but he did not care to go alone, and so I went, perched on the top of some of the furniture. Then we had a taste of Manitoba cold. Oh, the misery! Looking back, it seems wonderful that we are alive to tell the tale. The first thing we had to do was to put the stove together and get the stove-pipes fitted. English people who have never been in Canada out in the country, where stove-pipes are always used, cannot appreciate the obstinacy of them. It is only about one man in every ten one meets who can manipulate them successfully. The great thing is to keep cool and keep one's temper. With the thermometer somewhere between twenty degrees and thirty degrees below zero, it was only too easy to do the former, and as to the latter the less said the better; suffice it to say that before long there were several disabled and battered lengths of stove-pipes around, but we were as far off as ever from getting a fire in that stove. By this time I was very nearly frozen, and my husband made a fire for me on the ground inside an old shed while he kept on at the stove-pipes, and at last he got them together after a fashion. I learnt a lesson then, and never again on any consideration does anyone get me into an empty house in the winter to stay, without there being at least one stove perfectly fitted and ready to light.

Looking back, I really hardly know how we lived through the next few nights; for directly the fire went down everything in the house froze solid. We waked in the morning to find my hair white with frost. I can only be thankful we had no children, for I suppose we should have gone into the house just the same, not having had any experience of a Manitoba winter. We stood this state of things for three days, then my husband went to town for paper to put over the roof and walls. He could not get proper building paper, so he brought tar-paper. That was better than nothing, so we sat up till 3 A.M., lining the walls with it; but the smell was fearful, and the black came off so dreadfully that the next afternoon we both went to town, I to see some English people with whom we had become acquainted and to get warm, and he to buy lumber to put on the walls over the tar-paper. After that we did not suffer quite so much from the cold except in the morning dressing.

We stayed up on this farm for about two months, frequently going to town, as there was nothing else to do, and I found it very lonely if my husband went without me. One day he started with a neighbour about eight o'clock in the morning to go to a sale sixteen miles away. They said they would be back before dark; seven o'clock came and I got supper ready, but there were no signs of them. I waited for a long while and then had something to eat. After that I laid in a supply of wood, as I did not like going out in the dark alone, then I got a book and tried to think I was not nervous, but I did not succeed very well. The wolves were howling all round, and everything else was so still that I was ready to imagine all sorts of horrors, when at last I heard my husband's sleigh-bells about 1 A.M. The neighbour had wanted him to stay all night, but my husband insisted on coming, refusing to leave me alone.

While we were on that farm we experienced a slight blizzard; it lasted three days. It was not a bad one, but it kept my husband at home, and as luck would have it, he was short of tobacco. Dear me, what a three days I had! He tried everything as a substitute, bark, straw, tea-leaves, and, finally, the dry tea; but nothing was satisfactory, and I was thankful when the fourth day dawned clear and bright, and he could get off to town directly after breakfast.

About April our English friends most kindly told us of certain reports they had heard about the farm, and strongly advised our leaving at once before the thaw set in, when we should be prisoners for weeks. They had heard that the farm was no good at all, a great part of it being marsh land, and the rest not in the least fit for grain, though we had had such flourishing accounts of it from the owner. They offered to house us and our furniture for a time if we liked. We wrote to our relations for advice, but the thaw set in so rapidly, that one day when my husband came back from town he told me to pack up everything and we would get off the next morning, which we did, and only just in time, for in the afternoon he went up for another load of things and had to come back with wheels.

The next two months and a half can hardly be counted on as "farm life," though my husband was working more or less on the farm. As the friend we were staying with had at that time two farms, it was proposed that we should have one and work it on shares. That year the land had to be summer-fallowed, or else be sown with roots, so they settled to put in a crop of potatoes. In the meantime, till we could get the house in a habitable condition, my husband did any odd jobs in town he could get, to help pay for our board, as our friends could not afford to keep us for nothing. One thing he did was to unload cars of lumber for the store-keeper. The friend was supposed to help, but soon after they started work, this gentleman always had a bad attack of liver complaint which prevented him from working very hard; and the same attack would come on when they were putting in the potatoes, and it generally happened that my husband had most, if not all, of the work to do. I made myself generally useful in the house, doing my share of the work, and so things went on for about two months; when we perceived that it was time for us to see about getting into our own house, and for the second time my husband set to work to fix up an old tumble-down building. By that time, I had had all my books, pictures, and knick-knacks sent out from home, and with those about, our two rooms really looked very nice and homelike. We moved up to "Elmhurst," our new home, on July 1st, 1898. It was very prettily situated on a hill with a good view of Somerset, and also of our neighbours, a mile and a half away. My husband was very busy after we got there haying, and still

keeping on with his work for the storekeeper, which latter paid our store-bill all that summer. But the work was hard and oats were almost unobtainable, and our horses began to fail, and got rapidly worse, till within a fortnight of each other, they died. That was a very heavy loss. We got one new horse, when the mare died, but he was young, and at first I always had to go and help my husband hitch it up, and I was never comfortable while he was away with him. When the second old one died we got a team, making three altogether. One we have now, but the other we returned as soon as possible, as nothing would make her work. The other two went fairly well together, though I never went out with them without being very glad to get safe home. Later on we traded the young one, and then we had to get rid of that, and finally buy another young horse, which is turning out a very nice animal. After our troubles with the horses were over for the time we just went on quietly, I staying at home most of my time, and looking after my chickens—as many of them as the wolves left me. The first year they were very bold; they would come within fifty yards of the house and would walk off with any unfortunate hen that might be in reach. About August we got the first cow, a present to me from my father and mother, and we also got a small pig, so we might be said to be fairly launched on our "Farm Life." In November my little son was born. Though the house was not so cold as the first one, still it was quite cold enough for a young baby; and after Christmas, when really cold weather set in, we often got our bed downstairs and kept the fires—we had two stoves in a room sixteen feet by twelve feet—going all night. One day we had a blizzard, and at night we could not keep warm anyhow. We hung blankets and shawls on lines round the stoves, and I sat with my feet under one stove and my back near the other with a fur cloak on, and then was not even comfortably warm. The next morning we swept up a dustpan full of snow that had drifted in during the night. It was soon after this, and during the cold spell, that we were invited and went to a party — my first Manitoba party. It was very comic. There was a decided majority of the male sex, though it seems to be a rule in Manitoba that every gentleman takes his own particular lady. The music, however, was the most amusing part of the whole business. One or two young men brought fiddles, and there was a piano in the house. That night I learnt what "chording" means. The fiddle does the principal part of the music (?), which consists of about three notes over and over again, while the fiddler keeps time with his foot; the unfortunate pianist, who has not the least idea what is coming next, has to play chords, which sometimes are, but mostly are not, in tune with the fiddle. The cold that night was intense. My husband and I and the baby were staying in the house, and when we got home the next day we found everything solid, even the clock had stopped on account of the intense cold.

We frequently went out on Sundays that winter, and why we did not all catch fearful colds, I don't know. We used to go back to an icy cold house, and I often left the baby wrapped up in his outdoor things for nearly an hour before I dared undress him. We returned one Sunday to find our dog—a retriever pup—had been very busy retrieving my chickens. There were several lying round the house. We discovered it before breakfast on Monday, and my husband found he had one cartridge left, so before his wrath cooled, he led out the pup and shot it. We had only just got a rifle, and I am afraid I hoped he would miss; but he did not go very far away, and as the dog sat up and begged, he shot it at once.

(*To be continued.*)

KATE GREENAWAY.



KATE GREENAWAY. (*A portrait hitherto unpublished.*)

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER has lost one of its friends and an occasional contributor of pictures in Kate Greenaway, who died on November 6th, 1901, at her residence, 39, Frognal, Hampstead, a pretty picturesque house designed for her by Norman Shaw. It will doubtless be a surprise to many of her admirers to be told that Kate Greenaway was her real name, not an assumed one, as many supposed. One young person tried to pass herself off to the public as K. G.; the same contemptible fraud was tried in connection with the names of Sir Walter Scott, George Eliot and Mrs. Henry Wood. K. G. began her art work very early in life, and attended art schools before she was in her teens, and was a very conscientious, earnest, patient worker; later she went to South Kensington, where Miss Thompson, Clara Montalba, Helen Paterson, and Miss Backhouse were fellow students. Her first book printed in colours was *Under the Window*, published 1879. She spared no pains in her endeavours to get the figures and groups to her liking, and always designed and made the quaint little garments for her models before drawing them, having first made sketches to get an idea of what she intended to produce. *Under the Window* was such a success that it was followed in 1880 by the *Birthday Book for Children*, with nearly four hundred illustrations. *Mother Goose* came next, then *A Day in a Child's Life*, with music by Myles Birket Foster, "Little Ann" and other poems by Jane and Ann Taylor, *Language of Flowers*, *Mavor's Spelling Book*, *Marygold Garden*, illustrated and written by her, a *Painting Book* and *A. Apple Pie*, a *Book of Games*, and *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, one of her best and most important books. It is from this last-mentioned book that our frontispiece is taken, by kind permission of Messrs. F. Warne, the publisher.

Kate Greenaway had a very interesting personality, and was extremely fond of the country and of flowers, and could draw them beautifully, and always liked those best of a more simple form—not orchids nor begonias; she loved daffodils and roses, and few things gave her more pleasure



"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."] EDMUND EVANS, PRINTER. [LONDON.

A SPECIMEN PAGE OF MISS KATE GREENAWAY'S WORK.

From the "Pied Piper of Hamelin." (F. Warne & Co.)

than a copse yellow with primroses. Her favourite time of year was when apple-trees were in blossom; she especially liked them when they were in the garden of a picturesque farm or cottage. One such cottage at Hambledon, Surrey, she particularly admired, where a green door had faded to a peacock blue. She liked only blue and white skies; stormy effects gave her no pleasure. In one of her early letters from Mr. Ruskin, he asks, If she likes blue skies? In the same letter, If she believes in fancies? In ghosts? In principalities or powers? In Heaven? In anywhere else? They corresponded very frequently, and she often enjoyed visits to him at Coniston. They had much in common, and had many subtle resemblances to each other in their likes and dislikes.



A hitherto unpublished sketch by K. G.

"The sincerest form of flattery" (imitation) annoyed her, and did her reputation harm, as her many imitators went beyond, in fact out-Kate-Greenawayed Kate Greenaway, in their caricatures, and many people did not know one from the other. She herself was waiting in a bookseller's shop at Hastings, and a lady came in and asked for Kate Greenaway's books. The shopman spread a handful out before her. The lady asked, "Are those all by Kate Greenaway?" The man assured her they were; Kate Greenaway was near enough to see that not one was her work.

She had a very affectionate nature, very tender-hearted—seeing even an insect in pain wounded her. She could not tolerate flies caught in traps, or see a beetle or spider killed. Seeing a mouse in a trap tempted her to set it free; in fact, the "cruelty of nature" in the animal world quite troubled her. Dogs and cats recognised this quality by showing their devotion and imposing on her good nature. She would never even scold them. This was simply kindness—not indicating a weak nature. She was decidedly a strong-minded woman.

In the house at Witley, where she constantly stayed when the children were small, she frequently made little



A hitherto unpublished sketch.



Hitherto unpublished.



Not before published.

sketches to please them—a few of which are reproduced here for the first time. When staying there, she enjoyed picnics to Blackdown and the beautiful country round, and in one of her letters from London said she was looking forward to a veal pie on Hindhead, which then was a wild common with very few houses.

She was always a welcome visitor, a true and constant friend, and her loss will be greatly felt by those who had the privilege of her friendship.

Kate Greenaway's art had even a greater vogue in Paris, where the shops vied with each other in exhibiting it, and the little children toddling along the boulevards with their nurses used generally to be dressed in what were known as "Kate Greenaway" costumes.

THE FIDELIO CLUB.

CONDUCTED BY ELEONORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

STUDIES and pieces for the pianoforte, for the Local Examinations of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music, in 1902. Local centre examinations, senior grade, List B. The following six pieces can be obtained, in one volume, in Augener's edition, No. 6505e, price 1s.

Studies.—Bennett, Study in B flat, Op. 11, No. 3. Moscheles, Study in D flat, Op. 70, No. 21. Rheinberger, Fugue in G minor, Op. 5, No. 3.

Pieces.—Grieg, first movement of Sonate in E minor, Op. 7. Händel, Gigue in A, from Suite I. Chopin, Mazurka in B flat minor, Op. 24, No. 4.

Of the six pieces chosen for the above examination next year, the first is by an Englishman, the second by a Jew, the third by an Austrian, the fourth by a Norwegian, the fifth by a German, the last by a Pole.

In the year 1837, Sterndale Bennett, then in his 22nd year, made his first appearance as pianist and as composer before the most critical audience in the world, that of the *Gewandhaus* in Leipzig. He was unknown to fame, and prejudice was rampant. Outside the doors, Schumann was accosted by a fellow musician who, looking with scorn at the programme, exclaimed bitterly. "*Ein englischer Componist, kein Componist!*" (An English composer, no composer!)

Some two hours later the colleagues met again, and Schumann, with sly humour asked, "*Ein englischer Componist?*"

"*Und wahrhaftig ein englischer!*" (And truly an angelic one) came the ready answer. Bennett's position was won. This "angelic composer" has given us our first study, and a proof of his angelic quality at once presents itself.

The study by Moscheles (our second piece) is directed entirely to our muscles. The master explains himself, "This study is designed to promote a delicate, pearly and flowing touch."

Rheinberger, who supplies our third piece, goes deeper. From him we have a Fugue, and the first essential to the right interpretation of a fugue is Mind.

Bennett's study is written in the form of a capriccio, and a capriccio, as Ernst Pauer has told us, "ought to float in the air, as it were, and should appear entirely ethereal; its whole essence is sport, jest, hilarity, and brightness."

A glance at the list of members of the Fidelio Club will show that emotion is the preponderant quality amongst them, and this being so I expect that the "angelic composer" will fare best at their hands. Take then these pleasant words of Herr Pauer's to heart, Fidelians, and when you have overcome the technical difficulties, let your study "float, as it were, in the air." M.M. ♩= 96 will be quick enough; some editions give a more rapid *tempo*, but I do not think such advisable. There is no sense in sacrificing clearness to speed. The composer has given us no indication of the tone power desired by him, but at the third bar a *crescendo* is marked. Now you cannot make a *crescendo* from a *forte*, so I take it he means us to begin *piano*. And this will be quite in character with what follows. Practise each hand separately. The fingers of the left hand must move with perfect regularity, and must not be lifted too high. They should glide over the keys. Now let the melody marked *crescendo* float above them with a lingering grace at the fourth bar. Of course the semiquavers in the treble will be as soft and unobtrusive as those of the bass. Only the melody must sing.

Play the two semiquavers in the bass against the three in the treble at bar 4 and afterwards, in the manner

described in my answer to "Snowdrop" last month, thus—



The musical quotation in "Snowdrop's" answer was not quite correctly printed. The three D's in each group should have been divided by an equal amount of space. There are not four quavers in each group, but three below and two above, and obviously the division of three between two is one and a half to each. Thus let it also be in our study. Notice that the *crescendo* at bar 3 is followed by a *diminuendo*. Return to *piano* until bar 10, where the *crescendo* remains unaltered. The music now becomes more brilliant, but—do not thump! Remember that it is a capriccio, a thing of sport and jest. The essence of a jest is lightness. On the second page, last bar but one, the top A should be marked A flat—a printer's error. *Scherzando* (on page 3) means jestingly. This we may take to be the point of the joke—the bass laughs for four whole bars! *Con anima* (with animation) page 5. Divide the bass notes among the triplets above with perfect impartiality. Let the chords five bars before the end trip lightly up the piano, growing always beautifully less in their progress. Then make your curtsey with becoming grace—last two bars—and exit.

Of the Moscheles study there is really nothing to be said but what is said by the composer. The correct time for it is M.M. ♩= 112. It is a study with a purpose, and that purpose can be attained by rigid attention to every detail. There is nothing left to the imagination.

The Fugue in G minor by Rheinberger (our third piece) is very simple, and the only difficulty it will offer is its speed. It is marked *presto*—as quick as you can. I am not giving any metronome time because my advice is, practise it slowly and work it up gradually till you have it as *presto* as it is possible for you to play it without sacrificing distinctness. A fugue, as you all know, is a composition built up on one or more subjects. The art of the composer is shown in the skill with which he combines his subjects, and the skill of the player is demonstrated by the manner in which she brings out the important parts and subordinates the others.

The first thing to be done in studying a fugue is to take it to pieces, then you see how it is made. This fugue has a subject of six bars' length. The seventh bar is only the connecting link joining subject to counter-subject. There are only two parts—treble and bass. The subject is repeated in the bass, beginning at the eighth bar on the dominant D. That is called the answer, and it also is six bars in length. It is accompanied above by the counter-subject, which must be kept strictly subordinate to the principal subject. Every entry of the subject must be distinctly marked, whether it be in the treble or in the bass. Bar 14 looks as if it were going to keep the ball rolling, but we see at once at bars 15 and 16 that this is not the case. We are only playing with our materials until bar 24, when we get a note for note repetition of the subject as it first appeared, varied this time by the introduction of the counter-subject thrown into the bass. That is all our composer can do with his two parts in their original form, so he indulges in a second episode, that name being given to the portion of a fugue in which subject and counter-subject do not take part. On page 12, at bar 46, we have the subject, in its answer form, on the dominant, again in the bass, but the counter-subject has now become much more skittish, and it dances about from bass to treble and back again with a vigour which it will tax all our agility to follow. Bar 52 begins episode No. 3, which leads us into F major, and at bar 67 we have an entry of our subject on F, accompanied by a variant of the counter-subject in which the skips are filled up. The subject here is prolonged to eight bars. There is no answer, but the subject, modulating into E flat, starts on the tonic of that key in the treble at bar 75, and, with a different accompaniment, continues its course, also of eight bars. Episode No. 4 carries us to C major, and in this key, at bar 95, we have our last entry of the subject, six bars in length.

That is all I can say about this fugue. In practising it, remember three things: The subject is the king. At his entry everyone stands back. Play as quickly as you can, without losing control over your fingers. Relax a little in the episodes. When the king is away his men may play!

GRIEG, SONATE IN E MINOR, OP. 7, 1ST MOVEMENT.

This charming piece will please alike the muscular and the emotional Fidelians, while there is enough mind in it to prevent the intellectual ones from famishing.

The muscles here principally called into play are those of the wrist and arm. Chords and octaves abound. Now, to play chords successfully, it is necessary to take them in handfuls. You cannot play a chord with your fingers. If you do it will sound wooden and dull. Find out the position to be taken by the fingers over each note, then lift the hand high enough to let the muscles of the wrist and forearm take their part in the performance. The chords, beginning at bar 11 and continuing to the bottom of the page, will gain their full effect if played like this. Do not be afraid—you will play heaps of false notes at first; that is unfortunate, but it is inevitable. You cannot jump without leaving the ground, and you cannot play chords without leaving the keyboard. But do not flounder about without reason. Practise one chord first. Then combine two, and measure the distance to be covered between them. Never move sideways. Always fly up and then down as a bird does.

The *tempo* is *allegro moderato*. M.M. ♩= 96 will be about right. The first phrase is a beautiful one. Play it with full tone even though it is *piano*, keeping the trembling bass well under. A brisk *crescendo* at bar 10 leads to the repetition of the same subject, here, however, entirely differently treated. Now, everything is firm, decisive, martial, and the notes of the chords must fall as accurately together as the feet of well-drilled soldiers on the march. On the second page, at the top, there is a short finger passage for the right hand, which must be well subjugated to the left. The second subject begins at the 15th bar, on page 18. These chords must be differently played. It is a pleading little air and the fingers must caress the keys. On the next page, near the end, there is a change of key and time. Mark the melody in the bass. On the last page but one we get the pleading air in a fuller form. It dies away and there is a pause 𝄐. Do not forget that pause. Mozart, when asked "What is the most effective thing in music?" made answer—"No music." Count a whole bar before you begin the *allegro molto*, which must be almost twice as rapid as the former *tempo*. Begin it quite softly and work up to the climax which is reached 21 bars before the end. It is the same subject as at first, but here it must be as fiery and vigorous as you can make it. The final chords, each with a separate pedal, take quite freely from the forearm, and lift the hands, both together, well off the piano between each chord.

GIGUE IN A, FROM SUITE 1, HÄNDEL.

If the fingers had little work in our last piece, it is made up to them here, where they, exclusively, have to work. Händel composed, not for the pianoforte but for the harpsichord—a fact which should always be borne in mind when playing his music. His harpsichord had two keyboards, one loud, one soft. There was no gradation of tone between these two extremes. He moved his fingers with absolute evenness, but he did not move his wrists at all. Speed, in Händel's day, was not what it is now, and if we take this piece at M.M ♩. = 132, it will be quick enough. All the little turns are marked with a stroke through the middle, which means that the note below the principal note is to be taken, and when there is a sharp in brackets, as on the first crotchet, the lower note of the turn is to be sharp. This turn is played so:



At the end of each page, about two bars before the double bar, a *rallentando* must be made, and the last chords must be played with breadth and dignity.

[*Continued on page 207.*

HOW A GIRL SHOULD DRESS.

By "NORMA."

By January winter fashions have reached middle age. What we now see worn are the accepted styles which must content us until the brighter days of spring bring forth fresh temptations. If you spend an afternoon in the West End of London, and possess a woman's eye for the beauty of other women's gowns, you carry away a very luxurious impression of hairy zibelines, royal ermine, and slender waists clasped with flashing belts of gold (cloth of gold), or encircled with deep silk elastic belts studded with steel points. These deep elastic belts look charming on very round slender figures. A particularly fresh type of English beauty wore one to perfection the other day at Prince's Skating Club. Her blouse was pale blue silk, a high white satin stock suited admirably with the very wide white silk elastic belt, which was richly studded with gold points and clasped with a handsome gold buckle. In her toque—which was made of ermine—there were some pale pink roses, which matched the bewitching fairness of her skin. Alas, that healthy pink-cheeked type of English girlhood grows scarcer and scarcer every year in London, and I would not advise one of the more picturesque but rather too emaciated types I see more often now to purchase one of these deep elastic belts.

Belts of every variety and design form one of the distinguishing features of this season's dressing. Perhaps the most becoming and popular shape is three strips of gold or silver braid, plain or flowered, held in the form of a Swiss belt behind by a deep buckle, and graduating into the width of only one of the bands in front. The buckles on these belts are often exceedingly beautiful, especially those which are made in Italy and France. In Paris plain black patent leather waist-belts are very much worn with coloured gowns of every variety. I remember possessing one of these very belts in my pinafore days, and I have never seen one since, until I noticed those that were the chosen thing with the plainly-dressed smart Parisiennes.

Red certainly has made a braver and more determined fight to stay this year than usual. Every year I notice we are told in the early autumn that "Red is to be much worn this winter"—but poor red never is. I think the reason is this, that the reds we have had forced upon us, and rejected until this year, have always been the strong hot reds, which only suit very pale dark women. This year the reds are all softened to suit a blonder tone of complexion. There is a surface bloom of pinky-white on these reds which renders them quite delightful to the eye when trimmed with any of the rich furs which are so lavishly used for trimming this year.



TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES.



OVER THE TEACUPS.

But how to dress one's neck nowadays is surely the one subject of garmentry which makes all womankind kin. For months and months past I have longed for the return of the white linen collars, which went on so quickly and always looked fresh and neat; to my surprise I found that they were the thing in Paris. In the smartest shops where cravats for the neck began in price at 25 francs, white linen golf collars were displayed in their select windows. They are just the same as those we wore three years ago, only they fit more closely and are rather higher. Soft black silk scarves are worn with them or long fancy ribbons tied in a sailor knot close to the throat, and again knotted lower down and fastened to the blouse or dress with a quaint ornament. A piece of neck-gear I fashioned for myself from the designs of Mother Necessity is most satisfactory. I possessed an enamel buckle of rather quaint design. It is about an inch and three-quarters in depth, and two inches wide. It is flat and even-edged, very much the shape of the empire buckles our grandmothers wore on their bracelets of black velvet. I fastened the buckle at each end to black velvet, and stitched the velvet to the neck of my blouse. When the blouse is on, I have only to clasp the buckle in front. It is simply a waist-band adapted to the neck. To my surprise this simple idea has found favour in the sight of my friends, who have proved their admiration by copying it. Perhaps you will say, why not brooch the velvet, but a brooch is not the same thing at all; it requires the height of the buckle to keep the velvet up round the throat. Another article of neck wear I have just completed is a cravat made of black glacé silk cut on the cross about three and a half inches wide, and two and a quarter yards long. I stitched the cravat twice round with white silk, and the pointed ends, which should be carefully cut and stitched, I embroidered with white silk dots. These cravats when made at home, out of good silk, cost about half what they do in the shops, made of inferior silk. A join in the silk does not show the back of the neck, so that about three-quarters of a yard makes a cravat.

I have a blouse in the course of construction, which is also to be embroidered with these silk spots. I will describe how it is made. As the cookery book says, you take your plain material, pink or blue cashmere for choice, and tuck it in sets of three, small and close, to form a saddle. Graduate the lengths of the tucks according to the depth you wish your saddle. Make your three longest tucks first, starting them about an inch and a half from the

edge of the material. This is to allow for the buttons and button-holes. Start your next set of tucks about three-quarters of an inch from the first set, and less than a quarter of an inch higher up on the stuff; go on doing this until the width of your material is all tucked (half the width of ordinary cashmere will do). Do both sides in exactly the same way, measuring very exactly the length of all your tucks. Now lay your simple shirt-blouse pattern on the tucked material, and cut it out like an ordinary blouse. After it is cut out, and before you tack it together, take some white embroidery silk, and in between the sets of tucks make little white silk spots, stopping them just before the end of the tucks. The effect of this simple trimming is much prettier than it sounds in the description. The little front stud or button strap should also be embroidered.

As this is the time of the year for gossiping over the fire at night in a cosy dressing-gown, let me advise any girl who wants one to make it for herself from a paper pattern of the new *kimono* shape, which folds over in front and does not require buttons, or hooks and eyes. This shape is very easily made, it has so few seams, and there is not much fitting required. Make it in pale blue Saxony flannel, trimmed all round the neck and down the front (*kimono* fashion), and round the wide sleeves, with a deep band of that oriental muslin, which glitters with gold and is a confused mixture of bright flowers and conventional designs. I envied a garment made in this way in an expensive shop in Paris. I did not purchase it, and my virtue was rewarded by finding a paper pattern in London of the very same design. Made of the best flannel, it has only cost the moderate sum of fifteen shillings. White silk makes a pretty border for the front and sleeves, but oriental muslin is more uncommon and looks bright and pleasing in the winter. While the sales are on, there are wonderful bargains to be had on remnant day which would be exactly suitable for such things as dressing-gowns and under-skirts.

Cashmere, be it remembered, is one of the correct materials for blouses this winter, and very pretty it looks trimmed with delicate cretonne insertion of flowers. The two figures which our artist has sketched over the tea-cups have both on gowns which would be equally suitable for demi-evening wear, or for afternoon "At Home" gowns. The figure on the right wears a grey spotted dress, a black velvet bolero with handsome lace trimmings; the skirt and full white sleeves are fastened with bands of black velvet and the yoke is transparent. The figure on the left wears white *mousseline de soie*, with applications of lace a little paler in tone than the yoke and ribbons of lemon-coloured satin. In the gowns of tailor-made costumes, we have on the left a long coat of fawn box-cloth, with wide-stitched straps with *l'art nouveau* buttons, collar, revers, and turned-back cuffs of white brocade, edged with stitched fawn cloth strappings. The centre figure wears a full length coat of dark grey frieze, strapped with black glacé silk stitched; collar, yoke, and cuffs of the glacé silk, heavily covered with white cloth *appliqué*. The young girl on the right wears a coat and skirt or light green frieze, strapped and stitched, with collar, pocket flaps, and cuffs of velvet to match.

A FOG PARABLE.

By LILY WATSON.

HE stood in Trafalgar Square, gazing with wide-open, mildly sorrowful eyes upon the murky scene. He offered a strange contrast to the unlovely forms that hurried along the slimy pavement. A soft radiance stole from his face and from his raiment, which, of some clinging material never sold in Bond Street, hung in graceful folds like the Greek dress of old. He might have been a statue of the young Alcibiades come to life, but his face had in it more compassion and tenderness than distinguished that Athenian youth.

"I must have been mistaken," he murmured softly. "Poor, poor folk! And poor beasts that struggle through the mirk!"

The omnibus and cab horses were dimly to be seen, and the other side of the way was not visible at all.

Neither, strange though it may seem, was the luminous Being visible to the passers-by—people with comforters occasionally tied over their mouths, and umbrellas held over their heads. It was scarcely raining, but all the air there was, was a wet compound of damp vapour, dirt and soot, and the umbrellas were irrationally held up as a protection against it. Here and there a yellow gleam showed where a lamp struggled with the gloom.

It was noon on a November day, and this was a London fog.

The bright, invisible stranger watched the joyless procession with pity, that deepened as he heard the frequent hoarse cough and marked one and another victim of the weather, struggling to and fro upon his daily business.

"I wish someone could see me," he breathed. "I should like, before I depart, to be told into what circle of the Inferno I have fallen, or into what part of Hades, and perhaps I could then be directed to the happy country of which I have so often heard in my distant Star."

Even as he spoke he saw his wish was granted. A tall, thin lady in a fur cloak, elderly, and of cheerful, resolute appearance, with a small black bag, marched swiftly towards him and stopped short.

"This is quite irregular!" she exclaimed. "I shall complain to the police. We have enough of sky signs and the rest of it without being startled by advertisements of luminous paint."

Even as she spoke, a frightened look in her eyes showed she was only half convinced of what she said. Two or three people turned and stared at her as if she were crazy.

The stranger laughed musically, took her by the hand, and led her, too paralysed to resist, into the vacant space by the fountains.

"I am not what you call me," he replied.

"No, no! I see you are not!" cried the lady, breathing in a short and hurried way. "My gift of second sight has at last come into use. I'm a Scotchwoman by birth. . . . Who and what are you? I hope you are not come to call me away from life."

She looked wildly around, but the fog closed her in.

"Reassure yourself," observed the stranger. "I am come from the star Rephan, which I would point out to you if we could see aught beyond this darkness. In our distant Star we have heard of the fame of the Earth and of England; one of the greatest English poets has sung of our Star. I am come to see for myself of the wonders of his country. For even yonder the name of Browning has reached us, and we know of the Hades of Virgil and the Inferno of Dante. But I have missed my way; I have fallen into the limbo of some such place of sadness as those I name. Tell me then, you who alone of all these miserable wretches have some look of hope, where I am, and where I can find the Earth-Star of which I am in quest. And why say you, 'You hope I have not come to call you away'? If you answer my

questions aright, I may indeed reward you by enabling you to flee from this horrible place to another and a higher sphere."

"Certainly not," returned the Scotchwoman with emphasis. "I can hear of nothing of the kind, and I'll give you in charge if you so much as suggest it again. I am a member of the School Board, and I shall stand no threats. I shall feel it a public duty to have you taken up."

"That, O earth-born one, whatever may be the exact meaning of the term, will be impossible," sweetly observed the Youth, "as I am invisible to all save yourself."

The lady dropped her bag and wrung her hands.

"I will tell you everything," she cried, "only promise that you will not try to shorten my life on earth."

The stranger, with a growing look of bewilderment in his large mild eyes, promised, and heard in return that he was in London, in the centre of the most famous city of the world.

"It was to London I wished to come," observed the celestial visitant. "I heard it was the abode of art, literature, science and industry. But tell me then (for I cannot disbelieve your answers), what strange and awful gloom is this that even at mid-day broods upon your city."

"This! Oh, this! it's a London fog."

"And why or how has so dire a calamity fallen upon these miserable creatures? They cannot see, they can hardly breathe! Listen to the sounds and shrieks they make in their distress. The blackness is killing many of them. I see it in their faces. I hear it in——"

"In their coughing," suggested the Scotchwoman, as the stranger paused for a word. "I am afraid they are used to it. We have had this fog off and on for nearly a week."

Observing the utter stupefaction of the visitor from the Star, the other, who had strong nerves and had recovered from her alarm, proceeded kindly to enlighten him as to the causes of the fog. The smoke from countless chimneys, she explained, even on a bright summer's day cast a great cloud above the city; but when the atmosphere was too damp for it to rise, it fell to earth and formed a foul and terrible mixture, laden with misery, disease, and death. "As you see at present," she added, while a pale City clerk went coughing past them into the gloom.

"I have the gift of insight," softly said the Visitant. "I can see that yonder man would live in pure air. I can see also that he has a wife and little ones, and for their sakes it will be a pity if he dies. But die he must if he is doomed to breathe London fog."

"Ah, he's one of thousands, young and old," replied the lady, shaking her head. "And as you say, it is a pity."

"And it is not only dangerous, but hideous," pursued the Star-born youth with a shudder, looking around at the frightful scene, the dead, sullen gloom, the greasy pavement, the pushing worried crowd, the abiding darkness overhead, and noting the impurity gathering thickly on his celestial raiment.

"In our Star we are not wise," he said, "yet we know that light is necessary for well-being."

"So do we."

"We know that pure air is necessary for health and gladness of soul; that germs of disease and death lurk in a foul thick heavy atmosphere."

"So do we."

"I have been misinformed," he continued. "I thought there were great men of science in England."

"So there are."

"I thought there was a Government. I thought there were great houses in which wise men met to talk over the matters that concern the nation."

"So there are."

"I thought—pardon me if I err—that there was a great Council, meeting not far away to manage this great city."

"So there is."

"I thought there were great public riches."

"So there are."

"And by means of these riches cannot the Rulers set many scientific men to work to study day and night how to rid the people of the smoke fiend that is stifling them?"

The Scotchwoman looked bewildered.

"It's not quite a matter for Parliament," she said, "and as to the London County Council, I don't know——"

"Then who has this great question in hand, to save your London from becoming the City of Dreadful Night for ever and ever?"

"There are grumbles in the papers, of course," said the lady, "but I don't quite see what can be done——"

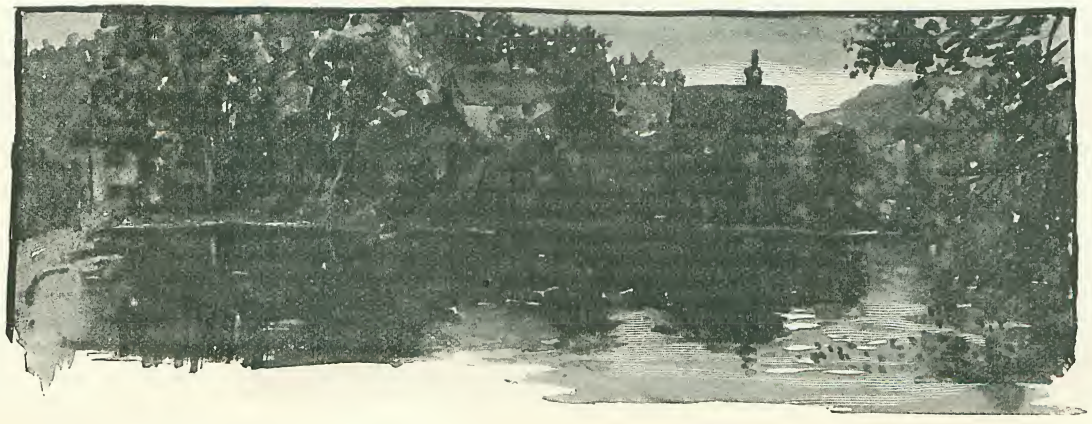
"And men and women and little children are dying! Shame, shame!" cried the Visitant, looking at the shadowy procession. "Oh, terrible land where such things are possible!"

"Next to Edinburgh, London, take it for all in all, is the best place to live in," asserted the lady with decision. But grief, disappointment, and horror were on the beautiful face before her, and it began to grow fainter against the grimy background of fog.

"Farewell," said the Voice, "I ask no more of what you can show me in this great city. I hasten back to my distant Star."

The Vision faded out, and a policeman, who from the gloom had been for some minutes watching a respectable lady holding converse with the empty air, came forward and asked if he should try to get her a cab, advising her to go home to her friends. Indignantly declining his suggestion, Miss MacAlister walked away in the fog, meditating on the strange thing that had happened, and moralising to herself—

"Well, after all, I suppose this *is* how it would strike a stranger!"



GRANNIE'S TABLE.

By E. A. BENNETT, Author of "Aunt Jane's Turkeys," "The Result of a Song," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

VERY much bewildered was poor grannie, when she found herself in a train, and not a little disturbed in her mind about her belongings which had been carried off and lost in what seemed to her hopeless confusion. However, Ronny assured her they were all right; and though at first she and Peggy clung to one another and held the little basket containing their provisions very tight, by degrees they got accustomed to the rapid motion, and able to enjoy looking out of the windows. How they exclaimed with delight when they got to the real country, may well be imagined. But it was a long journey for such inexperienced travellers, and they were both very tired when they reached their destination.

"Here we are at last," Ronny said, as the train came to a stand at a pretty little station. "This is Bridgeford, and we shall be at home in about ten minutes more."

He put his head out of the window, and tired as she was, grannie noticed that the arrival of "Ronny" created a considerable stir on the platform, A porter hurried up, touching his hat as he opened the door, and the station-master came forward with a greeting.

"Back again all right, sir, and the old lady, too, I see. Let me take your basket and help you out. Harris, see to the luggage. The carriage is here, sir, and the cart, and I'll see that the things are sent up immediately."

"Thanks, Ford, then we'll get off at once. Come along, grannie, this way."

And grannie, by this time quite bewildered, found herself being helped into a handsome carriage and whirled off by a pair of splendid horses. Before she had recovered her breath the carriage turned through some large iron gates and drew up at the door of a pretty little cottage on the other side.

"It's your house, grannie," said Ronny, opening the door. "Jump out, Peggy, and run in. Here she is, Mrs. Clarke," to a pleasant-looking woman who came to the door. "Welcome to your new home, grannie, and I hope you'll be very happy in it."

What a contrast to Black Jack Court was the cosy little room into which he led them! A bright fire was shining on a little dresser well stocked with plates and cups and saucers, and lighting up the pictures on the walls, and, welcome sight to tired travellers! an abundant tea was on the table.

"I'm afraid you're very tired, Mrs. Wilson," said Mrs. Clarke. "I've got tea all ready for you, and that will refresh you. Let me take your bonnet and cloak, and sit you down in the arm-chair and rest a bit."

"I think I'll leave them to you, Mrs Clarke," said Ronny. "Good night, grannie, have your tea and get to bed. I'll see you again to-morrow."

Mrs. Clarke soon had them seated comfortably at tea, and, when they had finished, helped Peggy to carry their box upstairs, and then wished them good night.

"I'm your nearest neighbour," she said as she went off. "I live quite close to the back of your house. I've got a little girl just about the size of yours, and they can go to school together. I'll look in in the morning to see if I can do anything for you."

Left to themselves, grannie and Peggy explored their new home, and went into ecstasies of delight over the nicely-furnished bedrooms, the snug kitchen, and all the comforts provided for them.

"And look, grannie!" Peggy said, peeping out of the door. "There's creeping stuff growing all over the front, and flowers along the railings. D'ye think us could pick one or two? My, wouldn't it be prime!"

"To be sure, child," returned grannie. "We can have some, I make no doubt. We'll ask Mrs. Clarke about it, and we'll try and make a pretty little garden out there. Now I think we'd better be going to bed."



GRANNIE.

When grannie woke next morning, the sun was shining as it never shone in Black Jack Court, and for some minutes she was puzzled to think where she was, and as soon as she remembered she woke Peggy, for she felt it quite a waste of time to stay in bed. Peggy, nothing loath, got up and was quite as excited as grannie over all the pretty things, and they were standing at the door, looking up the long drive and wondering where it went, when they were surprised to see Ronny coming along in a little pony-chair.

"Good morning, grannie," he said, jumping out and throwing the reins on the pony's back. "I want you to come and see my mother, and, as I thought you would be tired after your journey, I have brought her chair to take you."

"Why, bless the lad, I could ha' walked," said grannie, "you'd no need to trouble to bring along that pretty little crittur. You be a beauty, surely."

The little brown pony rubbed his nose against her as she went towards him, and was evidently a great pet.

"Put on your bonnet, grannie, and come along. Peggy, get your hat and off we'll go."

Grannie obeyed, and was put into the chair and driven off, Ronny holding the reins and Peggy walking demurely by her side. Quite a long drive it was, through a shady avenue, across a park where rhododendrons and other shrubs were planted on each side of the road, then through low gates into a garden and on to a lawn where a tent was erected and many smartly-dressed ladies were moving about. Grannie looked at them and inquired anxiously—

"Don't you think we'd better come another day when there aren't visitors?"

"Not a bit of it," returned Ronny. "You're a visitor, too. Look, there's father watching for you."

Much to her surprise, Ronny guided the pony right up to the entrance of what seemed to her a perfect palace, and as nearly everyone seemed to be looking at her, it was a relief when "the doctor" came down the steps and shaking hands with her led her up the steps and across a large hall into a little room. Before she had time to understand anything, a kind-faced lady came hurrying in, and, throwing her arms round her, kissed her and cried so much that it was some minutes before she could say a word.

"I am Ronny's mother," she said at last, "and, oh, how happy you have made us! If it hadn't been for you, we should never have found our boy again, and he would have died without our seeing him. We can never do enough for you, and I hope we shall be able to make you as happy as you have made us. And this is Peggy, the dear, good little girl who brought him the food she wanted so much herself. We will try and make her happy, too. Some day you must tell me all about it, but Ronald said I was not to talk about it to-day because I should be sure to cry."

"And of course you haven't done anything of the sort, mother!" said Ronald, laughing as he came in unperceived. "Now I think you must go and rest a bit, and I'm going to take grannie and Peggy to Patsie to be looked after."

Patsie, otherwise Mrs. Patrick, the housekeeper, was a kindly, motherly body, and grannie and Peggy were soon quite at home with her, and Peggy crept softly round the room looking at the wonders, or sat on the rug playing with a white kitten, while grannie told the story of Ronny's illness, and Patsie shed many tears as, in her turn, she told how she had been Master Ronald's nurse, and what a beautiful boy he had been, and what a terrible grief it had been to his parents when he "went wrong."

"It almost killed his poor mother," she said. "They hadn't heard anything of him for years, and how glad they were when they got your letter, even though they thought his father would be too late, as the letter got mis-sent somewhere, and now they don't know how to be thankful enough, for he's their only child, you see, and all this fine place will be his some day."

For, as at last grannie was beginning to understand, Ronny's father had a handle, and a good big one, to his name, and Ronny was heir to more broad acres and fine houses and good things than she could contemplate. Moreover, on this particular day a number of his friends and all the tenants and workpeople had been invited to celebrate his birthday, and Master Ronald had told her to be sure and see that grannie had a good dinner and a comfortable rest till he came to fetch her to see the folks.

So grannie sat and enjoyed herself quietly, and after a time Ronny came and carried her off, through the large hall, along the terrace, and down the steps till they came to the great tent. It was full of people, who had evidently just finished a good dinner, but Ronny led her past them all up to the very top of the table, and there, in the place of honour among all the grand people, was an arm-chair into which he put her.

Then some of them had a good deal to say, and grannie heard them talking about Ronny, only they didn't call him Ronny, but some other name, so that it was some time before she discovered whom they were talking about, and then Ronny began to speak, too, standing between her and his mother, and with his hand on her chair. And after thanking them for their good wishes, he went on to tell them of a little attic in a dirty court, and of someone who was very ill there, and of some old woman who had done something, and the little starving girl who had helped her. He told the story so well, and everyone listened so attentively that at first grannie listened, too, and did not in the least realise to whom he was referring, and it was only when he came to the table that she gave a start and knew that he was telling all these people about the way she had sold her precious table to save his life. And somehow at the end Ronny's voice seemed to get husky, and his mother put one hand to hold grannie's hand and held her handkerchief up to her face with the other, and most of the women in the tent were wiping their eyes.

"I am sure," Ronny ended, "that you will all join with me in hoping that grannie will be spared to us many years, and that all of you who can will help me to make those years as happy as can be, for I can never repay her for what she did for me."

Then, "before all them grand folks," as grannie was wont to say afterwards, Ronny stooped down and kissed her.

There was a silence for a minute, and then such a burst of clapping and cheers as made grannie very hot, but very proud, and when it was over she made her little speech.

"Why, I do think as you be all making a fuss about very little," she said. "I be only an old woman, and I couldn't have left Ronny to die; none of you would, I knows. I'm sure I thank you very much, and I thank the Lord as sent his father in time and brought Ronny safe home. I shouldn't call him Ronny maybe, but I dunno what to call him now he's turned out such a grand gentleman."

"You are always to call me Ronny all your life, grannie," said Ronny. "I think I've got a nice little surprise for you before we go. Look this way a minute."

Grannie turned her head, and there, by her side, stood—could she believe her eyes?—her table!

How the rest of the day passed grannie and Peggy hardly knew. So many people came and spoke to them, and so much was made of her, that it was a relief to her when Ronny proposed that he should take her back to her cottage, and so she and Peggy and the table were all packed into a pretty little pony-carriage that appeared just when it was wanted, and amidst much waving of hands they were driven off.

Very happy is grannie, sitting outside her door among her flowers, ready to open the gate at the sound of a carriage and watching the passers by, all of whom have a pleasant nod or cheerful word for her. And scarcely a day passes that she does not see Ronny, either riding or driving or walking by his mother's chair.

The table occupies a place of honour in the front room, and grannie is never tired of hearing how Ronny's father had traced it from place to place, and bought it as a surprise to her when she arrived at her new home. It is much admired by many furniture enthusiasts whom Ronny brings to see it, and some of them make her eyes open very wide by telling her what they would give for it. But if they offered her twice as much, grannie would not part with it, for her great wish is that eventually it should belong to Ronny, and to make this sure, she has had a will drawn up by no less a person than the family lawyer, and duly signed and attested in his presence, bequeathing the table to him. Though Ronny laughs and tells her she has made it very difficult for him to know whether to wish to keep her or to have the table, she knows he hopes that it may be many years before he claims his legacy, and she will never forget how, when he heard what she had done, he thanked her warmly for the kind thought, and how earnestly he assured her that among the many heirlooms which had descended in their family, none would for the future be more precious or of greater value than that which had, humanly speaking, been the means of preventing the family name from coming to an end and saving his father and mother from a lonely old age—GRANNIE'S TABLE.

HEALTH HINTS FOR WINTER MONTHS.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., C.M., R.N. ("MEDICUS").



NCE upon a time, girls, there lived, far away up among the bonnie Highland hills and shaggy forests above Beauly (Inverness-shire) a beautiful old lady and her husband Ian (pronounce Zean, please). They belonged to the clan Dannachie, being Robertsons of Struan. They were not considered extremely aged by their neighbours, for the wife was barely ninety-seven, and her husband was only a hundred and one, and Scotch folks, you know, who dwell among the heather and inhale mountain ozone and the sweet balsamic breath of the pine-trees, who eat plain wholesome food and all that, can live as long as they please.

And so one day, when Ian did not return from the forest in time for his frugal one o'clock dinner, and the ghillies were sent in search of him and found him, snuff-box in hand, seated at the foot of a pine-tree dead, it was only considered an accident. It was winter, and the beautiful spruce-tree branches were all pointing downwards with the load of snow they bore; but as the roses never left the dear old man's cheeks, he was kept near to the fire rolled in blankets and rubbed with whisky for six long days and nights before hope was given up. Then came the wake and the funeral.

Well, this was my maternal great-grandfather, and his wife, certain in her simple soul that she had only to die in order to meet her Ian once again on a happier shore, lived for many years after this.

I think that the secret of long life in this good and virtuous old couple lay in their love and respect for fresh air and cleanliness, and their mantle—or rather Highland plaid—has fallen on me, their unworthy great-grandchild. Not that I expect to have a long life, but just in order that I might preach yet awhile the doctrines of health to my GIRL'S OWN PAPER readers, I might, you know.

Cleanliness, however, was a craze with the old lady whom I have mentioned. No one, for example, dared ever to eat with the same knives or forks or from plates, etc., appropriated to her use alone. She had an easy-chair in which nobody ever sat but herself, a Bible that she alone was allowed to use, and, still more strange, a well of her own, with lid and lock and key, the water from which no one else ever drank. But I don't want my girls to be faddists, although as regards hygiene it is better to err on the right side than the wrong. Moreover, I wish my girls to be always fresh and happy because healthful, and to live to ninety or thereabouts.

SOME HINTS CONCERNING FRESH AIR.

Oh, I have no doubt that I have harped upon this string before now, and may again, just to keep it fresh in the memory of our regular subscribers, and by way of teaching the regiment of new girls that annually join our ranks.

Fresh air constantly renewed is quite as necessary to a healthful existence as food itself, and those unfortunate girls who are confined to office-stools or shops where this never exists soon deteriorate. They do not develop well; they become weakly, anæmic, and suffer from loss of appetite, backache of a wearisome character, restless nights and irregularities of every sort. I am sorry to add that the minds of such girls are usually on a par with their bodies, and that scarcely even religion itself suffices to keep them altogether in the right path. I assure you that my heart bleeds when I think of all that these poor lassies have to suffer and endure.

But many of those mercantile offices would like to have the windows open if their elders or superiors would only permit it.

In Government offices it is just the same, only for the most part worse. Some of our post-offices, for instance, are never ventilated, and when you enter one early in the morning, the air is of such a foul and ghastly nature that I verily believe blue-bottle flies would drop dead if they came under its influence. Instead of getting fresh air to breathe all day long, as they ought to, these poor hard-worked girl-clerks, shopkeepers, seamstresses, etc., only manage to get a puff of oxygen as they hurry to or from their meals. Is it any wonder that—— But there, I'm not going to preach!

If, however, girls value beauty of complexion and skin generally, bright eyes and a happy disposition, they will endeavour to obtain at night that of which they are bereft all day, namely, fresh air. Let them sleep in it, and this is easily done, as I will presently show you.

The lungs are, so to speak, a pair of bellows which keep up the fires of life. In them the blood, which returns from every part of the body vitiated by carbon or soot, is purified and sent back to the heart, to be pumped out again by that marvellous organ to supply all the needs of nature. Pure blood is supplied to the most minute and uttermost regions of the body, and these make use of it and its oxygen to warm the body and make up for waste of tissue. The blood, darkened now by carbon, returns to the heart, and is sent thence to the lungs to meet fresh air and be once more purified. You cannot see the red or arterial blood circulating from the heart because it is so light in colour, but you cannot look at hand or arm without noticing the veins in which the black blood is rushing backwards to heart and lungs.

BEDROOM DANGERS.

We often hear of people being found dead in bed. A man or woman does not appear at the breakfast-table, but this gives rise to no concern.

"She was rather late up last night," someone may remark. "Let her rest."

But when the forenoon slips away and there are still no signs of the sleeper, someone more anxious than the others goes to her bedroom door and taps. No answer. Then alarm becomes general and the door is forced, to find that poor Miss or Mrs. Blank sleeps

> "The sleep that knows not breaking,
> Morn of toil nor night of waking,"

and so the mourners go about the streets.

It is usually about three or four in the morning that such an accident occurs. This is the truth, but I have never heard anyone wonder why. If you ask a medical man, he will tell you that at this hour the powers of life are at their lowest ebb. This may be correct, but in all such cases as I myself have investigated, I have found the bedroom almost hermetically sealed, and believe that had the window been open and the pure air been circling in the apartment, Miss Blank would not have died.

You see that in a close room nearly all the oxygen is exhausted by four o'clock in the morning, and carbonic acid gas has taken its place. There is barely enough pure air therefore to keep body and soul together, and so the weakly one runs a very great risk. I think that the sleep one gets in such a vitiated atmosphere is of no account and very unrefreshing. It is a poisoned sleep or lethargy, such as that which Greenland bears and other hibernating animals obtain, and which reduces them to living skeletons before they emerge in springtime; but these wild animals are possessed of a strength and a *vis naturæ* that is not granted to human beings.

There is another bedroom danger to which I must briefly allude. If one has eaten too freely before going to bed, or of that which may create fermentation, the stomach gets distended and presses against the heart, causing dreadful nightmares, which, combined with the want of fresh air, may end fatally. Concerning nightmares, I have heard it said that if the wild bull you are chased by overtakes you, or if you do in that terrible dream reach the bottom of the precipice over which you feel yourself falling, you never wake again. There is doubtless truth in this.

It must be obvious, then, to the youngest girl who reads this paper that we cannot have health if we exclude fresh air from the bedroom.

I want you to remember, too, that fires in rooms use the

oxygen up, and so do lamps and even candles, and that for this very reason you are better to sleep in total darkness.

The dangers of bedrooms are very much increased by putting woollen list around the edges of the door, of making use of that awful and deadly sand or sawdust sausage-looking business either at the foot of the door or on the windows.

The want of ventilation in the bedroom is very apt indeed to engender colds and to render the lungs themselves ready for the seeds of consumption to be sown therein. You must understand the physiology of this. It is not so much, then, on account of the extra heat of the bed-chamber as that the vitiated air renders the system weak; so a girl that has passed the night in such an apartment is in a fit condition to be attacked by any microbe that happens to be afloat.

The Bedroom's Ventilation.

First I must inform you that the larger the apartment is the better, because the greater is the space for oxygen.

Therefore the less furniture there is in a bedroom the better, and no curtains should be hung either around the windows or bed, nor should dresses be hung up therein. These all harbour dust, and in the dust live the microbes of almost any disease you can name. But if the room you occupy is small and low in ceiling, it is ever so much more unhealthy, and ventilation is imperative. Ventilation is very simple. For instance, one pane of glass may be taken out and a jalousied glass-work substituted, or the window may be lifted about six inches, and the lower sash allowed to rest upon a board that quite fills up the open space. The air, you see, thus gets in only between the two sashes, and blows right up towards the roof, thus mingling with the rising gases, and rendering them pure and innocuous. Or the upper sash may be lowered and the space filled up with a piece of framed perforated zinc.

But in summer keep the windows wide open all the time, not a wee bit, mind you, for that would mean a roaring draught, but widely, generously open. Your reward will be a total disappearance of all languor on first getting up, the rose tints on lips and cheeks, brighter eyes, and that calm contented feeling which is never experienced by any but the strong.

Saving up for a Holiday.

Begin now at once to put by small sums for this. If you don't think yourself too old to put money in the savings bank, do so by all means, and little by little your fresh air fund will mount up, and how very useful this will be when you do get your summer or autumn holiday time will prove. Try this scheme. Mind that pennies saved result in pounds gained.

Nervous and Weak.

I am really putting the cart before the horse, because it is the weakness which causes the nervousness, and the symptoms of this trouble are far too numerous even to name. This ailment is called neurasthenia by medical men, a word compounded of two Greek ones, meaning absence of strength in the nervous. It usually arises from want of proper food, fresh air, and pleasurable exercise. Cycling girls who spurt or scorch are subject to it, because they weaken or stretch their hearts. Over-work won't induce it, but work and worry will. Eating more than enough at meal-times is a very common cause of neurasthenia, owing to the strain on the internal system to get rid of the super-abundance. A girl who is fond of the table is always more or less in a state of fever, especially if she uses much meat, flour puddings, and sugar.

In cases of this kind the ignorant fly to physic, and dose themselves with tonics which are most pernicious. The meals should be, breakfast at eight or earlier, having taken a large glass of hot water half an hour before it. Dinner at half-past twelve to one, a small cup of tea with milk and sugar, but nothing to eat, at five, and supper at eight. A light biscuit or two before going to bed, and a glass of milk will do good if hunger is felt, or any gnawing sensation at the pit of the stomach. You may drink if thirsty between meals, but a mere mouthful of water with dinner is enough.

THE FIDELIO CLUB.

(*Continued from page* 199.)

Chopin, Mazurka in B flat minor, Op. 24, No. 4.

The name Mazurka, or Mazurek, comes from Mazovia, one of the finest provinces of Poland.

In his Mazurkas and Polonaises Chopin was entirely Polish, and the keynote of all Polish music is melancholy. Even the gay Mazurka is not really gay; it has moments of despairing sadness. As Chopin has given it to us, it has moods as "variable as the shade, by the light quivering aspen made." The metronome mark which I give has therefore little value; it is only intended as a guide to the first steps. The vacillating movement of the first four bars is followed by a coquettishly graceful figure, gathering courage as it proceeds. After the first double bar, we have a teasing jesting phrase. A Polish poet, Brodzinski, says that the Mazurka is "the dance of lovers, whose passing sorrows are not without charm." So you can imagine that our Polish damsel is somewhat trying to the patience of her cavalier. At bar 17, after the double bar, he resumes his suit, becomes agitated, and a quarrel is imminent. There is another double bar—that means another phase of the situation. Our two lovers are very sorry for themselves, and they sit and sulk, *sotto voce*, through eight bars. After that the sun shines again, as it always should shine from bright young eyes, and the two dance away *con anima*. And so the little drama proceeds. The last page is exquisitely beautiful. Our tone poet goes off into dreamland, as he often does, the echoes of the music become fainter and fainter, and the last phrase is a sigh.

Smorzando.



Fidelio Club Coupon.

(To be copied and filled up by intending members, stating that they are subscribers to the "G. O. P.")

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Age.—Under 12? Under 16? Over 16?

Pseudonym (if desired).....

Chief musical characteristic—
Mind? Emotion? Muscle?

New Members.

"Gee-Gee," New Cross (no age given)	Emotion.
"Dorine," Sheffield (over 16)	Emotion.
"Mab," Coleshill (over 16)	Emotion.
"Fidelia," Wandsworth (over 16)	Emotion.
Hilda Baker, Matlock Bath (over 16)	Emotion.
"Anglo-American," Pimlico (over 16)	Muscle.
"I. M. B.," co. Armagh (over 16)	Emotion.
Gertrude Craig Houston, Belfast (under 16)	Mind.
"Cherry," Grantham (over 16)	Emotion.
"Sardonis," Southampton (18)	Emotion and Muscle.
"Avril," Bute (over 16)	Emotion.
"Holly," Holloway (over 16)	Emotion.
"Honeysuckle," Exmouth (14)	Mind.
L. Phillips, East Ham (Under 16)	Mind.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FIDELIO CLUB.

"ANIMATO" (Rugby). Over 16. Mind.—Thanks for your sympathetic appreciation of my work. I shall welcome any suggestions from you.

C. D. C. (West Norwood).—Copy the coupon.

"LADYBIRD" (Llandaff). Over 16. Emotion.

"WILD ROSE" (Hoylake). Over 16. Emotion.—These two Fidelians ask for Beethoven's "Sonate Pathétique." I will give it next month.

"SPRING FLOWERS" (Camberwell). Over 16. Emotion.—Very glad you liked the explanations of Schumann's "Novelettes." I will take the A flat Ballade by Chopin as soon as possible.

KATHLEEN GIRDLESTONE (Whaley Bridge). Over 16. Mind.—I shall be delighted to give you Schumann's "Träumerei."

"A READER OF THE 'G. O. P.'" (Wimbledon). Over 16. Emotion.—I will give you Grieg's "Wedding March," Op. 19, next month. I am glad to be asked for some other composer than Beethoven and Chopin.

"A MUSIC LOVER" (Dorking). Over 16. Mind.—I can only give you one hint, dear Fidelian. The time for Schumann's "Arabesque" is M.M. ♩=152. It should be a delicately whirring motion. At the change of key to E minor it is a little slower. The Finale (*Schluss*) is quite slow, M.M. 𝅗𝅥=58. I cannot understand your music quotation. Where do you find four staves united as you have described?

"SHAMROCK" (Rotherham). Over 16. Emotion.—The "chosen leaf of bard and chief" must not be denied anything. I will give some more of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* soon.

"BLUE CLEMATIS" (Scotland). Over 16. Emotion.—I have made a note of Beethoven's "Sonate Appassionata"—first movement.

"IRIS" (Co. Waterford). Over 16. Emotion.—I am glad that the Fidelio Club will be a help to my Irish "IRIS." I am afraid I cannot undertake organ music, but I will remember the Chopin "Nocturnes."

"BABS" (Cambridge). 18. Mind and Emotion.—I am very sorry I cannot take List A, which you are practising for your examination. But there are so many Fidelians who have asked for other pieces that it would be scarcely fair to give up two numbers of our club papers to the "Associated Board." I will give you some hints, however, next time all for yourself.

MRS. MCINTYRE (Battersea Park). 24. Emotion.—Your first letter arrived too late for an answer in the last number. Certainly we admit married women. Why not? I am delighted that you find the Fidelio Club stimulating, and think you are quite right to keep up your music. Besides, it will be very good for the baby—later on. There is no subscription. The Club is for the subscribers to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. I am horrified that you put Chopin after Liszt.

"BOGIE" (East Prussia). Under 16. Mind.—I should like to hear some more from my German "BOGIE."

"MINIM" (Mirfield). Over 16. Emotion.—Piece suggested, Nocturne, Op. 16, No. 4, Paderewski.

MARY S. (Rochdale).—Yes, copy the coupon.

"A PASSIONATE DEVOTEE TO MUSIC."—Please choose a shorter pseudonym, and copy the coupon.

MISCELLANEOUS.

K. BELL (Merton) will find the information she seeks in the "G. O. P." of April 24th, 1897. In case she may not have this particular number, we will explain that the Bank of England does not herself invest original sums of money, but requires it to be done through a broker or banker. Not till this has been done is the owner of the money recognised as a stock-holder, and not till then can the person fill in the form of application for the dividend to be used in the purchase of the same stock as the original, and, by adding to it, lay the basis of what is known as *accumulative investment*. The sum invested, whether it be £10 or £100, will not always purchase that exact amount of stock; it may buy more or less. There would be no difficulty in selling out such an investment, if required, but of course it would destroy the idea of accumulation. As a change is likely to occur in stocks in 1903, we would advise K. BELL to deposit her money in the Post Office Savings Bank, where she would get 2½ per cent. on her money, and if there is a good banker in the town where she lives, she would do well to consult him about a broker.

THE ONLY ENGLISH WOMAN AT EL CALLAO.—I should apply to the Colonial and Continental Church Society, 9, Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street, about getting a clergyman sent out to your part of Venezuela. There is a little book, called *How to Make a Dress*, costing about a 1s., which I think will be useful to you.

T. R. Y.—I should wash the gold watch-chain in tepid water with a good lather of soap. Then I should put it in sawdust to dry, and rub it very carefully with a soft chamois leather. I should think you had better try Liberty's or some oriental shop for the rice-paper.

M. W.—I should recommend you to go to a tanner's and ask for a piece of dressed leather, such as is used for ordinary leather-work.

M. B.—You had better wash the oleograph with plain soap and water. If that does not remove the dirt, apply a little spirits of wine.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

HOPE ON.—You will have received the address asked for. Several others have applied for it. You write, "I read your answers to your numerous friends with great benefit. It is a real power from God to be able to grasp the difficulties of others and give the right counsel. When I read the despairing appeals of some, I wish they knew of the terrible times I have passed through, and the happiness now through trusting and loving God. If they did they would never despair. Every earnest seeker will find Him in time. As I read of the difficulties of others, a great wave of thankfulness passes over me that such are no longer mine, and I pray that others may find the same loving patient Saviour in less time than I did, if it be His will. Your answers not only help those who read them, but they aid some in giving better counsel who are trying to guide young girls of the G. F. S. There is so much to do, and so little time and bodily strength, one is grateful for every help." My dear girl, it is just because God gives the power to write the needed counsel, and adds the blessing, that our Circle correspondence has been helpful to so many. I rejoice that it has been of use to you. To Him be all the praise. I gladly pass on a portion of your cheering and hopeful message to my dear troubled girls, and I thank you for it.

WATTLE BLOSSOM (Melbourne, Australia).—I am deeply interested in all you tell me of your own happy religious experiences, your efforts at good-doing, and the spirit of unity and good-will now pervading the Christian congregations in your neighbourhood. It is natural for all who work amongst the young, as you do, to look anxiously for some fruit in return for the seed you sow. Sometimes faith and patience are a good deal tried by long waiting. But, after all, hearts vary as the seeds do. Some are responsive to a first call, like the seeds which spring quickly and send up green shoots above the surface. Others' feelings are long hidden, but yield more lasting results. Do not be disheartened about your boys, dear worker for souls and Christ. The reward will come, and, in the meanwhile, you know that your Lord sees your efforts, and knows that you are giving of your best in His service. You tell me you "feel as if writing to one you had known a long time," and that you "love the 'G. O. P.' and the longer you take it the better you like it." I am glad of this. I thank you for your kind wishes, and heartily send my love.

VIOLETTE STRANGEWAYS (N. W. P., India).—On the 1st of January, 1900, you sent me a letter containing a written pledge which I was to return to you when you could feel justified in claiming it. My dear, you were then in great distress as the slave of a habit you hated, but had no power to relinquish, and you asked that prayer should be offered on your behalf. I have asked, and waited and hoped for that letter. Is it ever to come? Can you yet gladden me with a message which will mean a renewal of happiness to yourself, as well as bring tidings of another answered petition?

PANSY THE SECOND.—Very many thanks for renewed kind help, which I trust will be fully appreciated this time. I hope you are feeling much better in every way for your delightful holiday in such a beautiful neighbourhood, teeming too with grand historical associations. My love to you!

MEG.—Yes, there are several volunteers besides yourself, and I sincerely hope their efforts to brighten lives which are, in a sense, darkened will be greatly blessed. Heartfelt thanks for your sweet words to me. "May you have good health and be long spared to hold out a hand to those that need help and to give comfort to the sorrowful." My heart returns the wish to you.

MARIGOLD.—Your two letters recently written have cheered me very much, and it is a special joy to know that you have received such comfort and help from the letters of A WORKING GIRL and A DAUGHTER-IN-LOVE. Also from the "Talk" on "Faith and Trust." Now, though you often feel down-hearted, you long to be of use to someone else and to do some work for God. Dear, you must try not to dwell more than you can help on the darker side of things. I am so sorry you are again suffering physically, and are also anxious about the dear little one you love so much. I hope before you see this you will be stronger and your darling quite well again. I can so understand your longing for a mother's kind hand on your tired aching head. Before you see this, I hope you will have a nice helpful correspondent. The little photos are very pretty, and the baby looks such a dear little pet. May God bless you both. My likeness has been more than once in the "G. O. P." It was amongst those of the many contributors in the 1000th Number, February 25th, 1899. It must be good, for I have been recognised by means of it more than once at a public gathering. How could I be angry with you, dear child, for such an affectionate wish?

"DUM SPIRO SPERO."—I have not lost sight of the suggestions contained in your last letter. The subject had been already chosen for a Talk, as I had been deeply impressed by the ignorance of many and the carelessness of others who must know better in regard to it. I believe, nay, I am absolutely certain, that a special and remarkable outpouring of spiritual strength and blessing invariably follows such prayer. I am thankful for all you tell me about the circumstances which softened your recent bereavement and the many happy memories which will always cheer you. Also that a recent Talk stirred responsive chords in your heart. I should like to avail myself of your offer as correspondent, but I must find the one who needs what you can give. Some might take offence instead of finding help.

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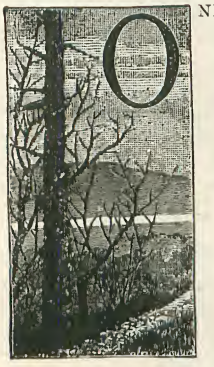
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"'BRING SACKCLOTH AND ASHES, SOMEBODY, QUICKLY!'"

PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.



NE more question, Pixie, and remember I place absolute reliance on what you say, for you have given proof that you are to be trusted. You heard Lottie's insinuation that you might have had some share in the accident! Had you touched the scent-bottle at all that night?"

"I had not, Miss Phipps!" The grey eyes looked into the face of the questioner with a full steady light. "I never noticed it at all until the girls began talking about it, and then said I, 'I must have a look at that bottle before I'm much older,' and so I did that very same evening, but never a finger did I lay upon it. I put me hands behind me back and just doubled meself over the table—like this!—looking at it all I knew, but not daring as much as to breathe upon it, and from that hour I was never within yards of its presence."

"I understand! But why, dear, have you refused to give us this simple explanation all these weeks? It was surely only to your credit that you had thought of Mademoiselle's comfort before your own, so there was no reason for being so secret about it. Did you not see that it would have helped your cause to have given this explanation?"

"I—didn't—like!" said Pixie, twisting her fingers in and out in embarrassed fashion. "It was this way: that first night you were all so cross and so certain that it was me because I had been in the room that I was shy about telling. You see Mademoiselle would have been obliged to be pleased with me, and she wasn't feeling disposed to be pleased just then, and it would seem as if I were trying to get off blame by boasting of what I'd done. I can't explain my feelings, but I couldn't tell! The next day it would have been different, but Lottie begged me not to say what I knew, and we never told tales of each other at home. The boys would have been cut in pieces before they had rounded on each other, so of course I had to give my word. It was very miserable, because no one loved me, and in my home we have very affectionate ways, the one with the other, but Lottie said it was only a little time to the holidays, and after that all would be forgotten. She did say she would ask me to visit her, and I wouldn't hurt her feelings by saying no, so I just wrote and told Bridgie to say I couldn't be spared, for I can't go anywhere but just my own home. And she said her father would be so angry with her if he knew, that never another happy moment would she have, and I knew my people wouldn't mind!"

"And did you tell your people how unhappy you were? Did you tell them what trouble you were in?" queried Miss Phipps softly, and at that Pixie shook her head with great emphasis.

"I did not, Miss Phipps—I wouldn't dare! They would be so terribly angry!"

"But you said a moment ago that they 'wouldn't mind!' Then how could they be angry with you, dear?" asked Miss Phipps, smiling, and Pixie bent her head with a quick propitiatory bow.

"'Deed, it was yourself they would be angry with—not me! If the two Houses of Parliament were walking up to Knock Castle and telling them that Pixie had told a lie and stuck to it for a month on end, they would only be calling shame upon them, to have nothing better to do than take away a lady's character, and the Major would say, 'Twelve years have I known her, and never the day that she wasn't up to her neck in mischief, but no child of mine ever looked in my face and gave me the lie, and Pixie's not the one to begin.' So never a word did I say, but just that the examinations were coming on, and we were not allowed to go out."

"Pixie, come here!" cried Miss Phipps, and when the girl approached, she received her with outstretched arms and framed the thin little face with her hands. "Little Pixie," she said softly, "never say again that no one loves you in this house. I have loved you from the first, and have felt it a real trouble to be obliged to doubt you, and now I love you a hundred times more for your loyalty and unselfish consideration for your friend. You would have been wiser to be more candid about your own doings, but I appreciate your scruples, and the school code of honour has so many good points that I cannot bring myself to say that it should have been broken. As for the conduct of a girl who would let another suffer as you have done rather than bear the consequences of her own misdoing, I have no words to express my horror and indignation, especially when she is a senior and you one of the youngest in the school. It shows a want of principle which makes me despair of her future. A sudden slip or disobedience I could pardon, but not deliberate deceit, and I am too fond of my girls and too anxious about their welfare to allow such an influence to remain in their midst."

Like the shiver of wind among the trees, the word "Expelled!" came from a dozen quivering lips, and Pixie O'Shaughnessy clasped her hands in horrified appeal.

"Oh, ye wouldn't—ye wouldn't send her away! Ye wouldn't give her over to her father, and him so stern and cruel with her! If she's been bad now, she was good before. The girls were fond of her, and she was kind to meself, lending me her lace collar and all the fixings for the party. If it's for making me miserable you are after punishing her, I'll be more miserable than ever, and the girls will be miserable too—ask them if they won't. Lots of them think there isn't another to touch her in the school, and they couldn't do that if she was all bad. Punish her some other way, but oh, don't, don't send her away! What's the use of me taking all the trouble if it's to be no good after all?"

A smile came to Miss Phipps's lips at the innocent directness of the question, but she grew grave enough the next moment, and her voice sounded both sad and troubled as she replied—

"You certainly give us a lesson in the way to forgive our enemies, Pixie, and I should be sorry to do anything that would make you 'miserable'; but I must think of Lottie's good before our own preferences. Mr. Vane is too good and just a man to treat her unkindly, and is only stern because he has realised the weakness of her character. He is too anxious about her welfare to make it right for me to conceal anything from him, especially so flagrant a breach of honour; but perhaps—I don't know—if the feeling of the girls themselves is in her favour, I may consent to give her another chance. I am glad to hear that she has been kind——"



Girls' Own Paper.

ART STUDENTS AT BREAKFAST IN PARIS.

London.

"Lottie is very good-natured, Miss Phipps. She is a favourite with the girls. They would be sorry to lose her. I think it would be a punishment to her to feel that she had fallen so much in their opinion, and we would all like to give her another chance," said Margaret timidly, and Miss Phipps nodded kindly in reply.

"Ah, well, we can decide nothing to-night. It will need careful thinking over, and meanwhile we will banish the subject and make the most of the time that is left. I am very sorry for the interruption, although in one sense we are glad of it too, for it has brought Pixie back amongst us. She must go upstairs and dress quickly, and then we will have supper and put away unpleasant thoughts, and Mademoiselle must really dry her eyes, for I cannot have any more crying to-night."

"If Peexie will forgeeve me!" cried Mademoiselle, stretching out her arms and clasping Pixie in so tight an embrace that when her little snub nose came again in sight, it bore the pattern of a steel button plainly stamped upon it. "I won't forgeeve myself that I was so 'arsh and cross. It was a poor thanks, *chèrie*, for your kindness to me all these weeks when I have been so warm and comfortable. I am ashamed to remember what I have done."

"Small blame to you if you were mad when you believed I was telling a lie to your face! But ye weren't half so nasty as ye think ye were," said Pixie, beaming upon her in sweetest condescension. "Sometimes ye were quite agreeable. There was one day I was in with a cold, and ye came and cheered up me spirits until I hardly knew meself for the same creature."

Mademoiselle lifted her hands with an eloquent gesture as a sudden remembrance darted into her mind.

"Ah, yes! It is true. And now I have something else to tell you, you girls. It is Pixie whom you have to thank for this party, not me. It was she who begged me to supplicate Miss Phipps for you. She said, 'She will say yes if it is you who ask, but not to me, therefore you must not say my name at all, but if she will not give the party because I am to be punished, tell her to send me to bed and let the rest be 'appy.' The dear child has thought of you when you were all so cross with her."

There was an outburst of cheering from all corners of the room, in the midst of which Evelyn fell back in her chair and tugged with both hands at her long dark locks.

"And I called her a hardened little sinner! I abused her like a pickpocket, and called her an ungrateful serpent! Bring some sackcloth and ashes, somebody, quickly! I shall go in mourning for the rest of my life!"

(*To be continued.*)

STUDIES IN CHARACTER.

By ALFRED T. SCHOFIELD, M.D. (*Chairman, Parents' National Educational Union*).

PART I.

CHARACTER AND MYSELF.

I KNOW these papers will be studied with interest by all the readers of this paper, for I am quite sure there is not one who does not wish to improve her character.

This being so it will be my delightful task to endeavour to point out to this interested and intelligent circle of readers what character really is and in what various ways it may be capable of improvement.

Two things at least are needed in every advance in life, and one is the will and the other is the power. If I were writing for a newspaper which anyone reads, I should have to say a great deal about the former; but as I am addressing myself to the readers of this paper only, all of whom are —to say the least—intelligent girls, I feel quite sure I need not spend my time in trying to stir up a desire for improvement, but can proceed right away to extend our knowledge of the subject—for knowledge is power.

The word character signified originally the mark a Babylonian brickmaker stamped upon the bricks he made. It refers now to the stamp of the owner on his own mind. Character is the personal shape the mind acquires by use, as a glove or shoe soon shows the outlines of its owner's hand or foot.

Character is the visible representative of my spiritual self, just as the body is the image of my material self.

We do not know much about our own characters or about ourselves because they both lie in the hidden and unconscious parts of our being. And it is well they do, for though they are very important, like the roots of plants, they are not meant to be the constant subjects of inspection; but hidden themselves, to reveal their beauty by the leaves and flowers that appear above ground.

The formation of character is the most permanent and valuable expression of human life, and it is mainly in the first thirty years of life that character is developed; so I am glad to think that the majority of my readers have some years left for the process.

We must remember, however, that though the process is slower and more difficult, it can and does go on in a way all through life.

Of course, as long as we are at home, we cannot understand really the full importance of character. We are so surrounded with those who make all sorts of allowances for defects, and with safeguards of all descriptions, that when we open the gate and step out into the world by ourselves, we soon find the difference, and gradually discover our most valued possessions are not our purses or even our jewel-cases—if we have them—but our characters.

If we begin at the bottom, what is a servant without a character? It is more to her than her wages, or even her health. And so in every station in life we find that character is property, and sometimes the only property a person has.

Circumstances are little, but character is all.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most loves
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
It matters not how long we live, but how."

Our soldiers in Africa have nobly shown this. Life is not all to them. They suffer privations we never hear of in England; they are terribly wounded, they lie stiff in death sooner than fail in their duty, sooner than be false to the character of a British soldier.

How beautifully Epictetus, that noble Roman, speaks of character. "Happiness is not our strength, our wealth, or power, or all three. It lies in ourselves, in true freedom, in the conquest of every ignoble fear, in perfect self-government, in a power of contentment and peace, and the even flow of life even in poverty, exile, disease, and the very valley of the shadow of death."

Characters, of course, respond to various motives, some most to the opinion of others, some to loyalty to themselves, others to appeals of beauty or fitness, and others again are swayed by emotions. Some are governed by pure intellect, while the highest and noblest respond to a knowledge of the will and purpose of God in their being.

Neither cleverness nor happiness, we must remember,

are necessarily associated with goodness. Some low base types pass through life with a lazy enjoyment, and avoid many troubles by never seeking to rise. Browning describes these well.

"Happy that I can
Be crossed and thwarted as a man,
Not left in God's contempt apart
A ghastly smooth thing—dead at heart,
Tame in earth's paddock as her prize." *

In talking we speak of our character as ourselves. We talk of being ashamed of ourselves, of expressing ourselves, of educating ourselves, etc., and this is truer than we think. No doubt at present the outward bodily form, and even mannerisms and dress, are all needed to enable us to recognise our friends, but by-and-by it will be the character alone that will preserve our identity. We shall be no mere likenesses of each other hereafter; the character found here will be displayed there, and one "star" will differ from another "in glory."

Coming a little more closely to the question of self, we find that, though actually we have but one personality, there are several fictitious selves. We all remember in that delightful book *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table* how when the professor explained to John that he consisted of at least three people—the real John, the John seen by himself and the John seen by others—that John proceeded at once to eat three breakfasts—one for each—to the dismay of the landlady. We think, however, four breakfasts must be provided, for besides these three there is at least one more—the artificial John, or the John he wishes other people to think him. I suppose not many "Johns" read these pages, nor even, perhaps, very many Janes, so we will drop names and just shortly consider these four selves of which we seem to consist, one alone being real, and the other three more or less fictitious.

1. First there is "my real self."—This person is only known to God—you don't fully know her. To Him alone all that you are is "naked and open," and all that is invisible or only dimly seen by us, to Him is as clear as day. It is not perhaps desirable that we should fully know ourselves. If we know enough to keep us humble, and yet never despairing, we may be thankful.

2. There is next the "self I know."—The difference between this creature and what I really am, measures the extent of my ignorance, for when knowledge shall be perfect they will, of course, be the same.

Now while too much introspection is bad, and makes us morbid, and brings me many of my nerve patients, there is an introspection that is wise and good, and tends to mental health.

Ruskin tells us always to have two mirrors on our toilet tables, and see that, with proper care, both body and mind are dressed before them daily. A looking-glass and a Bible perhaps best represent these mirrors. Introspection to be beneficial should never be habitual, but only at intervals, and with a view to definite improvement. One thing is certain: it is infinitely more needful for us to be conscious of our vices than of our virtues; the former should be unmercifully bared, while the latter grow best in the shade. As a rule we can only see ourselves by looking inwards: it is rare that we see ourselves objectively.

It was my lot a few years ago to sit talking one morning with some ladies in an hotel in Queen's Gate near a table in a drawing-room with many mirrors. I soon noticed a group of persons at the end of the room round another table. Being short-sighted I could not tell what they were doing, but they had the appearance of playing cards. The hotel was full of Americans, and thinking the behaviour rather dissipated so early in the day, put them down, with insular ignorance, as transatlantic cousins. There was a man in the party, but I did not think much of him when he looked up and I caught his face. Certain points in it did not please me, and I hardly cared for his general appearance, besides which I noticed certain things to his detriment. One was he appeared to be listening to our conversation, which I thought distinctly rude. He stared very hard too. My suggestion to my friends, however, not to speak so loud, for "those people over there would be sure to hear us," was met by shouts of laughter, for the room was empty, and they were but our own reflections in a mirror. My reflections, however, required no mirror, and I have not yet quite recovered the shock of seeing myself on one solitary occasion, objectively, as others see me. It is not that this shows us our true selves, but it certainly reveals an outward expression and appearance to us in a way that our own toilet glass, to which we come knowing whom we are going to see, never can. We never look at ourselves consciously with impartial eyes.

The amount we see of ourselves subjectively depends, of course, a great deal on the light we use. Ordinary self-consciousness is the most feeble. Determined introspection is much more powerful. This again can be much aided by others telling us what they see which we miss—a not unpainful process. Seeing our own qualities displayed in others is as great a help to understanding their meaning and value as seeing a jacket we are going to buy tried on the saleswoman's shoulders, while we walk round and criticise.

The Spirit of God, however, and the Word of God rightly used are the most effective lights of all. The description of the Word of God as "quick, and powerful, and piercing, even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, of the joints and marrow (*i.e.*, of the most hidden unconscious parts), and as a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart," represent strikingly the action of these moral Röntgen rays. The power of these latter, if described a few years ago, would have appeared a little fable, though now a scientific commonplace; and these spiritual rays, though known in their power to many, are still fabulous to others.

3. There is "the artificial self," or the self I wish others to think me. Many indeed, and these by no means bad characters, have whole wardrobes of these selves like suits of clothes, which they put on and off; indeed, in many cases many put them on with their changes of dress, and one self is seen in the ball-dress, another in the cycling skirt, another in the nurse's apron, and yet another in the Sunday costume. Occasionally the wrong self is worn at the wrong time, with as absurd results as if one went for a morning walk in a dinner dress. These artificial selves are seldom complete all round. They are like the allegorical figures Ruskin speaks of in the roof of a cathedral, which looked very well from the pavement; but which, when he got a ladder and went up, he perceived were quite unfinished, and never intended for close inspection. We are not always prepared for our friends to walk all round us.

Girls of strong individuality or self-conceit, as well as those of innate honesty, are seldom conscious of the putting on or off of their artificial self, and some few do not make any change. In the majority, however, the self is made to harmonise to some extent, at least, with its environment; the self, for instance, that is exhibited to our superiors is seldom exactly the same as that shown to our inferiors. We may even imagine it is, but it is not.

While spending four successive weeks in a school, at home, in a gay country house, and in a vicarage, there are but few who would exhibit, or even try to exhibit, the same self. It is not only that some special characteristic would be emphasised in harmony with the special occasion, but the whole self exhibited would be consciously as well as unconsciously changed each week; the very tone of voice, the very attitude of body, to some extent the whole outlook in life, the thoughts, as well as the words and deeds, being different.

We do not say this by way of blame, though often the more inferior the nature the better is it marked. On the other hand the changes may be signs of a sensitive and sympathetic character, that keenly feels discrepancies between the self and its surroundings, and thus ever tries to bring the former into harmony wth the environment.

When the change is conscious, it is nearly always

* R. Browning—"Easter Day."

effected to gain the esteem or good-will of others, and only in essentially contrary natures is it put on for the opposite purpose. Different from this again is the public character that is deliberately and consciously fraudulent. To colour your likeness, or what you suppose to be it, in different tints to suit different tastes is one matter, to substitute a false one is another. Our character should be always as good as the public sample—that is, although in religious company a girl may unconsciously emphasise the religious side, she should never pretend to more religion than she has got. Our condition and character may and should continually change and improve, but the public sample or outward self should never at any time misrepresent, though it often accentuates its qualities.

Our public self always best expresses our real self when we are least conscious of it. When we pose consciously, we represent what we think we are. When we act unconsciously we exhibit what we really are. Now if the real or unconscious self is superior to the supposed or conscious self, we are at our best when unconscious of our actions. If, on the other hand, our unconscious self is at a lower level than our conscious self, we are at our worst.

Everyone must know these two types of character. The girl who is always most refined and at her ease when she forgets herself, and only awkward when conscious, and the girl who behaves well as long as she is on her guard, but when she forgets herself shows that she is really underbred, are examples of these two types. In the former it is the unconscious mind that is the better educated, in the latter the conscious. We may say, then, that the public self is always unconsciously varied to some extent to suit the company or pursuit; that it is in addition often further modified purposely for definite objects, and furthermore that only by unprincipled girls (non-subscribers to this paper) are qualities put on that are not possessed at all, or are, at any rate, far in excess of the reality.

Nevertheless, speaking of our inward and outward selves, it is always better to bring our character up to our conduct rather than to level our conduct down to our character.

4, and lastly, there is "the self as seen by others," which is never the true self, but always an incomplete and incorrect view of it. The judgment of others upon us is largely founded upon our outward appearance, including not only our bodies, or rather our faces, but also our dress, coupled with such indications of our spirits as they can read in our acts and words, or perhaps between the lines in our mannerisms, gestures, and "little ways."

It will be seen in the various selves described, beginning with the real self seen by God, and ending with the self as seen by others, the judgment increasingly depends on outward manifestations, till at length it includes our clothes, and possibly our houses and our occupations.

Some indeed can form a very good idea of a girl's character by seeing her bedroom or by looking over her favourite books. Even the handwriting is some guide to character.

The estimate of a girl's character is drawn from a wide field, the greater part of which is external to herself, for all within the range of our influence speaks of our character, and though this may not be much in a girl's case, with a king it includes his whole kingdom.

We may notice this progressively external judgment in other things. Take my watch, for instance. A friend, looking on the case and face, says, "A very nice watch." I, knowing its qualities and properties, say, "Yes; a good time-keeper." The maker, who knows its works, says, "It is an English lever of the best make, jewelled in six holes." Here are three progressive judgments in reverse order from without in.

A judgment of the character of another founded upon a close study of its display in her life and in all over which she has influence, from her clothes to her friends and pursuits, is generally fairly correct in its main outlines. A girl, roughly speaking, as a rule passes for what she is worth, only the greater her value the less likely she is to do so.

The nearer we are to the average the more likely is the estimate to be right. In the former case she is understood by few, in the latter by many.

Every day that we live before one another is in a sense a judgment day, and in view of the light we unconsciously shed upon our own characters by our acts, all conscious attempts at concealment or exaggeration avail nothing in the long run. We may not know how we know, but we do know; and a deep-seated distrust of a person is often well-founded.

Some indeed, and especially women, have strong instincts as to character. I know a lady who, riding for the first time in a carriage with a man of high reputation and outwardly of Christian character, came home in great agitation declaring he was a wicked man. Nothing had transpired. It was her instinct alone which produced this conviction, for which she was severely blamed, and which was not justified till years after, when the wicked life of the man was brought to light. As a rule people have not these gifts, and, like all instincts, it is not very safe to rely on it.

We may, of course, seeing the hands keeping perfect time on the face of a watch, safely say there must be a good mainspring within; and, on the other hand, when a bad character is sought to be concealed, the limits of dissimulation imposed by the face, unconscious actions or words, often prevent it being successful.

However much we may think we can estimate the character of others, we should be slow in judging them, particularly if we only know them slightly, for the deeper the character the less likely are we to sound its depths in a short time. Deep characters are thus, as we have said, more often ill-judged than shallow ones.

If our character is growing as it should, the estimate of others is generally rather too high, inasmuch as in such cases our conduct by which we are judged, based as it is upon what we would be rather than what we are, is generally in advance of our actual character.

If our character, however, is not advancing but is stationary, the estimate is more likely to be true. If our character is deteriorating, the estimate again is too high, for we often cling to good conduct even after good principles have been abandoned. Degradation of character is seldom aimed at, but is rather due to the loss and abandonment of a good ideal.

Frequently our friends lay hold of a salient point which is the leading or, at any rate, most conspicuous feature in our character, and see all our other qualities in its light. A picture based on such a view (generally exaggerated) is called a caricature. A portrait is, on the other hand, a balanced estimate of the girl as a whole.

When an honest girl finds the opinion of others as to her character is what she believes to be in advance of the truth, it may serve her as an incentive to live up to her reputation. The opinion of others is indeed one of the agents that most materially assist in the growth of character. It is not the highest agent but the most common one. The highest lies in seeking to estimate in what light God regards it, and in testing ourselves by His standards.

The conclusion of the matter so far, therefore, is that my character is myself, but cannot be known by myself; that it is probably best discerned by one who has had constant opportunity of knowing my thoughts and words and deeds, and my manner of life for some years; and who can do this like a mother?

A girl who goes to her mother for an estimate of herself is likely to be immensely helped by the fair and loving portrait she will have presented to her, showing, as true love must, the defects as well as the virtues.

Remember, then, your own estimate of yourself is never likely to be as correct or nearly so as your mother's, or even sister's. You may, of course, know you possess some hidden qualities you don't show, but they will tell you of much you show unconsciously.

God alone knows, however, really what I am, and He Who alone perfectly knows my character can and will, on certain conditions, aid me to mould it on perfect lines, not with the idea of its ever attaining perfection here—but hereafter.

(*To be continued.*)

"THE WHITE HOUSE CLASS."

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

PART IV.



AVING had two "sweet" mornings, or rather two mornings devoted to sweet things, Miss Benson thought a lesson in savoury cooking would not come amiss. Mr. Merton, in fact, had gone out of his way in order to call at the White House and ask Miss Benson to teach his daughters how to cook a curry.

"Having been in India so long," he explained, "I am devoted to curry. No, my liver is not out of order, Miss Benson, but my life is incomplete without that spicy and toothsome mixture on my table occasionally. It is true, my wife gives me a yellowy, pallid compound, which she calls curry! But it is nothing like unto the crisp, browny, golden mixture I used to get in Bengal."

"Well, I think I can give your daughters instruction on that point," answered Miss Benson, smiling. "I, myself, learned from a shivering Bengalee in London many years ago. He came to my mother's house one bitter wintry day clad in his national costume. No, not in a neat postage stamp and a necklace, Mr. Merton; but swathed in snow-white muslin. The poor fellow was such an object of compassion, that my people took him in, until they could communicate with the proper officials interested in such stray Orientals. In gratitude, Mooza taught my sister and me how to make his national dish. I never eat a curry now in any house but my own. For what professes to be such is but a feeble imitation."

Mr. Merton was full of thanks.

"And don't forget the rice," he whispered, as he took his way down the white steps. "For goodness' sake, Miss Benson, don't forget the rice!"

So, on the fourth morning, the round spice-box, full of every kind of dry pod and bean which can be used, stood on the kitchen dresser when the three young maidens arrived for their weekly instruction.

"Condiments, my dear girls," began Miss Benson, in her most pedagogic manner, "are rather adjuncts to food than foods themselves. In fact they may be said to be medicines more than foods. Yet they are extremely valuable in rendering food more palatable, stimulating a jaded appetite, supplying a necessary substance, and assisting in the preservation of food. Your father was here yesterday, and though he did not plead illness, or complain of a jaded appetite, he did ask me to teach you all how to make him a savoury curry such as his soul loves. Lucilla, Linda and Eva, you are this day to make a curry, succulent enough to melt in the mouth, hot enough to tickle the palate, soft enough to be eaten with a spoon, and crisp enough not to be a hash!"

Miss Benson was evidently in good form this morning. Lucilla kissed the white brow which was so often wrinkled with pain, and looked lovingly at the thin cheeks.

"Yes," replied Miss Benson to the unspoken sympathy, "I am feeling better than usual. So you girls will have to look extra spry if you want to please me. I am all anxiety to turn out a first-class curry."

On the table the girls saw some raw beef cut up into dice, some cooked vegetables left from last night's dinner, a bottle of powder, and onions.

"First and foremost, Linda, those onions must be cut into rings. I have some compassion on your eyes, dears, so I asked cook to peel them for you. That is right, Linda, I want a good pile. Now, Eva, melt in a stew-pan a lump of good dripping or butter; when it boils, and it only does this when all bubbling has ceased, pour in your rings and let them fry. You may let them, indeed, look quite a dark colour and feel quite crisp before you remove them from the fire. Linda, if you peel a couple of potatoes with the knife you have used in slicing the onions, all unpleasant odour will be eradicated. Now, Lucilla, dredge over the meat and vegetables with flour out of its dredger. Don't be satisfied with a sprinkling, but see that every part is well covered with a white veil. Eva, whilst the onions are frying, mix a tablespoonful of curry-powder with a breakfastcupful of milk. If I had been able to get butter-milk, or thick sour cream, it would be even better. Mix thoroughly and take out every lump with the back of a spoon. Pour it into the pan. When it boils up, Linda must put the meat in. There, that will do; but as we have had to use sweet milk, Lucilla, please squeeze a lemon over the meat, and see that the sauce covers it completely. That is the foundation of all curries; but we must add much more if we want really a good one. I see an apple on the dresser, slice that in, and are not those green gooseberries in that basket? Top and tail a handful, little Eva; they can go in too. Is there anything else? Yes, that bottle of chutney is nearly empty and its contents too dry to use. Pop it in—the chutney, not the bottle, I mean. Now give it one or two 'rakes' with a fork, Lucilla, and, if it is bubbling, draw it away from the open ring and leave it to cook at the side of the range. The lid is well down, isn't it, Linda? Doesn't fit properly? Oh, then we had better dispense with it altogether! Our object will be to keep in all the steam which may arise; so put a plate over the compound, Lucilla; it will act splendidly."

"But when will the curry be ready, Miss Benson? It is scarcely cooking at all at the side of the range."

"It will not be ready till eight o'clock dinner," explained Miss Benson, "by that time every ingredient will be undistinguishable. It will be a golden brown mass of soft stuff, most toothsome and most appetising. Never be in a hurry with a curry. It is always better after twelve hours' cooking."

"Do you always make your curries of fresh meat, Miss Benson?" quoth Lucilla, the prudent. "Mother says she uses up all the cold meat and scraps in one."

"Your mother is quite right, Lucilla, as she always is. For I hope your motto is the same as I had when a girl—

"'What mother says is so—
Is so, even if it isn't so.'

Curries may be made of any scraps one has at hand. It's in the mixing and the cooking that success hangs; but, of course, a curry made of fresh meat or fowl is better than one made of dry, cold mutton, or any reheated stuff. As I wanted your father to have a really good one, I have been extravagant enough to-day to use fresh butcher's beef."

"Now for the rice!" exclaimed Lucilla. "That is a more fearsome mystery than the curry even."

"It is less seldom met with properly cooked," answered the old lady. "Let us try our 'prentice hands anyway."

So, according to directions, a quarter of a pound of Patna rice was well washed in clean cold water, every disfiguring dark grain being ruthlessly picked out. It was then put into a large saucepan of madly boiling water.

"A large saucepan is a *sine quâ non* for cooking rice," explained Miss Benson. "There must be room for each separate grain to whirl about in the water. If you put rice into a little water, it will absorb it, and become a glutinous pulpy mass. If there be sufficient water that is impossible. Keep it boiling quickly for fifteen minutes; at the end of that time try a grain between finger and thumb; if there still be a 'bone' in it, give another minute's boiling. Then strain quickly, pour cold water through it, and after covering the rice with a dry clean cloth, put the sieve and it into an oven, and serve when every grain is distinct."

"Is there much difference between the different kinds of rice we see in the grocers'?" queried Linda, who was particularly fond of the delicious little grain.

"There is a great difference in price and some difference in appearance, Linda," answered Miss Benson; "but there is not much difference in their nutritive qualities. The large-grained Patna rice at threepence a pound is quite indispensable for cooking with curries. It is so white and firm; but the smaller grains at twopence a pound do well enough for milk puddings, etc. The cheaper kinds, and there are cheaper, must be I think the sweeping of grocers' shops, and to be avoided. It is wonderful how we are able to get rice at even threepence a pound, which is the top price in the market, when one thinks that it is an entirely tropical or sub-tropical production, and the long way it has to travel to reach us. We ought never to grudge the price. Rice requires much moisture and germinates best in marshy surroundings. For this reason the paddy fields of India and the cultivated portions of the Nile banks grow the finest kinds. There is not much nutriment in rice itself, though from the earliest records it has formed the staple food of the great masses of population in both India and China. One has only to read of the way in which Death mows down his millions in those countries whenever an epidemic breaks out, to see how little stamina the people possess. It is the additions we make to it that makes rice wholesome. In India it is the 'ghee,' or rancid butter, they mix with their daily dole, which sustains life. In this country the milk and sugar we usually cook it with is what makes it valuable."

"Can anything be done with this plain-water boiled rice when there is any over?" queried economical Lucilla, looking at the pile of snowy grain left on the sieve after being boiled.

"One nice way of eating it is to add cold milk and raw sugar to it and eat it thus. As a child, I delighted in this mixture, and every other child I have ever given it to does the same; but, as a rule, rice is not worth heating up twice. You can soon tell how much you need to cook. Usually far too much is put into saucepan or pudding. Amateurs forget how much rice swells, one teaspoonful to half-a-pint of milk is quite sufficient for the milk-rice so much used. Skim milk will make this, if you replace the abstracted cream with a bit of finely-chopped suet. This suet is better than butter in giving a thin yellowy-brown skin to the baked pudding. It never tastes as strongly as does cooking butter, and it is more wholesome to weakly digestions. You know suet boiled in milk is largely given to consumptives as a fattening, sustaining, heat-giving food."

The curry prepared that morning at the White House appeared at the dinner-table of Mr. Merton that same night. It was of a dark-brown complexion, and encircled with a high wall of dainty grains of white rice. N.B.—This was freshly boiled, the trio of cooks having demolished the first-made pile with sugar and milk before they left Miss Benson's kitchen. In addition to the curry was a small glass pot of hastily-made chutney. As this is one of Miss Benson's specialities, I append the recipe for the same.

A handful of sultana raisons well cleaned and finely chopped, a few small chillies treated in the same way, a handful of fresh green mint chopped and pounded, and a fistful of raw brown sugar. All these ingredients pounded together in a mortar and moistened with a few drops of tarragon vinegar.

"The very nicest chutney I ever tasted," decided Mr. Merton, the connoisseur, as he helped himself for a third time. "More power to your elbows, girls, and may your shadows never grow less!"

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

The King's Surname.

The following letter will be read with interest by many of our subscribers.

"My daughter has just read me your note on this subject, which I happen to have been discussing during recent weeks with the Clarenceux King of Arms (Mr. Cokayne) and others. The verdict of the high authority cited is that Guelph is absurd, it having been only a Christian name, and that if, as you also say, the Royal Family has any surname at all, that name was d'Este up till the marriage of Queen Victoria. But the Prince Consort introduced his own surname, which is neither of the above but Wettin, and this must consequently be the name of the present King and his immediate relatives. I may add, however, that the Lord Chamberlain gave me the name of Guelph d'Este, but this can hardly represent the fact since 1840."—Ed. *Whitaker's Peerage.*

A Fact Worth Learning.

When Lady Broome was in office as the first Superintendent of the National School of Cookery, one of her earliest pupils was a very young and pretty girl. Her youth and good looks attracted notice. "We all," says Lady Broome, "took the greatest interest in her progress; but alas! she was privately reported to me as being a most unpromising subject.

"One day, when her lesson was just over, I chanced to meet her, and inquired how she was getting on. She took the most hopeful view and declared she 'knew a lot.' I next asked her to tell me what she had learned that day.

"'Oh, let me see; we've been doing breakfast dishes, I think.'

"'And what did you learn about them?'

"'I learned this'—with an air of triumph—'that they are all the same eggs which you poach or boil. I always thought they were a different sort of egg, a different shape, you know!'"

Sure to be Dry.

A "sweet girl graduate" wrote the following on the fly-leaf of her text-book on mental science—

"If there should be another flood,
For refuge hither fly,
Though all the world should be submerged,
This book would still be dry."

The Book-Lover.—She that loveth a book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counseller, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter. By study, by reading, by thinking, one may innocently divert and pleasantly entertain oneself, as in all weathers, so in all fortunes.—*Isaac Barrow.*

The Editor has been besieged by visitors, clergymen, district visitors and others working in the East End of London. They keep on calling to know if there will be any clothing that they can give away to their shivering poor, and alas! there is no needlework competition this winter. So if any good, kind girl would like to send a parcel of old clothes that she has no use for, pray let it be sent to the Editor while the winter cold is still upon us, and he will, oh, so gladly! hand the clothes on to the applicants. The following letter from Bermondsey, one of the poorest parts of London, is one of many lately received, and will show our girls how useful they have been in the past and how useful they may be in the future. All parcels will be acknowledged by the Editor.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Shall you have any clothing from the "G.O.P." to distribute this winter? If you have, may I beg for some? What you sent me last winter was such a comfort, it cheered up some weary hearts and warmed their bodies, and brought down blessings on you and the readers of the "G.O.P." Clothing of any kind is welcome in this parish. With kind regards, I am, Yours truly,

M. C. Vansittart.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A "SISTER."

By FLORA KLICKMANN.

PART II.

DISSENTING SISTERHOODS.

FOLLOWING the excellent example set by the Church of England, several of the dissenting bodies have organised sisterhoods in connection with the work of their various churches. In these, as in the Church communities, gentlewomen are more particularly needed. With the enlightenment of modern times, it has been proved that the woman of refinement and education can make more headway with the lower classes than one nearer their own social standing, not on account of the education itself (it is immaterial to a starving, homeless outcast that the Sister who befriends her is a London B.A.), but because a cultured woman should have more tact in dealing with the difficult cases that are always coming to the surface; and she should also possess a wider experience and more gentle manners than a woman whose life has been spent in one narrow groove, and who is probably handicapped by prejudice and ignorance.

It is interesting to notice that where a sisterhood is attached to some particular denomination, it is never a *sine quâ non* that the Sisters themselves must be members of the same body. For instance, "Sister Constance,"



[*Photo by Scarlett & Francis.*

A SISTER DRESSING A DISPENSARY CASE.
(*Baptist Deaconesses' Mission.*)



[*Photo by Russell & Sons.*

SISTER GRACE.
(*Bermondsey Settlement.*)

the Lady Superintendent of the Baptist Deaconesses' Home, is herself a Wesleyan, and on every hand mere sectarian differences are disregarded in the one great aim that is common to all.

The Wesleyans are well to the fore in providing openings for women workers. The Sisterhood of the West London Mission was started fourteen years ago. To quote Mrs. Hugh Price Hughes's own words to me, "It was an attempt to start a sisterhood on broad lines, allowing scope and larger measure of freedom for the individual, and embracing all kinds of social and philanthropic work. Sincerely Christian women of all Protestant churches are welcomed among its members, and those are eligible for admission who prove that they have the necessary goodness, sense, force of character and ability for one or other of the numerous branches of work. The object we seek to attain in our Sisters is quality and not numbers. We wish to obtain the services of earnest women who can originate ideas and become leaders in their various departments of work. Many of the Sisters give their services, though to some, who have no private means of their own, we give a small sum sufficient to defray personal expenses. All receive board and lodging alike free of charge. No one is admitted into the Sisterhood until she has successfully undergone a year's probation. The ideal of the Sisterhood is perhaps shown most plainly in the name they have chosen for themselves, viz., 'The Sisters of the People.' Wherever there is trouble, need, sorrow or difficulty, no matter who the person may be—rich, poor, whatever creed or nation—that alone constitutes a claim upon the Sister if any possible help is within her power. Our branches of work are many and varied: district visiting, district nursing (which is undertaken only by those Sisters who are fully trained and qualified nurses), mothers' meetings, girls'



[*Photo by W. G. Parker & Co.*

SISTER CONSTANCE.
(*Baptist Deaconess.*)



[*Photo by Russell & Sons.*

"SISTER OF THE PEOPLE."
(*West London Mission.*)



[*Photo by T. C. Turner & Co.*

A "SISTER OF THE CHILDREN."
(*The Children's Home, Bonner Road.*)

clubs, boys' clubs, work amongst children, temperance work and rescue work. We have also a large *crèche*, day nursery, rescue home, and home for the dying. Our workhouse teas are a special feature of the work of the mission amongst the poor who have drifted into the workhouse. The general work of the Sisterhood is directed by a council consisting of myself and the senior Sisters in the Mission. Each Sister is responsible for her own department, and is allowed great freedom of action, as we assume that, if she is fit to be a Sister at all, she is fit to be trusted. When a Sister joins us she is not pledged to remain any given time, though it is expected that she intends to give some years at least to the work."

This description of the work of the West London Mission gives an excellent idea of the scheme of work upon which most Protestant sisterhoods are based.



A GROUP OF MISSION HABITUÉS.

[*Photo by Scarlett & Francis.*

Another important band of workers, which, though entirely undenominational, owes much to Wesleyans, is the Bermondsey Settlement. The one great qualification that is required in candidates for admission is "a real desire to share whatever one possesses with those who are less well off. The least valuable possession is money." The nurses receive some remuneration for their work, but the other workers are supposed to pay £1 a week for their maintenance. All the ladies do not live together in one building; they are divided up, some living in one house and some in another. Miss Mary Simmons, the head of the Women's Settlement, lives in what was formerly a public-house (now a Temperance House) in one of the backest of the back streets. And this is illustrative of one great aim of this community, which is to induce cultured Christian people to settle in the midst of the large and ever-growing poor population, so that a higher influence may be exerted over the masses.

In addition to the usual departments of mission work, the Bermondsey Settlement has one remarkably interesting feature in its special provisions for children's pleasures. "The Guild of Play" and the "Guild of the Poor Brave Things" are now famous all over the country. "Sister Grace," who is responsible for these, was originally a Sister in the West London Mission. It was Mrs. Ewing's book, *The Story of a Short Life*, that suggested the idea for the "Guild of the Poor Brave Things." The object of this guild is to help and cheer the lives of crippled and deformed children. Everything that loving thought and willing hands can do to brighten the miserable existence of the little sufferers is carried out by an ardent band of workers under "Sister Grace's" direction; the poor mites on crutches have even learnt to tramp it round the gymnasium to musical drill. Fresh guilds on the same lines have sprung up in other parts of the country, and these in themselves should provide scope for many sympathetic girls who have some little time to spare each week. The members of the "Guild of Play" are the Board School children in the district; and these hold weekly meetings in the Board Schools and playgrounds, where they are taught how to play—not the wild horseplay of the embryo Hooligan, that used to be the order of the day, but all the old English games, with singing and *tableaux*, and valuable moral discipline thrown in all unconsciously.

Work among children is pre-eminently women's work. The Children's Home, which was founded by Dr. Stephenson, offers a large field in this direction. The members of the community are known as "The Sisters of the Children." No candidate is admitted as a probationer under twenty-one years of age, but the authorities prefer her to be at least twenty-three. Two years must be spent on probation before a worker can become a fully-fledged Sister. Board and lodging are ordinarily provided free of charge to both candidates and probationers, but in cases where the applicant or her friends are able to meet the expense of the preliminary training they are expected to do so. Those engaged in the work of the Children's Home, who have private means, give their services gratuitously; but the position of those who receive pecuniary allowance is not in any way different from those who do not.

Every sister is required to pay one shilling per month to the Sisters' Superannuation Fund, which guarantees to those spending thirty-five years in the service, an annuity of twenty-five pounds per annum on their retirement from the work. Sisters who have spent twenty-five years in the service, and are compelled by ill-health to retire, may receive, if the application be approved by the Committee, a proportionate annuity. Sisters retiring before completing twenty-five years of service will be entitled to have the amount of their subscriptions returned to them, but without interest.

The Baptist Sisterhood in Doughty Street is first and foremost a nursing and medical community. Experience proves that the bulk of the people can be more readily reached through the cure of their body than in any other way. The Doughty Street Sisters therefore start work upon this foundation. They have an excellent dispensary, and Dr. Lush, the Honorary Medical Officer, devotes much time each week from his large practice to attend to the crowds of patients who present themselves for free treatment. Serious cases, that require constant attention and supervision, the Sisters nurse in the patients' own homes—if such the garrets and hovels can be called. Invariably they have to supply linen and clothing in addition to food and medicine, so desolate are the poor creatures. Some of the Sisters work in connection with chapels in other districts, but in all cases they specialise on medical work. They are provided with board and lodging and, when needful, a yearly sum of fifteen pounds each for dress and pocket-money.

I have only space to refer briefly to the Congregational Sisterhood at Canning Town. Here a work of great dimensions is being carried on, and medical work is again a prominent feature. This settlement has a hospital of its own, and numbers two lady doctors among its resident officials, in addition to three lady physicians, and two lady surgeons on its consulting staff. Resident workers contribute a guinea a week towards their board and lodging; and two scholarships are awarded annually to those who are otherwise eligible, but are unable to afford the expense. A scholarship entitles the holder to a year, free of cost of living, at the Settlement.

Though I am obliged to leave unnamed many bands of workers which are quite as deserving of mention as those I have dealt with, I think enough has been said to show our readers what a large amount of work is being done—and what a still larger amount is waiting to be done—by girls and women who would follow the example of One Who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

US AND MOSES.

By MARY E. HULLAH.

CHAPTER I.

THE entry of the birth of the twins was inscribed on the page of the family Bible immediately after the entry of the death of their brother Reginald.

Their names were Theodore and Dora Weylette. Theo had brown eyes that looked out on to the world benevolently. He carried his square chin high, and believed Under Grange to be the most favoured spot in the British Isles. Dora was fair, blue-eyed, loving, irresistible. She was the only person in the house who had not yet found out that she ruled her father with a rod—of gold.

The Weylettes were people who had seen better days. The present owner of Under Grange had settled down on the patrimonial estate and farmed his own land. There was not much of it; folks said that the Squire made up in pride for what he lacked in acres.

Christmas-time and a raw winter afternoon. Theo stood in the study, his hands in his knickerbocker pockets.

"Father," he announced in a high boyish treble, "we have found a friend."

Vere Weylette raised his eyes from his book.

"I am glad to hear it, my boy! May I ask where?"

"Near Meadlands. He's the learnedest chap you ever saw, and the stupidest! He fell into a ditch and laughed, and he's reading Cæsar. He's staying at the Vicarage at Glencross, and his name's Moses."

Mr. Weylette adjusted his *pince-nez* and contemplated his son and heir with grave amusement.

"How old may Mr. Moses be, Theo?"

"Oh, about a year older than us! Dora likes him too." This was an afterthought, for Theo was aware that by some mysterious process of reasoning, incomprehensible to himself, father more often approved Dora's flights of fancy than his, Theo's, deliberate conclusions.

"So Dora likes him, eh?"

"Yes. Dora wants him to come to tea."

The Squire took up his book.

"Ask your mother," he said absently and buried himself anew in a work on land drainage.

Mother's consent was easily won, and Theo, rejoicing, ran to tell Dora the good news. She was waiting in the nursery. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and the Squire appeared on the threshold.

"Children, one thing I have to say to you—to you particularly, Theodore," (for Dora was already patting her father's hand, and he hardly liked to include her in his admonition). "Wherever you play with your new friend from the Vicarage, you are not to set foot in Meadlands Park, nor even to go through the gate. And if anyone asks you why not, you are to say——"

"I know, father," broke in Dora with her benign smile. "We are to say, 'No, we are not 'llowed to 'sociate with bad people, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor anything that is his.'"

The Squire patted his little daughter's flaxen locks. No farther speech on his part was necessary—she had the matter in a nutshell.

He went back to the study where he had spent so many lonely hours since the death of his eldest son. In truth, he had come out of that terrible time of trouble more silent, more reserved, more obstinate than ever. There had been an accident in the hunting-field on the Meadlands property one Christmas long ago. Reginald's horse had missed a high jump, had fallen, entangled in a wire fence that had lately been put up; the young rider was brought home dead.

The owner of Meadlands, Major Darch, hurried back from abroad, shocked and grieved at the tidings of the tragedy, full of sorrow for the loss of the bright boy, whom he had loved as a son. He came straight to Under Grange and was refused admittance. He attended the funeral, an uninvited mourner, and his old friend ordered him to quit the graveside.

Such a scene had never been witnessed before in the quiet country churchyard. The Squire, haggard and wan, his fierce eyes flashing, accused his some time friend of having had a hand in the death of his boy. Why had that fence been put up?

Richard Darch stood listening in silence with bowed head, then he laid a hand on the Squire's arm. There was a movement among the men assembled. Would the gentry come to blows before the minister? Richard's hand trembled.

"Some day you will know that you are wrong. God knows that I would have given my life to save his." And he turned and went his way bareheaded, with the winter sun shining on his ruddy handsome face, and the tears springing in his eyes.

That night Vere Weylette was stricken with illness. When, weeks later, he came forth from his sick chamber, it was with bowed shoulders and grey hair. He came forth to learn that Richard Darch had gone away and that the house at Meadlands was shut up permanently.

In the course of time another son was born to the Squire, the name of Darch was never mentioned, and outward peace reigned at Under Grange. Now it was Christmas again. To-night Vere Weylette stood by the fireside and meditated on the past, and on little Dora's attitude, her baby face and incongruous speech. At any rate, Dora was a staunch partisan—the child had a fine spirit of her own. Then, he sighed, it was strange that the remembrance of the empty house at Meadlands should weigh on his spirits. Darch could not sell it. No, he could only keep away from one year's end to another.

"He will never come back," he thought. "He has served his country well. Doubtless he is a first-rate officer, but he's afraid to come home and be reminded of me and my poor boy!"

So he hugged his grief, cherishing his resentment even so far as to congratulate himself on having been successful in sowing the seeds of hatred, malice and all uncharitableness in his little daughter's heart.

It had come to this, that eight years after that terrible accident, the bereaved father still refused to be comforted.

The tenants and labourers, having no theories concerning that fine line that separates sanity from insanity, said broadly that the Squire was "odd." Perhaps they were right. Still, he strove to do his duty—he was a devoted husband to his invalid wife, a just landlord. He did not shrink from one of the responsibilities that were his at Christmas-time, though he dreaded Christmas with a nervous horror of which he was half ashamed.

A day or so later the master of Under Grange was walking homewards. As he approached the house a fair-haired boy, slight and pale, came running headlong towards him.

"Hullo!" said the Squire as the child fell into his arms. "What are you doing here?"

The boy flushed crimson. He had blue eyes and a delicate skin; the veins on his forehead were plain to be seen.

"I'm the hare, and please, sir, don't keep me. The hounds are just behind!"

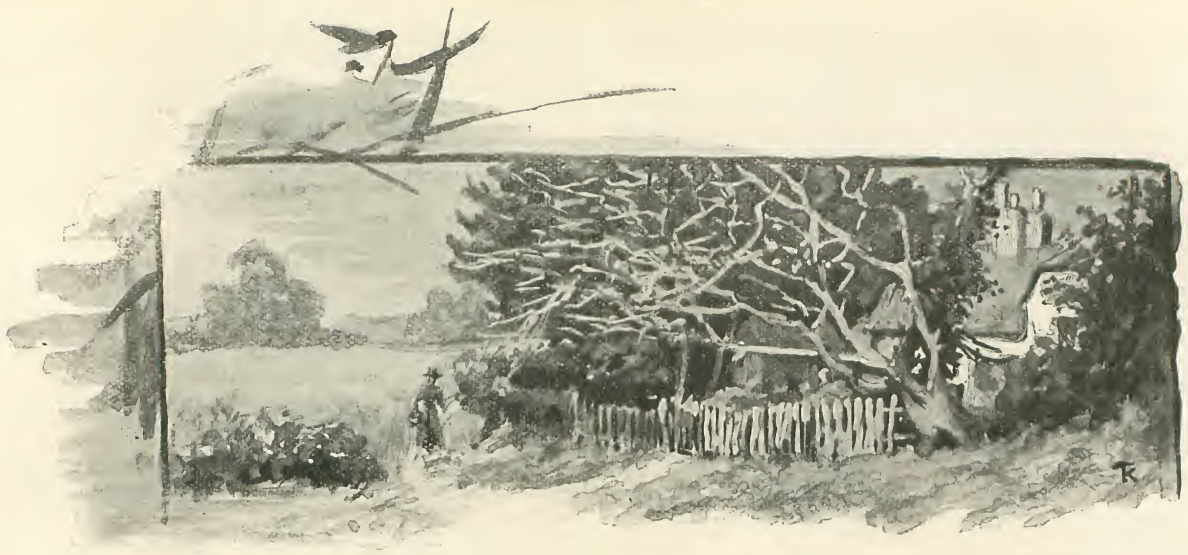
The Squire stood aside, for just then Theo and Dora came running down the avenue. Theo ran stolidly onwards, the hare was but a few yards ahead. Dora, gasping and puffing, stopped to wave her fat hand and to say—

"Father dear, it's such fun; it's Moses! We'll soon catch him."

So that was Moses! What a name for the boy! The Squire passed on and in another moment had forgotten the existence of the visitor. For a week the children played together. Moses made nothing of the three mile walk from the Vicarage. He was an only child, his mother was dead, his father had sent him here because he had been ill. It was dull at the Vicarage alone. So much of his personal history he had confided to the twins during the first five minutes of their acquaintance, and they asked for no more.

(*To be concluded.*)





SILENT STRINGS.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Lady Dye's Reparation," "A Cluster of Roses," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

THE END OF A DREAM.

"I WILL take you back to Bloomsbury myself," said Claud. "I hope Mrs. Verdon's just wrath will be easily appeased."

"Oh, she doesn't know what wrath feels like," Amice answered confidently. "But it is good of you to come. Do you know, I wished I could stay in the orphanage? I am sure I could teach the children, and get used to all their ways."

"You have other work to do," Claud said quietly. "Your mother wants you. And if ever you left her, you would pine to go back."

She knew that he was right. There was only one cause for which she could leave her mother, and it was plain enough now that Claud would never ask her to share his life. Her dream was over.

She knew it for a certainty, although she talked pleasantly all the way to Bloomsbury; but there was one thing that she did not know. Occupied entirely with the effort to hide her own pain, she did not suspect that he was concealing some of the sharpest pangs that he had ever known. She had never—fortunately for herself—divined the fact that he loved her, and had quietly resigned her love.

True to her promise, Mrs. Verdon was sitting in her chair and smiling when they entered her room. She greeted Claude quite amiably, then looked at her niece with an amused glance, and said—

"What a fright your dress is, my dear!"

"Yes, aunt, I know. It will never be fit to wear any more; I have been through some strange adventures," said Amice, longing to go upstairs and hide herself.

Claud did not stay long. He explained matters very simply, and departed. And Amice did not say one word about seeing him again.

Her large dingy room was bright with summer sunshine, bathing everything in a flood of cheery light. She stood upright in the middle of the floor, quite motionless, looking at her own reflection in the cheval-glass. It surprised her to see herself so little changed; certainly she was pale, and her soiled dress gave her a new aspect; then, too, the feathered hat, which Mrs. Taylor had vainly tried to straighten, was very unlike anything which she had ever worn on her dainty head before. But it was the same Amice who stood there; the same, and yet not the same.

She hated the sight of the poor grey costume, and divested herself of hat and gown as quickly as she could. How Addy and Sis had admired her dress when they walked with her to the station! There was a soft brown frock hanging in the old-fashioned wardrobe, and she took it from the peg and put it on with a sigh of relief. Then she arranged some creamy lace about her white throat, smartened with knots of turquoise blue ribbon, and felt that she was pretty Amice Hinton of Oxford once more.

Did Mrs. Verdon see deeper into a girl's heart than the girl herself dreamed of? This easy-going aunt was not, perhaps, as indifferent to other people as she appeared to be. When her niece came down to lunch, she scrutinised her quietly and attentively, and presently asked a question in her lazy voice.

"Have you anything that you can put on your head, my dear? That grey thing is disreputable, you know."

"I have a sailor hat, aunty; that's all."

"Well, you had better get something else as quickly as you can. Mr. Wilmer says that he found you in a most frightful neighbourhood. They took everything you had, didn't they?"

"Everything—purse, umbrella, and watch. The watch was father's gift," said Amice, and her lip trembled.

"Things might have been worse," remarked Mrs. Verdon composedly. "They might have knocked out your teeth and broken your limbs; on the whole, I think you got off pretty well. But you shall not be left lamenting like the lorn person in some old ballad. I will give you a purse, an umbrella, and a watch; and you shall go out this afternoon with Martha and order a new grey costume."

Amice flushed for very gratitude, and then grew pale again.

"You are too kind, aunty," she said. "I was an idiot, you see; I did not know what a risky thing I was going to do.

"And I ought to have taken the dragon upon me," confessed Mrs. Verdon. "You wouldn't have gone to that horrible place if I had not permitted it. Your saintly friend evidently thinks me an indolent, good-for-nothing old woman. Well, my dear, you have paid for your mistake, and I'm quite willing to pay for mine."

Amice smiled brightly and gratefully; she could not trust herself to speak at that moment.

"For the future," Mrs. Verdon went on, "I think you had better avoid the sphere of your friend's labours. He is cut out for slum work, but you are not. Enthusiasm might sustain you for a time, but not long. You are intended to live a comfortable life and do good to people in a pleasant way. Leave the pickpockets and roughs to the clergy of St. Mark's, and attend to the deserving poor outside the slums."

Amice coloured again, but she only said, "I believe you are right, aunt," in a very quiet voice.

The words were an echo of those other words spoken by Sis when they had walked out together earlier in the year. It is hard to realise, sometimes, that our friends know us better than we know ourselves. Amice was not the first girl who had made up a character for herself and expected events to group themselves around her.

She went out in the afternoon with Martha, and took a natural interest in the pretty things displayed in the shops, but, underlying all, there was a sense of defeat. Yes—and a dull pain which was never forgotten for a moment, although she gave a full attention to the purchases she made. Yet when she came back the roses had returned to her cheeks, and the spiritless look was gone.

Mrs. Verdon sent her to bed early that night, and then, alone in her room, the tears began to flow.

It was not the cry of wounded pride that awoke within her and made her weep, nor was it the denial of her heart's desire. "I was not good enough," she said over and over to herself. "I was not half strong enough, and God knew that I should be a hinderer instead of a helper."

She had made a fairy dream of a serious task, investing grim and stern realities with the glow of romance. If she had been less self-absorbed, higher in motive, simpler in intention, she would have been more fit for the work which was refused to her now. For the first time she had got a glimpse of her innermost self—the self we seldom dig deep enough to find—and she was all the graver and humbler for that new insight.

When she fell asleep that night, she was partly conscious that she had passed through one of the bitterest hours in her life. The pain was with her at first, even in slumber, but she lost it long before morning. She woke refreshed, but tired, and stiff with bruises, and Aunt Verdon had decided that she was to have her breakfast in bed.

The month in Bloomsbury passed pleasantly away, although her heart ached through all the kindness that she received. A handsome new watch hung at her belt, the fresh grey costume was prettier and more costly than the spoiled dress. It almost seemed as if she were rewarded for making a mistake. For every gift and every tender word she was abundantly grateful, and yet a hundred times a day the inner voice would make itself heard. "If you had been different—if you had been nobler—if you could have been the woman you thought you were!"

She did not think it hard because Claud never called again. He wrote an account of her adventure to Addy, and Addy sent her a letter full of anxiety and affection. As for him he just worked on harder than ever; his vocation, stripped of all illusions, was exactly what it had promised to be. The path had never looked fairer than it really was; no golden mists had ever hidden the rough places, and he had always known that they were not soft for the pilgrim's feet. Good old Drew, cheerfully toiling in California, would come home by-and-by to find a sweet bright face awaiting him, but if Claud had been less true, three lives might have been spoiled. Better the sharp pain of one lonely heart than the thwarted union of two that were made for each other.

So the time glided away, and then Martha went with her to Paddington, and saw her seated in the Oxford train. She was not sorry to leave London; it held no place for her; the thrill of vague expectation was gone. And now the rich green meadows, the lilies afloat upon the shining streams, and the grey towers, seemed silently to welcome her back. Home had never been so truly home before; it was the comforting thought of a mother's love which kept her from brooding over the vanished dream.

Addy and Sis were on the platform, waiting for her with lips and eyes ready to give a welcome. Her greeting was a little graver than they had expected, and some change, which they could not define, had passed over her bright face.

"Are you thinner?" asked Sis. "You don't seem quite so—so substantial as you were. Oh, we were so thankful that you escaped from that frightful mob! Addy said I was not to talk about it, but of course I can't help beginning directly. And she is certain to make you tell her everything by-and-by; she means to put an infuriated crowd into her next story."

"I didn't say so," Addy protested.

"But I am sure you will," Sis cried. "It's a dreadful thing to be an authoress. You are so anxious to use your friends' disasters as copy that you lose the power of sympathy. I'm glad I'm not a literary woman."

"But we are all proud of our rising writer," Amice said cheerfully, with her old sunny smile.

She was walking home from the station, guarded on each side by a girl, and the calm happiness of other days was coming back. They went up the ugly street leading to the bridge, pausing a moment to hear the familiar rush of the water, and see the misty reaches of the river gleaming in the sunlight. "We are happy in our old homely way," said the inward voice of each heart, but Sis thought of Woodmere with a little sigh.

The girls left Amice at her own door in Beaumont Street; and then came the deeper home-coming and the quiet joy of sitting down by the mother's side again.

For the first time in their lives they were conscious of a slight barrier of reserve which had somehow arisen between them. Mrs. Hinton was silently wondering whether her long guardianship were coming to an end. But Amice, leaning against her in a loving fashion, could not bear to keep her lips closed.

"Mother, I was glad to leave London," she said. "There will never be any home there for me. What a silly blunderer I have been! It was because I did not know myself that I ran headlong into that slum."

Mrs. Hinton's arm tightened round her waist.

"Girls have their dreams, Amice," she said gently. "You have been a sort of sister of charity in imagination. But a mother is often a seer, you know, and I

saw that the rugged path of self-sacrifice was not traced out for your feet. Now I have got my own girl back again, and if she has given up a certain romantic fancy I am very glad."

"Claud is very good, mother." The words were spoken softly after a pause. "But he has no need of me. I thought—it was foolish—that I could be his helper, and lighten the heavy part of his work. I don't know when I began to think this. Somehow, his beautiful lonely life attracted me, and set me longing to rise higher."

"And you will go on rising, Amice; it is this gift of idealising which lifts us and leads us. It is not Claud's work only that does good; it is his power of standing on a height which you cannot reach."

"The longing counts for something," Amice said.

"I am thinking of some lines which comforted me once," Mrs. Hinton went on. "I know what that longing is, Amice, for I have felt it myself, and have pined for the mountain while I lived in the valley.

"'Yet God deems not thine aeried sight
More worthy than our twilight dim;
For meek obedience, too, is light,
And following that is finding Him.'

You must follow the path that He marks out for you, and know that if you tread it patiently, it will lead to the desired end."

The girl's bright head rested on her shoulder, and a sense of peace fell upon them both. All the summer sweetness of the garden drifted in through the open windows; the old room was full of flowers and sunlight.

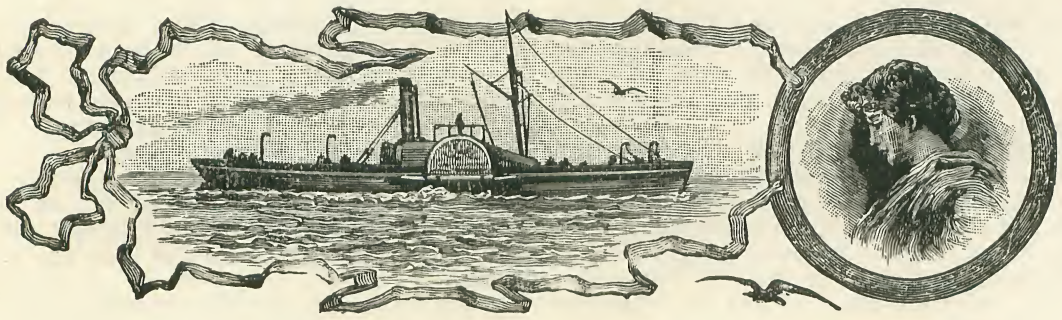
"I should like to write a story for girls," said Amice at last. "That's just one of my unfulfilled ambitions, you will say, mother. Addy will do it, perhaps, one of these days. Obedience is the first lesson that is set us, and the very last that we learn. We always want to do the things that we can't achieve. Do you remember Nelly Clair? She did marvellous embroidery, as beautiful as anything that comes down from the past, and yet she wasn't quite happy because she couldn't play cricket. She wanted to be an athlete, and Nature had made her a needlewoman. I've seen her cry because she didn't distinguish herself at the gymnasium. 'Meek obedience' is out of date with young women, isn't it?"

"Sometimes they learn to obey against their will," Mrs. Hinton said sadly. "I am thinking of the crippled wheel-women and the motor-car girls who have had to fall out of the race."

Tea came in at that moment, and Amice sprang up to sit in her old place at the tray. It was delightful to fill the brightly-coloured cups again, and feel the cat's soft paws on her knee.

"He has been very restless for four weeks," said Mrs. Hinton, stroking his silky black head; and the green eyes blinked with contentment.

(*To be continued.*)



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

MARY *consults the Editor as to some public examinations where subjects may—to a certain extent—be chosen by the candidates, and mathematics avoided.*

Undoubtedly the best examination for MARY and others who have the same wish is the St. Andrews L.L.A. examination. One, two, or more subjects may be taken at one time; and to whatever extent the candidate is successful, a certificate will be granted, which will count towards the L.L.A. title. The examination may be spread over any length of time, and the subjects may be taken up in any order. A candidate may receive the title of L.L.A. by passing in seven subjects, selected from a long and varied list—one at least being a language. But, as an alternative to passing in seven subjects, a candidate may obtain the title by taking honours in one subject and passing in five additional ones; by taking honours in two subjects and passing in three additional ones; or by taking honours in three subjects and passing in one additional.

The examination is held in May or June at various centres in the British Isles. Full particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, L.L.A. Scheme, St. Andrews University, Scotland. The St. George's Correspondence classes, Edinburgh, prepare for the L.L.A. examination, and are also suitable for the direction of home study in advanced subjects. They are intended to meet the requirements of students who may be unable to qualify for a degree by personal attendance at a university. Address, for all information, with stamped and addressed envelope, The Secretary, St. George's Classes, 5, Melville Street, Edinburgh.

M. W. *is anxious to become a lady doctor, and inquires what are the preliminary steps.*

M. W. must decide before beginning her medical career which degree or diploma she will aim at obtaining. The examining bodies that admit women are the University of London, the Royal University of Ireland, the Conjoint Colleges of Scotland, ditto of Ireland, the Scotch Universities, the Society of Apothecaries, London, the University of Durham. When the degree or diploma to be aimed at is settled upon, she must prepare for a preliminary examination in Arts. The subjects will include the English language, Latin, elements of mathematics, and one of the following optional subjects—Greek, French, German, Italian, any other modern language. Certain examinations—such as the senior and junior local examinations of most universities—are recognised in lieu of this preliminary test. From the date of registration, five years' medical training must be undergone at a recognised school of medicine. All particulars may be obtained at the offices of the General Medical Council, 299, Oxford Street, London, W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

ONE IN DESPAIR.—I am grieved that you still feel this to be your only appropriate pseudonym, and that the means suggested by a kindly correspondent have been tried and proved an utter failure. It is an additional trial to find that money has been wasted, and that the vendors have been untrue to the pledge given with the article. I suppose that remedies, successful in some cases, fail in others, owing to differing constitutions, the length of time during which a patient has been affected, and other circumstances. There can be no doubt of the good faith and intentions of the correspondent who advised the trial. Words cannot express what I feel for you, my dear sorely-tried girl. The other circumstances told in your last letter were new to me, and must have helped to embitter your life. Are you quite sure that you were altogether free from prejudice in regard to the individual, named to me for the first time? I well understand the difficulties on both sides, having been taught by experience. I can also realise the effect of these repeated disappointments; the hoping against hope, and all in vain! But, my dear one, do not think God has forgotten you. He will yet prove that He has been mindful of your sorrows, whilst extending the period of probation and giving time for amendment to the cause of them, dear. I do not believe that the many prayers offered for you will be long unanswered. I shall yet have a letter, with a new signature, containing the outpouring of a thankful heart for renewed happiness. You have had some gleams of brightness. The full light will yet come.

SORELY.—My heart went out to you in loving sympathy as I read your sorrowful letter. In a reply to a previous correspondent, I told her that I had known the same kind of bereavement, but after the loss of the one, I had neither brother nor sister left. Never doubt that, having gone to God in a spirit of true repentance for the momentary rebellion against His will, He has forgiven you. The one who was so dear to you must have known much suffering. We do so long to keep our dear ones with us, even at any cost of pain to them. And, when they are taken away, we fail to see a proof of God's love in calling them to leave sickness, pain, and suffering behind them, along with the frail mortal body, and to pass by the "gate of death" to that new home where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." Try to dwell on the truth that "God is too wise to err, too good to be unkind." I shall not forget your request. May the Holy Spirit dwell in your heart and enable you to look upward and to forget past sorrows in the blessed hope of reunion.

LITTLE MAID OF SEVENTEEN.—You are one of my girls, dear, and I am willing to listen and reply to the stories of your gladness and sadness. Your joys must far exceed your sorrows since you are able to write, "I love the Lord Jesus very much, and ever since I learned to lisp 'Gentle Jesus,' I have desired to please Him 'Who loved me and gave Himself for me.'" All that you tell me of your happy religious experience proves this; even the occasional discouragements, since these have been the means of bringing you into closer communion with God and making you more sensible of your need of His all-sufficient grace. Who amongst us is contented with the love we give or the service we render to the best of masters? I never yet knew a disciple of Christ who was not sorely dissatisfied with his best service. I do not think you need be troubled or puzzled about the matter named. Compare our life in these days with the life of women in the East when St. Paul wrote the words which have exercised your mind so much. Even in the present day we do not find women amongst the ordained ministers of the Word. But surely their sphere is wide enough, for the whole world is before them, in which to work and speak for their Master, outside the pulpit. I speak from experience when I tell you that I would not exchange the influence God has given me—a woman—or the blessing He has bestowed on the work He has enabled me to do, "In His Name," for the privilege of occupying any pulpit in the world, were it the custom for women to preach. To you, dear girl, I say, "As God gives you opportunity, use it to the utmost, for His glory and your neighbour's good." I will try to give you the correspondent you ask for.

ROUIE.—I do earnestly ask that you may persevere, and, by God's grace, "get back into the narrow way," also that those you love may walk with you there. If that other love you speak of is all it ought to be, it should help to bring you nearer to God, instead of absorbing your thoughts to the exclusion of the "Friend of friends." It should make you more prayerful on account of the solemn responsibilities that may be before you. I will try to find you a suitable correspondent. Curiously enough, the girl who wrote under the *nom de plume* mentioned occupied a like position to yours when they were written, and some phrases in a letter of hers were almost identical with some of yours. You write of one of the family, "I cannot help loving her. Though a true Christian, she is one of the kindest women I ever met." Do you not realise that it is because she is a true Christian that she is so lovable? I should like you to read an old Twilight Talk on "An Important Subject," if you have the back numbers of the "G. O. P."

SUNSHINE (Catania).—I regret that I can give you no information about the family you name, and I cannot refer to the story alluded to, as I have not the "G. O. P." volume for that year. I have glanced through a brief history of the island, dating from A.D. 43 and extending to recent times, but it contains no mention of the family whose name you bear. I should be glad to help you if I could.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JANA.—You are a Board School teacher and you get £78 a year, and you want to know how to divide up your income. Your board and lodging costs you £41 12s. a year. You will have always to look nice at school, and have good strong boots for all weathers; so we do not suppose you will manage to get dresses, underclothes, hats, gloves and boots for less than £20. Then you ought to keep £6 8s. in case of doctor's or dentist's accounts, and for odds and ends, postage, omnibuses, etc. You will still have £5 for your holiday, and £5 to put into the savings bank against a rainy day, or your old age.

	£	s.	d.
Board and lodging	41	12	0
Dress	20	0	0
Doctor or dentist, odds and ends, postage, etc.	6	8	0
Holiday	5	0	0
Savings bank	5	0	0
	£78	0	0

A. M. C. G.—We do think that it is a serious thing to leave the church in which you have been brought up, unless from any conscientious reason you can no longer belong to it. Do you know George Herbert's lines?—

> "Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:
> Praying's the end of preaching."

And again he says—

> "Judge not the preacher . . . .
> The worst speak something good: if all want sense,
> God takes a text, and preacheth patience."

A. T.—This is the way in which quoits is played:—Two pins, called "hobs," are driven into the ground from eighteen to twenty-one yards apart, and the players, who are divided into two parties, stand at one hob, and in regular succession throw their quoits (of which each player has two) as near to the other hob as they can. The points are counted as in bowls, or in curling. To facilitate the sticking of the quoits on the point when they strike the ground, a flat circle of clay, about one or two inches in thickness and one and a half feet in radius, is placed round each hob; this requires to be kept moist. The quoit, when to be thrown, is grasped with the right hand by one side, and pitched with an upward and forward jerk of the hand and arm, which gives it a whirling motion, and causes it to strike the ground with its edge. We hope this may give you the information you want.

FAHRENHEIT.—This is the way to wash your beige lace tie. Boil some soap and let it get cold. Pour it into a basin of lukewarm water, making the water into a lather before you put in the tie. Then rinse it through two cold waters. Into each rinsing water stir a teaspoonful of vinegar, and after rinsing hang it up immediately. When still a little damp, bring it in, have the iron ready heated and iron at once. Rice-paper is made in China with layers of *Fatsia papyrifer*, a tree peculiar to the island of Formosa. We have never bought it; but we should try at Liberty's in Regent Street, or some other Oriental shop; they would be the most likely to keep it.

A. M. W.—We think that most probably your canary has red mites. This parasite is almost invisible to the naked eye. They are haters of light, and during the daytime they generally retire from the birds and conceal themselves in the cracks and crevices of the cage, their minute dimensions enabling them to congregate in immense numbers in a small space. To find out if your bird has this pest, throw a white cloth over the cage at night, leaving the room in total darkness for two hours; return suddenly with a light and you will see the mites by looking very carefully on the cloth. The mites are not so big as a dot. If the cloth has some on it, we advise you to plunge it into boiling water. A wooden cage once infested with red mites is nearly sure to become so again, so, if possible, destroy it and give your bird a new one; a tin one is best. If you cannot afford this loss, put the whole concern (perches, tray, seed-stands, everything) into a pail of boiling water strongly camphorised; let the water be two inches above the ring on the roof, and then take it out on the lawn and leave it all day full in the breeze and sunlight. Be careful not to restore the bird to his cage until every trace of red mite has disappeared from him. Train oil or Neats' foot oil applied to every part of the cage is a good thing. Take the bird out at noonday and give him a camphor bath, carefully wash him with strongly camphorated water, and let it dry on him. Camphor does not kill the insects, but they will fly from the smell of it. These red mites multiply so fast, and are so rabidly destructive, that unless the bird is doctored without delay they simply eat him up.

MRS. S.—The Y. W. C. A. publishes at 2d. a book of seaside and holiday homes. You could get it by writing to the Secretary at 26, George Street, Hanover Square, W. The best book on the subject is Sir Henry Burdett's *List of Charitable Institutions*, and in it you would find all the convalescent homes belonging to the hospitals.

COCLES.—Needles become rusty in a pin-cushion which is made of silk and filled with flannel because they oxidise, and the material helps their oxidation. Neither steel nor iron can be exposed to a moist atmosphere for more than a very short time without becoming rusted. Rust is oxide of iron.



"MY HEART IS LIKE A DESERT LAND."

QUEENIE.—A wife can add her maiden name to her surname if she likes, but we do not think it would be a legal signature, unless it was advertised in the papers. It can certainly be done without either an Act of Parliament or a royal licence.

ALICE.—It is when the silk-worms have spun the cocoon and are in a chrysalis state that they are thrown either into hot water, or more usually into an oven heated by hot air or steam. We should think that in this chrysalis state the death would be quite painless. In answer to your question about ostriches, this is the way the feathers are taken. The bird is put into a "plucking-box," a solid wooden box, in which the ostrich has only room to stand. The feathers are cut off, and not pulled out, so it is no pain to the birds. When the birds take to breeding their feathers are no longer cut, as they require them to cover the eggs in the nest.

DAFFODIL.—We know of no rule in the Civil Service which would include the instances you mention.

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

BY LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

WE walked together, he and I;
Green was the earth and blue the sky,
All things were happy, time slipped by—
The crocuses were coming out.

Bright summer days with sun a-flame
Saw us together, still the same;
From eyes and lips his promise came—
The roses then were all about.

In autumn, midst the red and gold
Of rustling leaves, a tale was told;
No words: I saw his eyes grow cold—
A raven o'er my head flew out.

And now no clasp of his strong hand,
The words of love were writ on sand,
My heart is like a desert land—
And ice and snow are all about.



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"'NO, I'M REALLY QUITE OLD, BUT I'M SO STUNTED.'"

PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

"THAT child Pixie is more wonderful than ever. What do you think she asks me next?" said Mademoiselle to Miss Phipps early the next morning. "The dear Breedgie has told her to invite a friend to return 'ome with her for the holidays, and she gives me the letter to read, and asks that it shall be me! I have laughed, but it is no use; she is still in earnest. I have said, 'I am not a school-girl, and too old for you, my dear.' She stares in my face, and asks, ''Ow old are you then? Not more than forty, are you?' Ah, dear! If someone else had said that, I had been furious, for one does not like to be made ten years too old, but one cannot be angry with that child. Then I said, 'Your sister will expect a girl like yourself, and will be disappointed to see me, and that would be uncomfortable for both.' But she would not listen to that either, but declared it would be still better for them, for they had wished for someone who had seen the world. Nothing that I can say will convince her, but you know it is impossible that I should go!"

"Well, really, Thérèse, I greatly wish you would!" returned Miss Phipps, laughing. "It has been a weight on my mind to think of your remaining here alone during the holidays; and I cannot stay with you, for I am bound to go to my old aunt. As for Pixie taking one of the girls home with her, that is out of the question at this hour of the day. If Miss O'Shaughnessy had sent an invitation even a fortnight ago, it might have been arranged, but now there is no time to write, and get permission, and make the necessary plans. It is only in a case like yours, when there is no one else to consult, that such a very Irish invitation could be accepted, so either you go with Pixie, or she returns alone. And that reminds me of another thing! It would be a comfort to me if you could look after the child on the journey, for I have had a letter from the brother to say that he cannot decide definitely on what day he will cross over. How would it be if you accepted the invitation for one week, took the child safely home, and just left it to circumstances to decide what to do after that?"

"You think I might venture—really?" asked Mademoiselle eagerly. Her eyes brightened, and a flush of colour came into her cheek. "If it would not be too absurd, I should like it ver' much! We have heard so much of those dear sisters that we seem to know them already, and I should be glad of the change. If, for example, you would write and say you would be more comfortable if I accompanied the child, and that I would stay a few days—that would perhaps make it easier!"

"Certainly, with pleasure; and I shall be so glad if it ends in a nice holiday for you, dear! The last part of the term had been so trying that we all need cheering up; and, from all we hear, I should think the household at Knock Castle must be a delightful study. Young Mr. O'Shaughnessy has promised to call this afternoon, so you had better come down and talk to him yourself. I am sure you will find that he is as cordial as Pixie herself."

This, indeed, proved to be the case, and greatly charmed was Mademoiselle with the handsome youth, who beamed upon her with Pixie's own smile, and who was so much warmer and more enthusiastic in his manner than his English brothers. Jack, indeed, was an apt disciple of the Blarney Stone, and could pay compliments with any man in Ireland. He gazed at Mademoiselle with an expression in his eyes which seemed to say that never, no, never, had he met so charming a woman; his voice gurgled with emotion as he seconded his sister's invitation, and he bade her welcome to Knock Castle with the graciousness of a prince of the blood. So handsome he looked, too, that Pixie's heart swelled with pride, as she beheld him seated on the sofa, in his frock coat and freshly-creased trousers, looking, as she mentally expressed it, as if he never "gave a thought to money," which in good truth was the case, though in another sense to that in which she meant it. The West End tailor would have a weary time to wait before Mr. Jack troubled himself to pay for all his fine new clothes!

Jack declared that it would be of all things the most helpful if Mademoiselle would escort Pixie home, for he himself would have to leave his journey until the very last moment before Christmas, when travelling would be both difficult and unpleasant. He offered to telegraph to his sisters, prophesied that Mademoiselle would receive an immediate response, so that before he left the house the matter was virtually settled, and the extraordinary news spread through the school that Mademoiselle was going home with Pixie O'Shaughnessy to pay a visit to her relations. Surprise was the first feeling, envy the next, and the elder pupils were urgent in their demands for letters.

"Write to us, Maddie, do! Promise you will! We are all dying to hear what they are like. Tell us if Esmeralda is really as beautiful as Pixie says, and what Bridgie is like, and the boys, and 'the Major,' and the Castle itself. And tell us all you do, and exactly what happens when you arrive. Write one really long, detaily letter, and we will send it the round of the class, so that we will all get the benefit. You will, Maddie, won't you? We do want so badly to know about Pixie's home!"

Mademoiselle laughed merrily. It was astonishing how bright and young she looked in the prospect of the unexpected holiday. She was in such a good temper that it seemed really impossible for her to say no.

"I will tell you what I can, but you know it is not *comme il faut* to criticise the house in which you stay. I will write all the pleasant things, but for the jokes—the *contretemps*, no! Pixie shall do that if she will, I must keep them to myself. If they are all as nice as the son whom I have seen, they must be charming. I have never met a more pleasant youth."

The girls wagged their heads in meaning fashion.

"We saw him!" they said meaningly—"We saw him! Pixie said he was coming about four, so we kept a look-out, and were obliged to go to the window to

read some small print, just as he happened to walk up the steps. Ethel heard the bell, and stopped practising five minutes before the time, and strolled casually downstairs to meet him. He stood aside to let her pass, and she says he smiles with his eyes, just like Pixie! Oh, of course, we don't expect you to tell tales, but just to ease our curiosity. We do take such an extraordinary interest in that family!"

"There is another family in which I take an even greater interest just now, and that's the Vanes!" remarked Kate meaningly. "Miss Phipps wrote to Mr. Vane, and I met poor Lottie just now with eyes all majenta with crying over a letter she had just received from him. She saw I was sorry for her, and I think she was thankful to have someone to talk to, for she asked me to read it." She threw up her hands with a gesture of dismay. "Well, I don't know what I should do if my father wrote me a letter like that!"

"Ow-w-w!" Ethel shivered dramatically. "How horrible! What did he say? Was it terribly furious?"

"It wasn't furious at all, not even angry; but, oh, so sad and solemn that it made you turn cold to read it! 'It had tears in it,' as Fräulein said of Margaret's singing, and you could tell he was so bitterly, bitterly disappointed! Lottie felt that more than if he had been cross, for she does so love to be loved and fussed over; and if ever there was a poor thing scared out of her wits at the thought of to-morrow, it is herself at this moment. He comes to take her away, you know, and instead of the holidays being a relief as she expected, she is longing for them to be over. She says now that she would rather not come back here, but go to some fresh school where no one knows about this trouble; but her father thinks it would be good for her to suffer the humiliation of losing her position among us, and says if Miss Phipps will have her, she must try to regain our esteem. Ah, well, I was as disgusted with her as anyone could be, and felt inclined never to speak to her again when I thought how she had treated the Pixie; but I am dreadfully sorry for her now, when I compare her home-going with my own. I do have such a time! The family is one beam of delight when I arrive; the children quarrel who shall sit by me at table, and I have all my favourite puddings. My room looks so sweet with flowers on the dressing-table, and I sit up till ten o'clock, and mother comes to see me in bed and gives me a lovely hug. Fifty-two more hours! I'm so happy I couldn't be angry with my deadliest enemy!"

"I saw Mr. Vane once, and he looks a regular grey man," said Ethel in reply. "Clothes, and hair, and eyes, and skin—all the same washed-out grey. I don't wonder Lottie is in awe of him, and I'm thankful I am not mixed up in the business, so that he can't ask to interview me. I believe he will want to see Pixie though. It would seem only natural. I wouldn't say so to her for the world, but don't you think Miss Phipps will send for her when he comes?"

Some of the girls thought no, others thought yes, and events proved that they were in the right; for the next afternoon Pixie was summoned to the drawing-room in the middle of her packing, and entered to find Miss Phipps in earnest conversation with a tall, grave-looking man, while Lottie stood miserably by the window. She looked tall and womanly in her travelling-cloak, and the pained glance which Mr. Vane turned from her to the new-comer, showed that



"PIXIE DISCOURSED WITH THEM IN ANIMATED FASHION."

he felt all an Englishman's horror at the idea of cruelty to the weak.

"Is this—this surely can't be Pixie?" he asked anxiously. "I did not expect to see anyone so—small. She is surely very young!"

He was really speaking to Miss Phipps, but as he held Pixie's hand in his, she felt it her duty to answer for herself.

"No—I'm really quite old, but I'm so stunted. I'm twelve!" she said, smiling up at him, with the confiding look which was her best introduction to a stranger. She was about to enlighten him still further, as to the respective heights of the different members of her family, but a curious quiver passed over the grey face, and scared her into silence.

"Twelve, are you, and Lottie is sixteen! I sent for you, Pixie, to tell you how bitterly grieved Mrs. Vane and I are to think of all you have suffered through our daughter's cowardice. I wish it were in our power to do something for you in return, but I hope at least that Lottie has expressed her regret before leaving, and begged your forgiveness!"

"No, she didn't beg anything. She just cried, and hugged me, and I cried, and hugged her back. I knew she was sorry from the beginning; and it was worse for her, because she knew all the time that she was wrong, and I was quite comfortable inside. And she was very kind to me before that. I liked her very much. She gave me an elegant little brooch that she didn't want any longer."

Mr. Vane turned aside, and looked into Miss Phipps's face, and Miss Phipps looked back at him with a glance, half smiling, half tearful, and withal wholly proud, as though justified in something about which she had previously been inclined to boast.

"Pixie finds no difficulty in forgiving, Mr. Vane, and I think the best thanks you could give her would be an opportunity of befriending Lottie still further, and helping her to regain her position in the school. I think it is an encouraging omen for the future that it is the girls themselves who have persuaded me to take her back."

"They are very good! You are all very good," he said sadly. "I need hardly say how much I appreciate your kindness. Good-bye, then, little Pixie O'Shaughnessy, and I hope we may meet again under happier circumstances. May you have happy holidays!"

"I'm going home," said Pixie eloquently. Her radiant face made such a striking contrast to that other bleached, frightened-looking visage that the father's heart softened as he looked from one to the other. He took Lottie's hand and drew it tenderly through his arm.

"And so is Lottie, and if her parents seem stern with her, it is only because they are anxious for her good. She perhaps hardly realises the bitter pain it gives them to see her unhappy."

"Father!" cried Lottie eagerly, and now for the first time she clung to him instead of shrinking out of sight, and seemed to find comfort in the touch of his hand. The fifth form girls, peeping cautiously out of the window a few minutes later, were amazed to see her descend the steps holding tightly to his arm, but they were too much engrossed with their own exciting preparations to have time to ponder over the phenomenon. Only Miss Phipps and Pixie knew that the "grey man" had a tender heart despite his sternness, and that Lottie had fallen into wise and loving care.

The next morning all was excitement and bustle, cabs and omnibuses driving up to the door of Holly House to convey parties of pupils to the station, gushing farewells and promises to write taking place on the staircase, mysterious bundles "not to be opened until Christmas morning" slipped into trunks at the last moment, and such racings up and down stairs in search of things forgotten as can be better imagined than described when thirty girls half mad with excitement are on the point of starting for home. Mademoiselle and Pixie were among the first to leave, and, despite the very early hour of their departure, came in for such a magnificent "send off" that they felt quite like royal personages as they drove away from the door. Meals would be supplied on train and boat, but they were laden with other comforts for the long journey in the shape of sweets, scent, books to read, and alas! specifics against sea-sickness. Mademoiselle looked pensive whenever she thought of the hours on board the boat, but for the rest she was as gay as one of the girls themselves, and much interested in the country through which they flew. One great town after another appeared, and was left behind as they roared through the stations, seeing nothing but a blur of white faces and undecipherable letters upon a board. Hour after hour and never a stop, morning changing into afternoon, and still no slackening of that wonderful onward rush. Two o'clock, and then, just as Pixie was beginning to nod after her lunch, a sudden cry of admiration came from Mademoiselle by her side, and there, close at hand, so near that but a step would have taken them upon the beach, lay the beautiful mysterious sea, its waters shining in the winter sunshine, the breakers making a ridge of white along the yellow shore. The bathing vans were drawn up on the shingle, and there were no active little figures running to and fro digging castles on the sands, no nigger minstrels and gingerbread stalls and swarms of donkey-boys. All was still and bare and lifeless, and as the short day closed in, there was an eeriness about the scene which made the travellers glad to draw the curtains over the windows, and which gave an added cheeriness to the prospect of tea. When Holyhead was reached, Mademoiselle lifted her bag and walked on board the steamer with the air of a martyr marching to the stake, and to Pixie's dismay, laid herself down at once with an utter disregard of the tables spread out in the saloon. She waited in what patience she could command until they were well on their way and the preparations for the evening meal grew more advanced, and then it was impossible to remain silent any longer.

"Would ye not be taking something to warm ye, Mademoiselle?" she inquired anxiously. "There's a lovely smell of cooking—two smells. One of them is cabbage, and the other smells like gravy spilt in the oven. Doesn't it make you hungry, that nice greasy smell?"

But Mademoiselle only groaned and bade her eat a biscuit and be silent, so for mere occupation's sake the wisest thing seemed to be to go to sleep, which she proceeded to do with extraordinary quickness. Such an amount of groanings and clanking of chains mingled with her dreams that they naturally took the shape of confinement within prison walls, where she suffered many and wonderful adventures, and from which she was on the point of escaping under the most romantic circumstances when she was seized in the grasp of the jailor, as she at first supposed, but it turned out to be Mademoiselle herself—such a haggard, dishevelled Mademoiselle!—who bade her get up and put on her hat, for the sea was crossed at last, and they were anchored at the quay at Dublin. Pixie felt as if roused in the middle of the night, and altogether it was a most

dejected-looking couple who went shivering across the gangway in the pouring rain and made their way to the train for the third and last stage of the journey. Neither spoke, but just lay prone against the cushions of the railway carriage, so much asleep as to be uncomfortably aware that they were awake, so much awake as to long hopelessly for sleep. Mademoiselle determined drearily to send for her aged father and spend the rest of her life in enforced exile on this grey rain-swept island, since never, never again could she summon up courage to cross that dreadful sea, and the night seemed half over when Bally William was reached at last.

The station clock was pointing to eleven, and a broken-down fly was waiting to convey the travellers to their destination. In the dim light the surroundings looked both poor and squalid, but porter and flyman vied with one another in a welcome so warm that it went far to dissipate the cheerlessness of the scene.

Pixie discoursed with them in animated fashion the while the trunks were being hoisted to their places.

"Has anyone been here from the Castle to-day, Dennis? They are all quite well, I suppose!"

"They are so, Miss Pixie, and Miss Joan down upon us this morning, hinting of what would happen if Jock was forgetting the fly. You mind the night the lady was arriving, and having to find her way in the dark while he was snoring in his bed? It's a fine flow of language Miss Joan has of her own. It's as good as a sermon to listen to her when she's roused, and Jock was getting the benefit of it this day!"

"There's a fine tale he's spinning!" exclaimed the defaulting Jack, grinning in unabashed complacency. "Don't you be after believing a word of it, Miss Pixie, dear. It would be a cold bed that would keep Jock Magee from driving ye home this night. And the size of ye too. You've grown out of knowledge! It's a fine strapping lass you will be one of these days." And Jock gazed with stimulated amazement at the elf-like figure as it stepped forward into the lamplight. "My Molly was biddin' me give you her duty, and say her eyes are longing for the sight of you again."

"I'll come to-morrow, as soon as I can get away. Give Molly my love, Jock, and say I was often thinking of her. He is a decent fellow, Jock Magee!" she explained to her companion, as the ramshackle vehicle trundled away in the darkness. "A decent fellow, but he has been terrible unlucky with his wives. They fall ill on him as soon as they're married, and cost him pounds in doctors and funerals. This one has asthma, and he expects she will die too before very long. He says it doesn't give a man a chance; but he's the wonderful knack for keeping up his spirits!"

He had indeed. Mademoiselle found it difficult to think of the jovial, round-faced Jehu as the victim of domestic afflictions, and for the hundredth time she reflected that this Ireland to which she had come was a most extraordinary place. Nothing could be seen from the windows of the fly, save an occasional tree against the sky, but ever up and up they climbed, while the wind blew round them in furious blasts. Then suddenly came a bend in the road, and a vision of twinkling windows, row upon row, stretching from one wing to the other of a fine old building, and each window glowing with its own cheery welcome.

"It's illumined!" cried Pixie wildly, pinching Mademoiselle's arm in her excitement. "It's illumined! Oh, Bridgie, Bridgie, did I ever see! Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, did ye ever have a castle illumined for you before? Did they ever give you such a welcome in your own country?"

"Never, never!" cried Mademoiselle. She was almost as excited as Pixie herself, craning forward to peer out of the windows, counting breathlessly the long line of lights, and reflecting that she had not sufficiently realised the grandeur of the household to which she was coming. Another moment and a still brighter light shone through an opened doorway, and a chorus of voices sang out welcome. Then the fly stopped, someone helped her to alight, a hand clasped hers affectionately, and a rich, soft voice spoke in her ears.

"Are you destroyed? The journey you've been having, poor creatures, in the wind and the rain! Are you destroyed altogether?"

This was Castle Knock indeed, and Bridgie O'Shaughnessy's fair face beamed a welcome upon her.

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' AMBITIONS.

PART II.

THE BEGINNINGS OF LITERARY AMBITION.

IN a former paper we declined to regard ambition in the light of a failing, to be severely repressed in the young. Rather is it the spur to excellence in every department of life. Carried into the domestic sphere, hitherto the haunt of mediocrity, it may raise humdrum occupations to the level of a fine art, and, thanks to modern opportunities, the ambitious young housewife need set no limit to her achievement.

Of a completely different order is the ambition that is our subject to-day, and very differently will it be regarded in all probability by "parents and guardians."

The "longing to write" has not always won respect from the public at large, ancient or modern, or indeed from the immediate circle of the would-be author.

Friends are very rarely satisfactory judges of amateur literary work. If they do not try to repress altogether the ambition that prompts it, they are absurdly eulogistic, lavishing indiscriminate praise on youthful efforts only fit for the waste-paper basket, and encouraging a premature rushing into print. At the moment we vainly try to recollect any instance in which the family social life has been an altogether wise tribunal for juvenile literary genius. Poems by clever children, printed for private circulation, are usually more suited for the seclusion of their mother's desk than for semi-publicity, and however eminent the authors may become in later life, they never exult in these premature efforts.

Multitudes of young people, who crave to express themselves by the medium of poem or story, seek the advice of comparative strangers. The writer of this paper has had many and many a manuscript entrusted to her hands by girls who only know her name. Authors of wider repute must receive more of such appeals than they can answer. Perhaps those who, as it were, stand aloof from the writer and the work can view it "all round" more justly, if they can, and will, spare time to do so.

A friendly word of counsel may be whispered here to those who seek such criticism. Do not send up work to any kindly disposed though unknown author and critic, with your mind bent upon praise; and when you receive the criticism for which you have begged, do not write back to explain after this fashion: "Yes, I know it is not very good, but I wrote it in a great hurry"; or "I had not been very well"; or "It may not be good, but it is much better than a great deal I have seen in print"; or huffily, "Well, *you* may not like it, but there are far better judges who think it is very good indeed." Do not, in brief, ask for criticism unless you are prepared to accept it as it comes.

But we are going on to the criticism before we have dealt with the work itself!

We have much sympathy with the impulse that sets a young life craving for expression by means of the pen. Every nature must express itself in some way, if life is to be healthy. Many natures find vent for their energy in action of one sort or another: vigorous outdoor games or other exercise, zealous work in charitable organisation, visiting the poor, visiting hospitals, and so forth.

But there are some natures of a different type. They shrink from the active outward display of force; that is not their way of expressing their latent energy; yet express themselves they must. To how many a girl with her vague aspirations, her passionate longings, her unformed thoughts on the wonders of Life, has come the sweet and mysterious ambition, "I, too, must write. I must live to influence others, to show my kinship to them. I, too, am a child of the mighty Mother."

This longing comes to those happy in a youth among the scenes of mountain, wood and fell, on rolling downs, within the sound of the unharvested sea. The heart, as the glory and beauty of the world slowly reveal themselves, seems as though it would break with longing, wonder and delight.

> "I would that my tongue could utter
> The thoughts that arise in me."

But tongue cannot utter these thoughts; pen cannot write them down. Ah, if it only could! Then the lonely, impassioned wanderer would become a poet indeed. Sometimes, indeed, the pen will respond to the inner thought in some degree. When we read the first book of the *Excursion* we trace the growth of the poet's mind, and in "Lines written a few miles above Tintern Abbey," Wordsworth describes, in words that we will forbear to quote, the passion enkindled in his youth by torrent, lake and mountain. The ode on the Intimations of Immortality sums up the whole matter.

Tennyson also, in "Merlin and the Gleam," exquisitely describes the inspiration that arises from the touch of the magician.

But few indeed are those to whom the talisman is vouchsafed of the poetic gift.

You are absorbed and thrilled by the mysterious charm of Nature, on some spring day perhaps, and you take out your manuscript paper at home, half-ashamed although you are alone, and try to put your thoughts into verse. But how poor and commonplace they sound! Somehow the finer mystery eludes your touch. Yet you must try and try again to express yourself, in spite of many a failure.

This impulse, we must add, is not confined to those who live in the country. Christina Rossetti, sweetest of women poets, lived in a town house of the dullest kind, and the room in which she wrote her verses descriptive of Nature looked out on the tall dreary backs of other such houses. But the rare glimpses of natural beauty that were hers abode in her memory, and never failed to inspire her pen.

Another frequent source of the longing to write, to the young, is sorrow and bereavement. Many a lonely girl tries to embody in verse grief for the parents, the brother or sister she has lost. These attempts are always pathetic, even in their commonplaceness, and the reasons they assign for the mystery of suffering.

Any deep emotion, of any kind, in natures of a reserved yet an imaginative type, pleads for utterance, and this is usually the first beginning of the "literary ambition." For, after a time, it is not enough to have the sheets treasured in secret; the desire for human sympathy is stirred. The verses are read aloud to the confidential friend, not of one's own family; then comes the longing, fostered probably by eager praise, to have a larger audience.

No one can live alone, and the reserved nature that cannot unfold itself to the immediate environment still craves human interest, human friendliness, though it be that of an unknown stranger.

The literary ambition is, however, not confined to the would-be poet. How many a girl is fired by the longing to "write stories!" She lives in the pages of her favourite authors, and thinks no life could be more enchanting than theirs, with its wide possibilities of influence. She early begins to imagine all sorts of delightful and wonderful adventures in which she plays the part of heroine. When she meets people who interest her, she begins to weave a web of romance about them. Little do they suppose that the quiet girl in the corner of the drawing-room is investing them with imaginary attributes, and setting them forth on a career of thrilling excitement.

Soon she puts pen to paper and begins a story, probably with herself as heroine, and one or more of these interesting personages as conspicuous characters. Like the poems we have mentioned, this is at first kept secret; then it too finds one reader or hearer, and the desire for other readers springs up. Other stories, or, as in the first case, other poems, are written, and by-and-by one is despatched in excitement, mystery and agitation, to the editor of some magazine. Then follow days, perhaps weeks of suspense; at last, if stamps have been sent for its return, back comes the MS. with a polite stereotyped letter, stating that it is declined with thanks.

One feels deep pity for the anguish and disappointment that sting the author's heart. But how many illustrious writers have had the same experience at the outset of their career, repeated over and over again!

As we pointed out in our last paper ambition may be of two kinds; the ambition to be thought excellent, or the ambition to excel.

Icarus, the son of Daedalus, tried to cross the Ægean Sea by means of a pair of wings attached to his shoulders by wax. He flew too near the sun, the wax melted, the wings dropped off, and down he fell into the waves. The wings of ambition, if fastened on by vanity or incapacity, are as useless as the wings of Icarus. The sun of criticism dissolves the artificial link, and down falls the wingless ambition, to rise no more. But if the wings spring from innate power, ambition may soar near the sun, and never weary in its flight.

There is, perhaps, no vanity more fatuous than that of the conceited young author, displaying a foolish story, and loftily inquiring, "To what magazine do you advise me to send this?" or of another who insists on reading aloud unpoetic verse. Truth, however, compels us to state that, while the first is a familiar figure, we have never met a girl who read aloud, unasked, her own poems. Men do this now and again—girls (in our experience) never.

But supposing the literary ambition to be quite genuine, devoid of excessive vanity, associated with ability—how shall it find scope?

Reams of advice might be written on this subject, and we must not repeat that which was offered in papers on "How to Write," which appeared in last year's GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

A wide general education, acquaintance with the masterpieces of literature, attention to style, sympathetic regard for the beauty and meaning that lie around familiar ways, cultivation of the powers of observation and selection, regular, diligent effort—all these enter into the preparation for an author's career. There is no "royal road" to authorship, taken in earnest. Ah, how many forget this! They seem to imagine they need only sit down, dash off a story and send it to an editor, to deserve success.

When the advice so often and freely tendered to aspiring authors has been honestly and diligently acted upon, by one who has ability for the work, what of the difficult task of "getting into print?"

One fact that needs to be unceasingly impressed upon would-be writers is this: No motive will, as a rule, prevail upon an editor or a publisher, save the one motive of placing before the public what in his opinion is likely to find readers.

Editors of magazines, publishers of books, cannot, as is supposed, afford to yield to the suggestions of partial friends, or even the "introduction" of an accredited contributor. Many amateur authors appear to think that "an introduction" is all they need in order to get work accepted. They imagine that no work is looked at, or read, unless it is ushered in by a letter from somebody who knows the editor or the publisher. In short, they consider that these functionaries are as exclusive as a woman of society, and also possess an objection to editing or publishing anything whatever—an objection so violent that it must needs be assailed by all manner of back-stairs influence and insidious wiles before it can be overcome.

A little reflection will show how absurd all this is. An editor of a magazine is necessarily always on the look-out for bright and original matter, and willing to receive and pay for it. Only it must be what he wants. Publishers are also glad enough to discover latent ability. How else, indeed, are they to cater for the enormous reading public than by renewing the sources of supply? As a rule, every manuscript sent in to a reputable house is, if not read all through, scrutinised by a competent reader sufficiently for him to be able to judge of its merits. It is not necessary to read a story from beginning to end in order to know if it is good or bad, any more than it is necessary to eat a whole cheese before pronouncing on its quality. (The comparison is by Oliver Wendell Holmes!)

An introduction, it is true, may sometimes be of great service; but it also may not. A good-natured writer on the staff of a magazine, who freely recommends to his editor one and another literary aspirant, may actually injure someone whose work, but for the inevitable letter of introduction, would have had a chance. "Another of these troublesome people of So-and-So's—no good, of course!" The letter is a beacon to warn off favourable attention.

"Publishers' readers make mistakes!" thinks some young author, wistfully recalling one or two familiar instances. They are human, it is true, and therefore liable to err, but they do not always make mistakes.

If you wish to write, we will say, for the magazines, and think you have capacity for doing so, scrutinise the magazines closely with a view of discovering the sort of thing the editor of each appears to want. You see month by month or week by week a bright short story, and you can write such stories; then attempt one of about the same length as the example. Write very clearly if you do not use a typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. When it is finished, send it boldly off to the editor with a civil note and stamps for its return in case it is rejected. It is also wise to keep a copy. Now there is no magic about this; if your contribution is what the editor wants, you will succeed. We have known such cases where the writer was delighted and amazed by the acceptance and payment of her utterly unintroduced attempts.

We do not, of course, deny the immense advantage to any young writer which arises from the friendship of a literary man or woman. The tyro in the art must rejoice to obtain help, criticism, and advice at every point from those who have already won some degree of success. Such friendships are invaluable as a help to achieving good work; yet no outside help can stand in the stead of merit in the work itself.

Learn, then, to depend on the quality of your work for success. No amount of the very best introductions and favouritism could possibly bolster it up for long unless it were good, however powerful might be the influence exerted on your behalf.

This may sound unfeeling, but it is consistent with the truest sympathy to put things in a clear light, and this profession of authorship, even in its minor branches, seems imperfectly understood, so far as the beginnings are concerned. The help you obtain—and may it be freely given!—should be help to the achievement of good work, not help to coax an editor to accept what he does not want.

Never give an editor or publisher reasons based *on your* private life for his acceptance and remuneration of your work. He may be the kindest of men, but he cannot possibly employ you simply because you want to earn a little money of your own, or have delicate health, or relatives in delicate health! How Thackeray's great tender heart winced under such appeals to his pity! He once wrote a sad passionate article in the *Cornhill*, of which he was editor, protesting against them. It is called "Thorns in the Cushion," and appeared in 1860. "What then is the thorn in the cushion of the editorial chair?" he asks. "This is what I call a thorn-letter." And he instances a pathetic womanly appeal enclosing a few verses. "Now you see what I mean by a thorn," Thackeray continues. "Here is the case put with true female logic, 'I am poor; I am good; I am ill; I work hard; I have a sick mother and hungry brothers and sisters dependent on me. You can help us if you will.' And then I look at the paper with the thousandth part of a faint hope that it may be suitable; and I find it won't do; and I knew it wouldn't do. And why is this poor lady to appeal to my pity, and bring her poor little ones kneeling to my bedside, and calling for bread which I can give them if I choose? No day passes but that argument *ad misericordiam* is used. Day and night that sad voice is crying out for help."

We quote this letter of forty-two years ago because it shows an aspect of editorial life not generally recognised. This keen satirist, brilliant novelist, felt the pangs of unavailing pity more than the fires of adverse criticism, but he could not help himself.

The editor cannot in justice be influenced only by such considerations, and it is not fair to press them on his notice. He must cater for the public. If you can offer him what he thinks will appeal to his readers, he will probably prove one of your best and kindest friends, encouraging you, helping you as only an editor can. But he cannot spoil his magazine by a poor article because you are in needy circumstances, and it is not fair to assign that as a reason for his doing so. A good many other people would, in the long run, be in needy circumstances if his magazine were to fail; and fail it would if it became a refuge for bad amateur work.

Do not explain to him, either, why the work is not better. That will not interest him in the least. All he wants to know is, what the work *is*.

Never despise the day of small things. The magazine competition, the essay club, may be rungs on the ladder that leads to the height of your ambition.

To sum up, therefore, what we have said to the would-be author, we may place our advice in a threefold form.

1. Take all the pains you can, remembering that authorship is a profession worthy of your strenuous endeavour.

2. Let your work, for the main part, depend on its own merits for acceptance; and while you welcome to the utmost the advice and criticism of literary friends, remember that in the long run only the intrinsic worth of any achievement can ensure success.

3. Do not be discouraged by rebuffs, but try again and again. If you have anything in you, you will succeed at last.

We have glanced chiefly at the elementary aspects of literary ambition, because they are the more likely to interest our readers. Those whose feet are firmly planted on the ascent that leads to Parnassus, will ask no helping hand from us.

But what an ambition is this of the writer! How authorship, even in its humblest form, lends a delight and a glory to life! To live a separate existence in the imagination, and to admit others into that region with its charmed secrets—this is a joy worth winning!

"*Métier d'auteur, métier d'oseur*," says the French proverb—the profession of author is a daring profession. Well, it is worth the daring; for the chief prize is immortality.

LILY WATSON.

US AND MOSES.

By MARY E. HULLAH.

CHAPTER II.



was Christmas Eve, misty and raw. For days a fog had hung over the land. Towards two o'clock a gleam of sunlight broke forth, and Theo set out in search of Moses. About a mile from the gate he met him, big with news.

"Father's coming to-night. He's bringing himself for a Christmas present. Spenlow is getting the place ready. Let's go and see!"

Theo, ready and willing, followed his friend's lead until the sight of the park gate at Meadlands caused him to stand still.

"I can't go there—father said I wasn't to!"

"Father said I was!"

"It b'longs to Colonel Darch," explained Theo.

"That's him—father. Come on; Mrs. Spenlow'll give us cake."

Theo hesitated, his mind in a state of moral confusion.

"Your name's Moses."

Moses laughed; the situation had no horror for him.

"I'm called Moses for short; my name's Richard Montgomery Darch. Come on!"

Theo was sorely tempted; obedience was his strong point, but he was tired. He knew Mrs. Spenlow well, and he liked cake.

"Why won't you come?" urged Moses, one arm round his friend's neck.

Theo blurted out the truth.

"'Cos he's a bad man!"

"My dad?" shouted Moses, quick now to perceive wherein the difficulty lay. "It's a lie!"

No Weylette, whatever the number of his inches, could accept such an insult as this. The family feud had reached the second generation. Theo struck out fiercely, and the next moment the two boys were rolling together on the ground. Moses had the advantage of height, but he could not hold his own against Theo. The battle was hot and short. Theo walked off triumphant with a queer feeling of remorse in his breast. He had been obedient, yet obedience did not bring him the peace that he had expected. He took a short cut home, and thereby missed the little figure in a red coat and cap, who was coming down the hill. Dora, somewhat perturbed by the desertion of her twin, soon reached the spot where the fray had taken place. Seated on the stump of a tree was Moses, the very picture of misery. He had been knocked down; that was not so bad, but his father had been insulted and by his own friend! The delicate sensitive boy suffered an agony of grief, sitting there alone, just outside his father's gate. He did not care to go to the house now; he did not care to go to the Vicarage and be asked questions; he cared for nothing. A small but determined hand clad in a woollen glove (for years afterwards Moses remembered the feel of that glove!) was laid on his forehead.

"Don't cry, Moses; Dora's here!"

At the sound of the compassionate voice, he lifted his tear-stained face and began a recital of his grievances. He did not get far; an idea that he must not tell tales of Theo bade him hold his peace—it was easy to mislead artless Dora. She sat by his side and sympathised, quite unaware that it was her beloved twin who had so ill-treated the sufferer.

Dora's own tears flowed fast, but they were not of the kind that last long. In a very brief space of time she was smiling again and even laughing when Moses suggested that now they were here they had better pick holly. And not only holly did Dora want, but rushes to make doll's baskets, and the rushes grew down on the marshland that divided Under Grange from Meadlands.

The marsh was solitary; part of its charm consisted in the fact that there was no regular road—only grass and swamp. The trees looked weird through the mist, taking queer shapes; the little pools between the bushes were covered with ice. The children wandered on, well content. By-and-by they came to the pond surrounded with sedges and reeds. It was precarious walking on the pond—very rough, very wet, and the ice shook a good deal. It grew dark quickly; the sun set in a bank of fog like a red ball.

"I want my tea! I want to go home!" cried Dora.

As she spoke the piece of ice on which she stood cracked, it shifted sideways and she was thrown into the half-frozen mud and ooze below.

* * * * *

The Squire, with a hard white face, was giving orders to the coachman. Two or three men were waiting in the hall. The nursemaid was sobbing at the foot of the stairs. Every person in the house, except the mistress in her room, knew that Miss Dora was lost. The baker had seen her with the young gentleman from the Vicarage, walking towards the marsh. That was all the tidings that had reached Under Grange. It was enough for the Squire. He remembered the black pond and shuddered. He went back to the study to fetch a stick; on the hearthrug was Theo, his eyes round with terror.

"Father, let me go too!"

"It is too cold and dark. We shall soon be back. You must look after mother."

"Father!" Theo's voice sank to a scared whisper. "Dora doesn't know who Moses is; don't be angry with her!"

Angry? No, the Squire wouldn't be angry, but he must go now.

"We fought and I licked him, and oh, father, I'm so sorry! I wouldn't go with him to the Park. He isn't Moses at all—he's Colonel Darch's son!"

* * * * *

Hardly a word passed between the Squire and his coachman as they made straight for the marsh. Each man knew what the other feared. Every now and then they stopped and shouted. It was not so dark but that they could see tree and bush as they passed. It was bitterly cold.

"Light here, Brown!" said the Squire.

Brown lifted his lantern on high. The light shone on a bunch of holly tied round with a blue ribbon—such a ribbon Dora wore on her hair.

"Keep straight on," said the Squire shortly.

This was the edge of the pond; here, in the mud, were little footsteps. In silence the two men followed the track. Here the reeds had been trampled and broken, and, dear me! the children had been on the ice! There was a hole in the ice near the edge, there were footsteps on the oozy ground. The Squire uttered an exclamation; he had found something else—one of his little girl's woollen gloves, quite wet. He knew every foot of the ground that he searched; over there the trunk of an old oak loomed through the gathering mist. It was the trysting-place of the village lovers in summer. Was his child drowned *here*, within half a mile of the field where her brother had been killed? Drowned, too, with the son of his enemy—that fair boy who had played at hare and hounds in the avenue last week!

"Don't be angry with her, father," Theo had said. Angry? Ah, God! if he could only have her back—her and the boy—at any cost—if—— He fell on his knees on the ground, signing for the light. There were footsteps going away from the pond—a boy's boots, square-toed and hobnailed. The footsteps led to the oak tree.

"Children!" called the Squire. "Dora, are you there, my darling?"

Somebody moved; a child was lying on the ground inside



HOME TO DINNER.

the hollow tree—the child wore a boy's coat and a boy's cap. The Squire stooped and moved the cap with a tender hand. Long flaxen hair hung over the forehead, the sleepy eyes opened leisurely.

"Father!" cried Dora. "I knowed you'd come!"

In an instant he had clasped her in his arms, and she put her hand up to caress his cheek, astonished that there were tears there.

"Moses said I wasn't to cry. I didn't cry, not much. And I'm not very wet; he pulled me out of the pond and carried me here, and I've got his coat 'cos I was cold. Father, where is Moses?"

"Wasn't he with you, my child?"

"No, he said he was a sent'nel and mustn't go to sleep. Find Moses, father; I want him!"

The Squire had not far to seek—just on the other side of the tree, without coat or cap, was the sentinel stretched on the ground senseless and cold. There was a black bruise on his face.

"Had a hurt, sir!" observed Brown, and his voice was husky.

The Squire nodded; he knew how the boy had come by that blow. He took off his own coat and put it round Moses.

"Take Miss Dora," he said to Brown. "I'll carry him to the Hall; he is half frozen!"

Brown obeyed, and Miss Dora dropped peacefully asleep in his comfortable arms. The little procession moved quickly forward. As they passed the Park gates Brown glanced at his master. He knew full well the family story, and that the Squire had never set foot in Meadlands Park since he and the Colonel had words in the churchyard. Vere Weylette hardly noticed his surroundings. The little fellow who had saved his child must be brought into shelter. This was the nearest house; the gardener and his wife would at least be there. As he reached the door and saw warm firelight gleaming through the window, he bent down and kissed the bruised forehead.

"Please God I am not too late, Moses!"

* * * * *

Richard Montgomery Darch lay in his father's bed sleeping peacefully. The fire crackled and blazed on the hearth. Mrs. Spenlow stood listening by the window; she heard the wheels of a trap on the carriage drive. Vere Weylette sat by the bedside, an anxious watcher. He stooped and felt the little hand that lay outside the quilt. Suddenly he too heard the sound of an arrival—a man was stealing on tip-toe towards the bed.

"We've pulled him through, doctor," he said in hushed tones. "The little chap's all right; he'll do now!"

"Weylette!"

The Squire rose to his feet. No doctor this, but a broad-shouldered stalwart soldier whose bronzed face was lined with pain.

"Richard Darch! You here?"

The two men looked into each other's eyes. The Squire was the first to stretch forth his right hand.

* * * * *

"Colonel," said Dora with great amiability, "d'you know Moses has asked us to tea with you and we're coming?"

"I hope so, Miss Dora."

Dora fixed her blue eyes cheerfully on the upright handsome soldier, who had already fallen a victim to her enticing ways.

"I'm glad, Theo 'll be glad. We don't like not being 'llowed to go to Meadlands. D'you know what made father change his mind?"

The Colonel hesitated.

"I'll tell you," said Dora with a patronising wave of her fat hand; "us and Moses!"

And the Christmas bells rang out far and wide over the land.

PRACTICAL POINTS OF LAW.

By A LAWYER.

Fixtures.

Fixtures has now come to mean exactly the opposite to what the term was originally applied.

Formerly it meant any chattel which, on becoming affixed to the soil, became part of the property. Now, by the term "tenants' fixtures," we mean ornamental and domestic fixtures which were put up by the tenant, and which are capable of being removed entire.

Besides ornamental and domestic fixtures, there are trade fixtures and agricultural fixtures.

Domestic fixtures are chattels affixed by the tenant for domestic convenience.

Grates, coppers, book-cases, window-sashes, bells and light furniture fixed by screws to the wall, are all examples of domestic fixtures.

Ornamental chimney-pieces, wainscots fastened with screws, cornices, etc., are instances of ornamental fixtures.

An outgoing tenant has no right to remove a plain chimney-piece merely because it is of marble, nor would he probably have any right to remove a conservatory erected by himself on a brick foundation.

Trees and shrubs planted by a tenant who is not a gardener by trade, may not be removed by him, nor is he entitled to take an ornamental border of box of his own planting.

Unless he has a special agreement with his landlord to that effect.

Although a boiler built into the masonry of a greenhouse is irremovable, the pipes of a heating apparatus connected with the boiler by screws may be removed by the outgoing tenant.

Beds fastened to the ceiling, or even nailed, do not become the property of the landlord.

A pump is a domestic fixture removable by the tenant who erected it.

A tenant may deprive himself of the right to remove fixtures by covenant.

An undertaking to "yield up" in good repair all improvements and fixtures, would cancel his right to remove them.

The right of a tenant to remove tenants' fixtures exists only so long as his term lasts.

An outgoing tenant has no right to enter for the purpose of severing and removing fixtures after the expiration of his term and a new tenant has been let into possession.

The tenant who enters after his term has expired becomes a "trespasser."

Whether fixtures are removable by law or not is a mixed question of law and fact.

The rights of a tenant to trade fixtures are more extensive than those to domestic or ornamental fixtures.

Trade fixtures are articles that have the character of being chattels before they were put up. There must exist a custom for their removal, and it must be possible to remove them without the thing itself being destroyed or injury ensuing to the property.

Colliery machinery, including fire and steam engines, soap-boilers' vats, furnaces, brewing vessels, bakers' ovens and buildings, if they are merely accessory to machinery, are examples of trade fixtures.

An hydraulic press which is not essential to the carrying on of the works at the factory, but merely a convenience, is a trade fixture.

Lime kilns are not removable by the tenant.

The rules respecting agricultural fixtures are not so favourable to the tenant as those regulating trade fixtures.

Greenhouses built by a nurseryman for his business, and trees planted by him for the purposes of his trade are examples of agricultural fixtures.

But he may not cut down trees which have actually taken root, nor remove vines which are bearing fruit.

Agricultural fixtures are now regulated by statute, and there is a distinction between those set up between 1874 and 1884 and those set up after 1883, which we need not now go into.

With regard to agricultural fixtures, the landlord has generally the option of purchase, and there are provisions in the statutes for ascertaining the value for that purpose.

Agricultural fixtures may be considered under the head of improvements.

Improvements, of which there are three classes, are regulated by The Agricultural Holdings Acts.

THE SCOTCH FIR.

(*Pinus Sylvestris.*)

By ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.

On a rising slope of my lawn stands a noble specimen of the Scotch fir. During a century of years it has grown undisturbed by the hand of man, and in that time it has developed a stem nearly a hundred feet in height, with massive branches on all sides. I often wonder whether this fir was self-sown or was planted where it now stands.

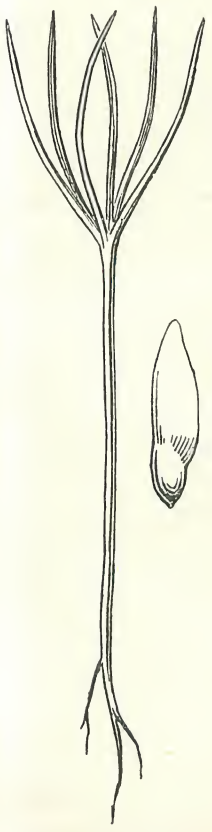
It is but seldom that a tree has the opportunity of growing symmetrically for so long a period with abundance of space, air and light for the perfect development of its stem and branches.

A young seedling runs so many risks of injury. Not only is it liable to suffer by human agency, but the chance nibble of a rabbit or the ravage of insects of many kinds may end its life in a moment.

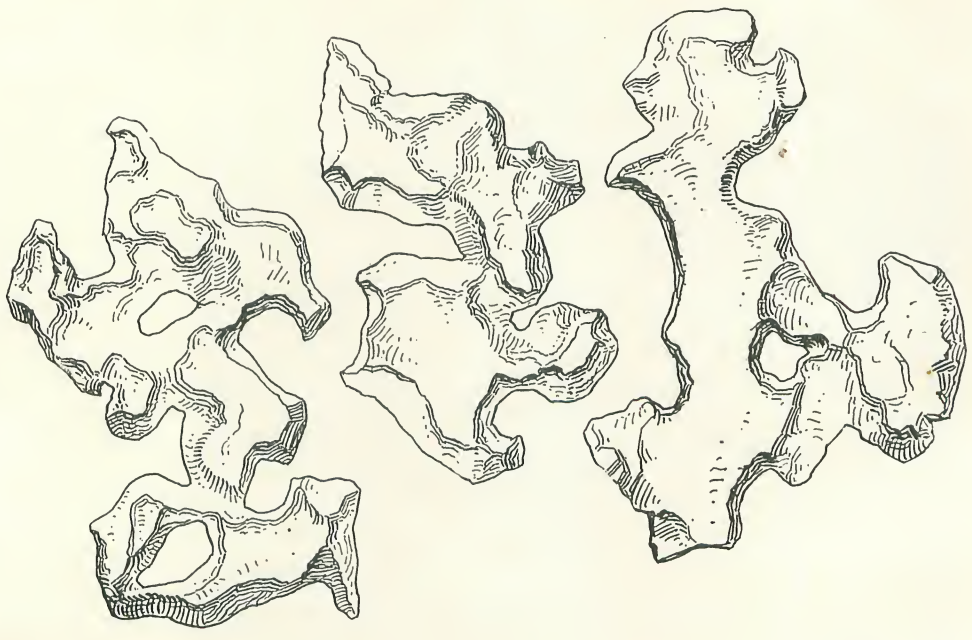
The tree must have survived these dangers and grown year by year through winter's storms and summer's drought, sending down mighty roots to support the weight of timber we now look upon. The stem at eighteen feet from the ground is twelve feet in circumference, and it has been calculated that the stem and branches contain more than twenty tons of timber.

I do not think there is any other tree (unless it may be a cedar of Lebanon) that lends itself so well to varied atmospheric effects as does a Scotch fir. I have enjoyed the beauty of this tree for more than five-and-twenty years, and from sunrise to sunset it presents to the eye a series of charming compositions, of which it is the centre. The charm mainly arises from its varied backgrounds. The tree itself changes but little except to put on a rather brighter tint of green in early summer. Its full rich evergreen foliage endures patiently the extremes of heat and cold to which our variable climate exposes it. At sunrise in early summer the sky behind the fir-branches is often flecked with rosy pink cloudlets on a pale blue ground. The level rays of sunlight just touch some of the outermost branches, bringing them into relief against the darker boughs, and thus giving the light and shade which makes a transient effect into a picture. Often have I longed to sketch it, but it is too evanescent. That particular effect only lasts for a few moments, and is retained as a mental impression only. Another early morning effect is to be seen when the garden is bathed in dew and a pale blue mist envelops everything with a veil of poetic mystery. The fir is then only partly visible. Not a leaf is moving. All Nature revels in the refreshing dew by which trees and shrubs are enabled to live through long weeks of parching drought and still retain the greenness of their foliage.

In summer the pollen-laden blossoms add a somewhat golden tint to the fir-branches and fill the air with a mist of yellow powder whenever a passing breeze disperses it far and wide. The rich red colour of the Scotch fir bark is



FIR COTYLEDON AND SEEDS.



FIR BARK FRAGMENTS.

beautiful at all times, but it glows like burnished copper when lit up by the rays of the setting sun.

I love, as I sit between it and the west, to watch this illumination creeping higher and higher as the sun sinks, until it reaches the crest of the tree, then ceases, and the grey mists of evening steal over the quiet garden.

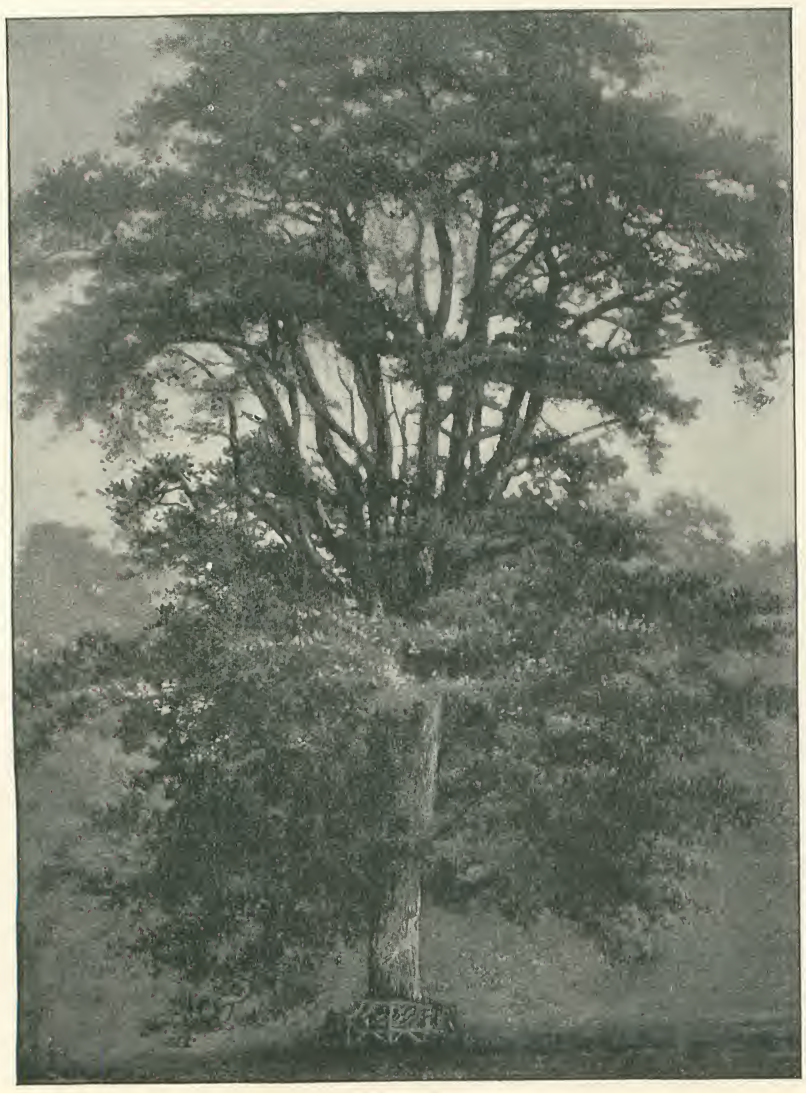
Very occasionally we are treated to a rather startling effect. Lurid thunderclouds form the background. The fir-branches appear to be of a light metallic green by force of contrast. One is prepared for the lightning-flash and the roll of thunder, when suddenly the setting sun shines out, and the effect is weird indeed. It is like a scene at a theatre when coloured lights are turned on. No words can describe the intensity of colour and the strangeness of the effect.

The trees are so placed in this garden that in the evening the foreground and background lie in deep shadow. The middle distance only is lighted by the rays of the setting sun shining through a narrow gap in the belt of trees which surrounds this estate. Hence, by force of strong contrast of light and shade, we are treated to these beautiful and striking effects of sunlighted foliage.

Once more we will change the scene to the depth of winter. Then our great fir puts on its grandest aspect. Each branch, snow-laden and covered with glistening frost crystals, set off by the crimson and gold of a sunset sky, forms the centre of a landscape of surpassing beauty. The stillness which generally accompanies a hard frost sometimes permits us to enjoy this special effect for days together, the tree standing out white-wreathed against varying backgrounds of pale and dark blue, saffron and crimson, with the added beauty of ever-changing clouds. As night comes on all colour fades away, and the great branches assume an almost inky blackness against the sky, until, as the moon rises behind the tree, another picture of special beauty is afforded us. The silvery light just touches the stem and branches here and there, leaving the rest in deep shadow, and as cloud masses come and go, the wavering glints of light compose an ever-varying scene of calm beauty of which I never weary.

The Scotch fir is, I believe, the only pine-tree that is native to Great Britain.

Gerard says, "I have seene these trees growing in Cheshire, Staffordshire and Lancashire, where they grew in great plentie, as it is reported, before Noah's floud." It would be rather difficult to prove that statement of the old herbalist, but the finding great trunks of this tree in peat bogs both in England and Ireland goes far to prove that it is indigenous to both countries. In the Highlands of Scotland this tree is to be seen in perfection. Sir. T. D. Lauder thus graphically describes the romantic beauty of these fir-woods: "At one time we find ourselves wandering along some natural level under the deep and sublime shade of the heavy pine foliage, upheld high overhead by the tall and massive columnar stems, which appear to form an endless colonnade, the ground dry as a floor beneath our footsteps, the very sound of which is muffled by the thick deposition of decayed pines with which seasons of more than one century have strewed it, hardly conscious that the sun is up, save from the fragrant resinous odour which its influence is exhaling and the continued hum of the clouds of insects that are dancing in its beams over the tops of the trees. Anon the ground begins to swell into hillocks, and here and there the continuity of shade is broken by a broad rush of light streaming down through some vacant space and brightly illuminating a single tree of huge dimensions and of grand form which stands out in bold relief from the darker masses behind it, where the shadows again sink deep and fathomless among the red and grey stems, whilst nature, luxuriating in the light that gladdens the little glade, pours forth her richest Highland treasures of purple heath-bells, and bright green bilberries, and trailing whortleberries, with tufts of ferns and tall junipers irregularly intermingled."



SCOTCH FIRS.

The timber of the Scotch fir, which is known as red deal, is universally used for house-building, its lasting qualities being nearly equal to that of the oak.

The roofs of old buildings made of this wood have been found, after the lapse of centuries, in perfectly sound condition.

The pine stems imported from the Baltic form the tall straight masts required for the Navy.

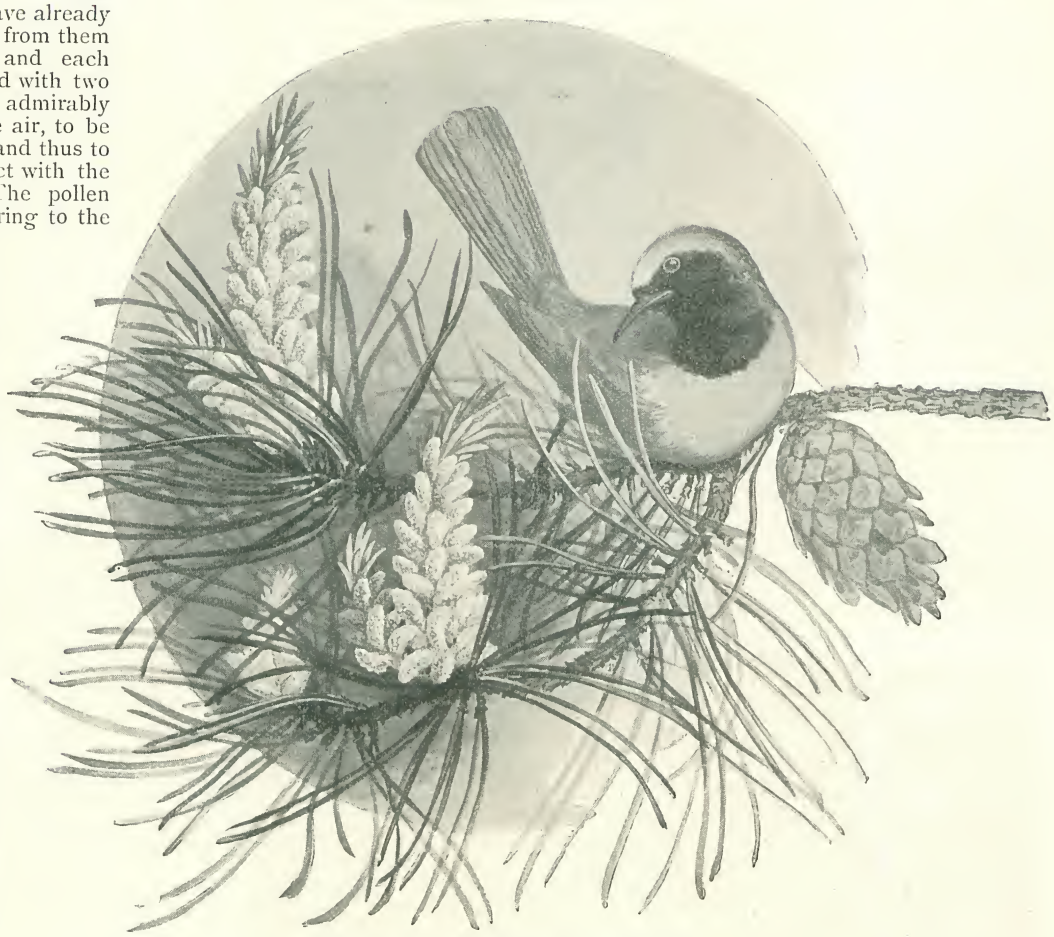
In aged specimens of the Scotch fir the bark becomes peculiarly rugged, so cracked and seamed that it lies upon the trunk of the tree in large irregular masses, from which thin flakes are continually becoming detached and strewing the ground beneath with morsels of bark. These flakes are often of a most fantastic outline, and bear a remarkable resemblance to the conventional tree-stems we see in Chinese embroidery. The coincidence is curious, and as the tree grows abundantly in China, I imagine such designs may possibly have been suggested by this tree.

Reference to the drawing will show the male blossoms which cover every branch in

the month of June. Yellow pollen, of which I have already spoken, is produced from them in vast quantities, and each grain, being provided with two small bladders, is admirably fitted to float in the air, to be carried by the wind and thus to be brought in contact with the immature cone. The pollen grains remain adhering to the female flower for twelve months, there slowly developing and creating the small green cones that we see in the following spring. These continue to grow and harden, and by the third year they contain the winged and perfected seeds.

Seedling firs possess six or seven seed-leaves, and as these increase in size, a bud is formed in the centre from which the true leaves will ultimately arise.

I often wonder why I so seldom find a seedling fir, but I imagine our numerous squirrels hunt eagerly after the ripening cones, and so but few seeds have a chance of germinating.



SCOTCH FIR BLOSSOM AND REDSTART.

SILENT STRINGS.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Lady Dye's Reparation," "A Cluster of Roses," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

LETTERS.

About six weeks after the Wilmers returned from Woodmere, Kate had a brief letter from Mrs. Hervie. Her son, she said, was entirely occupied with his uncle, who was still in a precarious state. The doctor gave no hope of recovery, but the end was not so near as they had feared. She wrote from the south of France, and asked Kate to let her know if Sis were completely restored to health. She added that she remembered their short visit with pleasure, and hoped one day to meet them again.

"Isn't it rather a chilly note?" said Sis disconsolately.

"No," Kate answered, "it is friendly and kind. I don't see that you can expect anything more."

"Oh, I am always full of expectations, my life is made up of them," Sis cried. "I wonder what it feels like to leave off expecting. And I wonder, too, how long it will be before something happens. Life ought to be like a child's book—two or three pages of letterpress and then a picture."

"I," said Kate, "can be contented with one picture at the end."

The sisters saw Amice nearly every day, and Kate's heart was softened to her. If she had tried to turn Claud from his way, she had certainly failed. In a letter, intended for Kate's eyes alone, he said that Amice was a fourth sister, to be acknowledged as such in days to come. A good deal of girlish romance had been left behind in the London slum; the pickpockets had taken something more than the trinkets. He had understood her better than she understood herself.

"You must be very kind to her, Kate," he wrote. "She was real in my eyes, but in hers I was only a dream. I think she has looked upon me as a kind of Sir Galahad, eternally riding away from her into a shadowy region where giants and dragons were to be fought and slain. But when she penetrated into that region, she found it full of grimy realities and mean facts, much harder to cope with than the monsters and phantoms of romance. She is wide awake now; and I am waking, too, and working with all my might, for it was not easy to send her away with a few cold words of common-sense."

"No, it was not easy," said Kate to herself. And then she struck a wax vesta, and burnt the letter to ashes. No one should ever discover Claud's secret if she could help it. What had she been living for, working for, all these years? Her life was one of those lives with which extremely modern people have very little sympathy. They always feel that a woman like Kate Wilmer is out of place in the present matter-of-fact generation. She ought, they say, to have lived in the days of Saint Augustine. And yet she saw her own path so plainly that no common human joy could have made her happy in another way. Her family could only be helped and guided by her hands, and she would do her uttermost for each one.

So the summer went gliding by, and the walks about Oxford began to be strewn with fallen leaves. September passed away, and October painted the foliage of the Virginia creeper with colours which seemed to be borrowed from the sunset, so delicate and varied were its crimson shades. One afternoon, late in the month, Addy and Sis took baskets, and set out to gather blackberries on the outskirts of the old town.

They came back with plenty of fruit, bringing the fresh scent of damp fields and hedges into the house. The table was laid for tea; Kate opened the door of the dining-room and met them in the entry.

"I have been looking over the *Morning Post*," she said in her quiet voice. "Mr. Hervie's uncle is dead; I have seen the announcement."

"Then they will return to Woodmere!" Sis felt her cheeks grow warm in the cool twilight. "Somebody ought to write—no, we had better wait."

"Yes, we must wait," Kate answered. "Are your shoes dry? If you have been tramping through the grass, you mustn't stand here a minute longer."

"It takes father all the morning to read the paper," Sis said discontentedly. "No one gets a chance of seeing anything till the end of the day. I wish I had known sooner."

"It wouldn't have made any difference to you. My dear Sis, think of your shoes."

"Bother the shoes!" muttered Sis, giving the basket into Kate's hands. "Bother everything that comes when one's head is full of an interesting thing! Something is sure to happen soon."

Kate gave her a gentle push. Dr. Wilmer's voice was heard asking plaintively if he was to be kept waiting for tea. Sis ran upstairs after Addy, and dragged off the wet shoes in a suppressed state of excitement.

"I wonder if I shall ever have everything I want," she said, tossing her hat upon the bed.

"You don't know what you want," Addy answered, with a little shrug. "You change your wants a dozen times a day."

She ran off downstairs before Sis could reply. And Sis lingered, thinking of the old hall, with the carved oak chimney-piece and the suits of armour looking grim in the dusk. Then she, too, went down and sat in her usual place at the tea-table, but she forgot to answer the doctor when he spoke to her, and rather resented Addy's reminder.

"It's so rude to touch people with elbows," she said with some sharpness.

Addy opened her eyes and laughed a little. As soon as the meal was over, she got up and went away to devote herself to her manuscripts. But Sis remained in the dining-room and drew close to Kate's side.

"I am in a restless mood," she whispered. "Do you ever fancy that you hear wings rushing through the air and coming nearer and nearer?"

"No," said Kate, "I can hear the rush of the train—that's all."

"I am going to read the evening paper aloud and Kate will listen," remarked the doctor with formal sternness. "If you, too, will listen, you can stay here. But if you are disposed to whisper and fidget, I request you to leave the room."

"Oh, I'm going off in a minute, father," said Sis, with ill-concealed impatience. "I was merely saying a word to Kate."

"If she is to attend to me, she cannot attend to you," he replied. "In this house I am the first person to be considered."

"Well, father, you always are considered." Sis had an irrepressible fit of pertness on her, and Kate's warning look was disregarded.

"Not always, Sis," he persisted. "I was made exceedingly uncomfortable when you got into a scrape and Kate was compelled to go to you. My comforts were neglected, and I was left alone from morning till night."

"Why, father, that was centuries ago!" retorted Sis.

Kate rose, took her gently by the shoulders, and put her out of the room with a kiss. Sis executed an angry little dance on the door-mat and then ran away to seek the seclusion of the study.

"Don't talk, whatever you do," implored Addy, looking up from her desk. "I'm in the middle of a most exciting scene."

Sis sank down into the shabby arm-chair by the fire—a little bit of fire, for coals were dear—and looked wearily at Addy scribbling vigorously in the lamplight. She was yearning for sympathy just then and could find it nowhere in the house. If only Drew were not so far away!

Presently, with a long sigh of relief, Addy threw down the pen and said proudly—

"I am satisfied."

"Are you? I wish I was," said Sis.

"I have got over the most difficult part of my story," Addy went on confidentially. "The rest is all quite easy and plain. It is so delicious to write a book! Of course it is to come out in monthly parts, and I want to make each part a separate success."

"I daresay you'll do it," Sis said languidly. "I believe I am destined to be the unsuccessful member of the family."

Addy came out of her ambitious dreams in a moment and looked at her with real concern.

"Why, Sis," she cried, "you have always been the flower of our flock! Yours is the gift of beauty, and I have often envied you."

"You! But you are our genius!" said Sis in genuine surprise.

"Don't you know that Madame de Staël would gladly have exchanged her intellect for a pretty face?" Addy asked. "If my fairy godmother had told me to choose my gift, I should have said, 'Give me beauty.' Sometimes, when I have done a bit of good work, I suddenly remember that I am a plain woman. I see my own face reflected in a mental looking-glass, and it takes all the conceit out of me at once."

Sis laughed and sat upright in her amusement.

"But old age comes," she said. "No matter how plain you are, you can still write books and charm without being seen. A pretty woman depends on a multitude of gazers, and who will care to look at her when she is old?"

"Her husband and her children," Addy answered promptly. "I will play the fortune-teller for once.

There!" She threw herself into a dramatic attitude. "I see the little group gathered round you in the firelight. And you will always be beautiful, Sis. There is a kind of poetic charm which you will never lose. Amice is lovely, I know; she flashes like a sunbeam, but she will fade sooner than you will."

"You have cheered me," said Sis frankly. "I wanted the aid of another pair of eyes. 'To see ourselves as others see us' is often a blessing."

"And sometimes I want the aid of another pair of ears," remarked Addy, rising and coming to the other side of the fire. 'To read ourselves as others read us!' Kate must listen to this last chapter of mine."

"It seems to me that Kate is always listening to everyone," said Sis. "She has no leisure to think her own thoughts. We all call upon her to hear ours. Poor, dear, angelic, self-sacrificed thing!"

"Are all those sweet adjectives meant for me?" asked Kate, opening the door and looking in upon them.

Both girls brightened at the sight of her face.

"Yes, and a thousand other adjectives sweeter still. Come in!" cried Sis. "We are both longing for a little sympathy, and we can't get any from each other. Each has used up her own little stock, but yours can never fail."

"The meal and the oil, like the widow in the Bible," said Addy gleefully.

The three sat round the fire and the two younger girls talked and the eldest listened, putting in the right word now and then.

Days went and came, October ended, and November passed by. The Wilmers were making their modest preparations for Christmas, and the quiet house was busy from top to bottom. One morning Sis came downstairs to find a large letter lying beside her plate.

"It's Judith's handwriting!" she exclaimed.

Addy was occupied, happily enough, with a satisfactory note from a publisher. But Kate looked up quickly, and a flash of annoyance crossed her face.

The doctor began to enjoy his breakfast. His eyes were on his plate, and he did not hear a faint cry from Sis.

"What is the matter?" Kate asked in an undertone.

Sis covered the letter with her handkerchief and only answered with a swift glance. Her face was perfectly colourless. Addy, who was making up the beginning of a new story, saw the change and was shocked and startled.

Breakfast that morning seemed an interminable meal, but Sis did not wait till the close. She gathered up handkerchief and letter and fled into the study.

A little later Kate came in and found the girl lying, white and still, in the old easy-chair. The elder sister, with a little sigh of resignation, fell at once into her old place as family comforter.

"Sis, what is in this letter?" she said, quietly taking it up from her lap. "I am sure it is from Judith."

It was a photograph of two persons, one, standing in an easy attitude, was bending slightly over a woman, who reclined lazily in a cushioned chair. Her face, dark, bright, proud, wore a look of triumph and delight. She was dressed very richly in white satin, and had a string of pearls round her throat, and flowers in her hair. In her hand she held a piece of paper, and was studying it intently with great satisfaction while the man looked over her shoulder. Kate recognised Lance Hervie at the first glance, but the lady was unknown.

So this was the end of Sis's dream. She laid the photograph on the table and turned to the letter.

"DEAR SIS," it ran,—"I am sure you will be charmed with the portraits of the newly-engaged pair. She is a Miss Madeline Willis, not exactly an heiress, but a beautiful girl with a respectable fortune of her own. There has been a good deal of gaiety here of late, and I met her at a ball at Woodmere.

"I suppose you have quite forgotten us all. We talk of you sometimes, dear Sis, but we can hardly hope to see you again. "Your affectionate friend,

"JUDITH FAYNE."

"It's her way of revenging herself," said Sis, breaking the silence at last. "But I do wish the news had come in another way. We shall see it announced later, of course. Don't you think the portraits are rather stagey?"

"Decidedly stagey," Kate answered. "Not quite in good taste."

"Oh, how foolish I have been!" Sis sighed, and then came a burst of tears.

"Does anyone ever go through life without being made a fool of?" Kate asked. "Not once, but many times. Give me that photograph, my child. You have had a shock, I know, but you will get strong again by-and-by."

Ah, that by-and-by! It seems to mean so little in the time of present distress.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

MABEL GOFFE.—We are glad to be able to give you the desired information. Susan Warner was born in 1818. She wrote *The Wide Wide World*, *Queechy*, *The Old Helmet*, *Melbourne House*, and other works too numerous to mention, under the pseudonym of (Miss) Elizabeth Wetherell. This answers your query why your mother in her youth used always to see the latter name on the books you mention. Doubtless the author did not wish her identity to be recognised until a much later date. You may be interested to know that her sister, Anna B. Warner, adopted a pseudonym also—"Amy Lothrop"—under which she wrote *Dollars and Cents*, *My Brother's Keeper*, and a few other stories. Both sisters were of New York.

ALINE.—Your writing is very clear, well formed, and agreeable to read. We think it might be improved by the tails of the y's and g's being less stiff; and do not leave spaces in your words or lean too heavily on your pen. Although you are seventeen, your hand will, with care, become more graceful. Attend to the form of your capital letters; your E's are too small.

JOYCE.—You can often obtain a book that is out of print by writing to Miss Millard, Teddington, Middlesex, and we should recommend you to ask her if she can get you a copy of "Twilight Hours," by Sadie (Sarah Williams: Isbister & Co.). Also some reader may see this notice and volunteer to send you a copy of the poem beginning—

"Is it true, O Christ in heaven, that the highest suffer most?"

MARION H.—Many thanks for your enclosure, which we acknowledge elsewhere, but we inform our readers from time to time that we cannot undertake to forward such copies. In fact we do not enter into postal communication in connection with this column. The hymn you inquire for—

"It came upon the midnight clear"—

is by E. H. Sears, and the tune, "Noel," is arranged by Sir Arthur Sullivan. It is found in many hymn-books and tune-books; we instance one—*The Baptist Church Hymnal: Hymns and Tunes*, published by Psalms and Hymns Trust, 22a, Furnival Street, E.C. You will find it is numbered 83.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

ELAINE (South Africa) writes in loving sympathy for those who are unable to know and believe in God, and especially for one of my dear correspondents. She writes; "I am one of God's children—a very weak, faulty, stumbling one certainly, *but still really one*. What it must be to think of having no Heavenly Father! I wish I knew the girl named, for once I lost faith, but I found it again, I trust, to abide for ever. When doubts come, as they do sometimes, I have two rocks to rest upon. One is answered prayer, for it is really wonderful how God has answered my prayers. Sometimes I feel ashamed to think how much I have asked for self and how little for others. My second rock is, that the people who have the true love for our Master and live in closest communion with Him are in themselves living sermons which need no words to make them stronger influences for good." Dear, I pass on your testimony most gladly, and rejoice that I can enter fully into the feelings of the young, and that you so love our "Talks" and "Circle" and deem them "the best bits of the dear 'G. O. P.'" I think that it is just full of good bits, each of which has its influence; but you and I love our own corners—do we not?—and thank God for the wonderful blessing He has given. Now for my little preach about that besetting sin of yours in regard to the good mother who is always so dear, so patient, so sweet, and whom you love dearly. And yet you have to confess, "I am so irritable with her, impatient too, and seldom really kind. I try to be better and wish I could be to her as loving as she is to me. Can you help me?" Yes. I ask all our Circle to join with me in prayer for you, and I look for a bright letter which shall some day bring the message, "The prayers offered for me have been abundantly answered, and I am a far happier girl than I ever was before I asked for them." God does hear the heartfelt cry of His children.

ONE WHO TRIES TO BE A GOOD SOLDIER OF CHRIST.—I do understand, and have often expressed regret, that so many who have the care of children—parents included—seem to think that perfect confidence ought to subsist between the old and young of the family without any effort to encourage it on the part of those whose age fits them to take the initiative. I rejoice that you can write frankly to me and find relief in doing so. I am always glad of your letters, and, now you are far away, I know you personally through the sweet little picture you sent before you left home. When you return, I want you to make a great effort to overcome the shyness that builds an "invisible wall" between you and yours. There is something pathetic in the knowledge that I—whom you have never seen—am permitted to read your innermost mind, whilst those who are in every other sense so near to you are still outsiders. I have joys in regard to you which they cannot have, for you have told me of your love to Christ and your longing to be His faithful soldier and servant and to do His will even if it crosses your own. I want you to be very happy, and I am sure your daily life will be infinitely brighter if you permit those dearest to you to share in your greatest joys and highest aspirations. You own that the "want of understanding" in your family is not all their fault, because you hide your feelings so much, the result of no early effort having been made to win your confidence. It really brought tears to my eyes when I read your words, "You are such a real true friend to me, and I have so few. Sometimes I long so intensely to see you and to feel your arms round me. I know you would be good to me and would let me say anything I liked to you, and, more than that, *you would understand*." Yes, dear one. You should have all the best I could give. You should not be with me "like a snail shut up in its shell." I give you more than "a little bit of love all to yourself." The fact that our regard for each other, unseen as we are, has made you better understand that your love for Christ should be a very real love, though you have never seen Him, makes me glad. I will remember and comply with all your requests.

A SECOND SCOTS THISTLE.—Such conditions as you describe are often terribly trying to faith, and I, alas! have seen many homes darkened, lives spoiled, and households made miserable by the wicked and selfish conduct of one member of the family—often the so-called head of it. You wonder that such things are permitted by God. If He were like ourselves, our finite minds might claim to understand many of the questions we find so puzzling. We have to wait and trust, whilst labouring on and doing our little share in the world's work to the best of our power. I do not write as one who has had no experience when I bid you, dear girl, cling to the poor remnants of faith that are left you. Cultivate a spirit of love, trust, patience, forbearance, even long-suffering, amidst these troubles. You will "see sense" in them in God's good time, and feel that they were amongst the "all things," if patiently endured, that were meant to work together for your good both here and hereafter. I tell you truly that I am often "lost in wonder, love, and praise" when I glance backward at the way by which I have been led, and thank God most of all for the rough places in it. God does not compel service, but it is in the power of the one who causes your trouble to forsake the sins if he will use the appointed means. Do not give up hope, the means of grace, or prayer. The members of our Circle will join their petitions to yours.

"SWEET BRIAR," "CONNIE," "KITTY," and others, are warmly thanked for sending real names and addresses a second time, with a view to correspondence.

SNOWDROP.—You are very welcome as a new member of our Circle, and I am interested in all you tell me. May God bless and fit you for the noble calling to which you hope to devote yourself when old enough.

MISCELLANEOUS.

F. A. G.—We should think that an untrained worker would do more harm than good in a garden. We should recommend you really to go in for gardening if you are fond of it. It would be worth your while to get yourself trained at some place like Lady Warwick's Hostel at Reading, or at Swanley in Surrey. Good books like Robinson's or Nicholson's are very helpful, but you need verbal instruction for weeding, etc.

STELLA.—You write to complain of always having a red and burning face. First of all, you must be very careful what you wash your face with. Get soft water (rain water, if possible) and boil it. Use the water at night very hot with prepared oatmeal in it and buttermilk soap. Only wash your face with water at night; in the morning bathe it with a little fresh milk. Secondly, at night after you have washed your face with hot water, dab on a mixture of fresh lemon and glycerine; you mix it in a bottle in equal parts. Thirdly, be careful to notice whether your face reddens especially after eating any particular food. If it does, avoid that food, as evidently you cannot digest it.

DORA.—You have an art master's certificate for design and you want some work. You had better apply personally to several different publishers, taking some specimens of your work with you.

LILY.—A special medium is used on photographs before painting them, and not the ordinary size. Photographs are painted in water-colours. Platinotype photographs can be painted as well as the other kinds.

A CONSTANT READER.—The first certain traces of the keeping of Christmas are found about the time of the Emperor Commodius (A.D. 180-192). In the reign of Diocletian (A.D. 284-305), while the court was being kept at Nicomedia, the Emperor learned that a number of Christians were assembled to keep the birthday of Jesus Christ, he ordered the church doors where they were assembled to be closed and the building to be set on fire; all the worshippers perished in the flames. In the early churches the Festival of the Nativity seems to have been held at different times of the year; some held it in May or April, others in January. It is almost certain that December 25th cannot be the real day of the Nativity of the Saviour; that day would have been the height of the rainy season in Judæa, and shepherds could hardly have been watching their flocks by night in the plains. To take fruit stains out of linen you must use a mild bleach; a very weak solution of chloride of lime is perhaps best.

F. M.—There is a G. F. S. Home of Rest at Shanklin in the Isle of Wight which might suit you. You could get taken in there and boarded for a week for 8s. 6d., we think. Write to the Lady Superintendent. At Ryde there is a Y. W. C. A. Home at Garfield House, Ryde, Isle of Wight. Terms, 14s. weekly. Special return fare 11s. 6d. Apply to the Lady Superintendent. We should think you would be very happy at either of these places, and be able to make friends and not feel lonely.

PERPLEXED.—In a manicure box there is always a file, as it is supposed to be much better to file the nails down and not to cut them. Then there is either a bone or steel instrument with a point (but not sharp) for pushing back the flesh which is liable to grow over the nails at their base. We expect you also have a pot of ointment for rubbing on to soften the nails, and a box of powder to make them shine. When you have applied the powder, you polish them with the pad of chamois leather and then wash your hands. PERPLEXED says that in answer to A NEW READER the song she wishes to find is "A Song of Paradise," by Hamilton Grey.

APPLE BLOSSOM.—We are afraid there is no easy remedy to cure arms covered with long dark hairs. The only thing to do would be to try to bleach them. But we would far rather recommend you to wear long lace or transparent sleeves in your evening dresses. Such sleeves, if well made, are very pretty, and at present extremely fashionable.

DADDY.—You will be able to get the book called *A Mountain Daisy* if you write to Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., 32, Paternoster Row, E.C. Its price is 2s.

E. B. M.—Fast-days used to be kept twice a year in the Church of Scotland before the spring and autumn communions. The Thursday and Saturday before Communion Sunday were set apart for the fast. These two days were kept like an ordinary Sabbath; there were two services on each day in the church, and no work was done except work of necessity. The fasts were not kept as fasts from food. However, in later times these fast-days instead of being kept as solemn days became simply general holidays, and so about sixteen years ago they ceased to be observed, although the services are still held in some of the Scotch churches on the Thursday and Saturday before Communion Sunday.

M. G.—For the measurement of very high temperatures the pyrometer is used; but we do not know whether this is the kind of thermometer used for sugar-boiling.

J. T. N.—We have had great difficulty in getting a recipe for rose hip jelly, but we have at last received the following from a very good Scotch cook. Split open the hips, and clean out all the seeds, and wipe them well. Weigh them, and add to them the same quantity of sugar. Gather some brambles (blackberries) and put them into a pan and cover them with water, and let them boil well. Strain them through a cloth or jelly-bag. To each pint of juice add one pound of sugar. Put the juice over the hips and boil together. When quite tender, strain the whole through a cloth and pour into pots. Some fruit juice must be used with the hips, but any other fruit might be used instead of brambles.



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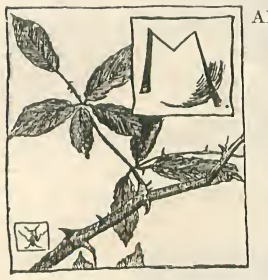


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PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.



MADEMOISELLE was so exhausted that she begged to retire at once, and was forthwith escorted to a huge cavern of a room, which boasted tapestried walls, an oaken ceiling, and a four-poster bed, large enough to have accommodated the whole fifth form at a pinch. It looked cheery enough, however, in the light of a great peat fire, and the visitor was feeling so unwell after her stormy crossing, that her one overpowering desire was to lay her head upon the pillows, and revel in the consciousness that her journeyings were at an end. Her tact suggested also that this affectionate family would be glad to have their baby to themselves for the first meeting, but when she woke up refreshed and vigorous the following morning, she was full of eagerness to get downstairs, and make the acquaintance of the O'Shaughnessys in their own home. The night before she had been so faint and dazed that she had gone automatically through the various introductions, and as the lights inside the rooms were by no means as bright as those at the windows, even the very faces seemed seen through a mist. But Bridget had mentioned eight o'clock as the breakfast-hour, so Mademoiselle leaped out of bed, and, wondering a little why no one appeared to bring tea, hot-water, or a bath, made the best work of her toilet which was possible under the circumstances.

Truth to tell the room did not appear so attractive in the light of a dark December morning, aided by one flickering candle upon the dressing-table. The tapestry was worn into holes, the carpet was threadbare, and the silk curtains had faded to a dull grey hue. The general aspect was so grim and dull, both within the room and outside in the wind-swept park, that the sun-loving Mademoiselle made all speed she could to get downstairs to the cheering influences of breakfast and fire. The sound of voices guided her when she reached the ground floor, and she entered a room on the right of the hall, hoping to see the family already assembled to meet her.

What a disappointment! Not one welcoming face did she see, not a sign of breakfast upon the table, and but a flicker of light on the huge grate, before which knelt one untidy maid, while another stopped short in her dusting operations to stare at the new comer with unconcealed amazement.

"Was this perhaps not the room where breakfast was held?" Mademoiselle inquired politely, but it appeared that this was the room. And she had understood Miss O'Shaughnessy to say that the hour was eight o'clock. Had she been mistaken in her impression?

Molly laughed, and shook her duster in the air, so that the atoms which she had swept together were instantly dispersed afresh.

"'Deed, you were right enough. The hour is eight, but you'll be in fine time if you're down by nine," she replied encouragingly, and poor Mademoiselle felt her heart sink at the thought of the weary hour, which stretched between her and the longed-for meal. Nothing solid to eat since one o'clock yesterday, and now to have to sit shivering and watching the provisions slowly taking their place on the table, deterred by politeness from helping herself to as much as a slice of bread. She felt intensely sorry for herself, but after all the prospect was the worst part of the business, for the kindness of the Irish heart came to her rescue, and while Molly blew at the fire with a pair of huge leather bellows, her companion scuttled upstairs into the room where Bridgie lay sweetly sleeping, to bring her out of bed with a bound with the information that the "foreign lady was in her clothes, and after inquiring for her breakfast."

In an incredibly short space of time, Bridgie appeared downstairs, and as she broke into vehement apologies, Mademoiselle had an opportunity of studying her face, and came to the conclusion that the little sister had, if anything, understated its charms. Surely never did sweeter blue eyes shelter behind curling black lashes, and look out of a broader, fairer brow. The waving hair was of purest flaxen, and the careless coiffure was as becoming as if arranged by the most skilful of hair-dressers. What if the mouth were large, and the nose of no classical outline, no one who looked into Bridget O'Shaughnessy's eyes had either time or inclination to look further.

"I'm ashamed to think of you sitting here all by yourself!" she cried, holding both Mademoiselle's hands in hers, and smiling into her face with a beguiling sweetness. "We always call the breakfast-hour eight; because, if we said nine, it would be ten, and ye must be punctual in arranging for a family. But it's all for the best, for I've told Molly to bring something in at once, and you and I will have a cosy meal before the rest appear. And you are looking quite fresh and bright this morning—that's good. My heart was broken for you last night, when you came in all perished with cold. And it was so good of you to take the long journey to give us this pleasure. You don't know the excitement there was in this house when Jack's telegram arrived! If we were pleased to think of having a child for the holidays, imagine our delight when it was a girl like ourselves—a companion for Esmeralda and me!"

"A girl like ourselves!" Oh, Bridgie, Bridgie, you must have had a taste of the Blarney stone, too, to have ignored so completely the ten years which separated you from your visitor, but, needless to say, Mademoiselle bore you no grudge for your shortsightedness, and was only too happy to be classed as a girl once more.

They sat down to breakfast together, and presently one member after another of the family strolled in, and took their share in entertaining the stranger. The Major put on his most fascinating air, and revived recollections of an old visit to "Paree," and Pat and Miles stared unblinkingly at every morsel she put between her lips. They were both handsome lads, but Pat in especial had such languishing eyes, such an air of pensive melancholy, that he seemed almost too good for this wicked world, and as far as possible removed from the ordinary mischievous school boy. Mademoiselle wondered what beautiful poetic fancies were passing through his brain as he lay back in his chair, and pushed the curls from his forehead. Then his eyes met hers, and he smiled angelic questioning.

"Do you have frogs for breakfast in your home in France, Mademoiselle?"

"Pat, be quiet! That's very rude."

"It is not, Bridgie; it's thirst for information. Or snails, Mademoiselle? Have you often eaten snails?"

"Never once, or frogs either. We have a breakfast much as you have here. Rolls of bread, and honey, and butter, and coffee—ver' good coffee!" and there was a regretful tone in Mademoiselle's voice as she struggled womanfully to swallow the grounds of chickory which seemed to constitute the leading feature of coffee as served at Knock Castle. She did not intend to show her distaste, but the Major exclaimed in eager agreement with the unspoken criticism.

"And this stuff is not fit to drink. If you will teach my girls to make coffee as you have it in France, Mademoiselle, you will be doing me a life-long favour. I suppose you can cook by instinct, like most of your countrywomen?"

"I think I can—pretty well, but I do not often get the chance. If Miss Breegie will let me teach her some of our favourite dishes it will be a pleasure to me, too! I used to be very happy cooking tempting things for my father to eat!"

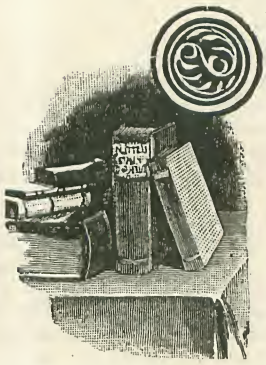
"Hark to that now, Bridgie! There's no better ambition for a young girl than to wait upon her father and see to his comfort!" cried the Major solemnly, and a merry laugh rang out from the doorway as Esmeralda came forward, and standing behind his chair, clasped her arms round his neck, the while she sent her bright, inquiring glances round the table.

"The whole duty of woman is to wait upon man! and a good long time she has to wait if the man is anything like yourself, me dear! We will make him an omelette for his lunch this very day, Mademoiselle, if he'll promise to eat it when he returns an hour past the proper time! I hope you're well, and had a good sleep after your travels."

Mademoiselle murmured something in reply, but what, she scarcely knew, so absorbed was she in studying the charming picture made by father and daughter, the Major with his hair scarcely touched with grey, his charming smile and stalwart figure, and above him Esmeralda, in all her wonderful, gipsy-like beauty. Her hair was as dark as Bridgie's was fair, and stood out from her head in a mass of curls and waves, her features were perfect in their haughty, aquiline curves, and the bloom of youth was on her cheeks. With such hair and colouring it would have been natural to expect brown eyes, but what gave to her face its note of distinction was the fact that her eyes were grey, and not brown—wonderful clear grey eyes which gave the beholder a thrill of mingled surprise and admiration every time she lifted her curled black lashes and turned them upon him. Mademoiselle stared in speechless admiration, and Esmeralda's brothers and sisters stared at her in their turn, well pleased at the effect produced, for what was the use of groaning beneath the whims and tyrannies of "the beautiful Miss O'Shaughnessy" if one could not enjoy a little honour and glory once in a while!

(*To be continued.*)

GIRL VOLUNTEERS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.



OVER three thousand British girls have volunteered to go out to South Africa to teach the little Boer children how to read, write, and spell and do their sums and learn to sing. The Board of Education at Whitehall asked for one hundred girls, and three thousand have responded, so two thousand nine hundred will have to stay at home disappointed. These girls have been warned that it is anticipated that the work will be very hard and continuous. They will have to live in tents in the concentration camps, either in the Transvaal or the Orange River Colony. The teachers are to work together in pairs, two girls sharing each tent. They will be provided with Government rations—probably bully beef and biscuits—and the salary offered is £100 a year and a second class passage out, and a return passage if they wish to come back at the end of the year. Lord Milner says that the ladies who go will have a courteous reception from the parents, and that the children are very willing to learn and are amenable to discipline. The girls who are accepted will go out at the rate of about twenty-five a month, the first party starting as soon as it can be arranged.

What is the country like to which British girls seem so anxious to emigrate? If you look at a map of Africa, you will find these British possessions in the south and south-eastern portion of that continent. Our territory is very large, and the climate is very varied. Remember that as it is on the other side of the Equator to our British Islands, the winter months are contrary to ours. June, July and August are the cold months out there. On the sea coast of Cape Colony there are nine months of warm weather and three months of winter. The winter is generally cold and wet. But even in the summer the contrast between day and night is great; the days are hot and sunny, and the nights cold and chilly. In the Orange Free State the climate is very dry and very healthy and very exhilarating. Doctors often send people out there who are threatened with lung disease, and sometimes they get quite cured. Here again the nights are cool in summer and very cold in winter. Girls who are going out to any part of South Africa ought not to be misled by accounts of the great heat; the sun is often extremely hot during the day, but the nights are often so very cold that warm clothing is most necessary.

In Cape Colony and Natal there are plenty of different fruits and beautiful flowers. Grapes, melons, peaches, bananas, pineapples, mangoes, apples, pears, grow quite easily in well-watered gardens. The white arum lily and the rose grow wild in large quantities. The water supply at present is not always reliable for drinking. I suppose later on artesian wells will be sunk and matters in this respect improved. The safest course to take with regard to the water is never to drink it unless it is boiled. The only filter which is really any use is the Pasteur Chamberlain. It is made of porcelain, in the shape of a candle, and the water is forced through it. It is, however, a rather slow process even when two or three candles are used. The natives in South Africa get their water by digging holes in the ant-hills near the rivers, and the water filters through the river banks into these small pits. Few people seem to realise that drinking is, to a large extent, a matter of habit. With a little trouble you can train yourself to drink only small quantities of liquid, or you can train yourself to drink large quantities. It is said that people who have been trained to control their thirst and to drink little never become drunkards. It is certainly a useful habit to have contracted, if you wish to emigrate to countries like South Africa, where the water supply is doubtful.

As to religious teaching and the churches in South

Africa, you will find almost every Christian body represented there—Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Roman Catholics, etc. In all the larger towns you will find that the Church of England services are held. There are seven bishops, with clergy serving under them. In Grahamstown there is the Railway Mission, which has a carriage attached to the train, in which the missioner lives, and so goes up and down the lines looking after and helping the English settlers out there.

At present there is no great demand for English servants, as the Kaffirs do all the household work in the country districts, and it is only in the towns that well-to-do families keep white servants. However, girls who can bake well and make good cakes, and girls who have been trained in laundry-work, will find plenty of work to do, and receive good pay in South Africa. Bread and cakes can be baked very easily without an oven on the other side of the Equator! You dig a hole in an empty ant heap and line it with stones at the bottom, lay your sticks on, light your fire and close the hole at the top. When well heated, put the dough you want to bake on the hot ashes and re-close the hole. You will find this simple way of baking acts like a brick oven.

The Women's Emigration Association is doing a good deal of work in connection with South Africa, and girls who think of going out to any of our colonies would do well to ask advice from them at their office at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington. They have a training home at Leaton, near Wellington, Salop, to give practical training in domestic work to ladies and girls wishing to proceed to the colonies. This course of training lasts for three or six months or longer, and the terms are 15s. weekly for a single room, or 10s. for sharing a double one. Instructions are given in housework, plain cooking, dairy-work and the care of poultry; laundry-work, simple dress-making, and cutting-out are also taught. This emigration society makes arrangements for sending girls out all over our colonies. It arranges their voyage, providing them with an escort and companionship. It has them met when they arrive at their destination, and, if they require it, situations are found for them by the Association's correspondents, who are scattered all over the colonies. Travellers are housed at lodges and homes of the society, which they have in the principal colonial towns.

They take out with them a letter of introduction to a clergyman or minister, and they also are given introductions to English ladies who will befriend them. At the office in the Imperial Institute every kind of advice, information, and guidance are at the disposal of girls and women of good characters who want to find occupation in the colonies. Sometimes part of their passage money is advanced to them, and afterwards repaid out of their earnings.

This society has already opened a hostel at Cape Town, and others are to be erected in Durban, Pretoria, Kimberley, Johannesburg, and Bloemfontein. At these hostels women and girls will be received for a few days on their arrival, and an employment bureau for every kind of women's work will be opened. A lady superintendent will manage each of these hostels.

When the Board of Education has chosen this first batch of one hundred girls to go out and teach in the concentration camps, as soon as South Africa is in a more settled condition, there will still be plenty of room, plenty of occupations for hundreds more girls. But, girls, if you want to volunteer for this work of colonisation, prepare yourselves for it.

We have been specially asked to give some hints as to what clothes a girl should take to South Africa. We give the following list not as exhaustive, but as suggesting what is most necessary.

Woollen undergarments should always be worn next the skin, thin wool for summer, thick wool for winter. Night-dresses both cotton and flannel. Blue serge is much recommended for coats and skirts—one thin coat and skirt, and one thick. Two or more washing dresses; dark blue or brown Holland look nice. It is difficult to get white *piqué* well washed. Blouses, both cotton, flannel, and silk; Tusson silk is recommended. Two sailor hats and one shady one; the hat recommended is a plain shady felt. Eight pairs of stockings, both thick woollen and very thin wool. Stout brown shoes. A large strong umbrella. A large strong parasol (linen). American snow shoes. A tweed ulster or waterproof.

Linen pocket handkerchiefs and a few dark silk ones. There should be no frills or lace on the linen underclothing, as good washing is a difficulty. One warm jacket or cloak.

Miscellaneous:—A warm rug or Jaeger blanket. Hot water bottle—indiarubber. (This is marked essential in the Board of Education list.) Waterproof sheet. Woollen sleeping bag. This can be bought for 12s. at the Army and Navy Stores. A small bag for keeping money, to be worn on a chain and attached to a belt. Towels, sponge, soap, clothes-brush, tooth-brush, brush, comb. A trunk with a good lock. Plenty of needles, cotton, tape, shoe-laces, hair-pins, darning materials, hooks, eyes, scissors, buttons. A small tea-basket, or if you cannot get this, take an iron cup and saucer, and a perforated spoon for making tea. A folding candlestick and candles. Writing paper and envelopes. Knife, fork, and spoon. Lead pencils, pens. A cheap travelling clock. A pillow.

Medicine:—Quinine (powder) in a bottle. Mustard leaves. Carbonate of soda. Gregory's powder. Cascara. Vaseline. Keating's powder (take plenty), and Dalmatian powder and blowing tube. Eucalyptus oil. Essence of ginger. Permanganate of potash—for disinfecting. Eno's fruit salt. Boracic powder—for cuts. A cholera belt made of flannel. Linen rags, bandages, and some coarse muslin.

If going near the sea-coast a mosquito-net should be taken. Insects and dust are two great drawbacks to South Africa; therefore people going out should take plenty of Keating's, or better still, Dalmatian—the powder of which Keating's is made. If you blow the powder through the tube all over your bed and room, it stupefies the flies and insects, and then they can be swept up in the morning.

Take as much money as you can with you, because food, clothing, and house-rent are all much more costly at present in South Africa than they are in England.

A PICTURE.

GIRLS, here is a very "grown-up" picture for you this time, and at the first glance a very pathetic if not sad one.

A prison cell? Yes, a tiny, dreary bare room with a wee grated window, through which comes the only light in the picture, and that light falls on—a dead man beneath the grating, leaning against the wall (in a sitting position). Yes, a dead jail-bird, as men call such. Oh, the pathos of that poor creature with the dark clothes and wan, worn face! Pale, and how much more! weary, stricken, seared with the fire of trouble, of hardship, maybe of sin, for some sin had brought the man there, or a miscarriage of justice, which happily is not frequent in England.

"Poor soul, at last it is all over," you will say. Poor soul? Wait a bit. Look again.

What is this other figure passing towards us from the—beggar, shall we call him? Why, this second man is—a crowned king!—tall, majestic, commanding of build. And his face? We rub our eyes, for we have seen it before. It is surely very like the poor man yonder. The very same. Each feature, each lineament is there: the difference lies in the expression. And what difference? Just the difference between a convict and a king—a good king. This face shows dignity, power, sweetness, withal a great gentleness, above everything a look of joy, of peace, of utter



THE DEPARTING SOUL.
(*From the painting by Miss Fortescue-Brickdale.*)

serenity, nay, of spiritual victory such as few kings can boast.

Come for a moment to another death-bed, that of a queen, the German Empress Victoria, our Princess Royal, who has lately passed away. Did you read how the English clergyman sitting by her bed in the summer sunshine saw a white butterfly enter by the open window, hover above the dying woman, and then go forth? "It seemed as if it might be the soul of the Empress," he wrote. The ancient Greeks made the butterfly the sign of the soul. In Lichfield is a famous white marble tomb (modern) bearing the figures of two fair children asleep, and on the lips of one rests, I believe, a butterfly in marble.

Our artist here has a grander conception. The soul of this jail-bird, this beggar, is going forth as—a king. Look at the grandeur of the ample regal cloak, with finest lines of gold upon it and jewelled clasp, which, with the gem-studded crown, form the only brightness in the picture, reminding one of "The Light of the World," which you all know, or ought to. And the face—what of that? An artist-friend standing with me before it murmured, "When I awake after Thy likeness I shall be satisfied." That was the word my own mind was groping for—satisfied. That alone could describe the glorified face of the sufferer. And so we may leave him, with his unknown past, present, future, in the hands of a faithful Creator.

Like all Miss Brickdale's pictures, this is a mine of thought. Think away, girls! We don't think half enough nowadays. Work and play, society and Societies with a big S, reading, sight-seeing, praying, let us hope, fill our days; but doesn't one sometimes long for "a good think"? Of course, in a way we are always thinking. A little girl I know of, chattering about her thoughts, was told: "Do sit down quietly, child, and don't think so much." Child: "But, nurse, I can't make my think sit down."

Shall I tell you one or two of my "thinks" about this picture? Do you know Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*, a lovely book by one who wrote and worked much for girls? It talks to girls as queens, telling chiefly how every woman has a little kingdom of her own—in her home, in her husband's heart, or her father's, brother's, friend's, and of how she should rule that kingdom. And in the Bible are we not all promised a crown?

So we are kings and queens, are we? Shall we say you girls are princesses, that name which has ever appealed to us in our fairy tales, in the romance of history, in many a story and in real life, especially when thinking of her we now call Queen of England, "*the* Princess" (as we named her), sweet-faced and gracious as the fairy one of our childish dreams?

But, if all have a king, queen, princess in us (and so it is), have we not also a beggar, a jail-bird? Ah, yes! There is a story of a man who possessed two natures, each of which assumed by turns a good and an evil form. Into each the man had the power of changing—into Dr. Jekyll the saint or into Mr. Hyde the sinner. Only a picture of every human life, girls.

Here she is, or was, a "real live" Princess, preparing to rule a nation, and meanwhile ruling her own spirit, for Queen Victoria was a princess in every sense. Here is many another "real" princess setting an example to her girl-subjects and walking humbly with her God. But each of these and all of us must possess her beggar. I use this word merely as a contrast. For aught we know, the pictured beggar was a saint, and probably so, by his glorious soul-shape.

Again, that girl is a princess keeping house and—far harder task!—her temper among difficulties and pitfalls for temper and house. A princess is that little governess, keeping cheery and gentle in loneliness and distractions constant and wearing: that parish worker, too, not encouraging the convict of self-righteousness, of hardness towards sinners, nor that of a weak tolerance of sin, neither of over-fussiness, all faults belonging to the jail: that employer's daughter, fitting herself by observation, reading, thinking, to better some day the condition of employees, standing out against hardness, tyranny, greed and, above all, fraud: the employee who sees these evils daily, and meanwhile bears all cheerfully, ready to make a stand when things are very wrong, passing through the fire of commercialism with her living soul (the princess) unscathed. (Far be it from me to say there is not many a firm where none of such evils exist.) We see the princess in the young dressmaker who "sweareth unto her neighbour and disappointeth her not, though it were to her own hindrance": likewise in the young lady who orders home her dresses or her washing when she wants them, and only then. A dressmaker asked me when I named Thursday (let us say), "But when do you really want your dress? People always order things home before they require them." I was told much the same as to the washing in a foreign hotel. "Mademoiselle should name a day before she requires her lingerie, otherwise it will not arrive, for all ladies do so." Ah! what has not the convict of untrustworthiness (on both sides) to answer for? See what it has brought us to!

Even in common promises we fail. That girl said she would pay her sick acquaintance a long visit, but she had a "good work" (excellent in itself, but less so than keeping a promise)—a "really poor" person—to see to. So she crammed both in, and the poorest of them, her rich sick friend, was sorely disappointed. A parson I know asked a young officer to give some clothes for a poor boy to go to church in. Sunday comes; no boy. Evidently the clothes have not come. The parson is in his place in church. So is the officer. Parson, waiting for service, sends officer a paper bearing the verse I have quoted: "He that sweareth unto," etc. Ah, that beggar, Unfulfilled Promises! Turn him out! Let him make way for the truth-telling king, who shall rest upon the holy hill.

Another example: this time of the princess who will not lend herself to what we call mean tricks. This young servant who sees the ladies' maids (so I have heard) piece together and read the torn letters in the waste-paper basket. Few servants "count" stealing stamps, pens, paper, pins, "hanks," and even larger things as transgressing the eighth command of God. I have travelled much, and though I am careful of my things, do not lock them up. I have never found a flagrant case of theft, but constantly have I had to replace not only small things, but such as body linen, which has not worn out, but mysteriously disappeared. A hospital nurse told me she was continually renewing her things lost in this way and not in the wash. Don't forget, laundress, that the convict Hyde will tempt you to bribe your employer's servants, that they may "push" your custom. I know a lady who has a laundry, and does not give "commissions" in the form of greatly reduced charges to servants. Consequently a friend had to give up sending to this laundry through the continual complaints of it by her servants, though she told the proprietress she had proved these complaints to be groundless; but she could not stand the constant grumbling by her domestics, who wanted to change to a laundry which would practically bribe them.

And cook—poor cook! A missioner once told me the hardest position for honesty is that of a gardener. I am inclined to think that of a cook literally "takes the cake," what with perquisites, with commissions or presents (only another name for bribery, my dear madam), with temptations to feed "like a king" (but of what sort?) at the expense of her employer, often such as the latter can ill afford, the temptation to scamp her work, to put most of it on some little underling, or, under the heat and fatigue of the kitchen, to yield to the temptation of more beer than is good for her.

Then the parlour-maid is tempted to help herself to the wine. I hear the drunkenness among parlour-maids is terrible, and you queens should beware of putting such a temptation in their way. She who can come safely through these tests is a queen indeed.

But look up now, girls, and think of the crowns. How they shine here! How they will glitter hereafter! We know the price of a virtuous woman, a queen; it is above rubies. Be she a lady or loaf-giver (that's what the old word means), be she what I call a lydy (a would-be lady only), be she a servant, a flower-girl, nay, a true jail-bird (to this may the convict in her have brought her), yet her Jekyll, the best in her, may conquer, may still stamp her

as a queen. We are all Hydes and Jekylls, "neither wholly black nor white, but grey." Of us all, like the shy curate's egg, "parts are good," and parts only.

Eh, lassies, here is a prayer for us all—

"O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
O by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace
Nor cast away our crown."

We pass along life's road and look our brother, our sister, king or queen in the face, or look deeper even into their character, that ancient word which denotes the mark a Babylonian brickmaker stamped upon his bricks. We ask alike of high and low, rich and poor—

"Whose is this image and superscription?"

And the answer will *not* be—"Cæsar's."

A Welsh Spinster.

THE ART OF MAKING BREAD.



In this paper I purpose to give some very simple directions as to the making of bread, directions by which I hope the veriest amateur of a cook could make that luxury known as "home-made" bread. I am not going to enter into any scientific details, for it will not make our bread any lighter to be told that yeast is really the *torula cerevisiæ*, nor that the action of yeast on the starch in the flour produces alcohol and carbonic acid gas.

The maxims that should be carried out in bread-making are few, and if closely followed will prevent such accidents as heavy dough and spoilt batches of bread.

First, see that your ingredients are of the best; it is always cheaper in the long run. Second, mind that the yeast is fresh. Third, be careful that the dough is put to rise in a warm place, free from draught. Four, put your bread into a hot oven.

Now for the ingredients in bread. I am speaking, remember, at present, of plain household bread; fancy breads, buns, dough cakes, tea-cakes, etc., need a paper to themselves. Some housewives think that the second quality flour, termed households, makes the more nourishing bread, though it is not so white as that made from what is called the best pastry whites. I always use this myself, as I think it makes a lighter and more digestible bread. Do not ever be persuaded to put potatoes into your bread, as they are very apt to turn the dough sour and also make it heavy, unless they are very carefully mixed into the flour. Again, never mix alum with the flour to make the bread whiter, as in my opinion these foreign matters render the bread unwholesome and indigestible.

Now a few words as to the yeast. The two kinds most used in England are what is generally known as "brewer's yeast, or barm," which is a liquid and is most often met with in country places, and German yeast, which is procured in putty-like masses. Whichever yeast is used, it is well to remember that it is a plant, and a very difficult plant that requires particularly careful handling. If the growth of the yeast plant be checked, then the dough takes longer to rise, and sometimes will not rise at all.

The great thing, then, is to encourage this useful little plant to do its duty, and make our bread light, and it has been discovered that sugar will make the yeast plant grow quicker than anything else. To test German yeast, see that it crumbles easily when rubbed between the fingers and thumb, add castor sugar to it, work it lightly with the back of a spoon, and in two or three minutes it will become liquid, that is to say, if it be fresh. Never keep yeast for two or three days. In all towns it is procurable daily, and although named German yeast, it is not made in Germany only. Thundery weather will affect yeast and make it go bad, so be sure, if the weather be at all close, to get your yeast fresh the day you want to use it. Another thing to remember about yeast is that it does its work before the bread is put into the oven, and that is why we put the dough to rise, so as to give the yeast plant time to grow.

After it has made our dough rise, and our loaves are ready for baking, we have no more use for it, so the loaves are put into a hot oven, and the useful little plant is killed.

If bread be put into a slow oven, the yeast plant still goes on growing until the heat is sufficient to kill it. A slow oven will make the loaves have a fine outside appearance, but when we come to cut them we shall find the inside full of large holes, caused by the yeast plant being allowed to grow for too long a time.

White Bread No. 1.—Three pounds of flour, one ounce of German yeast, or two tablespoonfuls of brewer's yeast or barm, one teaspoonful of castor sugar, one and a half teaspoonfuls of salt, about one and a half pints of tepid water.

Put the flour into a big basin; if in winter, warm both the basin and the flour. Add the salt, and mix it well into the flour, because if it comes into contact with the yeast it checks its growth. Put the yeast and sugar into a smaller basin and work them lightly to a liquid, add to them the tepid water. To make tepid water, have one third boiling water and two thirds cold, and that should make the water the same temperature as one's hands. Stir the yeast and water into the flour with a wooden spoon, mix well. Flour a pastry board, turn the dough out on it, and knead well with the hands. When kneaded sufficiently, the dough will be quite smooth. Put it back into the basin, and cut it twice across, as a cut surface rises far better than a smooth one. Cover over the top of the basin with a cloth, to keep away all draught, and stand it in a warm place. Let the dough rise for one hour. At the end of that time it should have increased to twice its original size. Turn it out once more on to a floured board, cut it into the number of loaves you want to make. Handle it very lightly and quickly. For a cottage loaf, take two pieces of dough, one slightly smaller than the other, work them into smooth rounds, place one on top of the other, press down the centre with your finger, and cut up the sides with a sharp knife; put the loaf on a greased baking sheet, stand it in a warm place and cover over for fifteen minutes to prove, then bake in a hot oven. To test bread, to see if it is done, tap the bottom of the loaf, and if it sounds hollow it is done. When baking bread, do not open the door of the oven for at least twenty minutes after the loaves have been put into it.

When the bread is cooked, stand the loaves on a sieve, or on their sides to cool, and do not take them into a cold room or the larder until they are quite cold, as change of temperature is apt to make the bread heavy.

White Bread No. 2.—Proceed as above directed, but instead of putting the dough to rise for an hour, cut it after kneading it into the number of loaves that you require. Have ready some greased and floured tins, put the dough into them, cut them across the top, and after letting them rise in a warm place for one hour, bake in a hot oven. This recipe is, of course, far less trouble than the former one, but I always fancy that the bread is not quite so light as when the dough rises first and the loaves are proved.

Brown Bread.—Two pounds of flour, wholemeal, one ounce of German yeast, one teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, about one pint of tepid water.

Put the flour and salt into a big basin, work the yeast to a liquid with the sugar in another basin, add the tepid water to the yeast and sugar, pour it on to the flour and salt, and mix to rather a moist dough. Do not knead it, but beat it smooth with the back of a wooden spoon. Have ready some greased and floured tins; divide the dough into loaves, put them into the tins, and stand them in a warm place, covered over to keep draught away, for one hour. Bake in a hot oven and test in the usual way. Brown bread is always nicer if baked in tins, as then the dough can be mixed slightly moister. The time that bread takes to bake must depend on the size of the loaves made, and the quantity of water required depends a great deal on the quality of the flour.

BARTY'S STAR

By NORMAN GALE, Author of "A Country Muse," "Songs for Little People," etc.



CHAPTER IV.

THERE was no room for doubt. Fate's loaded dice fell as Barty's mother would have them fall, and no gamester ever stared at the cubes as she, in her passionate anxiety, stared day by day at the outcome from the magic box. How she would have cheated, had the power been hers so to behave! Against her will she was compelled to stake Barty. Small wonder, then, that a fever so often burned in her eyes, as she watched the wealth lying upon the board at which she was forced to attend while a professional gambler threw for what represented to her the very centre of heaven upon earth. But Fate could not throw the right number. Ever so slowly, but ever so surely, some almighty Onlooker was pushing the stakes over to the human side of the table. In return for this, Barty's mother thanked God, since her heart quaked at the thought of having too mysterious, too starry a child. To her mind his dim and unconscious witchcraft spelt disaster. The playgrounds of Paradise, she imagined, must needs be incomplete without the little son in whom petals and odours belonging to another world so strangely survived. Because of this dread she greeted with exquisite joy any small proofs that the child was approaching nearer to the commonplace.

Quickly and convincingly signal followed signal. The sleepy potion acted; and Barty, drugged out of knowledge precious beyond every mineral magazine in all the cooled worlds running through space, unknowingly shed the evidences of his immortality. They fell from him as rose-leaves fall from the rose when that princess among the blossoms agrees with the wind for her unrobing. Although his love for flowers prospered just well enough to please his mother, the edge of it, so to speak, became a little blunt. Orderliness usurped the seat of ecstasy. As for such rocketing heroes as lupins and foxgloves and monkshoods, he still showed his preference for them, although his periods of devoted worship were shorter in duration and rarer in repetition. Still, the borders where these favourites lived their lives did not fail to attract him far more than camps of crocuses, or settlements of lavender, or squadrons of geraniums could ever do. But one day I found him sitting by the larkspurs examining the boiler of a toy-engine with all the gravity possible in an engineer grown grey in the study of pistons and safety-valves. He was decaying from the past; he was ripening for the future. Sometimes, when perched upon my knee to have a lesson in celestial grammar, after listening in an absorbed fashion for perhaps twenty minutes or half-an-hour, he would begin to rummage in his pocket for a striped marble, or that innocuous pistol of childhood whose bark is worse than its bite, and from that moment divide his attention between the plaything and the meteor. Or else he would fidget with the band of my Norfolk jacket, and finally would interrupt me by asking whether he might go and look for his lesser divinity in fur. Who could fail to be persuaded that the slow processes of topsy-turvydom were taking place in the kingdom of his brain? Puss in Boots and Dick Whittington had utterly failed to magnetise his fancy when he was three and four years old, but, as he departed from musing, from visions seen through a dark glass, he developed an increasing hunger for stories dealing with episodes in the careers gloriously accomplished by Little Red Riding Hood, the Three Bears, and Shock-Headed Peter. I wonder how many times he rode to York with Dick Turpin. The flowers would not answer; the star persisted in becoming smaller, so Barty was the more easily induced to fix his eyes, his hands, his wits, upon the material of facts more comprehensible. He even altered sufficiently to maintain, with the stable-boy's help, a family of Belgian hares, one of which he christened Neptune, remembering the great hermit that marks this system's limit, because it would always remain in the back of the hutch while visitors were inspecting its kindred.

Just about this time, too, Barty became tainted by the slaying instinct, which, so far, repeated anathemas issuing from myself and his mother had chilled into quiescence. But we could do no more than render the horrible passion a torpid snake, which was sure to be warmed into liveliness by the sun of growth. One day a friend of his brought with him, as the apparatus for perfect joy, a butterfly-net and a poison-bottle; and when I looked from my study window to discover the reason for Barty's noisy delight, which carried nearly as far as the ball from a rifle, I saw my son plunging, with no thought for the morrow of my vexation, over a bed gay with calceolarias in his endeavour to catch a Red Admiral. From the suffering look on the rogue's face I gathered that he did not admire as much as I did the masterly fashion in which this sailor of the air managed his fragile ship among the currents caused by the sweeping net.

Now, my garden is a reservation. It is the paradise of birds and butterflies. I net wall-fruit, and protect crocuses from the sparrows by using a lot of small stakes and black thread, but these are the severest measures I adopt; so when I was a witness of intended murder, I threw up the sash with such a bang and roared at Barty with such vehemence that he sat down in the calceolarias as suddenly as if my voice had been a bullet striking him in a vital part. Leaping out on to the rockery, thus damaging several ferns, I proceeded to examine the delicate game destroyed by these imps. Three exquisite corpses lay on some cotton-wool in a box, while a Painted Lady (who named this child as kin to Jezebel?) was quivering to death in the bottle. The two culprits stood gazing solemnly at me as I delivered a brief but pointed sermon. They looked as if the proverbial butter would not melt in their mouths; it seemed impossible to think of them as guilty in any other respect than that of playing truant from the nurseries beyond the blue. For a few minutes I was vainglorious enough to imagine that I was making a real effect upon these flushed and panting savages, till another winged blossom came curving between the sinners and the preacher, when I learned how uselessly I had exhorted them to mercy. Immediately the lust for destruction sprang full-flamed into their eyes. Decorous their attitudes, polite their faces; but the rogues hunted in their hearts! Alas, of how many creatures the power to move is the death-warrant! If dandelions could fly they would be chased and slain without intermission by cherubs in all grades of society; but as these gipsies of the wayside only light their fires in the grass and wait in the same spot till they are burnt out, they are spared such cruel instruments as are used by children, the parents conniving, for the massacre of flowers which have wings. I did not need Barty to tell me that the star was fading. It would, doubtless, soon appear to him no larger than the head of a pin in a pincushion.

Almost concurrently with the expansion of the desire to kill, there arrived, or rather, there revealed itself plainly in Barty's intellectual cosmos, the wish to be a maker. To be less and less a muser; to be more and more a builder—these were two of the chief articles in his evolution. About this time he was always hammering nails into wood, and he seemed hurt when I told him that planks could not feel. I will not shield my own son. It is a positive fact that much of his joy was at first derived from the hope that any material into which he drove nails was squirming in agony because of the operation. At this point in his life the duel between the star and the jungle was at its sharpest hour. Fully believing himself to be a torturer, upon one occasion, when his mother and I were absent from home, and when all the servants kept carnival in the kitchen, Barty drove nearly a hundred tin-tacks into the front door. This feat pleased him greatly, but he was not at all charmed when, in the presence of the workman who repaired the damage, his money-box was wrested open by means of a chisel and the bill forthwith defrayed out of its contents—a withdrawal of riches that left the destroyer with a balance of twopence three farthings. The boy, aided by the gardener, who, using diplomacy, persuaded him that all the houses were due to his skill as architect, contractor, and builder, supplied the rabbits with several deal villas; and whenever a new abode chanced to be finished, and the rooms carpeted with cabbage leaves and sawdust, these bewildered creatures were forced to change their habitat. Neptune, having a weak heart, and growing weary by thus being bundled from residence to residence, gave up the ghost with great suddenness, which, considering all the circumstances, was perhaps the wisest action ever performed by him in the whole course of his life. Even a Belgian hare's heart beats in sympathy with the world-wide belief that there is no place like home. How, then, should a spotlessly white trough make up to Neptune for the grubby trench in which he had nosed his first bran? When Barty realised that the rabbit had munched his last lettuce, he, in the Scriptural phrase, lifted up his voice. After this, it would be pure bathos to add that he wept, for the concluding verb is a hundred times too mild. How shall his grief be best described? Well, let me say Barty's floods were out. The highest peak upon the Mount Ararat of his little mind was under tear level for a short time. At last sheer exhaustion, and the thought of the pomp with which the deceased could be buried under a gooseberry bush, stayed his weeping. I witnessed the funeral, in my capacity as a friend of the departed. So did his mother, who secretly loathed Belgian hares in the gross. So did the two cats—held in position by the stable-boy—though they spat at the corpse in a most unbecoming fashion, and proved themselves utterly unfit to be mourners at a ceremony of this sort. There is no blood-brotherhood between cats and rabbits, and consequently the presence of Jane and her child at the grave was nearer to an insult than an honour. Had the positions been reversed, that is, had either Jane or her daughter been due to the earth, Neptune would certainly have impressed the survivor by his exquisite courtesy, for there is no more ideal mute than a Belgian hare. Into Pussdom there has not yet been born a Turveydrop.

When Barty took up the body by its ears preparatory to dropping it into the tomb, the climax was reached, for the cats began to use their coarsest language and to make writhing bids for freedom, during which their claws cut not a few small trenches along Dick's bare arms, who, prepared to be wounded no further, dropped them as if they were hot coals, with the result that they put in a very smart piece of cross-country work, taking a large cucumber frame and a wheelbarrow almost in their stride.

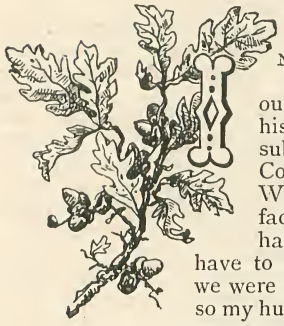
While talking about Barty's passion for material creation, of which rabbit-hutches were the early symptoms, I am reminded of a scene that I witnessed with my own eyes. Occasionally I had a whim to spend a few hours in the hay-loft, where I read a book while enjoying the luxury of idling amid the perfume given out by the dried grass. On a sunny day it was most refreshing to look forth from the door in the wall over the green garden, where flowers and vegetables and fruit trees flourished in excellence together; and this I was doing one morning, when I saw Barty coming towards the stables, carrying the high chair to which reference has been made in a former chapter. Mischief blossomed at full petals in his face. He called long and loudly for Dick, who at length appeared. I at once saw that, whatever their mutual prank was to be, an understanding had been arrived at between them before this meeting, since the same flower bloomed in Dick's countenance as in Barty's. They left the chair standing near the stables, and went away hand in hand. Presently Dick returned with a rabbit in his arms, which he put somewhere in the building. Again he went away; a great cackling ensued; then he came into view with a fowl for prize. What in the world were these rogues designing? What sportive egg were they about to hatch? I set my wits to work in order to fathom their plot, but found myself an indifferent copy of Daniel, for though a fowl and a rabbit were, so to put the matter, written on the wall, I could not translate the scripture. While I was wondering at the queer signs so far established, both the boys came upon the scene, this time with a captive guinea-pig. Lying at full length on a mattress of hay, I cautiously played the spy upon these conspirators. I had not long to wait for fresh developments. Dick went in at the harness-room entrance, taking the guinea-pig with him, and then shut the door after him. Next, Barty clambered on to the chair, smoothed the skirt of his blue blouse over his knees, and in a voice of heavenly treble made such a demand as taught me in a flash what was the base of his coming prank.

The first chapter in the Book of Genesis had appealed in a fashion so imperative to Barty's mind that, lifted into freakishness by the lever of fancy, he felt urgent in his bosom the desire to have his own Garden of Eden, to behave there as if power were given him to call into existence animals belonging to his knowledge, and to pronounce a blessing upon his creatures. Well, I think we may take it for granted that in Paradise no lustrous resident, while looking down upon the antics of simplicity, was shocked for even a space of time brief enough to be measured by a single throb of the heart. Remembering

what fragrant innocence lay at the root of this mimicry, I did not at once cause the fowl, the rabbit, and the guinea-pig to be freed from the custody of Barty's companion in this piece of pictorial behaviour. To tell the whole truth, I was rather anxious to find out the full details of Barty's plan, feeling sure that there would come to me during the unfolding of his method a chance to make an interruption so impressive that never again would my snowdrop of snowdrops among little souls dare to play with the Old Testament as a toy between my stables and my cauliflowers. As I had expected, there arrived a moment in all ways fitted for a bolt from the blue. It fell, together with a mass of loose hay, at the second of time when the mood of the theatre was the conqueror of all other moods in Barty's imaginative brain; and because of this the effect was all the more tremendous. A deep voice asked very soon a question from on high. It is not too much to say that a sudden clap of thunder could not have terrified the young artists more effectively. I think Barty believed the world to have crumpled up like a piece of tissue-paper. Shaking off the impediment, and quite forgetting to examine its simple kind, he sprang to his feet and plied his legs with such extraordinary agility, no more choosing his path than had many a fugitive before him, that he soon went head over heels into a bed of Jerusalem artichokes, among which sacred vegetables he bewailed his sins no less lustily than Moses did his loneliness when he was anchored in the bulrushes. His lamentations acted upon his mother as a magnet upon steel filings; and it was not long before Barty was retrieved from his ignoble situation, kissed and cooed at till he told, with many sobs, his lurid story. As for Dick, he had bolted in an opposite direction, and a little later I found him cleaning boots in an outhouse, looking as if he were the darling most beloved by Innocence. He was quite ready for a halo and a stained glass window. He was not aware how thoroughly I had studied the latest version of the first chapter in Genesis, so when I gently asked him whether he would be obliging enough to create for me a pouter pigeon, he became, without any attempt at gradation, the colour of beetroot. The generous tint did him credit.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME SKETCHES OF FARM LIFE IN MANITOBA.



PART IV.

In January of that year we had entered into an agreement with our friend, and he had transferred his interest in the farm to us, subject to the approval of the Company to whom it belonged. We were glad to get things satisfactorily settled, as before this we had not known where we might have to go. Now it was our own, and we were working for our own advantage, so my husband set to work to make things more comfortable. He almost rebuilt the summer kitchen, and got in shingles and lumber for the house that he might work on fairly warm days. One side of the roof was shingled; but a cold day came, March 24th, and he left the other side till a warm day, and started off six miles away to get pickets ready for fencing. He went off early, promising to be back for dinner-time, little thinking of the dreadful picture that would meet his eyes as he came over the brow of the hill in sight of the house. At twelve o'clock I went upstairs to look out of the window to see if he were coming that I might have dinner ready; by one o'clock our little home was a heap of smoking ashes. Never have I felt so utterly lonely or forsaken as when I realised that the house was on fire, and that there was not a soul near. There was I alone with a baby of four months old on a bitterly cold day—the thermometer registered about twenty degrees below zero. I discovered the smoke coming from the roof. I rushed indoors and got the one pail of water that was in the house, and somehow got on the roof, and poured it on the place whence the smoke was issuing. Then I got down and fetched the kettle and went up with that—then I was helpless. I did not know in those days that a wet sack would be the most effective extinguisher, and so I had to leave it. I then went upstairs and began to try to save some things; but I suppose by that time I had nearly lost my common-sense, for instead of trying to save small things such as jewellery, etc., first, I seized a box that was just at the top of the stairs and got that out. Then I got the baby's bed downstairs, and by that time the flames were curling down the wall by the stairs, and I was only just in time to get down. Then I realised my next move must be to get the baby out. He was in his carriage asleep, so I wheeled him out just as he was, and for one awful moment I thought I was too late: the carriage stuck in the doorway and would not move, and the child seemed to be gasping for breath. However, with one supreme effort I got it out and put him away from the burning house, and regardless of his screams, rushed back to get some more things, only to be met at the door by the flames; and to know now that we were homeless in a strange country with nothing to call our own but the clothes we had on. I watched the flames for a few moments, and then found I must get what shelter I could, for still no one had come to my assistance. I decided to go and keep as warm as I could in the stable till my husband should come home, so I wheeled the baby carriage across the field to the stable. Just before I reached it I saw my husband on horseback galloping up as fast as he could. He jumped off the horse, put him in the stable, threw me his fur coat to cover the baby, and stayed just long enough to hear he might save about one hundred and seventy bushels of oats that were in a little shed close to the house. I heard afterwards how it was he had arrived with only one horse. He and our neighbour Mr. H—— had been into the bush together, and as they reached Mr. H——'s house, he saw some smoke, and turning round to my husband said, "Your house is on fire!" My husband jumped out of the sleigh, unhitched one horse, got on its back, and left the other standing with the load in the middle of the trail. He told me he had never had such an awful five minutes till he saw me wheeling the baby down towards the stable. His one fear had been that I had failed to get out with the boy. By the time he reached the burning house people from Somerset had arrived, and by dint of great exertion they managed to save the oats. In the meantime I was waiting at the stable. In a few minutes I heard sleigh-bells, and went out to see if the newcomers had any robes or coats they could spare, and I found it was our friend Mr. H——, who had thrown off his own load, got the sleigh-box on, cleared my husband's load and remaining horse out of the road, picked up fur-coats, robes and rugs, and had just made his horses almost fly over here to fetch me and the baby. Just as I was going off in his sleigh our clergyman arrived also to take us home, but Mr. H—— refused to let us go anywhere but to his house and for as long as we liked to stay. That night we were all housed, ourselves, our team, our cow, and chickens, about a mile and a half away from our own place and there we stayed for three months. The day after the fire I wrote to relations in Toronto and Winnipeg, and they sent us enough money and clothes to go on with for the time, and when my father in the Old Country heard of the catastrophe, he raised a subscription among friends and relations for a new house. So my feeling of despair was soon got rid of. All round we met with great kindness, and one good result of the fire was to give us, in at least two cases, life-long friends.

That spring my husband was putting in his first crop on his own land, and we were watching our new house go up. We settled, directly we heard from my father that he had money for us, to put up a substantial frame-house as large as we could for the money, to use only the best lumber, and to wait a year or two to finish the inside. The result is a convenient little house, twenty-two feet long by sixteen feet wide, divided into two rooms downstairs and two up, with a brick chimney in the middle and steel shingles on the roof; so that the danger of fire is brought to the lowest possible point. Then we determined to build near our stable and well, and in shelter; so now we are surrounded by a fair-sized bluff, and when we see the blizzard raging, and hear the winds howling, we congratulate ourselves and pity the poor people who have no trees round them. We took possession of our new head-quarters on June 16th, though the builder was not yet out of the house; but we knew that was the only way to get him to hurry, and we finally got him away four or five days afterwards. That year was a very good one, and if it had not been for the fire putting us back, we should have done a good deal towards paying off the purchase-money on the farm. Our little bit of crop turned out well, and we put up a granary, which was really a necessity. The threshers, however, gave us another bad fright. We are only a mile from town, and the whole gang went off after supper, leaving only myself and a little girl I had here to look after the baby just for the day. My husband had gone up to get the caboose, which was at our neighbour's, Mr. H——'s, and as he came over the hill he saw the straw under the engine beginning to blaze. There was a big straw pile quite near, and a strong south wind blowing right towards the buildings, and as there had been no rain for some time everything was very dry. He says he made his horses come down the hill full gallop; the window of the caboose fell out, and the stoves and the other things inside were tumbling about all over the place; but he did not care. He left his horses still hitched up to the caboose when he reached the stable-yard and rushed to the house to find some of the men. None were here, so we picked up pails and ran to the pump, while he went to try to put out the blazing straw. I wonder if people realise how hard it is to walk across stubble? If any one wants exercise, I can recommend running across it with two pails of water, as quite sufficient for anybody, especially with a strong wind meeting one. By dint of terrible exertions we managed to get enough water to my husband, and we were safe again. My husband then drew the caboose well away from the stables and prepared to spend the night strolling round the premises, a necessary precaution, as most of the gang returned from town having had far too much to drink. They were away from our place by dinner-time the next day. I must say that it was exceptional behaviour, and not the rule of the gang, to rush off to town like that.

We had the same mill the next year, and nearly the same gang, and there was no fault of that kind to be found. That fall was very dry, and there were some terrible prairie fires near us, and we always looked all round at night to see if there were any quite close. Only one was very near us, and my husband and a friend fought it for nearly an hour, and saved a neighbour from being burnt out. A passing train started it at night, when all our neighbour's family was in bed, and they knew nothing about it for several days. It is a fearful thing to have to fight prairie fires. They come sweeping up with such a roar and rush. There is a law forbidding people to light them; but often a lighted match is thrown down, and a fire started just through carelessness, which does an untold amount of damage. However, taking all things into consideration, notwithstanding the drawbacks we have encountered, the anxieties and hard work, I would not change my Canadian home for any other, and we hope in a few years' time to be able to give up the hardest work and to be, as they say out here, "well fixed," and able to take a trip across the Atlantic and show our boy the dear old country of our birth.

VARIETIES.

An Artist's Model in a Cold Bath.

One of the famous pictures of the late Sir John Millais is his "Ophelia," in which that hapless maid is shown drowned in a brook overhung with willows.

The methods of the pre-Raphaelites, who concerned themselves so much with truthfulness of detail, are amusingly illustrated by the story of how this picture was painted.

For a model Millais had Miss Siddal, who afterwards became Mrs. D. G. Rossetti. In order that the artist might get the proper set of the garments in water and the right atmosphere and aqueous effects, she had to lie in a large bath filled with water, which was kept at an even temperature by lamps placed beneath.

One day, just as the picture was nearly finished, the lamps went out unnoticed by the artist, who was so intensely absorbed in his work that he thought of nothing else, and the poor lady was kept floating in the cold water till she was quite benumbed.

She herself never complained of this, but the result was that she contracted a severe cold, and her father—an auctioneer at Oxford—wrote to Millais, threatening him with an action for £50 damages for his carelessness.

Eventually the matter was satisfactorily compromised. Millais paid the doctor's bill: and Miss Siddal, quickly recovering, was none the worse for her cold bath.

A Common Error.

"Methinks we do as fretful children do,
Leaning their faces on the window pane,
To sigh the glare dim with their own breath's stain,
And shut the sky and landscape from their view."

Mrs. Browning.

Fresh Water.

The laws of health are too often poorly understood. A Scotch country parson, preaching in a strange church, said to the beadle in the vestry before service—

"Is this water fresh?"

"Perfectly fresh," answered the beadle. "I brought it in myself the Sunday before last."

Success.

"She wins at last who builds her trust
In loving words and actions just."

A CHARADE.

My First.

A warning note of grief,
A charge to stay and rest,
To weary beast addressed
Glad tidings of relief.

My Second.

The noblest work of God,
A creature made for love,
Appointed from above
To cultivate the sod.

My Whole.

A weak but most caressed
Of all created things,
An angel without wings
To comfort the distressed.

G. D. Lynch.

SILENT STRINGS.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Lady Dye's Reparation," "A Cluster of Roses," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

DULL DAYS.



KATE and Addy said very little to each other about Sis. They saw that the brightness had died out of her face, and that she moved slowly about the house, loving silence and solitude. The light of every life depends a great deal upon its expectations; poor Sis did not realise how much she had been uplifted by her glorious dream. To her it was a very tame Christmas; Claud could not join them; Drew was many a mile away, and there was no mirth in the quiet home. The new year set in, bleak and grey, bringing a few words of greeting from Mrs. Hervie to Kate.

"Is this the end? Is this the end?" It is the cry of every girl when she has lost the one hope which brightened every day of her existence. Is this the end? Is there nothing more to come? Sis believed implicitly in her own misery, and made everyone else believe in it too.

Addy could not understand it at all, and shed many angry tears in secret.

"Why doesn't she pick herself up?" she demanded of Kate. "I can't see why she should be wretched because the man is engaged. After all, she knew very little about him. You know how I love her, but I wish she wouldn't be silly."

"You are always busy," Kate answered. "You have found a way of making your dreams come true, on paper. Sis has seen her vision vanish into thin air, so you must learn to pity her."

Still, it seemed rather strange to them that Mrs. Hervie said nothing about her son's approaching marriage. Sis left Judith's letter unanswered for a time, and then wrote a few courteous lines. And so the everyday life went on, and the girl got very tired of it; but, for all that, the drudgery did her good.

"Let me help you more than I have ever done before," that was her continual cry to Kate. And Kate gave her something to do, filling up the idle hours as well as she could. To a looker-on it would have seemed a very common life, and yet, to Sis, every day had a victory in it. Anything is better than dreaming; she learnt this truth, and got the hard lesson right into her mind.

Another girl had learnt her lesson also. Amice was all the better for that visit to the aunt in London; she could not help thinking of the past sometimes, but when the vision of the high destiny came back, she resolutely drove it away. She had made a mistake, but time and common-sense would set it right, and there was nothing for it but cheerful work and happy intercourse with old friends.

"So you are really going to the Radcliffes' At Home," she said to Kate one day. "I shall see you there."

"Addy and Sis are going," Kate answered. "They don't get much change; dress is expensive, you see. Ours is the old trouble of a scanty purse; but there are far worse sorrows."

The Radcliffes lived on the outskirts of the town; their house stood in its own grounds, and carriages were rolling up the drive when the two girls approached the door. Sis was looking quite as pretty as usual, although there was an expression on her face which made her seem like a tired child.

The rooms were crowded; people were elbowing each other in a courteous fashion; some were inwardly sick of the show, and others delighted in the old sensation of being deafened and crushed. Amice, looking brilliant in a new grey gown with touches of heliotrope, drifted up to the Wilmers for a minute or two; then someone began to sing, and the buzz of tongues was hushed for a little while.

Addy was talking to an old friend, and Sis, with the weary look slowly settling on her face, had turned to glance at an over-dressed woman who was chatting loudly to a tired don. Quite suddenly a voice broke into her musings, and she found Lance Hervie close to her side.

"I knew I should find you," he said. "I've had to fight my way to this corner. Are you well?"

He changed his tone as he spoke the last words. If he had expected her face to brighten at the sight of him, he was bitterly disappointed. Something cold and strange had passed like a blighting shadow over that sweet face; there was no answer to his question, no flash of happiness in the grey eyes.

"How did you get here, Mr. Hervie?" she said in a chilly voice. It was her first attempt at being a society woman, keeping a friend at a distance, and she was by no means a success. What she did was to impress him with the idea that she had really taken a dislike to him; but she was a mere girl, "unschooled, unpractised" still.

"I have just come from Woodmere," he said, becoming rather grave. "We have had a good many changes since I saw you last. There was a lot of business to settle after my uncle's death, and I've had a touch of fever myself."

"We have been very quiet at home," Sis managed to say. "I don't think anything has happened to any of us. Here is my sister."

Addy, who had caught his name, could not greet him with perfect ease. She was a trifle constrained; it was impossible not to feel just what Sis was feeling. So the meeting was as unfortunate as it possibly could be. Lance felt himself the victim of a girl's caprice; Sis was so resolutely frigid, so needlessly haughty, that he was annoyed and astonished at once. It was a relief to all three when Addy said it was time to join Miss Hinton; and they glided away to lose themselves in the crowd.

They caught a glimpse of Amice, but she had a group of friends about her, and they went their way. The rooms had been over-heated, the air was bitter, and a drizzling rain began to fall as they turned homeward. Long afterwards Sis remembered the chill that set her shivering from head to foot—a sensation as if a little stream of cold water had trickled down from the nape of her neck to the soles of her feet.

She was deathly white when she came indoors, and Kate quietly took possession of her at once. She knew

how delicate and over-sensitive the girl was, and the first thing she did was to wrap her up in a warm dressing-gown and seat her by the fire in the study.

"You shall have some hot tea at once," she said. "Of course, you couldn't get anything comfortable in a crush. Now here is our favourite little kettle; we shall make the water boil directly, and then we'll send the shivering fit away."

The wood crackled; the flames danced, sending quivering lights about the shabby old room, but although Sis felt the comfort and tenderness which Kate bestowed, she was still a fragile creature, a reed shaken by the cold wind.

"I wish I had not seen him," she said in a tired voice. "I hate myself for being so weak. One can't understand what brought him here."

"Don't try to understand," said Kate. "Better leave everything to time, and try to get stronger. Think how sorry it makes us to see your poor little face so pale."

The next day it was impossible for Sis to get up at all. She had caught a terrible cold, and Kate felt that she must devote herself to the business of nursing, let Dr. Wilmer grumble as he would. But, to everyone's surprise, he did not grumble; and the indispensable eldest daughter was set free from her attendance upon him. Lance Hervie called in the afternoon.

"My younger sister has a cold," said Addy, who received him. "We are keeping her in her room to-day; the weather is very trying, you know."

Lance had not even thought about the weather; he had called with the hope of seeing Sis again, and telling her that he had wondered what he had done to get into her black books. He did not mean to disclose the full truth, but he had come to Oxford on purpose to see her, and now there was a second disappointment. Addy really did not know that Sis was in the first stage of a serious illness, she did not dream that he was hiding a deep feeling under his usual easy manner, and simply felt relieved when he took his departure. Then she went upstairs and quietly entered the sick room.

Sis, white and beautiful, was lying at rest upon her pillow. She did not seem to take the least interest in anything; Kate, with her work-basket, sat in a chair near the fire; the room was the largest in the house, and was furnished with two little white beds for Addy and Sis. There were one or two pictures on the walls; some chrysanthemums and winter berries added touches of colour; the girls had always been happy in brightening their surroundings, but when Addy paused on the threshold, she could not help giving a sigh. One does not like changes in one's home, and they seemed, somehow, to be coming thick and fast.

Seeing that Sis was dozing, Kate stepped outside the door, and exchanged a few words with Addy.

"Mr. Hervie has called," she said. "He has just gone away. I wish he had not come, Kate; of course, I know he is not to be blamed, but he has brought us sorrow."

"No, he is not to be blamed," Kate answered. "The child has lost her dream. Did he say anything about his engagement?"

"Not a word," Addy said. "Wasn't it odd that Judith Fayne should have sent that photograph? It was a bit of pure spite, but it is best that Sis should know the truth."

"It is best, but I wish she had learnt it in a different way," Kate replied. "Addy, you had better sleep in my room, and I will stay with her to-night. I have a fear that she is going to be really ill."

The fear was realised. Sis was restless and feverish, and presently she began to wander, and talk wild nonsense, tossing her arms in a kind of frenzy. Kate was firm and calm, but her heart sank within her. Addy woke up, and came gliding into the room to share the night-watch, proving herself thoroughly good in an emergency. So the morning dawned on the two troubled sisters; and one of the servants was sent for a doctor at once.

"Father isn't equal to the case," said Kate sadly. "We must have Dr. Blake. Addy, I can't let you wear yourself out; you'll try to get some rest by-and-by, won't you?"

"And you, Kate?"

"I sha'n't think about myself at present. This dear child has been slowly running down for weeks; then came the chill, and now there is fever. But lift up your heart, as Claud would say."

"Oh, how I wish the boys were at home!" Addy sighed.

"Well, dear, we must get on as well as we can; we shall have help if it is needed. Only remember that this is no uncommon trouble; others have known just such dark hours as these, and have got through them."

Dr. Blake came, and saw at once that he had a serious case in his hands. He was a young man, steadfast, energetic, cheerful, and Kate felt that she could rely on him. The week went by like a troubled dream. Sis was partly conscious, but there were intervals of delirium which wrung all their hearts, and when her senses fully returned, the prostration was so extreme that they feared the worst.

(*To be continued.*)

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART III.

FAMILIAR WORDS (*Concluded*).

"And the communion of the Holy Ghost" (2 Cor. xiii. 14).

When I began to speak to you, dear girl-friends, about the "familiar words" which have occupied the last two evenings, I little thought of spending so much time on the divisions of a single verse. The subject widened out as we considered it, and we all felt that it could not be dealt with in a few words. I trust that it will have a still growing interest for you after our mutual searchings into its meaning have come to an end. I can best express my wish by quoting the prayer of St. Paul for the Ephesian Christians: "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the length, and depth, and breadth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

In our last talk we dwelt on the love of God for us. Now let us consider the other side of the same three words, namely, the love of God which should fill our hearts in

return. The love of God on our part is the result of the knowledge of His love revealed and brought home to our hearts by the Holy Ghost. "We love Him because He first loved us," wrote St. John, the very apostle of love. In proportion to our realisation of the former does the latter glow in our hearts and manifest itself in our lives. It is a reflection of the Divine love. It consumes what is impure, unholy, and selfish in us. Not that the love of God is natural to us. As a rule we use His gifts, we bask in the sunshine of His unfailing bounty, and whilst enjoying the countless blessings bestowed by His hand, we hardly give a thought to the Divine Source of all; but by the enlightening influence of the Holy Spirit we realise the love of God, and then how can we help loving Him in return with heart, soul, mind, and strength?

We would fain do something for God in order to show that by the aid of the Divine Teacher and Comforter we have grasped the idea of our vast indebtedness; but what can we do? The Holy Ghost teaches us what we may give up in order to show that the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts. There is that cherished sin—the one that most easily besets us. Perhaps it is the sullen temper, or the hasty word, or the selfishness that makes us indifferent to the comfort of others so long as our own ease is not interfered with. It may be the neglect of a plain duty because no one can compel its performance.

We need no compelling to give up the wrong and to do the right when, by the "communion of the Holy Ghost," the flame of love to God has been kindled in our hearts. Service becomes a privilege, self-sacrifice no longer deserves the name, for it means joy to those who truly love. The awakened soul sees in the most sinful and degraded of human beings one for whose salvation Jesus died, and longs to extend a helping hand to the fallen.

I wonder if you, my dear ones, have given much thought to what is meant by the third phrase in those familiar words I have repeated, and which you have been accustomed to hear all your lives. What is the "communion of the Holy Ghost"? What does it mean to you?

By way of answer I will quote some words which always appeal strongly to me when I read them. "'And the communion of the Holy Ghost.' May that Holy Spirit, that Divine and eternal energy which proceeds from the Father and the Son, that heavenly fire that gives light and life, that purifies and refines, sublimes and exalts, comforts and invigorates, make you all partakers with Himself! The word translated 'fellowship' and 'communion' signifies properly participation, having things in common, partaking with each other. This points out the astonishing privilege of true believers. They have communion with God's Spirit, share in all its gifts and graces, walk in its light. Through Him they have the fullest confidence that they are of God, that He is their Father and Friend, and has blotted out all their iniquities. This they know by the Spirit which He has given them."

Let me give you a simple illustration of the change wrought by the Holy Spirit in a heart heretofore cold as regards love, dead as regards spiritual life, and dark because of ignorance of its own needs. Imagine yourselves in a strange house passing along a corridor almost in darkness, thence into a furnished room with closed shutters, through which no ray of light can penetrate, and with the door shut behind you. Certain that the room contains much furniture and many fragile articles of value, you would be afraid to stir lest you should hurt yourself by contact with the one or destroy a frail treasure by an unguarded movement. A light is brought in, and at once your anxiety disappears. You find beauty and order everywhere. You move without fear, and find enjoyment in handling what you dreaded to injure. The beautiful things were all there, but you wanted the light to enable you first so discern, then to enjoy them. The light made all the difference.

In looking back upon our days of spiritual darkness we cannot fail to remember how powerless we were to help ourselves. We pictured God as an avenging judge, a hard task-master before Whom we trembled as law-breakers and as servants who had left undone what we ought to have done, as disobedient children who had set at naught the commandments of our Father and wandered away into a far country, and conscience told us that our self-accusations were all true, and we deserved the worst punishment that it could suggest. We had heard of "the love of God and the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ," but the words meant nothing to us. We were in the dark room, afraid to move lest worse should befall us. And then, in answer to some almost despairing cry, light shone into the dark chambers of our hearts and made plain to us the glorious things that were all the time within our reach, only we were too timid to stretch forth the hand of faith and grasp them.

What was this light? Truly a heavenly, a Divine light, the coming into our sin-darkened souls of the Holy Spirit, the giving to us "the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." We had truly been wandering far from God, but straight home to us ran the message that Jesus came for the very purpose of seeking and saving the lost, that He "came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." We were disobedient children and unfaithful servants still, but all the while there were words of invitation and comfort and promises of pardon that were meant for us, full, free, present, eternal, and, as far as we were concerned, "without money and without price."

We did not read them. We were in the dark. We did not hear them proclaimed, or if we did, our ears were too dull and our hearts too cold to take in their meaning or realise that they were for us; but when the light came, when we were made to participate with the Holy Spirit in the knowledge of "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God," our eyes were opened—the eyes of our understandings—and like the blind man whose sight was restored by the healing touch of Jesus, we were able to exclaim, "Whereas I was blind, now I see."

I cannot but think that the divinity of the Holy Spirit and His special work of enlightening our understandings, sealing our adoption into the family of God through our faith in Christ, and enabling us to cry "Abba, Father," are matters to which far too little thought is given. In your letters to me, for instance, our Father-God is almost always named, and the love of God is mostly spoken of as the love of Jesus. "I want to love God and do His will." "I know Jesus loves me, and I want to be His disciple and follow His example," are common expressions; but few indeed amongst you, my dear girls, allude to what the Divine Spirit has done for you. Let me bring to your minds the vast obligations we owe to the Holy Ghost.

Look first at the promises of Jesus made on the eve of His departure from the world. "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever, even the spirit of truth." "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, Whom the Father will send in My name, He shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

Notice the words "another Comforter." It seems the word translated "Comforter" is the same as the one translated "advocate" in 1 John ii. 1, and means also the defender of a cause, a counsellor, patron, mediator. Up to the time of that promise Jesus had been all these to His believing disciples, and ever present with them; but His time was at hand, and He knew that He would soon take again the glory that He had from the foundation of the world and carry on His work of mediator in heaven itself. How exquisitely tender was Jesus in caring for those whom He was about to leave! He knew how lonely those faithful disciples would be, and how they would miss the gracious Presence to which they had become accustomed; so, whilst He prepared them for their inevitable loss by saying, "I go unto the Father," He cheered them with sweet promises. "Ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy." "I will not leave you comfortless." "The Holy Ghost, Whom the Father will send in My name, He shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

There is special comfort for you and me in words already quoted. The Holy Spirit's presence was promised not only

to the twelve (or I should say the eleven disciples, for Judas had gone out on his treacherous errand), but as an eternal presence. "That He may abide with you for ever" were Christ's words, and by these we know that the promise was to be the source of comfort and strength to God's people through endless ages. Just think what the work of the Holy Ghost is in the wondrous plan for our redemption. I quote again from an old writer. "He transacts the cause of God and Christ with us, explains to us the nature and purpose of the great atonement, and shows the necessity for it, counsels us to receive it, instructs us how to lay hold on it, vindicates our claim to it, and makes intercession in us with unutterable groanings."

Are you sometimes oppressed by a sense of sinfulness, and you cannot tell whence the feeling comes? It is by the Holy Spirit's influence. Have you a clear view of yourself, as you must appear in God's sight? It is by the light of the Divine Spirit that self is revealed to you. Are you feeling wearied with the pleasures and amusements, the riches and luxuries of the world, and longing for something better, more satisfying and more enduring? Again you owe these new longings to the Divine influence.

In this world there are lights of many kinds. Some are too dazzling to permit of your seeing things clearly; others are too dim and only allow you to gain a vague idea of your surroundings. It is the clear, steady, sufficient light that enables you to walk safely on the most difficult path. Such a light does the Holy Spirit give when the troubled soul appeals for his Divine guidance. By fellowship or "participation," as we have learned the word signifies, "we walk in the light of God's Spirit," and by that light we see things as they are. With it there is nothing to dazzle, and nothing is dim or distorted. It will lead us into all truth.

Sometimes when we have been walking out at night in the streets of a large city or the by-ways and lanes near a country home, we have gathered, all unconsciously, what has sadly sullied the purity of our garments. This troubled us little until the light shone upon them. Then we were shocked and perhaps dismayed at the mischief that had been wrought.

In like manner we, also unconsciously, though for want of taking heed to our ways, contract habits that sadly pollute our spiritual nature. Habits of thought, which our neighbours cannot judge. Actions which spring from the thoughts, which those about us condemn, though not perhaps in our hearing. Habits of speech, too, for we speak unadvisedly with our lips, and hurt others by hasty, unkind or sarcastic words.

Time intensifies the evil, and we are the only ones who remain unconscious that the evil exists. Just as the bringing of our soiled garments to the light made us aware of the injury done to them, so does the light of the Holy Spirit, the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, show us all that is impure, hurtful and sinful in ourselves. And without that Divine light we should go from bad to worse, and die in our sins.

One of my correspondents wrote to me a few weeks since in allusion to a former "Talk," in which I "spoke of girls and others losing their faith, and failing to go on to trust in God." She quoted from a little book in which the author said that the clause in our Creed, "I believe in the Holy Ghost," has become to many almost a forgotten truth, and many teachers of religion scarcely mentioned Him.

This reminded me of a remark made to the same effect by an earnest Christian about a sermon he had just listened to. "It seems to be the fashion now to ignore the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. By whose influence are we to know the Father and the Son if we have not the witness of the Holy Ghost?"

There is a beautiful thought in a text which is no doubt familiar to you all, though possibly many may not have grasped its full meaning. "But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," *i.e.*, "He set this act of infinite mercy in the most conspicuous light, so as to recommend it to the notice and admiration of all." Yet how many pass it by unnoticed! It is only by aid of the Divine light of the Holy Spirit that we can comprehend its meaning for us.

In a cemetery near Ulverston there is a monument which many people go to see. It is one amongst many, some handsomer than itself, yet it is noticed, whilst others scarcely attract a glance. The peculiarity about it is less in the shape, which resembles that of a lighthouse, than in the fact that a light is kept continually burning in it. If you are driving past the cemetery in company with others, someone is sure to call attention to the monument and the light which is never allowed to go out. It is not, however, the monument, whose history I do not know, but that ever-burning light set on high which attracts attention. No doubt when curiosity about this one thing has been satisfied, visitors will spend time and attention on other monuments, but it was the light that drew them to the spot in the first instance.

I have been trying to show you that it is by the light of the Spirit, the communion of the Holy Ghost, that we first discern the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God. When the greatest proof of both has been grasped by us, then we are able to discern other proofs in everything that surrounds us and in every circumstance of our lives.

The correspondent from whose letter I have quoted suggests that one reason why many fall away and lose the measure of faith they had is that they do not pray to the Holy Spirit.

The humblest believer is guilty of no presumption in asking for the indwelling presence of the Divine Comforter. We have Christ's own words to assure us of this. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

The Apostles recognised this, and made it a special argument for enforcing purity of thought, word and deed. "What? Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?" "Ye are the temple of God, and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you."

How the old hymn-writers put into verse their petitions to the Holy Spirit! You and I have joined in singing their familiar words more times than we can count. I wonder if the full meaning of these petitions came to our minds and went up from our hearts as we sang.

There is that seventh century Latin hymn, of Dryden's translating, beginning—.

"Creator Spirit, by whose aid,"

which furnishes a grand example. Note these words—

"Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.
Give us Thyself that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee."

How beautifully these lines express the office and power of the Holy Ghost! And what a grand prayer they make! Then there are a host of others beginning—

"Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove."

"Spirit Divine, attend our prayers."

"Spirit of mercy, truth and love."

"My Saviour, can it ever be
That I should gain by losing Thee?"

"Come, Holy Spirit, come."

"Our Blest Redeemer, e'er He breathed," etc.

I want you to look up these and others, and read them through. The exercise will do you good, especially if the spirit of prayer is in you at the time.

I could add much on the few familiar words that have been the subject of our Talk to-night, but I will end with the prayer that "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost may be with us all" evermore.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RENNET.—Rennet is made from the inner lining of the stomach of the sucking-calf. The lining membrane of the stomach is separated as soon as the calf is killed. It is then salted and dried, and will keep for some time in that condition. When used, a small piece of the rennet is softened in water and added to the milk which is to be curdled. The extract which you buy at the chemist's is kept from putrefying by the addition of alcohol.

A. A. H.—St. Dunstan is said to have invented the Æolian harp, or the harp of Æolus. It is made by stretching eight or ten catgut strings of various thickness, all properly tuned, over a wooden shell or box, generally made in a sloping form like a desk. The harp is placed where the wind will blow over it, and in passing over the strings the rising and falling wind produces a drowsy and lulling sound.

NIGHTLY DISTURBED.—Snoring is caused by keeping the mouth open while sleeping. Now the acts of inspiration and expiration should be conducted entirely through the nostrils. It is only from a bad habit of civilisation that any person breathes through the mouth, which is not only an improper, but a dangerous channel for the purpose. The nostrils, in the first place, cannot be closed by our efforts, the mouth can. In the second, the dust and germ-laden air is carefully filtered through the nostrils, instead of being gulped down unfiltered by the mouth. Then in passing through the nostrils the air is well warmed, a matter of the greatest importance for delicate lungs, through the mouth it is not. There can be no doubt of the comparative danger of breathing through the mouth instead of the nose. All animals and savage men breathe solely by the nostrils. The nose is provided with powerful self-acting muscles that can expand or contract the nostrils in respiration. So important are these in animals, that if paralysed in the horse the animal is suffocated. You can, therefore, very strongly advise the snorer to keep his mouth shut, and if he succeeds you will find the snoring will cease. There is an instrument for holding the mouth shut, called an "anti-snorer," which costs 5s.

ANXIOUS.—This over-secretion of perspiration is a complaint distinctly known to doctors; however, it is of the two more healthy than an entire freedom from all perspiration. Try powdered boracic acid, or belladonna liniment, rubbed in at night.

A. B. C.—You ought to eat quite plain food, simply cooked meat, and stewed fruit and milk puddings, no pastry, no rich things. Be very careful to avoid all food which makes your face flush and redden after eating. Eat slowly, and bite your food well, and be careful to keep the bowels well opened every day. Bland's pills are the best form for taking iron.

EUCLID.—Yes, you certainly should have printed cards. As an unmarried lady, you should have a small size of card—a size between an ordinary lady's and a gentleman's. Have your Christian and surname and address printed on them. Your father would have separate cards of his own. When you call on a married lady and find her not at home, you should leave one of your own cards and two of your father's—one for the lady and one for the gentleman. If you find her at home, you should leave your father's cards only as you go out of the house. When you call on an unmarried lady and find her out, you should leave your own card only. It is not the fashion now to send in your card if the lady is at home.

INCONNUE.—The feelings which you describe are very common. Most girls experience them at some time or other. Most of the feelings you describe are nervousness pure and simple. The best remedy is for you to think as little as possible about such feelings; at once busy yourself with something, and do not pay any attention to them, or let your thoughts afterwards dwell on them. Of course you must avoid real danger, and when you have done that, just trust yourself to the care of your Father in Heaven. Remember that He knows all about it; not one sparrow falls to the ground without His knowing it; the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Lift your thoughts up to Heaven when you feel afraid, and offer up a short prayer from your heart to Him. We always think that the bravest people are those who have the fine nervous temperament which makes them afraid, and yet go forward, knowing that God's everlasting arms are around them, and firmly believing that no harm, no evil, can happen to them, because they trust in Him.

GALLIO.—A good suggestion for a children's bazaar is to dress a little girl up as the old woman who lived in a shoe—

> "There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
> She had so many children, she didn't know what to do."

You must have a huge cardboard shoe, a sort of enormous bedroom slipper, then dress a child in a large cloak, with a poke-bonnet made of drawn cotton, and dress up lots of dolls, put them all round her, and let her sell them to the people who patronise the bazaar.

ANXIOUS ONE.—If the pain you speak of in your left side is better on pressure, it is probably of no serious consequence. But if, when you press it, it feels worse, you had better at once consult a doctor. With regard to pain, you may have a very severe pain, but if it is not tender on pressure, and if it is movable, it in all probability is not serious. Whereas a pain, when the skin is tender as well, which is fixed in position, although it may not be as severe, is much more serious, and a doctor should be at once seen.



A CROCUS.

BY FLORENCE G. ATTENBOROUGH.

A GOLDEN cup to hold the dew,
A golden cup for me and you;
Come, let us sing together:
It is a chalice, chaste and small,
Wherein the early rains may fall,
God's wine-pledge of Rose-Weather.

The dark earth is a table set;
For many a bursting blossom yet
These amber curves have greeting:
We see, across the Realm of Hope,
A mile of bloom from shore to slope
Where May and June are meeting.

The yearning year desires a crown,
Time's latest monarch gains renown,
His brow is gemmed with yellow:
The jealous winds sweep by in vain,
They shall not rive the wreath in twain;
It fades ere months are mellow!

This golden cup that holds the dew,
This golden cup for me and you
Bids two to sing together!
Come, walk with me o'er hill and dale,
And let the song of Love prevail
In all the After-Weather.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

BY MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.



All rights reserved.] "PIXIE AND DENNIS WERE IN SILENT CONVULSIONS OF ENJOYMENT."

CHAPTER XVII.



IT was easy to see that if Pixie were the pet, Esmeralda was the pride of her father's heart, and exercised a unique influence over him. She seated herself by his side at the table, and they teased and joked together more like a couple of mischievous children than a staid, grown-up father and daughter. The girl was quick and apt in her replies, and Mademoiselle was conscious that the Major kept turning surreptitious glances towards herself, to see if she were duly impressed by the exhibition. He evidently delighted in showing off Esmeralda's beauty and cleverness, and that in a wider circle than home, for presently he said meaningly—

"The hounds meet at Balligarry on Monday, Joan. It will be the best run we have had yet, and the whole county will be there. You'll arrange to come with me, of course."

"I'd love to, but"—Esmeralda raised her brows, and looked across the table with a glance half appealing, half apologetic—"it's Bridgie's turn! I went with you the last time."

"And the time before that!" muttered Miles into his cup, but the Major waved aside the suggestion with his accustomed carelessness. "Oh, Bridgie would rather stay at home. She'll be too much taken up with Mademoiselle to have any time to spare."

Mademoiselle looked, as she felt, decidedly uncomfortable, but the first glance at Bridgie's face sufficed to restore her complacency, for the smile was without a shadow of offence, and the voice in which she replied was cheerfulness itself.

"Indeed that's true! We can get hunting for half of the year, but it's not every day we have a visitor in the house. You go with father, Esmeralda, and don't think of me! We will have a fine little spree on our own account, Mademoiselle and I! Maybe we'll drive into Roskillie and have a look at the shops!"

Mademoiselle remembered the Rue de la Paix, and smiled to herself at the thought of the shops in the Irish village, but she said honestly enough that she would enjoy the expedition, for would not Bridgie O'Shaughnessy be her companion, and did not she appear sweeter and more attractive with every moment that passed? Nearly an hour since breakfast began, and still she sat behind the urn, smiling brilliantly at each fresh laggard, and looking as unruffled as if she had nothing to do but attend upon his demands! It was the quaintest meal Mademoiselle had ever known, and it seemed as if it would never come to an end, for just as she was expecting a general rise, the Major would cry, "What about a fresh brew of tea? I could drink another cup if I were pressed," and presto! it took on a new lease of life. Last of all Pixie made her appearance, to be invited to a seat on each knee, and embraced with a fervour which made Mademoiselle realise more fully than ever what the child must have suffered during those weeks of suspicion and coldness.

"How's my ferret?" she inquired, with her mouth full of toast, selected from her father's plate, and Pat seized the occasion to deliver his outstanding account.

"Grown out of knowledge! Eightpence halfpenny you owe me now. I had to put on another farthing a week because his appetite grew so big. I knew you would rather pay more than see him suffer. And the guinea-pig died. There's twopence extra for funeral expenses. We put him in the orchard beside the dogs, and made a headstone out of your old slate. It's a rattling good idea because, don't you see, you can write your own inscription!"

"If it was my own slate, and I am to make up the inscription, I don't see why I should pay!" reasoned Pixie with a business sharpness which sent her father into fits of delighted laughter, though it left Pat obstinately firm.

"Man's time!" he said stolidly. "That's what costs nowadays. You look at any bill, and you'll find the labour comes to ten times as much as the material. You needn't grudge the poor thing its last resting-place. He was a good guinea-pig to you."

"I don't care how much I owe, for I have no money to pay with," returned Pixie, unconsciously echoing her father's financial principles. "Give Pat a shilling, please, Major, for taking care of my animals while I was away." And that gentleman promptly threw a coin across the table.

"I wish my animals were as cheap to keep! Well, who is coming out with me this morning? I have an appointment in Roskillie at 10.30, but I can't be there now until 11, so there's no use hurrying. Put on your cap, piccaninny, and come to the stables with me. The girls will look after you, Mademoiselle, and find some means of amusing you for the day."

"Oh, yes, we'll take care of her!" said Esmeralda lightly; then as the boys withdrew after their father, she planted her elbows on the table and looked across under questioning eyebrows. "Please, have we to call you 'Mademoiselle' all the time? Haven't you a nice, pretty French name that we could call you instead?"

"Thérèse! Yes, please do! I should feel so much more happy!" cried Mademoiselle eagerly, and Bridgie nodded in approval.

"Thérèse is charming, and it's so much more friendly to use Christian names at Christmas-time. I shall begin at once. We want you to help us with the decoration of the rooms, Thérèse! We shall be just a family party, but Jack will be at home, and we will have games and charades to make it lively. We might rehearse something this morning, mightn't we, Joan dear?"

"I mightn't!" replied "Joan dear" promptly, "because why—I've got something better to do. There is plenty of time still, and you will agree with me later that my business is important. If you will put on a cloak, Thérèse, I will come back for you in ten minutes, and take you to the stables to join father and Pixie. It will amuse you, I'm sure."

She left the room without waiting for a reply, and Bridgie heaved a sigh of disappointment.

"She's just mad after horses, that girl. Now she will be off with father, and not a sight of her shall we have until afternoon. It's easy to say there is time to spare, but to-morrow we must decorate, and look after all the arrangements for Jack's return, and I do hate a scramble. However, when Esmeralda says she won't, she won't, and there's an end of it. You had better go with her, dear, while I interview the servants."

"I suppose I had," said Mademoiselle slowly. She thought Esmeralda selfish and autocratic, but she was fascinated despite herself by her beauty and brightness, and anxious to know her better, so she obediently went up to her room to heap on the wraps, for the morning was cold, though, by this time, the sun was struggling

from behind the clouds. On the way down she was joined by Esmeralda in riding costume--a most peculiar riding costume, and, extraordinary to relate, most unbecoming into the bargain. Mademoiselle's critical glance roamed from head to foot, back again from foot to head, and Esmeralda stood watching her with tightened lips and curious twinkling eyes. Then Bridgie appeared upon the scene, and stopped short, uttering shrill cries of astonishment, as she looked at the slovenly tie, the twisted skirt, the general air of dishevelment and shabbiness.

"Esmeralda, you're an object! Look at the dust on your skirt. You've not half brushed it, and everything is hanging the wrong way. It's a perfect disgrace you look to ride out with any man!"

"I'm delighted to hear it. That's just my intention," replied the young lady, tugging the disreputable skirt still further awry, and nodding her beautiful head, with an air of mysterious amusement. The blue serge had a smudge of white all down one side, which looked suspiciously as if the powder-box had been spilt over it. A seam gaped open and showed little fragments of thread still sticking to the cloth. If Esmeralda's intention was to look disreputable, she had certainly accomplished her object; and when the stables were reached, she took care to place herself conspicuously, so that her father's eyes must of necessity rest upon her.

"I'm going to ride to Roskillie with you, dad! It's a fine morning, and thought you would be the better of my company."

"That's a good girl!" cried the Major cheerily; then his brow puckered, and he stared uneasily at the untidy figure. He was so unnoticing about clothes that it required a good deal to attract his attention, but surely there was something wrong about the girl's get-up to-day. He kept throwing uneasy glances towards her while the horses were brought out, and Esmeralda strolled about in a patch of sunshine, and picked her steps gingerly over the muddles, like a model of fastidious care. She sprang to the saddle, light as thistle-down, and curved her graceful throat with a complacent toss, as the groom smoothed her skirt, bringing the white stain into full prominence.

"You want dusting," said the Major curtly, and a brush was brought from the stable, and scrubbed vigorously up and down, with the result that the surface of the cloth was frayed out and roughened, though there was no appreciable removal of the stain.

"It doesn't seem as if it would come out, does it, but there are plenty more further on," said Esmeralda innocently. "Have a try at another, Dennis!"—but the Major motioned the man away with a hasty gesture.

"Leave the rag alone—it's past dusting! Is that the best habit you have to your back?" he cried testily, and the dark eyes looked into his with angelic resignation.

"It was a very good habit—six years ago! That's as good as twelve, for we've worn it in turns ever since. The bodice is the least thing in the world crinkley, for I'm broader than Bridgie, and stretch it out, and then it goes into creases on her figure. We might try washing the skirt to take out the stains, and then it would be clean, if the colour did run a bit! Ride round by the back roads, dear, and I'll keep behind and not disgrace you!"

"Humph!" said the Major again, and led the way out of the yard without another word, Esmeralda following, looking over her shoulder at the little group of watchers with a smile of such triumphant enjoyment as took away Mademoiselle's breath to behold. She looked inquiringly at Pixie, but Pixie and Dennis were in silent convulsions of enjoyment, and only waited until the riders were out of hearing before exploding into peals of laughter.

"That bates all for the cleverness of her. Miss Bridgie has been fretting over that old habit for a couple of years, and trying to wheedle a new one out of the Major, but it's Miss Joan that can twist him round her little finger when she takes the work in hand! That was a funny stain, that got the worse the more you brushed it! She never got that on the hunting-field. Go back to the house, Miss Pixie, dearie, and tell the Mistress the new habit is as good as paid for. The Major's not the man I take him for if he passes the tailor's this morning without stepping inside!"

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Always Half an Hour Late.

There is no virtue so necessary in the young as punctuality. Habits grow upon people, and it is as easy to cultivate habits of regularity and exactness with regard to time as it is to cultivate cleanliness or honesty.

A young lady staying at a friend's house in the country was amazed to find that the eldest daughter of the house never came down in time for breakfast, but always half an hour late. Her astonishment was increased when she discovered that the too indulgent mother, instead of remonstrating with her daughter on this unpleasant habit, actually rose from her easy-chair as the girl came dawdling down and offered it to her!

Upon being asked the reason for this leniency, the mother said that it was "no use finding fault with Lilian. Of course she would grow out of it!"

At the age of thirty Lilian still comes down late for breakfast, and the soft-hearted mother—now sixty-five—still rises when her daughter enters and offers her the chair.

In our opinion, silliness could not go further, and we feel sorry for both mother and daughter—the last a slave to habit, the first a slave to her own offspring.

Tennyson in the Printing Office.

A "corrector of the press" supplies the following specimen of how the reading-boy deals with the productions of the late Lord Tennyson in the way of business:—

"Double quotes You small caps mus' wak an' call me hurly com call me hurly com mother dear sem.

"To hyphen morrer possill be the 'appiest time of all the glad New cap hyphen year sem.

"Of cap all the glad New cap hyphen year com mother com the maddest merriest day sem.

"For cap Hi pos m to be Queen cap o pos the May cap com mother com Hi pos m to be Queen cap o pos the May cap full close double rule Tennyson itals full."

This apparent jargon is the result of reading by "caps" and "points," so as to ensure absolute accuracy in the minutest details of punctuation, capitalisation, etc. "Com" is the reader's contraction for "comma"; "sem" for "semicolon"; "pos" for "apostrophe," and so on.

Help One Another.

"As one lamp lights another nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness."

Lowell.

MISS MARGARET.



AS she old? I did not know her age, but then you never thought of it when you went to see her. You only remembered that she was the most loving sympathetic soul on this earth; you only knew that she threw herself into all your hopes and difficulties, joys and sorrows, whether you were old or young. She was one of those rare beings who can most truly be all things to all men. She had "a heart at leisure from itself," and all that you realised when you talked to her was that she *knew*. The words "pain and difficulty" were no strange tongue to her. She knew.

"Miss Margaret always understands." Everybody said that—boys and girls, men and women alike—all felt that she understood them.

We often wondered about her. It was so strange that a woman with that face and that character should have remained unmarried. It seemed incomprehensible that no man should have made her his wife—it often puzzled me. The solution of the puzzle came one day when I sat in her room that was to me the most peaceful place in the world. Restfulness was its keynote. Restfulness and happiness which were the chief attributes also of her own beautiful face. She never seemed to be in a hurry, never worried or put out, and her eyes were full of an abiding peace.

"You always seem happy, Miss Margaret," I said wistfully, being myself in those days young and impatient, straining after a happiness that eluded me, restless with a longing to do great deeds that escaped my doing.

She smiled when I spoke. Her smile flashed out over her face like sunshine; it shone in her deep eyes as well as on her lips.

"My dear," she said, and her voice had in it a ring of strength—"my dear, I am happy; there is no seeming about it."

"But——" I exclaimed, and paused. In my youth and inexperience, the first elements of happiness were wanting in her life. Her hair was white, and there were lines on her face. She had no one to go down with her into the valley of years; she was a lonely, unmarried, childless woman. "But——" I began again, and again she smiled.

"Happiness is in one's self, dear, is it not? At my age it is woven out of the past, with the threads of the present interlaced. I am a very happy old woman."

"You are not old!" I cried impulsively.

"My heart is still young," she said. "I know just what it is to feel eager and impatient for a happiness on which one has set one's heart. I can understand, child."

She put a strong, tender hand on mine, and the tears came into my eyes, because I was hungry with youth's hunger—for love and gladness, for something which I wanted passionately, but which seemed as if it would never be mine.

The sun shone upon her white hair and turned it to silver. From her little garden outside a robin's song became audible in the silence that followed her words. A curious look came into her eyes; it was as though she were looking for something that she had lost, something that was very far away.

"The robins make me think of autumn," she said dreamily, "and of trees that are turning to orange and gold, whilst the bracken at their feet grows yellow. Their song is——"

"Oh," I interrupted, "the robin's song is full of all the sorrow of all the world."

"Have you found that out, too?" she said very gently. "Ah, but wait, dear. Presently you will know that through the sorrow of their song is a note of joy. 'Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' Joy cometh." She repeated the words almost to herself.

"Miss Margaret," I said eagerly, "you always help me. Why haven't you sons and daughters of your own? You would be such a perfect mother. Oh, how was it that men were so unwise as not to see that you were perfect?"

"Silly child," she said softly, "I——"

"Men are always either unwise or knaves," I went on recklessly. My heart was sore just then, and the world a crooked place.

"I do not think they are," she answered. A faint flush came into her face, her eyes shone softly. "Some men are neither—unwise nor knaves."

I noticed that as she spoke she glanced at a picture that hung on the wall above her old-fashioned escritoire. My glance followed hers, and the grave eyes of the man in the picture met my glance squarely. I had often wondered about that picture. It represented a man in the prime of youth, and his face had a haunting sweetness that you could not forget. The well-opened eyes looked out with quiet confidence from below the broad brow. About the mouth there hovered the suggestion of a smile which could not detract from the strength of the jaw and chin.

"Pureness and clearness without shadow of stain." The words flashed unbidden to my mind as I looked into the pictured face.

Miss Margaret, turning, observed the direction of my glance. The faint flush on her face deepened.

"That man was neither knave nor unwise," she said; "he was the best man I ever knew." Her voice shook slightly. "Mine is such a common little story, my dear, that it is not worth the telling, except to vindicate a man's goodness. I should like to show you that there are good men in the world. That man"—she looked again at the picture—"was my friend. He would have been more than my friend if—he had not died—for England." She paused, but only for a second. "You wondered why I had never married. I could never have married—another man—having known—him. No second best will do after the best. It was long ago, when I was young. It was in autumn. The trees were golden and orange, the bracken was yellow and brown at our feet, the robins sang in the hawthorns. I was so happy that the whole world seemed flooded with sunshine. In those days I was young, and impetuous and eager. He was very gentle to me. 'Take things quietly,' he used to say, 'never worry and fret, take a day at a time, and make the best of it.' Well, dear, it has taken me the rest of my life to learn my lesson. I do not think I have learnt it yet. I was perfectly happy in those young days. Life was a shining pathway. Then—he went away—to fight for the honour of England, and I—I never saw his face again." She was silent, but she began to speak before I could say anything. "He died for England. It is a noble death to die."

"Miss Margaret, didn't it break your heart?" I whispered, and my voice was choked.

"At first I thought my heart would break," she answered slowly, "I thought that I should never again know the meaning of happiness. Afterwards I knew that I was wrong. Love does not die because Death comes. Where Love is there is no Death."

"But, oh, it must have hurt you!" I cried.

"It hurt me—yes, dear. But, believe me, there are worse hurts to one's soul than the hurt that Death brings. The man I love never deceived me, never disappointed me. From beginning to end he was the best man I ever knew. In death as in life he has helped me. My king went crowned to his grave."

I suppose I looked up in surprise at the strange expression she had used.

"Do the words sound strange?" she said. "From my knowledge of others' lives I have learnt what is the exceeding bitterness of seeing your king uncrown himself! There is no such bitterness in my sorrow. There never

has been, there never will be—bitterness. Only it is a long time to wait."

"To wait?"

"To wait until I see his face again," she said, very low. "The years have been so long—so long, but I have tried never to forget that I must be fit to meet him again, that I must never lower the high standard he raised for me. I think of his words always, 'Take a day at a time, and make the best of it.' I try to do that, and it has brought me peace and happiness."

"It has made you the most helpful person in the whole world!" I burst out impetuously.

Her hand touched mine.

"Our own pain gives us a knowledge of other people's suffering. I know when things hurt, because I have been hurt myself. But I have never experienced bitterness. My dear, keep yourself from bitterness with all your might. It warps all goodness, and sweetness, and joy. It hurts your very soul. One man's goodness, such as the goodness of the man I love, is an assurance that goodness has not left the world. His goodness seems to be a surety for the rest of mankind." She smiled up at the picture almost as though it were able to respond to her, and a smile seemed to pass over the beautiful face on the wall.

"When you speak of him," I said, "you never use the past tense, you always say 'love,' not 'loved.'"

"How could I say loved? Love does not become a thing of the past. My love is the same to-day as on that September afternoon when we stood together, he and I, knee deep in the bracken under the trees that were turning to orange and gold. No, it is not true, either to say my love is the same. It is greater, purer, better, and I think he is closer to me to-day than on that autumn afternoon. He is always near to me, always, always," she whispered dreamily "and I know that he is waiting to welcome me in the Land where Love reigns for ever—where—Love—reigns!"

L. G. Moberly.



THE FIDELIO CLUB.

Conducted by ELEONORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

It would be impossible, my dear Fidelians, for me to thank you all individually for the pleasant letters you have written, and for the good wishes you have expressed for the success of the Fidelio Club. There are now nearly a hundred members of the club, and as it has only been in existence for two months, I think many of you must be right who say that it supplies a need that had been felt.

If you read, as I hope you do, the "Answers to Correspondents," you will see that I have already accepted a great many pieces for analysis. A piece that has been asked for by two or more members is always given precedence in selection, and as several of you want Beethoven's Sonate in D, Op. 10, No. 3, I shall take that next month.

A club is not serving its full purpose if it only ministers to the needs of the individual. It should draw all together in a bond of sympathy, and this is what I want the Fidelio Club to do. As you see by the lists, our members are scattered all over the Continent, as well as over our own islands, and we have even in far Ceylon a member. Let us remember always our motto quoted in the first number: "In every age there is a secret band of kindred spirits. Ye that are of this fellowship, see that ye weld the circle firmly."

Beethoven, Sonate Pathétique, Op. 13.
(*Asked for by "Ladybird" and "Wild Rose."*)

The name was given by Beethoven himself. What did it mean? The story of most of Beethoven's compositions is told in their dedications. This Sonate is inscribed to Prince Carl von Lichnowsky, and it might bear as motto those wonderful words of Dante, in the "Divine Comedy"—

"Yea, thou shalt learn how salt his food who fares
Upon another's bread, how steep his path
Who treadeth up and down another's stairs."

Beethoven had trodden up and down Prince Lichnowsky's stairs, and had fared upon his bread. The Princess was delicately thoughtful for the sensitive musician. "She would have kept me in a glass case," he said himself. But the Prince was his patron, and Beethoven was proud. The position was a critical one, and the Pathétique was written. The sombre Prelude breathes the spirit of Dante.

But Prince Lichnowsky was no Can Grande, and only a wilfully rebellious heart like Beethoven's would have suffered beneath his roof. Lichnowsky had been the friend and pupil of Mozart, and an exquisite tribute to his love for the immortal Austrian is given in the Rondo to the Pathétique, which is Mozartian in its grace and spirituality.

I like to fancy that in this Rondo Beethoven's thoughts were principally with the charming Princess, that the *molto allegro* movement, directly after the *grave*, was inspired by the noble and generous Prince, and that the lovely song, *adagio cantabile*, in the middle, belonged equally to the well-assorted couple.

Only the first movement is broken by sombre interludes. The second one in the sweetest of all keys, A flat, is uniformly happy and peaceful. The third is kept within the limits of becoming mirth by being in C minor. However good and gracious the Princess might be, Beethoven was her pensioner.

The Sonate has few difficulties for a moderately advanced player. It is best to count eight quavers to each bar in studying the Prelude. This will ensure the right value to the lesser notes. Play it at M.M. ♪=72.

Take the first chord very firmly and strike all the notes in both hands precisely together. Remember that a demi-semiquaver must have less weight than a semiquaver, and do not play them alike, as too often is done. Lift both hands after the demisemiquaver before playing the crotchet

in the middle of the bar; this will give the right phrasing and emphasis. The first bar thus analysed will serve as a model for the whole episode.

In the fourth bar there are a great many notes to be filled in on the final two quavers of the bar; the first group (on beat 7) ends on F, the following E flat beginning beat 8. We have therefore thirteen notes to play as one quaver; practise the passage till you can do it with ease, then take your own time, don't scramble, and don't fall headlong on the E flat quaver beginning the next bar. The chromatic scale at the end of the *grave* must sparkle like sunshine. The cloud has passed, at least for the moment, and after a longish pause on the strongly-accented A flat we enter a bracing, brilliant atmosphere. *Molto allegro con brio* (Very quickly with spirit). Set your metronome ♩=108, but count only two beats to a bar. Keep the left hand quite flat and still, and let the fluttering movement of the thumb and little finger go with the regularity of a pendulum. Very brisk and sharp the staccato crotchets in the treble. A long accent on the minim in bar 3. The chords (bars 5–8) broad, but well separated. Bars 19 and 20 need special attention; get the right fingering—this is most important. At bar 40 the right hand must spring nimbly to the bass, then back without jerkiness. Bar 47 begins a sequence of dainty little turns or mordentes; play them all thus—



At bar 79 mark the minims clearly in both hands, and keep the middle quavers well under. The dots on the first and fifth quavers at bar 83 and afterwards are not staccato signs, but slight accents. Tempo I. is, of course, the time of the prelude—*grave*.

The second movement is *adagio cantabile*, two crotchets in a bar. It will, however, be easier to count four quavers. Set the metronome at ♪=66. Leaving out the middle semiquavers, practise the bass with the upper melody alone at first; when you have caught the air and got the right expression, which mainly depends on the phrasing, but not till then, add the accompaniment. Play the turns at bars 20 and 21 thus—



At bar 51 the accompaniment requires special care. Nearly all young players join the third semiquaver to the fourth. This, you will see, is quite wrong. Only the first note of each triplet is *legato*, the other two must be well lifted and separated.

The success of the Rondo depends mainly on three things—lightness of touch, attention to marks of expression, phrasing. Always let your triplets trip lightly in contrast to the more sober step of the ordinary two quavers. Count the semiquaver passage at bar 107 rightly. There is a crotchet for one in the bass, then, for two, we have a quaver rest and two semiquavers. Give the rest its full value. Play the run—last bar but one—clearly and rapidly. Let both the crotchet in the bass and the final crotchet be very firm and decisive.

Grieg, Norwegian Bridal Procession.
(*Asked for by "A Reader of the G.O.P." and "Bobs."*)

A bridal procession passing gaily by, heard first in the distance, then nearer, and winding in and out, as it were, so that the sounds of mirth reach us with varying distinctness until at last they die away altogether.

The time of a march. In the first four bars the distant beat of the drum is heard, then come the dancing steps of the bridal party. The bass beats time firmly still. The first two lines are played twice, the second time with soft pedal. After the repetition we imagine the crowd nearer; the fun becomes more boisterous. Some harlequin is playing his pranks among the bridesmaids (first four bars after the double bar). They draw closer and whisper together, *molto leggiero e marcato* (very light and accented).

The demisemiquavers all through the piece must be quite short and sharp; remember in every case the note which they follow has three times their value. The last bar on line 2, page 2, usually presents some difficulty. The last note of the triplet can fall with the demisemiquaver in the bass. The first line, on page 3, begins a very hilarious passage. The notes dance in couples. The dotted semiquaver must always be divided from the following demisemiquaver, because it is not its partner. At the top of the last page the chords are very full and long—well sustained. The whole piece must be a flood of gaiety. It is easy to understand, but not at all easy to play.

Jensen, Ricordanza.
(*Asked for by "Murie" and "Babs."*)

Adolf Jensen was born in 1837 at Königsberg in Prussia. He is best known as a song-writer, but he has also composed some delightful pianoforte music. His musical heart was given at a very early age to Robert Schumann, and in 1856 he went to Russia, hoping there to amass enough golden guineas to enable him to study with Schumann for some time. Owing to Schumann's death in 1856 this plan fell through, and Jensen returned to Germany. If, however, he had no direct instruction from the noblest master of the Romantic school, the traces of this master's influence are everywhere apparent in the younger man's work. It has been said that Jensen takes a place between Chopin and Schumann, and this is no doubt true. He is sturdier than the Pole, more sentimental than the German.

The piece which we have to analyse is an Etude. It is pretty but has no depth of character. It is, in fact, one of those *pièces d'occasion* which most poets throw off now and then, and it serves its purpose if it pleases for the moment.

The principal difficulty for the inexperienced player will lie in the chains of double notes, mostly thirds, and as half the battle is won if we get the right fingering, I have marked it where it seemed questionable throughout. As I cannot fill up the "G. O. P." by copying out the music, I have numbered the bars. This, my Fidelians, you must also do. First number the bars on your own copy of the piece, then write in the fingering as I give it below.

The correct time for the Etude will be about M.M. ♩.=52, that is, three beats to a bar. Remember *andantino* is slower than *andante*. In the first four bars the notes with stems turned upwards are to be played with the right hand. Separate all dotted chords, but when they are also slurred, give them nearly their full value. At bars 22 and 23 notice that the upper note of the minim is tied and only play the lower note. At bars 60–63 the demisemiquavers look like triplets, but they are not such. Play them in groups of four notes. Practise the arpeggios (bars 42–44) till they are perfectly even. Take each hand alone first. The most difficult arpeggios are those in bar 42, but there is a *ritard* marked, so you can take your time over them.

Finger the thirds in bar 10 so: 3 4 4 5 5 4 / 1 2 2 1 1 2 Note that they are grouped in twos.

The bass in bar 12: 5 2 1 5 3 2 1 2 3 1 2 3 5

The last group of triplets in treble, bar 12: 3 4 5 4 3 2 / 1 2 3 2 1 1

Treble, bar 14, 2nd beat: 1 2 4 3 1 2 4 3 2 1 4 3 2 1 2 3 5 4

Bars 28, 30, 31—on the third beat: 3 4 5 3 4 5 / 1 2 3 1 2 1

Bars 33, 34, 35—on the third beat: 3 4 3 4 5 3 / 1 2 1 2 3 1

Bar 36: 5 5 5 / 2 1 3 2 1 3 1 3 2 1 3 1 3 1 3 2 1 2

Bar 37: 3 4 3 4 5 3 4 5 3 4 3 4 5 3 4 3 4 3 / 1 2 1 2 3 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 1

Bar 38: 4 5 3 4 3 4 3 4 3 4 3 4 3 4 5 4 5 4 / 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 3 1 3 2

Bar 39: 3 5 4 3 2 / 1 1 3 2 1 1

Bar 40: 3 4 3 4 3 4 3 2 5 4 5 4 / 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 3 1 3 2

Bar 41: 3 4 / 1 2

Bar 50: 4 3 2 1 3 1 4 3 4 3 2 1 3 1 3 2 1 2 3

Bar 55: 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 2 3 — 3 4 4 5 5 3 / 1 2 2 1 1 2

Bar 57: Same as bar 12.

Bar 59: Same as bar 14.

Rules of Membership.

Every reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER (boy or girl) can become a member.

1. After reading the "Opening Address," fill in the coupon, and send it to the Editor, THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., with "Fidelio Club" written on the outside of your envelope at the top left-hand corner.

2. In the space marked "Mind, Emotion, Muscle," underline the quality of which you believe yourself to be possessed most, and cross out the other two, thus—

~~Mind~~ Emotion ~~Muscle~~

3. Every member may, each month, make one suggestion—that is, she (or he) may name a composer, a piece, or a style of composition to be analysed for practice.

4. Every member may also ask one question each month, and this may have reference to any piece that has already been discussed, or to any difficulty experienced in practising.

5. Such suggestion and question must always be accompanied by a "Fidelio" coupon, and will, with the answers, be published in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

6. Members may join at any time.

Fidelio Club Coupon.

(To be copied and filled up by intending members, stating that they are subscribers to the "G. O. P.")

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Age.—Under 12? Under 16? Over 16?

Pseudonym (if desired) .....

Chief musical characteristic—

Mind? Emotion? Muscle?

Answers.

"B-NATURAL" (Derby). Over 16. Emotion.—I have noted that you want "some more of Chopin's waltzes."

EVELYN A. STEWART (Laurencekirk). 12. Emotion.—I am afraid I cannot "often tell you something about Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*," but I will try. Which one can you play now?

GRACE COLLEN (Bury St. Edmunds). Under 16. Equal.

MAY ELKINS (London). Over 16. Emotion.

"MURIE" (West Worthing). 17. Emotion.—I have taken your piece, *Ricordanza*, this month. I hope you will pass your exam. Let me know if there is any other difficulty.

"CHING" (High Wycombe). Over 16. Emotion.—If your only difficulty in playing Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz" is its speed, you must practise it bit by bit quite slowly, then, by degrees, work up the pace. Never try to play quickly what you do not know, or you are bound to "get all muddled up."

"ANSTICE" (Redhill). Over 16. Emotion.

WALDSTEIN (Liverpool). Over 16. Mind.—What kind of competition do you mean? I shall be glad of any suggestions.

ANNIE M. (Chesterfield). Over 16. Emotion.—I have already an "Annie Laurie." You must choose another pseudonym.

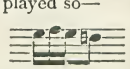
ESPÉRANCE (Inverness). Under 16. Mind.

"MAID MARIAN" (Edwinstone). Over 16. Muscle.—Yes, I will give you Scharwenka's "Polish Dance," Op. 3, No. 1, as soon as possible.

EVIE RAWSKA (Lemberg in Galicia). Over 16. Emotion.—Your letter was wonderfully good for a Polish girl. I will give you something by Paderewski soon. It will interest you to know that I have played many of his pieces to him.

MARY BEDFORD (Boston). Under 16. Emotion.

LILIAN GORE (Margate). Over 16. Mind.—You may play Chopin's Waltz, Op. 64, No. 1, as quickly as you can, but never sacrifice clearness to speed. The *mordente* is played so—



THERESA WICKINS (Putney). Over 16. Emotion.—You did not give your address. I do not know of any book that would help you. I will take Mozart's "Fantasie in D Minor" some time. After the double bar play a little more slowly, and make the grace notes on A flat real graces. After the long shake return to the former speed.

LILY OF THE VALLEY (Ipswich). 16. Emotion.

"PORTIA" (Hayward's Heath). 17. Emotion.—I am glad to hear you have done so well, and hope you will pass for the A. L. C. M. in July. I will take your piece by Mendelssohn, if you send me the opus number. There is no piece called *Cantabile* or *Presto Agitato*. Those are only words indicating expression and speed.

"FIDELIO" (Manchester). Over 16. Equal.—I have so many members now that I cannot devote a whole paper to List C. for the Associated Board; but if you will let me know of one piece that puzzles you, I will take it next month.

"BOY" (Birmingham). Over 16. Mind.—Your professor was quite right. No one need despair. The Mozart Sonates are lovely.

FIDÈLE (Hereford). 19. Mind.—You had better learn some of the pieces I have analysed.

H. W. M. (Malton). Over 16. Emotion.—I have made a note of Schumann's *In der Nacht* for you.

LILIAN BARNES (High Wycombe). Over 16. Emotion.—Another candidate for Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte!* Very well.

EVELYN (Thornton Heath). Under 16. Emotion.—You will have had your questions on List B. answered before this is printed. I hope to hear that all my Fidelians have passed. I note that you want Paderewski's "Thème Varié." Read my answer to EVIE RAWSKA.

SAPHO (Chantilly). Over 16. Emotion.—Your charming letter pleased me greatly. How beautifully you write English! I am very glad you like my papers on music, and that you enjoy the Fidelio Club. I also knew Madame Schumann in Frankfurt, and I possess a treasured letter written by her to me, thanking me for dedicating to her my Musicians Birthday Book, which is called *The Music of the Poets*. The later edition of the work is dedicated to Paderewski, to whom I owe much of my musical training. I will take Schumann's "Carneval" for you as soon as possible. I look forward to hearing from you again.

"OXONIENSIS" (Barnsley). Over 16. Emotion.—I accept you as a member with great pleasure, and will remember your wish for Chopin's "Fantasie Impromptu." You can work up Beethoven's "Sonate Pathétique" from my analysis this month.

PINK DAISIES (Bridgwater). Over 16. Muscle.—I will take Group 6 of your pieces for the Senior Trinity Exam. You did not tell me when it is to take place. You cannot have my analysis till the March number of the "G. O. P."

NELLY SMART (Ascot). Over 16. Mind.—The metronome time for "The Rivulet," by Mendelssohn, is about ♩=80. See answer to MARIE AILANDE. I am going to take Beethoven's "Sonate in D" next month.

DAFFODIL (London). Under 16. Mind.—You are a subscriber to the "G. O. P." if you take it regularly every month, and can join the Fidelio Club. You also want the "Sonate in D" by Beethoven.

A CHOPIN LOVER (Lewisham). Over 16. Emotion.—You will find the story of your favourite Nocturne by Chopin, in G minor, in the January number of the "G. O. P.," 1901. It is one of my "Stories in Music." I will take No. 9 for you some time. See next answer.

MARIE AILANDE (Ashford). Over 16. Emotion.—I told the stories of Schumann's "Novelettes" in the "G. O. P." in March, May and July, 1901. If you get THE GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL, just published, you will have all these "Stories in Music," and also the stories of the three "Caprices" by Mendelssohn, of which "The Rivulet" is one.

ENITOR (Luton). Over 16. Emotion.—I think if you read my first paper in the November Part of the "G. O. P.," you will find out what is meant by "intellectual restraint" and "silly sentimentality." I have made a note of Mendelssohn's "Fantasie in F Sharp Minor" for you.

FLORENCE YATES (Dalston). Over 16. Muscle.—I have noted Chopin's "Berceuse" for you.

HARMONY (Liverpool). Over 16. Emotion.—Yes, I will give Beethoven's Sonate, Op. 10, No. 1, as soon as possible.

LYNETTE (Meuston). Over 16. Mind.—I am surprised that a Fidelian whose chief musical characteristic is mind should desire "a completely new piece." I have not found that modern composers excel the old masters in this point. The best studies that ever were written, for the fingers, are the first two in Clementi's "Gradus ad Parnassum." The second one is for the left hand.

BELLE (New Cross). Over 16. Emotion.—I have made a note of Beethoven's "Fantasie Sonate," Op. 27, No. 2—foolishly called the "Moonlight"—for you.

HIAWATHA (Birmingham). 20. Mind and Emotion.—Yes, your sister can give her coupon right to you. Thanks for the nice things you wrote about my papers. Get Cotta edition of Beethoven and Mozart, published by Augener. Klindworth's edition of Chopin. Read my answer to BELLE.

LITTLE WELSH LASSIE (Kensington). 14. Mind and Emotion.—You are a most sensible little girl!

MARGARET (Glasgow). Over 16. Muscle.—Poor Margaret! I am afraid you have not enjoyed "Bach's studies." Let me suggest Beethoven as a favourite composer. I hope you will pass in List B.

GERANIUM (Harrow). Over 16. Emotion.

EVE (Ceylon). Under 16. Mind.—I should like to hear something of your musical life in Ceylon.

HOW A GIRL SHOULD DRESS.

By "NORMA."

CORONATION robes are the subject of the greatest moment in the ambitious West-end business houses. After seeing some of the models of the robes to be worn by peeresses only, I came to the conclusion that these exalted ladies are not to be envied over these particular gowns. The scale of precedence in these robes is very amusing. A duchess, for instance, may have a train two yards in length, and she only is privileged to have a page to carry it, and her white fur cape may have four rows of ermine. A marchioness must be contented with one-and-three-quarter yards of train and no page. A viscountess has one-and-a-half yards, while a baroness comes down to only one yard and only two bars of ermine on her white fur cape. I imagine that even a peeress must grudge paying one hundred and fifty guineas for so heavy and unbecoming a gown. These robes are composed of velvet of a particularly dull crimson tone, white satin and ermine fur. The model gown I saw, had a sharp-pointed court-bodice of velvet with a vest of white satin. This vest met the panel of white



TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES.

satin which was introduced into the skirt. The bodice was, of course, *décolleté* according to court requirements. Hung from the shoulders behind is a little cape of white fur which is trimmed with ermine at the bottom, in numbers of rows, according to the rank of the wearer, so my informant told me. For a June day this dress does not sound inviting, but no doubt *en masse* on the great occasion the *grandes dames* will look regal and a fine mass of colour.

It will be a trying moment for the peeresses when they have to don their coronets after the King is crowned. They must all do it at one time. It is no easy matter putting on one's hat straight without a looking-glass, and coronets look wobbly things.

But to get to humbler affairs. I noticed the other day at a large American gathering a dress worn by a young girl of which I at once made a note for my readers. It was inexpensive in material and very dainty. The skirt, which was long and full at the feet, was made of fine but very close blue nun's veiling, and was trimmed about one inch above the broad hem with two cross-bar folds which resembled two inch-wide tucks; these folds are much more easily managed than real tucks of which they are, of course, the outcome. The bodice was chiffon, exactly the same shade as the skirt, made quite full over a close-fitting slip of blue silk. The trimming, which was the making of the dress, was very French in idea. A deep Vandyke collar of thick *écru* coloured lace was stitched down to the chiffon to resemble a round yoke; the points just reached the shoulder seam. The high neck-band was made of folded black and white satin ribbon, and stitched down over it was a piece of lace with Vandyke points so carefully put on to meet the plain edge of the lace collar-yoke, that it seemed to be part of it. The points of the lace, of course, went upwards round the neck-band, allowing the black and white of the ribbon to show in between them and about a quarter of an inch above the lace; the full sleeves were caught into wrist-bands of the ribbon covered with lace; round the waist there was a band and bow of black and white.

One is often at a loss to know how to finish off frills on evening frocks made of nun's veiling, voile, gauze, or net. The raw edges are simply whipped very loosely with chenille of the same colour. Chenille is the latest thing. It has a pretty soft fluffy effect. A pale pink net gown I saw trimmed with narrow frills edged with chenille was one of the daintiest frocks worn at a large party of half grown-ups I went to this winter.

But the effect most to be desired in evening gowns is "shimmering." The new small gold *paillettes* are dull and shimmering, not sparkling and metallic as they were in the first days of the bright sequin. A thin black gauze powdered with these tiny gold *paillettes*, which are put on in showers rather than following any definite pattern, would make a very beautiful dress representing Night for a dark-haired girl. When I saw a model gown made of this newest of new materials, I at once thought how much it resembled a very star-lit sky. A crescent moon worn in the hair would complete the effect. But for young girls soft silks or *crêpe de Chine* are more suitable. On a white Liberty silk, I admired a long sash which was quite the feature of the dress. It was double and made of two shades of chiffon, the one a deeper coral pink than the other. Being double it did not hang in a wisp as chiffon so often does. The ends were rounded, and on each side of the sash all the way round there was a ruching of chiffon. When the sash was tied the effect was charming.

In more elaborate evening gowns applications of all sorts are the special feature of trimming. Butter-coloured lace gowns have applications of coloured flowers which have been cut out of handsome brocaded silk. Sometimes these flowers trail up the skirt, tapering towards the waist; or they are put on separately, large roses or chrysanthemums, encrusted with tiny *paillettes*. Then again black lace gowns have applications of white lace heavily encrusted or outlined with velvet chenille, or tiny wreaths of different coloured flowers outline the bolder pattern of the black lace.

For young girls white net dresses can be made most becoming and exquisite with applications of pink roses and pale blue flowers in very transparent silk. These flowers look as if they had been blown on to the gowns; they can be bought quite ready for sewing on in almost every variety of colour and size.

I have one very useful idea to give to golfing girls this month. It is a new idea in blouses. I admired one I saw at an autumn meeting, and I was puzzled to find out what it was made of, and what do you think it was but



MORNING DRESS OF LIGHT GREY TWEED.

ordinary house-scrubbing flannel, the plain white kind which costs one shilling a yard. It was made Russian blouse fashion, with big pearl buttons fastening it down one side; the neck and waistbands were trimmed with Russian embroidery. Russian I call it, but it was really English cross-stitch done in Russian colours. This cross-stitch is done on soft canvas tacked down on to a strip of the flannel. When the pattern is finished, the canvas threads are drawn out and the pattern is left. I think one might easily go further than the wearer of that most fascinating blouse and have a skirt made of the same material. Short and well-cut, it would look very smart for spring, and we have the guarantee that it will wash like a rag.

The newest day-sleeves are closely stitched above and below the elbow, allowing the full material to bulge out in the form of a tiny puff at the elbow. A pretty trimming for the back of a bodice—which is, I find, always one of the points in which a dressmaker fails for ideas—is to have three stitched straps down the centre of the back meeting at the waist and projecting beyond the short bodice. The little ends form a sort of tiny coat-tail, which is a modification of the very fashionable long tails which are only becoming on slim well-made people. Speaking of day dresses generally, they cannot be strapped or stitched too much—yokes formed of straps, revers formed of straps, and panels formed of straps form an important part in all outdoor gowns. It is a difficult time for girls to dress well who have to have their dresses made at home. For everything at the present is most elaborately designed. The cost of the material is nothing compared to the making of a gown.



HOUSE GOWN OF RUBY CLOTH.

In one tailor-made costume, which our artist has sketched for us this month, we have a very small covert coat and skirt for a young girl with the new vertical pockets, and an exceptionally elegant tailor-made coat and skirt suitable for the coming season. This Newmarket cut, as it used to be called, in this particular three-quarter length is very popular at present. The straight-cut, double-breasted coat in fawn cloth, with strapped seams and lapels, is a useful coat for driving or country wear generally.

The costume on the dark figure of the two sketches of house gowns is of ruby cloth trimmed with cream silk braiding, and ruby velvet bands.

The light figure wears a morning dress of light grey tweed with black braid piped with white, a vest of grey silk with black silk tassels.

A FEW NICE MOULDS

AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

A MOULD is usually associated in most people's minds with that product of culinary art—a concoction of cornflour and milk, bearing a beautiful impression of the vessel into which it has been poured, and tasting nice enough, if properly prepared and floured. But something different and a little more dainty may be managed with as little, if not less, trouble, and be pleasing to the eye as well as nice to eat in weather that makes one feel one needs something tempting to induce one to eat at all; for vegetables, unless carefully cooked and served *à l'Italienne* or *à la Française*, are not interesting, and the customary joint jars, rather than invites one to partake of it, at any rate more than once.

All departments in the chemistry of cooking demand care, from the boiling of a potato to the baking of a wedding-cake. The chief point, of course, to be careful about in making a mould, sweet or savoury, is that it should end in being just the proper consistency, not too solid, but stiff enough to prevent it from tumbling to pieces. *En passant*, it is well to always keep moulds, whether of metal or crockery, turned downwards, otherwise when required for use they may be troublesome to wash quickly.

MOULD WITH CHERRIES.

Stew one pound and a half of ripe black cherries, making a thin syrup of loaf sugar and water before putting the cherries into the pan—an aluminium "stew" or "omelet" pan is convenient—and stewing them until quite tender. Put on to simmer all but a pint of new milk, with sufficient loaf sugar to sweeten, and two thin strips—free of the white—of lemon peel to flavour. Mix in a basin one dessertspoonful of ground rice with a drop of cold milk. Beat up in another basin two new-laid eggs, and when the milk is hot take out the peel and pour gradually to the eggs, stirring vigorously the while, and return the whole to the saucepan. Boil—and stir rapidly—until rather thick, rinse a mould out of cold water and fill with the mixture. It will set more quickly if left to stand in water and packed round with salt. Serve in glass dish with cherries round. The addition of cream to the milk and eggs will make a richer mould. Made of cream instead of milk it will be nicer still.

MILK JELLY.

Milk jelly may be made with remarkably little trouble, and served with stewed raspberries, strawberries, or French (dessert) plums slowly and thoroughly stewed will be found an agreeable variety. *Ingredients*—One pint of new milk, half a pint of cream, one ounce of clear, Italian thin "sheet" gelatine, a small piece of vanilla pod, loaf sugar.

Put the pod and the milk into an enamelled or aluminium pan; bring slowly to the boil. Melt each sheet of gelatine

separately and slowly into the milk, stirring the while; add several lumps of sugar, and lastly the cream, still stirring. When quite hot remove the pod, and pour into a mould that has been rinsed and drained in cold water. Serve cold, with any of the fruit suggested above.

Apple Jelly

too, is not at all troublesome to make, and may come in useful for lunch or tea. Apples, sugar and lemon are all one needs to provide. Do not choose very sweet apples. Cut up the apples—after wiping them—with pare and core altogether, only removing the eyes and stalks. Boil until reduced to a pulp, in as much water as will cover them; then strain through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice add three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar. Boil for three-quarters of an hour, flavour with lemon-juice and put into moulds. Whether pink or colourless, it should be very clear. Serve with wafer biscuits.

Chocolate Cream.

A circular copper mould, hollow in the centre, is useful for this. Let it be very clean and left to stand full of cold water before using. *Ingredients*—One ounce of grated chocolate (Rowntree's penny cake of plain chocolate answers admirably), eight lumps of loaf sugar, half a pint of cream, half an ounce of sheet gelatine (referred to above), the yokes of three new-laid eggs.

Put cream and sugar and chocolate into enamelled pan, beat the eggs, add the cream, as soon as just warm, to them, stirring them quickly; return to the pan and melt in the gelatine, sheet by sheet, slowly, while the mixture is simmering—it must not boil—stirring all the while. When hot, pour into a mould. Serve with wafers.

Custard-Cheese Mould.

Ingredients—One pint of new milk, two new-laid eggs, some nice cheese, salt, Beat the eggs well, pour to them the new milk; pour into a pan for a few moments and warm, cut the cheese into thin slices, melt it into the custard. When quite dissolved, add salt, and pour the whole into a well-buttered "gourmet" boiler. Place the "gourmet" boiler in a pan that it tightly fits into, cover with the lid and cook the custard slowly, until stiff enough to—when cold—turn out on to a glass dish. This is rather an acquired taste, but, when liked, is very useful for luncheon. It is certainly worth a trial.

Chicken Mould.

A whole roast chicken, or one with just the breast used will be sufficient. Cut off all the meat, put all the bones and skin—but free from any discolouring insides—on to stew with a little salt, three half-pints of cold water and two strips of thin lemon rind. Let it stew a couple of hours or more, then reduce, with the lid off, to rather more than half a pint. Pass the meat of the chicken three times through a mincing-machine, strain the broth, add the chicken, and when hot pour into a mould, previously rinsed in cold water. A taste of nice lean minced ham may be added, but it is more delicate without. If ham be added, the lemon flavouring is not necessary. A useful recipe for using legs of chicken so little relished when not quite tender.

Beef Mould.

Ingredients—Two pounds of fresh rump steak cut thick. Fry slightly in butter, then stew slowly with a large lump of butter until quite tender; remove and save the gravy, pass the meat three times through mincing-machine, add a quarter of a pound of breadcrumbs, next add three fresh eggs well beaten, afterwards pepper and salt, then gravy; well mix. Butter the inside of "gourmet" boiler. Put in the mixture and cook, covered, in a pan of boiling water three hours. When cold, turn out carefully. This is useful for breakfast, luncheon or picnic. Minced ham may be added if preferred, but it is almost nicer without.

E. J. Jones.

THE BIRTHDAY PAGE.

FEBRUARY.

By FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

Renowned English Contralto.

One would have to go deeply into English musical annals to find a case parallel with Madame Clara Butt's speedy rise into public favour as a vocalist. It seems only the other day that his Majesty the King—then Prince of Wales—was congratulating Miss Clara Butt personally. This was upon the occasion of her singing with her fellow-students of the Royal College of Music in *Orfeo* in December, 1892, when the then heir to the Crown was so pleased with the young artist's efforts that he commanded a second performance. Now, to-day, the same lady is the world-renowned contralto whom we all recognise and congratulate under her new name—Mrs. Kennerley Rumford. This deservedly famous vocalist was born at Southwick, in Sussex, in 1873.* It was not long after her birth that her parents removed to Bristol, and there it was that she received her first musical training from a local teacher—Mr. D. Rootham. Anyone who has had experience in teaching singing will know how hard it is to find a contralto voice to train amid the numerous "mezzos" which crowd upon one; a phenomenal contralto is obviously a still greater *rara avis*. Anyhow, her early trainer did such justice to her that Madame—then Miss—Butt secured a scholarship at the Royal College of Music. At this excellent institution our favourite native contralto remained some four years, continuing her studies under Mr. Henry Blower, who, with the writer, was trained largely by the late Mr. J. B. Welch. Madame Butt's first public appearance on the concert platform was at the Royal Albert Hall, in the same month when Sullivan's splendid work, *The Golden Legend*, was performed. On this occasion the other principal artists were Madame Albani, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, and it must be admitted that with Madame Butt it was a truly remarkable combination of vocal talent. Madame Butt has sung at all the festivals and principal concerts in the United Kingdom, and is well known abroad. She has always been a favourite with English and German Royalty, who take great interest in the advance of England musically.

* February 1st.

Pioneer Philanthropist.

There was a time, not many years back, when philanthropic work among the poor of our own country, although desperately needed throughout every city and locality of the land, was not so much thought of, or so popular as it is to-day. Thanks to Christianising influences of every shade of opinion, the England of to-day and that of fifty years ago is, so far as the poor are concerned, a changed land. A pioneer worker in this field of labour was Hannah More.* She was one of the five daughters of a village schoolmaster, and was born at Stapleton, near Bristol, in Gloucestershire. As a child she showed great quickness of apprehension, and a good memory. Her sisters were sent to a school in Bristol, and when the eldest was twenty-one, they opened a boarding-school there, to which Hannah went when she was twelve years old. As might be expected, her father was only a poor man—hence we find a

* Born February 2nd, 1745; died September 7th, 1833.



MADAME CLARA BUTT.
(*Photo by Window & Grove.*)

subscription being formed to enable the sisters to open and conduct a school. At this school Hannah was for some time a teacher. Hannah More was only eighteen years of age when she wrote her first work, *The Search after Happiness*. It was a pastoral drama, but did not see the light of publicity until 1773. Her fortune was to become acquainted with David Garrick, the great Shakesperean personator; and for his management she wrote a tragedy founded on the story of Regulus—*The Inflexible Captive* (1774). At about this time she was fortunate enough to become the recipient of an annuity from an admirer of her ability, and this "good turn" enabled her to throw up the drudgery of teaching at the boarding-school, and to give full play to her literary tastes. These were still confined to the drama. In 1777 she wrote, and Garrick produced, her tragedy of *Percy*, her best approved dramatic work. This was followed in 1779 by *The Fatal Falsehood*. Her *Ode to Dragon*, Garrick's house-dog, suggests that Hannah was more or less in London, and a *persona grata* in dramatic circles. Certainly she was honoured with the intimate acquaintances, besides Garrick, of Doctor Johnson, and Burke, and Reynolds, as well as other eminent men. Then suddenly came a change—a revelation as if from Heaven, an opening of the eyes that makes one's senses revert to Saul of Tarsus. About the year 1736, Hannah More's opinions of public theatres completely changed. She became convinced that the stage (as it then was) was not "becoming the appearance or countenance of a Christian," and she "renounced her dramatic productions in any other light than as mere poems." From that moment we get the real Hannah More—the philanthropist who will be long and long known and honoured. Bright as the prospect was, she quitted, in the prime of her days, the circle of fashion and literature, and retiring into the neighbourhood of Bristol, devoted herself to a life of active Christian benevolence, and to the composition of moral and religious works. Her *Sacred Dramas* were very successful. *Thoughts on the Manners of the Great, Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World*, and *The Cheap Repository*, in which occurs the well-known tale "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," were all remarkably successful works. Over a million copies of the tale referred to were soon sold. Of the religious novels, *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife* is best remembered. In all, Hannah More wrote eleven octavo volumes of works, and made £30,000 by her pen. Her prose works are fresh, vivacious, and original in their style, and depict in strong character the minor immoralities and infirmities of her age. In such works as *Strictures on Female Education*, *Practical Piety*, and *Moral Sketches*, we find the best exposition of her ethical conceptions. Hannah More's philanthropy will ever remain the great monument of her fame. Her unceasing labours in this direction during the last fifty years of her life have yet to be fully estimated. A noble character, a good churchwoman, and an anti-Revolutionist, her great aim was to impart simple truths to the poor and uneducated—to open, indeed, the eyes of the blind. She died at Clifton, and bequeathed £10,000 of her earnings for charitable purposes. Three good *Memoirs* of Hannah More have been published.



MRS. HANNAH MORE.

Singer of the Century.

When the British public singles out a favourite, it has seldom to be charged with inconstancy towards that child of fortune. A great actress, artist or singer may grow old, become what is known as "familiar," or even decline in his or her power of attraction, but when remembrances of good work done in younger days can be gathered up and placed to account, the public is rarely found forgetting those who have served it well. Some public favourites, however, seem never to grow old, but remain with us—a part and parcel of the national life. Such a one is the Empress of Song, Madame Patti* (for that is the name by which the world will remember her), whose birthday we remember this month. Adelina Maria Clorinda Patti comes of Italian and Spanish parents, and was born at Madrid. Her musical education was received from her brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch. It was in May, 1861, forty years ago, that this marvellously-gifted singer first stood before an English audience to show the kind of voice she possessed. What a public favourite she has since become! She appeared in public, however, a long time before that, for at a very early age her parents took her to America, and she appeared there. She was sixteen years old when her first real *début* was made in New York in the part of Lucia. Her first appearance in London was as Amina, and her brilliant success in this and later *rôles*—Lucia, Violetta, Zerlina, Martha and Rosina—essayed in the same year established her reputation among English opera-goers. The charm of her person and manner have considerably helped to enhance the effect of her brilliant and finished execution and great artistic powers. In Italian opera she has shown great versatility, having succeeded equally well as the exponent of passionate tenderness and of the lighter moods of comedy. It would take pages to tell of all her histrionic triumphs and musical successes, whether as a Juliet, Ninetta, Adina, Norina, Margherita or even as Adah in Costa's *Naaman*. Her work at the Handel



ADELINA PATTI.
(*Photo by Elliott & Fry.*)

* Born February 10th.



DUCHESS OF ALBANY.
(*Photo by Gunn & Stuart.*)

and Birmingham Festivals, her operatic tours in the English provinces, the successful engagements of the *diva* at probably every European capital and lesser cities, all is fresh in the memory of music-lovers who can carry their minds over the past fifty years. Madame Patti remains much the same vocally as when she first came to us in 1861. Her consummate art enables her to conceal from all but the skilled in such matters the effects of time on her upper register, whilst the middle notes of her matchless organ are as sweet and sympathetic as ever. Neither has she fallen off as an exponent of the characters she assumes. Briefly, Patti is still Patti, histrionically and vocally. The fees that this vocal artist receives are bewildering to the ordinary aspirant to vocal honours. Six hundred pounds for an Albert Hall concert reads large, but this has gone up to eight hundred pounds for every appearance at the big Kensington concert-room. Even in the provinces the great *cantatrice* commands five hundred pounds a night. Madame Patti's jewellery would do credit to an Empress. Amongst her treasures is one that she values above all others, namely, a fan which bears words written by almost all the European Sovereigns. Queen Victoria wrote on it, "If King Lear spoke the truth when he said that a sweet voice was the most precious gift a woman could possess, you, my dear Adelina, must be the richest woman in the world." As all the world knows, the incomparable Patti is now Baroness Cedarström.

Duchess of Albany.

Few figures among English Royalty are more pleasant to regard, or appeal with greater force to the better sympathies of the great public of this country than does the lady whose name is so familiar to us now as the Duchess of Albany. This is mainly owing to the sincerity and manliness of the English character generally, which can understand instantaneously and to the full anything like a real misfortune whenever such overtakes either rich or poor. All of us know that the charming lady whose title adorns this sketch, and whose birthday occurs this month,* received, at a much too early age, the greatest blow which it is possible to overtake one in the ordinary course of human life—from which time, it may safely be said, she has not for a moment been without the silent sympathies of the entire great British nation. On April 7th, 1853, our late gracious Queen—Victoria—gave birth to her eighth child—H.R.H. Leopold George Duncan Albert, first Duke of Albany. He grew up a most enlightened prince—one who, more perhaps than any other member of the reigning Royal Family, identified himself with literature; and who, had he lived, might have been seen adorning the great "Fourth Estate" much as his brother Alfred adorned music, his sister Louise adorns sculpture, or as the present Sovereign favours art of all kinds. Unfortunately Prince Leopold was not blessed with a robust constitution, and although he arrived at man's estate, it was only to pass away at an age which is happily very rare in the case of the late Sovereign's children. It was on April 27th, 1882, that H.S.H. Princess Helena Frederica Augusta stood, the handsome bride and then the wife of the Duke of Albany. The beautiful lady was the daughter of the late H.S.H. George Victor, reigning Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont, and a bright future seemed to be the natural outlook of the happy pair; but "*Dieu disposé*," and in less than two years the enlightened Prince was called from his earthly sphere. He was at a ball at Cannes when he slipped and fell; this accident proved fatal in a few hours. At their home at Claremont, Esher, were born Alice Mary Victoria and (shortly after the Duke's death) Leopold Charles Edward, second Duke of Albany. Since then the Duchess has remained a widow, but she has ever since been most assiduous in the interest displayed by her in the performance of various public duties.

* Born February 17th.

Duchess of Fife.

Thanks to the unbounded popularity of the present King and Queen with every section of the people over whom they reign, and with whom, it will be allowed, they so liberally mix, their children's faces are as familiar to the vast majority of English people as are those of the Royal parents themselves. Few Londoners, for instance, there surely are who have not been frequent admirers of the various members of the present Royal Family as they have taken, so regularly, their afternoon drives in Hyde Park for many seasons past; and hardly less can be the number of those who have not been eye-witnesses of English Royalty on some one of the many occasions when they have been fulfilling public duties in all parts of the metropolis, giving their presence and support to this or that among the manifold works in which they take so lively and valuable an interest. Nor will anyone say that this interest has been centred in what may be considered by some people as the most pleasant of the aspects of life and existence in, for example, the metropolis. Rather the reverse. If any gauge is to be taken here, it will be in favour of the extreme of poverty, in the regions of which some one of the members of the King's family is almost daily taking part in some function, the aim and object of which is the betterment, or at least the amelioration, of the social conditions of the great working-class element of this country. Especially has the Duchess of Fife been to the fore in this excellent example and work both before her marriage and since; and few faces are more welcome, her features, as has so often been remarked, bearing so striking a resemblance to those of her mother and queen. Most readers of this will be well aware that Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar* is the Sovereign's third child, and that she was married to Alexander William George Duff, first Duke of Fife, K.T., in 1889. There have been two children of the marriage—Lady Alexandra and Lady Maud Duff. Princess Louise of Wales—to give the Duchess of Fife the title by which we best know her—is one of the ladies of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India—instituted by Victoria, Empress of India, in 1878.



DUCHESS OF FIFE.
(*Photo by Downey.*)

When in town their town house is in Portman Square, their country residences being at Sheen, Banff, and Braemar.

* Born February 20th.

SILENT STRINGS.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Lady Dye's Reparation," "A Cluster of Roses," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

RECOVERING.



THE crisis came; it came at one o'clock in the morning, when Kate was sitting by the bed, and Addy crouching by the fire in unspeakable pain. Sis had been so completely a part of herself that she had not realised how well she had loved her.

"You don't keep on saying that your right arm is dear to you," she said. "You just feel that life would be awful without it, and that's what I feel about Sis." So she crouched, putting on fuel with noiseless fingers, and looking across the room to the face on the pillow.

She lay with her head turned towards Kate; and presently she woke up calmly, and uttered Kate's name in a whispering voice. Kate rose at once, and brought the cup from which she fed her, and the food was willingly taken. Then she fell asleep again, slumbering quite peacefully till the light lay broad upon the room, and the faces of the two watchers looked white and wan with the long strain.

They knew then that their household pet was going to get well. The doctor came, and Addy met him at the head of the stairs with a sob of thankfulness which checked her speech. He understood her perfectly, and entered the sick-room with a quiet step and a smile of assurance. Sis looked up and smiled back; life was beginning to feel sweet, and she wanted to recover.

She mended rapidly. Two days later Addy, with a heart full of rest, went out to walk in the sunshine of a wintry afternoon. She was just in the right mood to enjoy a good walk, for Sis was asleep, and Kate sitting comfortably in an easy-chair with a new novel. Set free at last from the long pressure of anxiety, she could look about and notice all the tokens of the advancing year. While they had been worrying and watching, the spring had come nearer and nearer to the frost-bound earth, opening a cluster of snowdrops here, and a lilac or golden crocus there, covering the delicate network of the old trees with dim green. She turned her face away from the town and followed the Woodstock road, until the houses grew fewer, and there were fields and gardens, and pools of water shining in the quiet light of the chill day.

Everything that she saw could be worked into the background of a new story. Even her recent sorrow could be used and made the most of; Addy was an industrious writer who wasted nothing; she described scenes, emotions, comedies and tragedies just as they came in her way. Her busy pen turned every trifle to account; she was always on the alert. Walking briskly, with head erect, her keen hazel eyes took note of all that an ordinary gazer would have passed by.

Someone who was on the other side of the road suddenly caught sight of her and crossed over. It was Lance Hervie.

"This is a surprise," said Addy, uttering the first words that came into her head. "We thought you were miles away."

"I have been miles away since I saw you," he answered. "But I came back to Oxford last night. My mother has just had some property left her in this neighbourhood, and I've been looking it over. Are your sisters quite well?"

"No." Addy spoke bluntly. "Kate is worn out with nursing, and Sis has been very near death."

The keen eyes, studying his face, saw that it changed quickly and grew pale.

"Near death," he repeated in a low voice.

"Yes; she caught cold after the Radcliffes' At Home, and then got worse and worse. We have gone through some very dark days, Mr. Hervie."

"And now?" he said breathlessly.

"Now she is out of danger, and I've ventured to get a walk at last. For weeks we haven't dared to leave the house; night and day we have been watching, watching till we could hardly bear the strain. And she is still so weak, poor child!"

There was silence; Addy remembered afterwards that a small bird chirped on the twigs of the leafless hedge, and then suddenly took flight. She could always recall the look on Lance's face; it haunted her for many a day, when this troubled time had become only a memory. He was so white, so stern in his sorrow.

"I must see her," he said at last. "Miss Wilmer, will you tell me when I may see her again?"

"I can't." Addy's heart was throbbing fast. "You don't know how weak she is; a very little thing would upset her now."

"I would be on my guard——" he began to say. And then she stopped him with an angry light in her hazel eyes.

"Why do you trouble about her? You have somebody who claims all your thoughts—the lady you are going to marry."

When she had spoken the words, she grew pale to the lips; the excitement was almost more than she could bear. She was indignant with this man who had made her poor Sis so miserable; she felt that she must fling a dart at him, cost what it might. And the dart went straight home.

"What lady?" he said haughtily. "No one has any claim on me; you're greatly mistaken, Miss Wilmer, I assure you."

Addy began to cool. She was a little ashamed of herself and her angry outburst.

"Judith Fayne wrote to Sis," she explained, "and announced your engagement. She sent a photograph of yourself and Miss Willis. You must remember the picture, I think; she is reclining in a chair, and you——"

"Yes, yes," he interrupted impatiently. "It is a scene from a play in which we acted together—an amateur affair got up for the benefit of our cottage hospital. As to the photographs, they are done by an amateur, too; and I suppose Miss Fayne bought one. What a fiend that girl is! She has told a deliberate lie."

He stopped short, half choked with rage. Looking at him in a frightened way, Addy thought that she had never seen anyone in such a passion before. And yet his anger made her strangely glad—glad for the sake of poor little Sis, who had not been mistaken in him, after all.

"We have never liked Miss Fayne," she said, at last. "And we were always sorry that Sis ever knew her. I hope they will never meet again."

"They must never meet again." Lance was decided, and very stern. "And now tell me, please, when I can see her."

"Oh, I don't know, Mr. Hervie! She is still very weak, and we mustn't run any risk."

"But I won't be put off," he declared. "Let me know when she is able to leave her room. I shall come to inquire to-morrow morning."

"Then I'll tell Kate that you are coming," Addy said, with a smile. "And she will do what is best, I am sure; but we must take great care of Sis, just for the present."

"She must be taken care of, all her life."

Something in the firm voice, and in the determined look on the well-cut face, assured Addy that her sister's future was in good hands. She finished her walk in a dream of days to come, and felt as if she had taken an excursion into fairyland.

"Why, Addy, you look quite excited!"

This was from Kate, who stood at the head of the stairs, looking down at her as she came in.

"I am excited," Addy confessed, drawing quick breaths as she came upstairs. "Oh, Kate, we have all been too hard on Mr. Hervie! He wants to see Sis; I'm sure he has something important to say."

Kate looked doubtful.

"Addy, are you quite sure you are not deceiving yourself?"

"Quite sure." She lowered her voice, mindful of the sick sister. "He told me about the photographs; they had been acting a play, and the portraits were sold for the benefit of a local charity. Of course, no one ever thought that Judith Fayne would buy one and send it to Sis."

"I said that there was something theatrical about that picture." Kate spoke thoughtfully. "Still, if I had been Lance Hervie, I would not have had myself photographed with a woman if I did not love her."

"Let me look at the hateful thing again," said Addy.

Kate turned, and went along the passage to her own room. Then she came back, holding the large envelope in her hand, and they examined the photograph at the landing window.

"Look here!" Addy exclaimed. "Don't you see two shadowy forms in the background? There's the faint outline of a face behind the chair. It's a little girl's face."

The truth dawned on Kate. This was a group, and Judith, for reasons of her own, had caused one of the figures to be effaced. She felt a conviction that Lance Hervie was true. Why had she been so ready to doubt him? Why had they made such a fuss about a trifle? Only because Judith had deceived them with her lying pen.

"Perhaps the world isn't quite as bad as we think it to be," said Addy. "I'll tone down the villain in my last story; he was too black. But what are you going to do with Sis?"

Kate considered.

"I think he may see her to-morrow; she is really a great deal stronger," she decided at last. "Only I must prepare her, and make her very calm and sensible."

"It will all be settled—I feel it," Addy said. "Now, Kate, I'm convinced that I shall be always the literary spinster, married to my pen; and Sis will be the great lady, reigning over an ancestral hall. I like the prospect very much, don't you?"

Kate smiled, looking at her with the grey eyes which had Claud's steadfast expression.

"Yes, I like the prospect," she answered. "Sis in the ancestral hall was quite in her right place. I am going to talk to her when I have given her some tea. Don't forget to attend to father, Addy; try to amuse him, won't you? You mustn't be always seeing visions when you are sitting with him, you know."

Addy went downstairs to minister to Dr. Wilmer's wants, and listen to his ideas on the infirmary question; and Kate turned back to the pretty room where Sis was pillowed up in an easy-chair. All her delicate beauty was at its best just then; she had gained strength faster than they had dared to hope.

"Child," she said, sitting down by her side, "it is good to see you so much brighter to-day. We think that you may venture downstairs to-morrow afternoon."

Sis sighed with satisfaction.

"Why, Kate, it seems as if I'd been up here for years. How strange it will be to see the old rooms looking just the same! Of course you will put me into the study."

"The drawing-room——" Kate began; but the girl stopped her at once.

"Oh, no, Kate; the dear old shabby room, please! I am just longing to see it again."

"But supposing someone is coming to call on you—someone you are not expecting. Sis, there has been a dreadful muddle about that photograph; Judith is a great story-teller, and Mr. Hervie has never been engaged to Miss Willis at all. Do you want to meet him again?"

(*To be continued.*)

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

DESIGNING FOR COMMERCIAL PURPOSES.—*What kind of designing could a girl be recommended to study? I like designing for wall papers, but I am informed that that is not very paying. Could I design china ware for the Potteries? I am attending a school of art in the Midlands, but could not come to London.*—BETSY.

The competition in wall-paper designing is undoubtedly great, because this class of work is easier than some. As our correspondent lives near the Potteries, we think she might do very wisely to try to get into a china factory. A great deal of the cheaper ware is made at Hanley, while the more delicate kinds come from Southport, and other places in Worcestershire. The salaries paid to china painters in factories are low; but in order to gain experience it would be quite worth while to work for a time at a small wage. There are also considerable possibilities in actual pottery-making. For instance, there are several ladies (of whom Miss Vulliamy in Kensington is one of the best known) who design pottery and obtain a good sale for their handiwork. In this case a working potter is employed to fire the clay. We have been told by a vendor of artistic handiwork that in his opinion a good sale could be obtained for bedroom ware of new designs. Most of the goods of this kind sold in shops are extremely unattractive and show hardly any variety. Designers of brocades and carpets are pretty well paid; but no one can succeed in either of these employments who has not made a thorough study of the weaving processes. It is difficult to acquire much knowledge of artistic handicrafts in a small town, but there are good schools of applied art in London, Birmingham and some other of the more important cities.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than one question may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of "The Girl's Own Paper," 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.



TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

MADE CLEAR.—Can you follow the events of our dear Lord's life and note the place that women had in ministering to Him and yet doubt for a moment that a woman's soul is equally precious in God's sight with that of a man? Are not both alike the creatures of God's hand and formed in His image, with only the differences incidental to the sexes? Surely, the very verse which has proved a stumbling-block to you solves the difficulty. "God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; *male and female* created He them." If you were to limit the image of God to the first man, which you would do by such a narrow interpretation, how about all the male descendants of Adam? Man, in the verse you quote, stands for mankind—the whole human race. Note this verse: "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." The word is the same, but does it not refer to all the human beings who had increased and multiplied—the "all flesh that had corrupted his way upon all the earth"? The one thing that defaces the image of God in man and woman equally is sin, and in regard to this you find nothing to intimate a difference between the sexes. Be comforted, dear girl. There is nothing that I know of in God's Word to justify your troubled thoughts. You say that you feel better and stronger after reading the Circle answers. I trust this reply will cheer and comfort you. Read St. Mark iii. 35; also the next reply.

SCOTCH LASSIE.—My dear, I do not wonder that you feel lonely after such a sudden bereavement and the continued illness of others nearest and dearest to you. It was worst of all for you to have lost a sense of Christ's presence; but, oh, how glad I am to know that some words of mine cheered you and brought you—by the blessing of God upon them—"nearer to your Lord." Now you send me delightful news, for you write, "Christ has found me, helped me, and I have felt Him near to me like an 'Elder Brother.' I cannot tell how much I love Him, and it makes me so happy to know that He understands, if those around do not. I ask His guidance when I do not know what to do and in every trouble. Am I right in looking to Jesus in this way? I am so afraid not to honour Him enough and rightly; but I read in my Bible that He said, 'Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother and my sister and mother.'" Jesus is often alluded to as our "Elder Brother," and there is a passage in Romans in which the Son of God is named as the "first-born amongst many brethren." So you see, by faith in Christ, obedience to God's will, and love for Him, you can claim the precious name of "sister." I wish I could give all your letter, but there is one bit I must say a word about. "The title of mother-friend is so nice. I look on you as a sort of mother, for you speak just as I would like mamma to speak. I suppose God has let me know you, to make up." To you and all my precious girl correspondents I must say, "Do not take me in place of a mother unless you have not one living. A mother-friend, helper or deputy can never fill the place of a true loving mother. She may be an adjunct but not the real thing. Try each of you to come nearer to your mother, unless—which God forbid—there should be any terrible cause of estrangement between you. You are a member of my Twilight Circle like every other reader, and if not a reader, your want of help is your qualification. I return your salute, and pray "May God help you."

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANXIOUS.—Wash your face thoroughly in hot soft water every night when you go to bed. Use some mild soap (vinolia, or curd, or coal-tar are good) on a loofah, and rub your face well, making a lather all over it; then wash the soap off, and rub a little glycerine and lemon-juice into your skin (you mix the glycerine and lemon in equal parts and keep it in a bottle), and then dab your face dry with a soft towel. Only use soft water on your face. If the water is hard in the town you live in, try to get rain-water. Only wash your face once a day in this thorough way. In France they massage the face with milk, and this is very good for whitening the skin. Take a little milk and rub it thoroughly in until the skin is dry.

BOY READER had better go to the Heralds' College. He will have to prove to the satisfaction of the College of Arms legitimate male descent from some person to whom a grant of arms has been made. Failing this, there is no alternative, if he desires to use arms, but to obtain a grant of arms himself. Of course, no end of people use bogus arms. The use of arms is the assertion of one's gentility, just as the use of a coronet advertises the fact that the user is a Peer. They say that the proportion of people who use bogus arms is about 50 per cent. I suppose BOY READER knows that there is a tax for using a crest. The address of the College of Arms, or Heralds' College, is Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

B. W. D.—I think you are quite right to wish to be baptised. You had better write to the Vicar of the place where you are, and ask him to help you about it. Do not wait to lead a holier life before you take this step. Take the step at once. The Bible says, "Repent and be baptised." You need not feel yourself a hypocrite. You can do nothing in your own strength; but if you ask Him, and try to keep close to Him, Christ will give you His Holy Spirit to help you to overcome temptation. You have put your hand to the plough; do not turn back. I do ask you not to delay, but immediately to take this step. I shall not forget to pray for you that strength may be given you. Do remember in your home-life that if everything were smooth for you, you would have no opportunity of practising Christian virtues. You must get into the habit of self-recollectedness, and offer up a short ejaculatory prayer, such as, "O God, help me!" when you are tempted to speak unkindly to your brothers and sisters. Some day, I think, we shall bless and thank God for all the sorrows and troubles and difficulties we experience in this life. Meanwhile, take the first step. You are repentant; you have a strong faith in God; put the Divine seal upon it.

PEGGY.—A large jeweller in London says that 1901 pennies will be worthless, except for their value as the twelfth part of a shilling. I think your writing is too upright to be pretty, but I expect it will improve as you grow older.

BIRDIE.—We do not know what you mean by your question. The "third murmur of the heart" is not known to the medical profession. We are sorry not to be able to answer.

A DORSET GIRL.—I think that you would find a properly-made belt a great help and support to your back. You could get this made at the Domen Belt Company; their shop is opposite the Grand Hotel, Charing Cross.



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SILENT STRINGS.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Lady Dye's Reparation," "A Cluster of Roses," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

SIS.

THE Wilmers did not use their drawing-room very often; Addy was wont to declare that it had an air of faded grandeur, and laughed at the dim carpet and old cushions which no one cared to renew. They had very few visitors, because Dr. Wilmer disliked them, and if they had not been deeply interested in their own lives, they would have had a dull home.

"Kate, I can't bear it," said Sis, when they were exchanging the bedroom wrapper for a pretty tea-gown.



"HE ROSE AND CAME CLOSE TO THE SIDE OF THE OLD ARM-CHAIR."

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"I must be in the dear old study after all. Don't you know that I used to describe the room to Mr. Hervie?"

"You shall have your way," Kate answered, knitting her brows slightly. "But what will he think of that awful old den? We might have freshened it up a little if we had known that you wouldn't be anywhere else."

"Don't worry about it, dear," said Sis. She had a clear light in her eyes, and a soft glow in her cheeks. "I do not believe he will despise my favourite sanctum. Have you told him that I am not strong, and that you indulge my fancies?"

"Addy told him," Kate said sadly. "Dear Sis, I wish you were not quite so highly strung. Sometimes I think that you have never got over the dreadful night when that horrid man's horse ran away. What an escape you had! It is well to remember a past trouble when you are near a present joy."

Sis's beautiful grey eyes opened wonderingly.

"Kate, you talk like a book. And when you talk in that way, I always know that you are giving me a hint of a secret. What is the present joy? Just a visit from a kind friend, that is all."

"Sis, there is something deeper than friendship. I have had a note which I have shown to no one—not even to Addy. It will not be mentioned to father unless you wish him to know."

"To know what?"

Sis asked the question involuntarily. She was preparing herself to hear the answer, breathing quickly, with colour coming and going, and yet strangely quiet.

"To know if you love him. Dear, he has not been sure of you; when he met you at the Radcliffes' you were so distant and unlike yourself. It is not a light thing to give a man your promise, Sis; it means giving yourself up to him for a life-time. Not a little bit of yourself, remember, but your all. Are you ready to do this unreservedly? Don't make a mistake; love is not a mere mood, it is not a passing emotion; it is a great gift, given once and for ever."

Kate paused, and Sis, growing paler, sat with eyes cast down for a moment. Then she looked up brightly, and there was an expression of resolve in her face.

"I am certain of myself now," she said. "If—if he wants me, Kate, he shall not be disappointed in me. It won't be easy at first to fill the position—I feel it—but I shall grow into my place. Don't doubt me; I know I shall be calm and strong."

The elder sister's hands hovered round her with loving care, arranging the soft folds of the dark-blue cashmere, and putting a bunch of white violets in the lace about the white throat. She led her downstairs into the study, established her in the easy-chair, and sat down beside her to wait for the ringing of the door-bell.

It came very soon. Kate met Lance Hervie with her usual quiet grace, said a few words, and then glided away, leaving him alone with the slim girl in the old chair. She had never looked prettier than she did at that moment, and if a soft flush came and went, there was not the slightest tinge of awkwardness in her shyness. A hush reigned in the room, only broken by the crackling of the fire; the scent of the white violets floated over to Lance as he sat on the other side of the hearth.

"So Miss Judith Fayne has been telling fibs about me," he began, "and very bad fibs, too. Now I'm going to have it all out with you, Sis. Why were you so ready to believe the nonsense written by a spiteful woman? Why didn't you burn that disgusting photograph out of hand? I'll tear up every copy I can get hold of, and stamp upon the pieces. Photography is one of the bitterest penalties of advanced civilisation; you can't escape it, it's sure to do you an ill turn in the long run. I love you, Sis, and I've come straight here on purpose to say so."

Sis felt herself suddenly overwhelmed by a great sunlit wave of happiness. Was it all real? She had expected it, but now that it had come it had taken her breath clean away. He rose, and came close to the side of the old arm-chair, and took the answer which somehow was never spoken in words.

Tea and the sisters came in together; then Kate went off to her father, and Addy and Lance were made friends.

"You must come to Woodmere with Sis when the weather gets a little warmer," he said. "And I warn you that I sha'n't stay there in single blessedness long. The old place wants its mistress, the mother wants her daughter, and I want my wife."

Afterwards, when the door had closed upon him, the girls began to talk about the changed life that lay before Sis. So the child of the family would be provided for! The household pet was to have a big house of her own.

"It seems only yesterday that we found you sitting here under an umbrella with your doll's tea-things, fancying yourself a great lady in your own ancestral hall. A little later you used to lean gracefully out of that old bay-window, pretending that a true knight was singing a love-song below. Oh, Sis, all your dreams are coming true!"

Addy stroked the girl's delicate cheek as she spoke, and a hush fell upon them both. The flames leaped up in the grate, casting flickering lights over the shabby old room, and touching now and then the discarded banjo in the corner. Addy's eyes rested on it for a moment, and her thoughts flew swiftly to the brother who was far away.

"We'll write and tell Drew all about it," she said.

The sweet spring days went quickly by, and it soon became evident that the Hervies were resolved to hurry on the marriage. So the wedding came off in May, when all the apple-trees were full of rosy bloom, and the delicate green of the young leaves shaded the familiar walks and walls. They were married in the old church of St. Giles, where Bishop Juxon preached the funeral sermon for Charles the First, a church which is always haunted by shadows of the past. But the wedding group was distinctly modern, and never was there a sweeter bride. Only two bridesmaids attended Sis—Addy and Amice, wearing dresses of mauve and white, and carrying bouquets of lilac. Kate and Mrs. Hinton kept close together. Claud's voice faltered a little when he pronounced the blessing, but there was no display of emotion, no tear in Sis's beautiful grey eyes.

Yet, when the carriage bore the couple away to the railway station, the bride began to realise that she had turned her back on the old home for ever. It was a long farewell to the house at the corner of the street, and the garden where she had dreamed her childish dreams. The new life was sweet, but it was like the first draught of rich wine to one who has only drunk of a crystal spring.

As to the Wilmers, the day seemed to them to be taken out of someone else's history, and put into their own lives by a freak of fate. When the few wedding-guests had departed, they began to wander about the house in an unusual way, collecting the trifles scattered about here and there, and feeling their hearts swell when they came upon traces of Sis. Quite suddenly Addy seized upon an old wrapper, much faded and

mended, and conjured up a vision of the slim figure which had been enveloped in its folds. Then, for the first time, she burst out crying, and Kate shed a few silent tears.

"O-o-o, she'll never wear it any more!" wailed Addy, wiping her streaming eyes.

"I hope not," said Kate, laughing a little. "The poor old thing shall be sent to Mrs. Till; she's quite a cripple now, you know. Yes, Addy, there's something infinitely pathetic in old clothes. Sis's personality lingers in the shabby gown, doesn't it? Don't sit there hugging it any more."

"Isn't it delightful to picture Judith Fayne's misery?" Addy said, with a sudden change from grief to mirth. "The very thing that she has feared has come to pass. I believe it often does; she took infinite pains to part those two, and she has helped to bring them together. A woman's spite turned wrong to right, and brought a perfect love to light! You see I am flowering out into poetry. I wonder how Judith's dreadful cousin feels, Kate!"

"Don't waste a thought upon them," Kate answered. "We have so much to think over; that new cloak of hers must be sent after her as soon as possible. Let us try to realise that this is not a dream, but a very real bit of life."

Addy, who was sitting on a low stool, got up with a sigh, and glanced at the little vacant bed on the other side of the room. Then she followed Kate downstairs, and found the doctor dozing in his easy-chair. How quiet the house would be in the coming days! Only the two daughters and the old father to sit down to the table and wander into the garden to see what flowers were in bloom.

Weeks came and went, and Sis's letters sang a happy song of hopes fulfilled and heart's delight. Amice came every day to the Wilmers', and the three young women grew older and wiser, as women often do when a sister-companion is taken away.

The weather waxed sultry at the end of June; the garden was at its best in the early morning, and Kate, lingering there before breakfast, caught the sound of the postman's knock. She hastened indoors, carrying a bunch of pink roses, and took three letters out of the box. One was in Drew's handwriting, large and firm and round.

Addy, running downstairs with light feet, found Kate sitting in the hall chair with the roses and letters in her lap. She looked up with such a brightness in her face that Addy wondered.

"Drew is coming home," she said. "Dear Drew! Such a strange thing has happened to him! It seems that he has been very kind to an old man who had no son—and—oh, Addy!—the man is dead, and has left him a fortune."

It was difficult to realise such a grand fact, of course. The doctor took it in slowly, bit by bit, and long before he had absorbed it all, Amice came in with a deep flush on her charming face.

"I must talk over the great news," cried she. "He has written to me." (There was but one "he.") "And I can't think what he will do with such a heap of money. A big fortune—just think of it! We have never known how it feels to have lots to spend, have we? Drew has always been so natural and so simple in his habits, one can't imagine him buying horses and carriages, and living in luxury."

"Well, I hope he won't," said Addy. "I hope he'll 'never go too fine.' You are not ambitious, Amice, are you?"

"Oh, no!" Amice's roses deepened. "A homely life suits me best, but the thought of Drew's responsibilities is rather overwhelming. I don't like thorough-bred horses myself; they would be always bolting and upsetting my nerves. Now, Kate, what do you think of it all?"

"I shall have to think of it steadily for a week, and then I will tell you," Kate said. "We have never had such a great thrill before. Somehow I wasn't quite unprepared for Sis's marriage; events led up to it, you see. But this has taken away my breath."

"He is coming straight home," Amice went on. "I can fancy how busy you will be, getting ready his old room. Won't the banjo be glad to see him again?"

There was a sweet burst of girlish laughter. Kate and Addy looked at Amice with eyes full of meaning; then Kate asked demurely if the banjo were the only one that would be glad to see Drew?

"I'll tie a blue ribbon round the dear old thing," said Addy; but she forgot all about it before the day was over.

More weeks came and went. And one evening, when the garden was flushed with the sunset, Amice was strolling up and down the long path alone. Her mother was indoors, talking to the doctor and Kate; Addy had made a rush into the study to get some pages of manuscript. She wanted to read something to her friend, and presently she appeared at the bay-window, looking down at the beautiful girl under the trees.

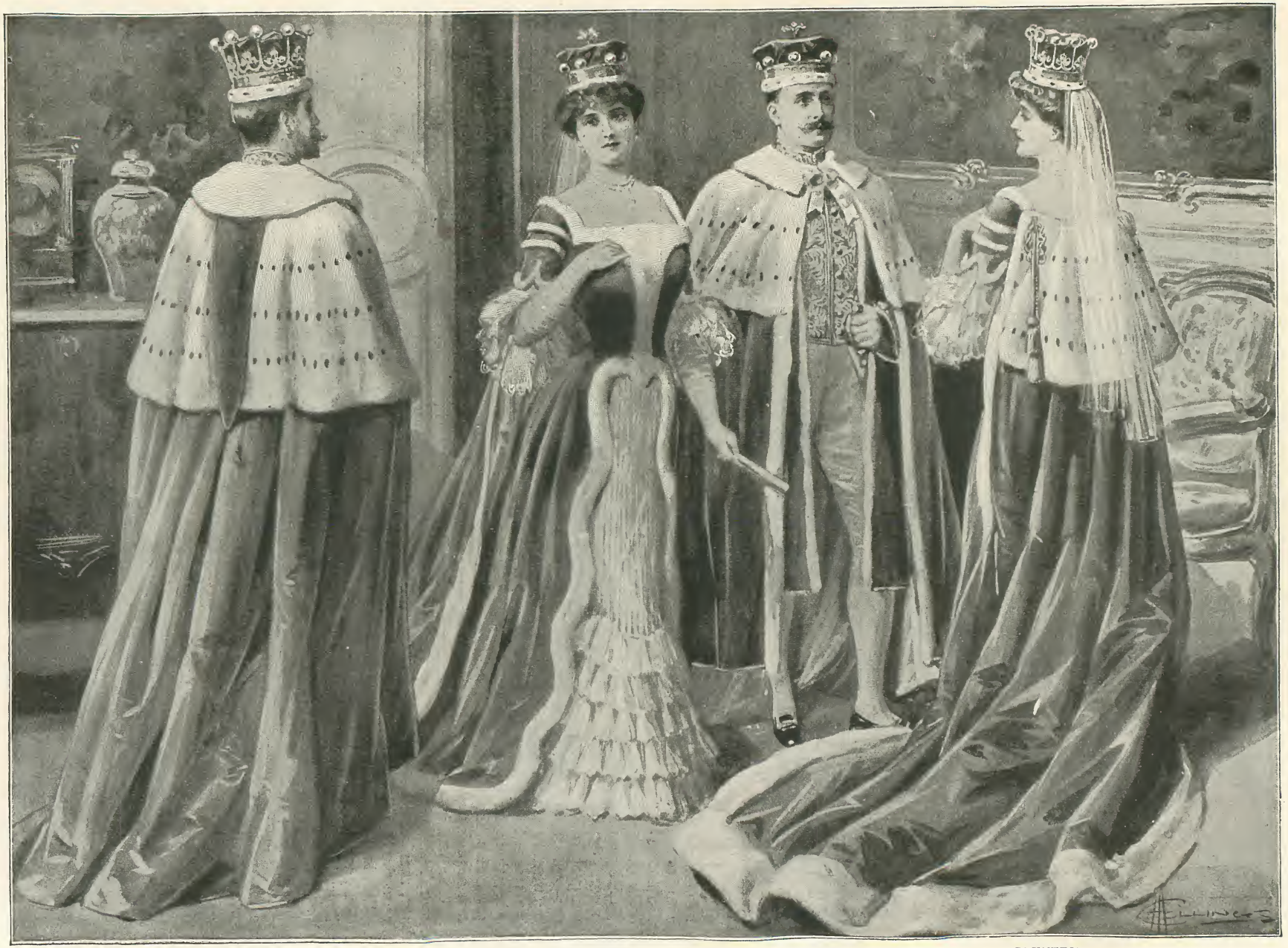
"There you are," she cried, "with the low light shining on your golden head! What a picture you make 'in maiden meditation'! Yes, Amice, somebody ought to hang you on the line in the Academy."

At that moment a man bounded through the door that led into the garden, and Addy's sentence ended in a shriek. They had not expected him so soon; but it was really Drew, bronzed to a nut-brown, who seized upon Amice without the least ceremony, and put an end to the maiden meditation.

"Let's look at you!" he said. "It's you; the 'you' I've seen every hour since I went away. Why, Amice, I have never lost sight of you at all, and now I wonder how many thoughts you have given to me!"

(*To be concluded.*)





EARL. BARONESS. BARON. COUNTESS.

REGULATION ROBES FOR THE FORTHCOMING CORONATION.

CORONATION ROBES OF OUR ENGLISH QUEENS.

By the Rev. T. F. THISELTON-DYER, M.A.

It was stated recently that the coronation robes of Queen Adelaide, the Consort of William IV., which have been preserved in Brodie Castle, Morayshire, had been sent by request to her Majesty Queen Alexandra, a circumstance which suggests a brief survey of some of the magnificent and costly garments worn by our queens at their coronations. In many cases, however, the information afforded on this point is scanty, but sufficient is generally told us to show the lavish expenditure which was, regardless of cost, laid out on their royal garments, which necessarily have formed one of the most important items in the wardrobe accounts of our sovereigns. Thus a contemporary account eulogising the virtues of Matilda of Scotland, Queen Consort of Henry I., gives a glowing picture of her "modest and maidenly deportment as enhancing her youthful charms when with blushes that outvied the crimson of her royal robe, she stood at the altar, invested with her regal insignia, a virgin queen and bride in whom the hopes of England hailed the future mother of a mighty line of kings." It was on the occasion of her bridal coronation that Henry of Huntingdon thus addressed these lines to the lovely Adelicia of Louvaine, surnamed the "fair maid of Brabant," second Queen of Henry I.—

> "Your crown and jewels, when compared to you,
> How poor your crown, how pale your jewels show!
> Take off your robes, your rich attire remove,
> Such pomps may load you, but ne'er can improve;
> In vain your costly ornaments are worn,
> You they obscure, while others they adorn.
> Ah! What new lustre can these trifles give,
> Which all their beauty from your charms receive!"

The coronation ceremonial of Henry II. and Eleanora of Aquitaine were conducted in a sumptuous fashion, and on this occasion were to be seen costumes of the richest brocade brought by the Queen from Constantinople. The Queen, who appears to have had decidedly extravagant tastes, took care that no expense should be spared, and hence every part of her dress was carried out in the same magnificent style. Her effigy, says Planché in his *British Costume*, exhibits a robe and mantle covered with golden crescents. Perhaps one of the most romantic and unconventional coronations of a queen consort was that of the pretty Berengaria of Navarre in Cyprus. According to an old writer, "in the joyous month of May, 1191," Richard I., who had overcome the Cypriots, "in the flourishing and spacious Isle of Cyprus, celebrated as the very abode of the goddess of love, solemnly took to wife his beloved Lady Berengaria." It appears that acting on the advice of his valiant Crusaders, who were present to assist at his nuptials, Richard was crowned King of Cyprus, and his bride Queen of England and Cyprus. Some idea of the charms of the Queen on this auspicious occasion may be gathered from the effigy at Espau, which, writes Miss Strickland, "represents her as a bride, a circumstance which is ascertained by the flowing tresses. Her hair is parted *à la vierge* on the brow; a transparent veil, pendant on each side like the Spanish mantillas, covers the rich tresses at their length. The veil is confined by a regal diadem of peculiar splendour, studded with several bands of gems, and surmounted by *fleurs-de-lis*, to which so much foliage is added as to give it the appearance of a double crown, perhaps because she was crowned Queen of Cyprus as well as of England.

From all accounts the coronation robes of Eleanor of Provence, Queen Consort of Henry III., were some of the most gorgeous ever seen in this country, being provided by the King without the slightest regard to expense. Nothing, indeed, was spared to make the attire of his lovely Queen as magnificent and dazzling as possible; and it is no matter of surprise that heavy disbursements, which seriously crippled him, had to be made to meet the demands on his purse. This lavish expense, too, was extended to the dress of the citizens of London, who at the coronation ceremony were arranged in superb garments known as cyclades, a kind of upper robe, made of velvet worked with gold. But it would seem that one of the most striking and conspicuous features of the Queen's dress was the imposing display of jewellery which she wore, and which, if valued at the present computation, would have been worth an enormous sum, its value even at this period having been estimated at thirty thousand pounds. And in keeping with all this costly grandeur was the coronation gift of her sister, Queen Marguerite of France, which consisted of a large silver peacock, the massive tail of which was studded with sapphires and pearls, in addition to other precious stones. This beautiful and artistic piece of work was used as a receptacle for perfumed waters which were forced out of its beak into a basin of chased silver.

One month after his marriage, Edward II. addressed a letter to his nobles commanding "their attendance with their Consorts at Westminster to assist at the coronation solemnity of himself and his Consort, Isabella Queen of England"—a document which has a special interest as being the first royal summons in which the wives of the peers of England are included. The beautiful young Queen, whose charms had already caused her to be designated "Isabella the Fair," was the object of universal admiration, and so great was the desire to see her arrayed in her royal coronation robes that many serious accidents occurred, Sir John Bakewell being trodden to death. The ceremonial was not only one of extraordinary splendour, but the Queen's outfit in the interval of a month that had elapsed between her marriage and coronation had been such as to excite curiosity and wonderment; for the wardrobe which she had brought for the purpose with her to England consisted of dresses made of gold and silver material velvet, and shot taffety. There were six dresses of green cloth from Douay, six beautifully marbled, and six of rose scarlet; and, in addition to costly garments of this kind, she possessed two gold crowns beautifully decorated with precious stones. At such a time when she was the admired of all classes, it seemed incredible that the epithet of "She-wolf of France" could ever have been applied to her.

On the other hand, it seems that Margaret of Anjou's wardrobe was very scantily furnished for her bridal and coronation ceremony; and from the following entry we are told how, on her arrival at Southampton, a messenger was sent to London to give orders for an English dressmaker to wait on her. "To John Pole, valet, sent from Southampton to London by command of the Marquis of Suffolk, with 3 horses, for Margaret Chamberlayne, tyre-maker, to bring her into the presence of the lady Queen, for divers affairs touching the said lady Queen. For the expenses going and coming, by gift of the queen, £1." But despite the poor dower of Margaret and her want of adequate means to provide herself with robes suitable for the occasion, her beauty, at any rate, obtained for her a loyal and enthusiastic welcome from her new subjects. And during her progress through London the nobles wore her emblem flower—the daisy, to which compliment Drayton thus alludes—

> "Of either sex who doth not now delight
> To wear the daisy of Queen Margaret?"

Not much time was allowed for the preparation of the coronation gown of Anne of Warwick, Queen Consort of Richard III., as the material was only bought two days before the ceremony, as may be gathered from an entry in one of the Harleian MSS., where an order is given to one "Piers Curteys" to deliver for the use of the Queen four and

a half yards of purple cloth of gold upon damask, July 3rd. Accordingly, as Agnes Strickland remarks, "Short time had the tyre-women of Anne of Warwick to display their skill in the fitting of her regal robes, since this garment was to be worn on the 5th of the same month." The coronation however, we are told, took place with an unusual display of pageantry, much of which had been prepared for the unfortunate Edward V.

The coronation of Henry VII. was hurried over with less ceremonial than usual, but that of the Queen in 1487 was attended with all the pomp customary on similar occasions. In her state progress through the city she was apparelled in a magnificent robe of white cloth of gold damasked with a mantle of the same furred with ermine, fastened "with a great lace of gold and silk, and rich knobs of gold tasseled at the ends; her fair, yellow hair hanging down plain behind her back, confined only on the forehead by a circlet of gold ornamented with precious stones." On the following day she was robed in a kirtle of purple velvet, furred with bands of ermine.

On the day before his coronation, Henry VIII., with his newly-married bride, Queen Katherine, passed in triumph from the Tower to Westminster, an interesting account of which state progress will be found in Hall's *Chronicle*. On this memorable occasion the Queen was attired as a bride in white embroidered satin, "her hair hanging down her back to a very great length, beautiful and goodly to behold, and on her head was a coronet set with many rich orient stones."

Like her predecessors, Anne Boleyn, on the eve of her coronation made her royal progress, which, it is recorded, was "a goodly sight" for splendour, dressed in a surcoat of silver tissue, and a mantle of the same furred with ermine. Her hair, after the fashion of the time, was allowed to hang down over her shoulders, but on her head she wore a coif, with a circlet newly-studded with precious stones. She must have presented an imposing appearance, as we learn from Hall's *Chronicle* that "Over her was borne a canopy of cloth of gold, with four gilt staves and four silver bells, for the bearing of which sixteen knights were appointed to take their turns according to their own arrangement." On the following day, June 1st, arrayed in her robe of purple velvet lined with ermine and the circlet she had on the preceding day, her train borne by the old Duchess of Norfolk and followed by the female nobility of England in scarlet velvet, she proceeded to Westminster Abbey, where she was crowned, an honour which was not shared by the king's four subsequent Queens.

The pageantry at the coronation of Mary, the first queen regnant of England, was elaborate, a full account of which has been given by Holinshed. According to a contemporary document, she proceeded from Westminster Hall to the Abbey for her coronation in her Parliamentary robes of crimson velvet, with a mantle of crimson velvet powdered with ermines. On the day before her coronation, when she made her progress through London, she was robed in a gown of purple velvet furred with powdered ermine, and, writes Holinshed, "She had on her head a cawl of cloth of tinsel set with pearls and stones, and above it a round circlet of gold, also so richly set with precious stones that the value thereof was inestimable, and so ponderous were the cawl and circlet together that she was fain to bear up her head with her hand."

The coronation robes of Queen Elizabeth we find enumerated in the list of her Majesty's wardrobe: "Foirte-one mantle of cloth of gold, tissued with gold and silver, furred with powdered ermines, with a mantle lace of silk and gold, with buttons and tassels to the same. Item—One kirtle of the same tissue, the train and skirt furred with powdered ermines, the vest lined with sarceoint, with a paire of bodies and sleeves to the same." An amusing little anecdote characteristic of Elizabeth is told respecting the anointing, which part of the coronation ceremony she greatly disliked, as when it was finished, and she retired to change her dress, she remarked to her maids "that the oil was grease and smelled ill."

The double coronation of James I. and Anne of Denmark was performed in as quiet a way as possible owing to the terrible prevalence of the plague. Details respecting the ceremony are somewhat meagre, but we are told that "Queen Anne went to the coronation with her seemly hair hanging down on her princely shoulders, and on her head a crownet of gold."

The coronation robes of Mary Beatrice, Queen Consort of James II., were of purple velvet, furred with ermine, and looped with ropes and tassels of pearls. Her kirtle of rich white and silver brocade was ornamented with pearls and precious stones, with a stomacher very profusely set with jewels. On her head she wore a cap of purple velvet, turned up with ermine, powdered with gems, and a circlet of gold very richly adorned with large diamonds and a row of pearls round the outer edge. The prints published by Sandford of this coronation represent the Queen with her hair worn very low and with a profusion of long ringlets on either side of her face, while Fountainhall, in his *Historic Observer*, says that "the jewels she had on were reckoned worth a million, which made her shine like an angel." In after years—an exile and a widow—she was wont to remark that "she had never taken any pleasure in the envied name of a queen," but she would descant on the magnificence of her coronation, and "My dress and royal mantle," said she, "were covered with precious stones, and it took all the jewels that all the goldsmiths could procure to decorate my crown. Of all these nothing was lost except one small diamond worth about 40s."

Evelyn, who was present at the coronation of William III. and Queen Mary II., tells us that "much of the splendour of the proceeding was abated by the absence of divers who should have contributed to it," but, of course, the circumstances were peculiar. The Queen, it appears, received the news of her father's landing in Ireland just after the completion of her toilet, and on leaving Whitehall she was attired in her Parliamentary robes, furred with ermine, wearing on her head a gold circlet richly adorned with precious stones; but the ceremony itself, which was unduly prolonged and marked by various untoward incidents, caused Mary to look hot and flushed, and when commiserated by her sister, she made the well-known rejoinder, "A crown, sister, is not so heavy as it appears."

Queen Anne, although only thirty-eight years old when she ascended the throne, had suffered so much from gout and corpulence that occasionally she lost the use of her feet, as unfortunately happened at the time of her coronation; but this did not prevent her appearing at the ceremony in a long train, which, according to ancient custom, was borne by the peeress of the highest rank among the female aristocracy of England. Her state of health, however, completely forbade her making the same display as her predecessors, for even her coronation medal represents her as very fat and swollen, and her throat exceedingly short and thick.

At the coronation of George II. the dress of the Queen, writes Lord Hervey, "was as fine as the accumulated riches of the city and suburbs could make it, for, besides her own jewels, she had on her head and on her shoulders all the pearls she could borrow of the ladies of quality at one end of the town, and on her petticoat all the diamonds she could hire of the Jews and jewellers at the other, so that the appearance of her finery was a mixture of magnificence and meanness." His Majesty, he adds, "despite his low stature and fair hair, which brightened the weakness of his expression at this period, was, on this occasion, every inch a king."

Although we have many accounts of the coronation of George III. and Queen Charlotte—September 22, 1761, the august pair having been united in marriage only a fortnight before—details respecting her Majesty's royal robes are scanty; but a memorandum made by Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk, Mistress of the Robes to Caroline, Queen of George II., which is supposed to have been drawn up as a guide to the coronation of Queen Charlotte, gives many interesting details respecting the duties of the Mistress of the Robes at the coronation, from which we quote the subjoined extract: "At the late Queen's coronation the Duchess of Dorset was Mistress of the Robes, but Mrs. Howard, bedchamber-woman, having had all things



PARDON CHURCH, PATERNOSTER ROW IN XVITH CENTURY.

Drawn for "The Girl's Own Paper" by H. W. Brewer.

belonging to that office for many years under her care, received her Majesty's commands to provide everything proper for her Majesty's dress for the coronation, and to enquire into all particulars necessary for the Queen to know." The memorandum goes on to say that inquiries having been made as to where her Majesty should be dressed, it was answered at Westminster. Accordingly, the Earl Marshal provided a room suitable for the purpose, and on the morning prior to the coronation, all her Majesty's robes and jewels were carried there under a guard. The Page of the Robes stayed on the spot all night "with a proper guard which was asked of the officer on duty there."

And lastly, coming to the coronation of her late Majesty Queen Victoria, of which much has recently been written, it is only necessary to add that few sights have ever been more imposing than when the youthful Queen entered the Abbey arrayed in her robe of crimson velvet furred with ermine, and bordered with gold lace, wearing the collars of her Orders, and with a circlet of gold on her head, her train being borne by right noble ladies. And as soon as the ceremony of crowning took place, at the conclusion of which the peers and peeresses put on their coronets, the bishops their caps, and kings of arms their crowns, the scene was one, it is said, never to be forgotten, for—

"Soon as the royal brow received the crown,
And majesty put all her glories on,
Straight on a thousand coronets we gaze—
Straight all around was one imperial blaze."

CORONATION HYMN.

By the Rev. W. T. SAWARD, B.A.

Where peaceful valleys in resplendent beauty
Wake to the echoes of a hundred bells,
Each English heart thrills with unfailing duty
As far and wide the tide of victory swells.

From rocky coast to shores of friendly greeting,
Where blue waves break in foaming laughter free,
In Homeland and afar, thy sons are meeting
To crown the last great monarch of the sea;

Where dusky nations all their woes forgetting,
Beneath the myrtle and the feathered palm,
In reverence, own the sun that hath no setting,
With torn hands reach to this majestic calm.

Great King puissant, Majesty tremendous!
Whose light has shone in all our noblest men,
Crown at Thine awful bar our King, and send us
The consummation of Thy great Amen!

PATERNOSTER ROW IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Almost upon the site of the Religious Tract Society Office in Paternoster Row, in the sixteenth century, there was a large open space surrounded by a great cloister, very much resembling that still existing at Westminster Abbey, only considerably larger. This space was known as Pardon "Church Haugh" or "Hawe." The name Haugh or Hawe in old times signified a burial ground, and for such a purpose this space was used until the middle of the sixteenth century, and served as one of the cemeteries surrounding the Cathedral of Old St. Paul's. John Stowe, the chronicler, and Dugdale, copying him, inform us that the monuments erected in the cloisters and chapels here were equal to any in the Cathedral itself! In the centre of the open space surrounded by the cloister was a chapel erected by a canon of St. Paul's of the name of Gilbert Becket, father of Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, wherein he was buried, but many years afterwards this chapel, being out of repair, was rebuilt by a license of King Henry VI., and daily service was celebrated therein. The expense of the rebuilding of this chapel was borne by Thomas More, probably an ancestor of the great chancellor.

John Carpenter, founder of the City of London Schools, had the walls of the cloister adorned with paintings representing the Dance of Death, copied from the pictures in the cloisters of the cemetery of the Innocents in Paris, and employed John Lydgate the poet to write a description of them, which is printed at full length in Dugdale's *History of Old St. Paul's*. Here Death is made to address everyone and remind them that they cannot escape his doom. The address to the little child is curious, and his answer is rather touching.

"A, a, a, a! woorde I cannot speake,
I am so yonge—I was borne yesterday—
Death is so hasty on me to be wreak,
And list no linger to make no delay.
I am but now borne, and now I go my way;
Of me no more tele shall be told;
The Will of God no man withstond may—
As soon dyeth a yong as an old."

The great cloister and chapel were pulled down by Protector Somerset, and the stones were used in the erection of Somerset House, and the bodies were buried beneath a mound in Moorfields, and later on five windmills were built upon the site.

BOBBY.

A SKETCH.



"No, go back, Smudge! You mustn't come with us, because we're going shrimping, and you can't help with that, old boy."

Smudge departed, his tail between his legs, reluctantly but immediately, for Bobby's wish was law to him, though he thought it hard not to be allowed to join in the shrimping. Still, his master must be obeyed; so when Bobby and Paul set out, he made no attempt to follow them.

Six-year-old Paul's little turned-up nose seemed to mount yet a little higher in the air in his pride at going out with his brother and hero, Bobby, aged fourteen, who had just arrived at Englesea for his holidays. Paul, having been ill, had been ordered sea air and plenty of bathing and out-door amusements, but in spite of these varied delights he had longed for his beloved Bobby. When he arrived, everything came out in a new light. Even shrimping acquired fresh interest when it was Bobby who volunteered to take Paul on the shore.

So these two set forth one golden afternoon in August. The shrimping proceeded amid much excitement. Another dozen or so, and they would have a splendid basketful to take back for tea. Paul was somewhat weak-minded with regard to shrimps, disdaining the big ones and marking the baby ones as his prey. Bobby had vainly tried to break him of this habit, and Paul was of no practical value as a fellow-shrimper, more especially as, at the end of the afternoon, when Bobby would ask to see the contents of his small brother's basket, Paul would reply that, as his fish looked flabby, he had restored them to their native element.

"I letted them go again, they looked so sick; but you've catched a lovely lot, Bobby," in an ingratiating tone of voice. Upon which his brother would, with a smile of superior wisdom, shake his head over Paul's foolishness.

On this particular afternoon Bobby had been so lucky that his own basket was nearly full when Paul's oft-repeated assertion that he was getting hungry made him wonder what the time was.

"Yes, we'd better be turning back. It must be nearly tea-time. Besides, we want to have these little beggars cooked, so right about turn, Paulie."

But when the two boys turned to retrace their steps, they found that the sea had made such use of the past two hours that the way they had come was already covered. The tide had sent out a long arm on either side of them, and they found that they were standing on a rapidly-diminishing peninsula of sand and small rocks and pools. Bobby looked round him anxiously and reviewed the situation. Was there no spot where they could take refuge? His heart sank as he glanced at the unscaleable cliffs behind them and at the cruel waves in front, rolling in with such merciless rapidity.

"Can't we go to the top of the cliff?" queried little Paul. "Must we stay here and be drownded?"

His small forehead wrinkled up in a look of blank and horrified amazement, but he did not cry.

"We can't stop here, that is certain," replied Bobby. "We must have a try at the cliff. Come on, Paul."

He clutched Paul's thin little arm and dragged him hurriedly over the rocks, not heeding the little fellow's breathless protestations; then, standing at the very foot of the cliff, he looked about him in search of foothold. His face was beginning to look very grave, when he caught sight of a projecting ledge of rock just above high-water mark. He examined it carefully from where he stood. Yes, it was certainly well out of reach of the waves and perfectly accessible, but—it would only hold one!

He realised at once what this meant. Nor for one moment did the possibility of his occupying the place of safety himself occur to him.

"Now, Paul, keep quite still. I'm going to lift you on to this ledge. There's not room for both of us there, and I'll be able to talk to you while I stand down here."

He took Paul up as he spoke, and managed with some difficulty to place him on the ledge. There was plenty of room for one, but two would have been out of the question. Another eager scrutiny of the cliffs to see whether there was not another chance of safety, no matter how remote; but the cliff was perfectly inaccessible. Save for that one ledge of rock, there was no foothold. With a sigh, Bobby turned to his brother.

"If the water comes splashing up near you, you mustn't get frightened, Paulie. It can't reach you if you keep quite still, but don't move or try to look over, or you'll fall. Promise me, old chap."

Paul promised with all the readiness in the world, and Bobby was satisfied, for Paul always kept his word.

"You must wait there till father or someone fetches you. They are sure to look about here for us. They know that we generally come in this direction."

"But where are you going, Bobby? Won't you be fetched too?"

"I'll be all right, old man. Have you got a pencil, Paul?"

Paul had not, neither had Bobby. He sighed. It seemed hard that even the last consolation of writing to tell his mother how it happened should be denied him. Well, it could not be helped.

"You must give father and mother my love, and ask mother to look after Smudge. Please don't forget that. Poor little dog! And look here, you can have my stamp-album for your very own. I don't think that *I shall*—want it—any more."

"Thank you, Bobby!" The little fellow was delighted. "But why don't you ask mother about Smudge yourself? There's no hurry, is there? You're not going back to school yet."

"You'll see mother before I do, Paul. I'm going away—sooner than I thought—so don't forget."

The sea was coming in rapidly. It would soon be curling about Bobby's feet. Would it be painful, he wondered; then remembered having heard that drowning was a pleasant death. Still, at first——

He thought of his mother; pictured her with the smile of welcome on her lips with which she always greeted her eldest son. She would grieve, he knew; but Paul, poor little soul, was the youngest, so tiny, too, that he was entitled, in Bobby's opinion, to first chances; he was too small to help himself. Bobby hoped he would remember to give his message. Ah, why hadn't he thought of it before? There were several pieces of slate at hand, and he had his pen-knife in his pocket. He selected a small piece, and with care managed to scrawl a few words legibly; only these, but ah! what tears were shed by those who read them afterwards!

"Dear, darling mother, there's only room for Paul, but don't worry about me; it's quite all right. Please look after Smudge for your loving Bobby." Then, faintly, underneath, "My love to father."

Poor little fourteen-year-old hero! The end was drawing very near now.

Paul was getting sleepy. He scarcely noticed when Bobby managed to slip the piece of slate in his pocket. He did not hear Bobby's broken words—

"Good-bye, Paulie. I wonder if you'll remember me when you grow up? Good-bye, little chap!"

Then Bobby stood up with a brave heart to meet the foaming waves.

It was "quite all right" with him now!

HILDA C. HAMMOND-SPENCER.



"PITY MY SIMPLICITY,
SUFFER ME TO COME TO THEE."

STUDIES IN CHARACTER.

By ALFRED T. SCHOFIELD, M.D. (*Chairman, Parents' National Educational Union*).

PART II.

CHARACTER, ITS SOURCE AND EXPRESSION.



As it is highly important that these papers should give a full and accurate view of our subject, it will be necessary here for us to consider in brief how much of our character we really owe to heredity. As a rule the estimate varies according to the one who makes it. If it is an admiring mother considering her child, she finds the source of most of its good qualities in the noble disposition of the father. If it is the child in after life considering herself, she is often too apt to attribute what is good to her own efforts, and what is bad to heredity, for which fortunately she is not responsible, a way of shifting the blame that girls often find most convenient. Still in spite of the difference of these views there is a certain amount of truth in each.

A very clever philosopher has said, "Character depends on heredity, surroundings and will," or "Nature and nurture and purpose."

Let us look a little at the first—"nature or heredity." There is no doubt that here we touch the deepest roots of character, and hence the value rightly set on lineage and a good stock.

Grafted on this we get additions in the shape of new principles, acquired from our surroundings and by habit, which by degrees form part of ourselves, and so enrich and enlarge the character.

"We may," says Huxley, "veritably say the moral and intellectual essence of a man does pass over from one fleshly tabernacle to another," and thus the new-born infant is a bundle of hidden potentialities.

Parentage lays down the broad lines of our character as to capacity or incapacity, bravery or cowardice, prudence or recklessness, confidence or suspicion, but these all may of course be varied, modified, and added to subsequently. Smaller matters and details are mainly added after.

Looking on character as a living being, we may say our parents supply the rough framework or skeleton, habits and surroundings fill in the flesh, etc., while the will animates the whole into action and conduct.

Hereditary qualities may descend directly, as from father to son; or indirectly, as from father to daughter; or by atavism, as from grandfather to grandson; or be transmitted collaterally, as from aunt to nephew. At first sight it might be thought that the children of the same two parents must all have pretty nearly the same characters at the start, and it is from this error that so many children are badly brought up, by adopting the same *régime* with all. In the first place, we must remember that the children in a family are not merely the offspring of two, but of six at least (for we must always consider the four grandparents as influencing the children), and more broadly still, of the stock as well as of the parentage from which they are descended. In the second place these six "parents" may be mixed in the children in very varying proportions. One that is nearly all maternal grandmother, with a little of the father added, will probably be utterly different from her brother, who is a compound of both paternal grandparents with a strong dash of his mother.

But here comes in a charming thought which has only really been discovered in recent years.

Formerly we were thought to inherit positive vices and virtues, as well as diseases. Now it is found in disease what we inherit is mainly a tendency or disposition to them which may be guarded against successfully, or fostered so as to produce the disease. In the same way we inherit moral tendencies which may be developed into virtues or degraded into vices, or at any rate, defects, and this is not all done in the nursery. Even our readers are not at all too late to guard their characters in this respect, and see that whatever fixed qualities they possess, by inheritance, are developed upward and not downward. Let us give an illustration applicable to all.

Two faculties at least are seen in every child—with the rarest exceptions—from its earliest years, which seem to be largely the foundations of the subsequent emotions and reason. They are love and the sense of justice. All children "love," and all children have an instinctive sense of "justice."

Surely there is nothing strained, when we see these two characteristics mirrored in the young child's soul, in discerning the reflection of the Almighty, Who is love and Who is light (or justice). Here the child reproduces as two principles in its unconscious mind the fulfilling of the whole law, and the stamp or character of the great Creator is clearly to be discerned in these qualities in the new-born babe.

The germs of morality are innate in all, and this inherent love of justice is nothing less than the dawning of the moral sense. The mere discerning of justice might be intellectual only, but the love of it clearly brings in the moral element.

And yet, in spite of all this, both may be degraded into defects. Love may, by bad bringing up, be degraded into love of self, and justice into justice for oneself instead of for others; and thus two qualities that should adorn the character become blemishes.

A most beautiful picture of innate nobility of character developed by training is seen in *Cedric Errol*, *Lord Fauntleroy*, Mrs. Burnett's charming creation, and even more instructive as a study of inborn qualities is her own autobiography in *The One I Knew Best Of All*.

Geniuses, we may remark, are always born and not made. Mozart says, "I write (music) because I cannot help it." And this is everywhere the language of genius.

Well, how are these inborn qualities best trained? Generally speaking, there can be no doubt in early life of the superiority of the country over town; of natural surroundings speaking to us of God, and artificial ones speaking to us of man. But perhaps as this is a very important part of our subject and will require more careful unfolding than we have space for now, we had better leave details to the next paper and conclude this by considering how character expresses itself in our bodies.

Of course we generally think of the body as being formed in the likeness of our parents, and so it is like our characters in its main features; such as our stature, the colour of hair and eyes, the general cast of features, the shape of our limbs, and in many other respects.

As we grow up, however, it becomes increasingly true that our bodies begin to reflect our own minds and characters, and that while they still owe their main outlines to heredity, most of the details are due to ourselves. In this respect we see the development of the body follows exactly the same line as that of the mind.

Of course we must understand that we don't try to alter our bodies by conscious effort of any sort.

The body is altered by the character entirely through the action of the unconscious mind. To it we owe the intelligent and varied permanent expressions of the face, the only characteristic ones being those that are unconscious; so readily distinguished from the conscious imitations put on artificially and temporarily by the force of the will. To it we owe the carriage of the body, so that you can judge a girl's character by her gait, her postures, her physical manner and habits, the unconscious mind in its nobility or degradation being indelibly stamped not only on the face but upon the form.

She is a dull scholar who cannot read much even from a back view.

Round the statue of the Prince Consort in Edinburgh stand representative groups paying homage to him. If you get a back view of any of these you see mind stamped not even on flesh, but on stone, and can tell at once the sailor or soldier, peasant, scholar, or workman, and this not alone by the dress.

Look at the body and face of a man whose mind is gone. Look at the slouching, cringing body of a man who has lost his self-respect. Look at the body of a thief, a sot, or a miser. Compare the faces and expressions of a beggar, a philanthropist, a policeman, a scholar, a sailor, a lawyer, a doctor, a shopwalker, a sandwich-man, a farmer, a manufacturer, a nurse, a lady, a servant, a barmaid, a nun, an actress, an art student, and answer to yourself two questions: First, are these different expressions of body and face due essentially to physical or mental causes? And secondly, are they consciously or unconsciously produced? The answers will leave no doubt that the mind can unconsciously display mental conceptions by physical means.

With regard to the face, the fact that the effects of a man's occupation are stamped upon the visage is found written in an Egyptian papyrus of the date of B.C. 2000.

The five most common vices that are shown upon the face are pride, sensuality, fear, cruelty, and bad temper.

The mental impress on the face is perhaps least seen in the eyes themselves, and most in the lines around the nose and mouth.

It is said that a man can successfully lie with his eyes, but not with his mouth. The face is such an index of character, that its very growth can be traced upon the countenance, and most of the lines that adorn us, or the wrinkles that disfigure us, are engraved directly or indirectly by mind. Not that wrinkles are needed to produce an intellectual expression.

There is no beautifier of the face like a beautiful spirit. The want of mind lowers all the powers of the body and the whole aspect of the face; and the lines of an evil or debased mind are easy to read.

Nothing disfigures a girl's face more than a discontented expression, the sure outcome of a selfish disposition, for I don't think it is possible to find one wrapped up in herself who is, or looks, habitually happy. Even for the sake of beauty, apart from all the other higher reasons, it is worth while to be unselfish.

Though the minor traits may not be legible, the ruling passion is nearly always clearly stamped upon the body.

But on the other hand the body affects the character.

"The soul," says Theophrastus, "pays a dear rent for living in the body." Our characters are affected and modified by digestion, circulation, general health, and at certain periods of life. The effects of a feeble or crippled body on character are strongly marked; and of this Lord Byron is a well-known example. Rousseau says the weaker the body is the more it commands. It commands in the hour when we cannot face our work, or when it makes us, in spite of our will, morbid, irritable, and wrong-headed in our estimation of men and things. Also, it is the strong body that obeys. Hence the force of the ethical argument for physical education. Bodily health is undoubtedly a condition of the soundness of practical judgment.

So that exercise is of great importance not only for the body but the mind, and girls especially should remember this.

But character is not only stamped upon such responsive materials as flesh and blood, but upon inanimate objects, as dress, furniture, etc.

Dress, indeed, is very closely connected with character. Who are these who are arrayed in white robes?—the purity of the dress is symbolical of that of the character. What an intense instinctive judgment we form of a person's —particularly a woman's—character from her dress! It is often so intense that subsequent knowledge modifies it with difficulty, and never wholly obliterates it, as in other surroundings. In early life dress helps to form the character, in later life it expresses it.

Furniture and other immediate environments, as we shall see, act in this double way; and a person's bedroom indicates many of the mental qualities of its occupant.

It is important then, for girls, that they should spend time and care to be always neatly and suitably dressed, and as this responsibility passes out of the parents' hands, it should be taken up by the girl. The same is true as regards her own room. A girl naturally untidy and slovenly and careless can make her own room a great trainer of her own character by forcing it to display in its neatness, order, and cleanliness what she aspires to become, rather than what she is.

We have seen, then, how mind and body correspond, how much in both at first is due to our parentage and subsequently to ourselves.

Our minds when we are born are like little seed-plots or gardens, thickly sown with qualities, which may blossom into flowers or degenerate into weeds according to the direction given to their growth in early years. Hence the inestimable value of a Christian loving home to give the right bent in childhood. Where this is missing, much is lost that can only with difficulty be regained partially in after years by the effort of the child herself. But I am rejoiced to know that I am addressing those for the most part who have had this fostering care lavishly bestowed upon them, though perhaps never till they read this paper have they bestowed much thought upon it; and I hope one result of its perusal will be that, as the girl thinks of all that it means to her now and in her future life in the making of her character, when she next kisses father or mother, a meaning will be thrown into that kiss that maybe was never there before.

But many of us stand now at the parting of the ways. We have reached an age when we must take some responsibilities upon ourselves, and can no longer blindly rely upon our parents. Now is the time for hearty co-operation with them. Now is the time for a quiet and calm estimate of our yet undeveloped potentialities, for seeing what weeds have been allowed to grow unchecked, and what side of our character requires strengthening. We must not here indicate in detail how this is to be done. Enough if we have so far succeeded in rousing our readers to a grasp of the great issues that lie in their own hands, and prepare them to study earnestly the counsels we shall try to put simply before them as to ways and means.

Then with regard to the body. We have seen what a mirror of the mind it unconsciously and inevitably becomes, in a way which all our efforts cannot prevent. No doubt hitherto a girl has naturally thought that the best way to perfect her body was by physical exercises and suitable food, by early rising and early hours at night, by plenty of fresh air and by suitable clothing. But all these good things may be used as helps, and yet there may be one thing lacking.

The charm given to the body by a pure and lofty mind contrasted with the want felt in the most perfect form without it, is like the contrast between a garden on a cloudy day and in the bright sunshine.

The inner light gives a grace to every feature and an expression to every look that no perfection of mere material outlines can equal in beauty.

One word more to those who may not have all the natural advantages others possess. They may not have had the fostering care of loving parents, they may not have inherited very great qualities in mind or body—nevertheless theirs is the noblest task of all. Good though it may be to make more out of much, it is yet noble to make much out of little, and while it is an agreeable task to continue in a path one has long trod, it is yet greater and higher to strike out the right one against our tendencies and right across our difficulties.

Some of my readers may have to do this. Let them not look with longing eyes on those who have easier lives or greater natural advantages, but let them look off to Him Who can inspire them with a steadfast determination to do the right and seek the noblest in a way that no desire of forming character for its own sake can ever suggest or accomplish.

(*To be continued.*)

PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.



SMERALDA strolled into the house in time for afternoon tea, and smiled complacently around as she warmed herself at the fire.

"Blue cloth!" she announced triumphantly. "No more serge, thank you, but good, solid cloth with a fine surface to it, and a smart little coat instead of a bodice, which was pure unselfishness on my part, for I should have been fitted well enough, and the man pressed it on me, but I thought of you, me darling, and the agony it would be to you to have your waist misjudged by a couple of inches, so I stuck to the coat, and I hope you are grateful!"

"I am," said Bridgie frankly, but there was a pained expression mingling with her satisfaction, and presently she added slowly, "So Dennis was right, and you got your way again. I have been trying for ages to persuade father that we needed a new habit, but he paid no attention to me."

"You didn't go about it the right way, me dear. You are fifty times cleverer than I, but there is one thing you don't understand, and that is how to manage men! They hate and detest being told what to do, and the secret of getting round them is to make them believe that what you want is their own suggestion. You have to be very cunning, and that's just what you can never manage to be!"

"Yes, she can!" came a shrill cry from the doorway as Pixie burst into the room and made a B-line for the tea-table. "Indeed she can now, Esmeralda, so it's no use denying it. She can, perfectly well!"

The three listeners looked at each other with questioning glances, for such vehemence was somewhat bewildering on the part of one who could not possibly have heard the first part of the conversation.

"What can she do?" queried Esmeralda sternly.

"Whatever you say she can't," replied the champion, unabashed, and at that the cloud rolled off Bridgie's brow, like mist before the sun.

"Oh, you precious goose! Bridgie can do everything, can't she? She always could in your eyes. It's very silly of you, dear, but it's very nice. I'm not at all vexed with you about it."

"You would be though if you were her true friend, but you always did spoil one another, you two!" cried Esmeralda lightly. Then she stared round the room with a surprised expression, and added disapprovingly, "You seem to have been fairly lazy while I've been out. I thought you would have been getting on with the decorations. Whatever have you been doing?"

"Roaming about, and actually daring to enjoy ourselves like other people," retorted Bridgie, with what Mademoiselle was glad to recognise as a decided nip of severity, "but from this minute there must be no more playing until the work is finished. Dennis has cut the evergreens, and we must begin making wreaths at once to be in order when Jack arrives to-morrow evening. We could have two hours' work before dinner."

"I loathe making wreaths; they are so dirty and prickly, and I take a pride in me hands; they are the only ones I have, and what's the use of me sleeping in white kid gloves, the same as if I were dressed for a party, if they are to be scratched all over with that hateful holly?" Esmeralda stretched out two well-shaped if somewhat large hands, and gazed at them with pensive admiration, but Bridgie was firm, and, scratches or no scratches, insisted that she should take her share of the work. As soon as tea was over then, the family descended to the servants' hall, a white-washed apartment about as cheerful as a vault, and but little warmer, despite the big peat fire, where they set to work to reduce a stack of evergreens into wreaths and borderings for cotton wool Merrie Christmases and Happy Newe Yeares reserved from former occasions.

Pat and Miles cut the branches into smaller and more workable proportions. Pixie unravelled string and wire, and the three elders worked steadily at their separate wreaths. At the end of an hour they had progressed so well that it was suggested that the three fragments should be tied together, and the wreath hung in the hall to clear the room for further operations. The suggestion being universally approved, a stormy half-hour followed, when each of the five O'Shaughnessys harangued the others concerning the superiority of his or her own plan of decoration, and precious lives were imperilled on the oldest and shakiest of step-ladders. The boys could naturally mount to the highest step without a fear, but, when mounted, were so clumsy and inartistic in their arrangements that they were called down with derisive cries, and retired to sulk in a corner. Then Bridgie lifted her skirt and gallantly ascended five steps, felt the boards sway beneath her, and scuttled down to make way for her sister. The daring rider across country possessed stronger nerves, but also a heavier body, and the ladder creaked so ominously beneath her that she insisted upon the whole company acting as props, in one breath sending them running for hammer and rope, and in the next shrieking to them to return to their posts. By the time that the wreath was really hung, the friction had reached such a pitch that Mademoiselle expected a state of civil war for the rest of the evening, and even wondered if the atmosphere would have time to clear before Christmas itself. She could hardly believe the evidence of her senses when the boys affably volunteered to clear away the rubbish, and Bridgie and Esmeralda went upstairs with wreathed arms, calling one another "Darling" and "Love," with the echo of sharp taunt, and sharper reply still ringing in the air! Certainly if the Irish tongue were quick, the heart seemed even quicker to forgive an enemy or pardon an offence.

By the time that Mademoiselle retired to bed that night the last remnant of strangeness had vanished and she felt like a life-long friend and confidant. She had seen the menu for the Christmas dinner, and had helped to manufacture jellies and creams, while Pixie perched upon the dresser industriously scraping basins of their sweet, lemony, creamy leavings, with the aid of a teaspoon and an occasional surreptitious finger when her sisters were looking in an opposite direction. She suggested and achieved such marvels in the way of garnishing that Molly was greatly impressed, being a very plain cook in more ways than one, and solemnly



"INSISTED ON THE WHOLE COMPANY ACTING AS PROPS."

asked her advice upon the killing of turkeys, when Mademoiselle had to acknowledge ignorance, and so lost caste forthwith. Esmeralda invited her to a display of evening dresses in her bedroom, and wished to know which she should wear—the black silk with the net top, or the net top over a white skirt, or the black silk with no top at all? And Bridgie plaintively appealed to her for the casting vote on the great question of crackers or no crackers!

It was certainly a curious mingling of grandeur and poverty, this life in the half-ruined Castle, with its magnificent tapestries and carvings, its evidences of bygone splendour, and, alas! present-day parsimony. The little house at Passy could have been put down inside the great entrance hall, but it was a trim little habitation, where on a minute scale all the refinements and niceties of life were observed, and income and expenditure were so well balanced that there was always a margin to the good; but the Misses O'Shaughnessy, who bore themselves as queens in the neighbourhood, and were treated with truly loyal deference, owned hardly a decent gown, and were seriously exercised about spending an extra half-crown on a Christmas dinner!

"It's the trifles that mount up! I am a miser about pennies, but I can spend pounds with the best!" Bridgie explained; and Mademoiselle smiled meaningly, for had not the order just gone forth that the Castle was to be "illumined" once more for the arrival of the son and heir?

On Christmas Eve the rain fell in torrents, and, after a morning spent in preparations of one sort and another, the workers felt the need of a little amusing recreation. This did not seem easy to achieve, in this lonely habitation set in the midst of a rain-swept plain, but Bridgie's fertile brain came to the rescue, and proposed a scheme which kept the young people busy for the rest of the afternoon.

"I vote that we have a fancy dress dinner to-night!" she cried at the conclusion of lunch. "Not an ordinary affair, but like the one that the Pegrams enjoyed so much when they were spending the winter in Grindelwald. 'A sheet and pillow-case party' they called it, and that is all you have out of which to make your dress. I will open the linen-box and give you each a pair of sheets, and a pillow-case for head-gear, and you must arrange them in your own rooms and not let anyone see you until the gong rings. It really will be quite pretty—all the white figures against the flags and holly, and we shall feel more festive than in our ordinary clothes. I think it will be great fun, don't you?"

Great fun indeed! The O'Shaughnessy family was always ready for any excitement, and particularly so at Christmas-time, a season when we all feel that we *ought* to be festive, and are injured in our minds if there is nothing to make us so.

Esmeralda fell at once to pleating her table-napkin into one shape after another, Mademoiselle smiled over a happy inspiration, whereupon wily Pat put on his most angelic look and asked—

"Will you dress me, Mademoiselle? A man's no good at this sort of thing. You can't fasten sheets with screws, and I'm no hand at fancy stitching. I've an idea I'd look rather well as ——" He whispered, and Mademoiselle threw up her hands, and laughed, and nodded in emphatic assent.

Pixie and Miles fell to Bridgie's share, while the Major declared that he would have nothing to do with such foolishness, but with a ruminating expression on his face which somewhat belied the words.

Bridgie went upstairs immediately after lunch, and, opening her linen-chest, apportioned its contents among the different members of the family. Some wanted large sheets, some wanted small; some begged for frills to their pillow-cases, some preferred plain; but at last all were satisfied, and were further supplied with tape from the various work-baskets, while Pixie was sent a round of the bedrooms to pick up the pins with which the floors were liberally scattered, as the demand in this direction was so large as to be practically unlimited.

Esmeralda flew off at once, with the boys in her train; but Mademoiselle lingered to help Bridgie to fold away the linen that was not needed, and to enjoy the luxury of a quiet chat, which was not an easy thing to accomplish in this noisy household. Bridgie in company was always laughing and gay, but the visitor had already noticed that Bridgie alone was apt to grow grave and to wear a wistful pucker on her brow. It was there now as she locked the chest and sat down on the lid, stretching out her arms with a sigh of weariness. The wintry light left the gallery full of shadows, and the only bright thing to be seen was the girl's own golden head outlined against the oak walls. Mademoiselle thought that if she had been an artist she could have wished for no fairer picture than this old-world corridor, with the fair face of the young mistress shining out like a lily in the darkness; but the lily toiled more than she liked to see, and she could not restrain a protest against the custom which gave one sister all the work and another all the play.

"You are tired already before the day is half over, and now you have those children's dresses to look after as well as your own! Why do you not make Esmeralda help, instead of doing everything yourself?"

"Esmeralda, is it?" Bridgie's face lit up with a smile as she repeated the name. "Indeed now, Mademoiselle, I'm never worked so hard in my life as when Esmeralda has been trying to help, and I have to tidy away after her! She has the best will in the world, poor thing; but work doesn't come naturally to her. You mustn't be hard on her. She shows her worst side to a stranger, for, though her first impulse may be selfish, when she takes time to think, she is all generosity and kindness. That habit, now! She was longing to have a fitted bodice like the rest, but she chose a coat out of consideration for me. She is a darling, and so young yet that I don't like to worry her. Let her have a good time as long as she may. It will be hard enough soon."

Mademoiselle started and looked alarmed questionings, and Bridgie smiled in response, saying in cool, conversational tones—

"We are ruined, you know! We can't go on living here. Father has spent all his money, and we should have had to leave before now, but that he came into a little more at mother's death. It was not much, and it is going very fast. It can't be more than a year or two at most before the crash comes, so you can't wonder I let the boys and girls enjoy themselves, can you?"

"*Mais oui!* I wonder very much!" cried Mademoiselle, dismayed at what seemed to her prudent mind such a fatal way of preparing for a difficulty. "The kind thing surely would be to prepare them for what will come. It will make it more hard if they have never known work. In three years one can do much to prepare for a struggle. Why do you not speak to your sister and say it is time to stop play? Why do you not send her away to work, and then perhaps the bad day need never come after all."

Bridgie looked surprised, almost shocked at the suggestion. The easy-going Irish nature saw things in a different light from that taken by the thrifty Frenchwoman; moreover, the idea of girls working for themselves was still viewed as decidedly *infra dig.* by the old-fashioned inhabitants of Bally William. She gasped at the thought of her father's wrath at such a suggestion, then laughed at the idea of Esmeralda's earnings being large enough to stave off the coming ruin.

"I'm afraid it would be taking more than that to prevent it, Thérèse! You don't know the state our landlords are in over here. There's no money to be got at all, and things go from bad to worse. Until mother died I didn't know how poor we were, and at first I wore myself to pieces saving pennies here and halfpennies there; but there's not much fun in saving twopence when nothing less than thousands of pounds would do any good. I grew tired of it, and says I to myself, 'A short life, and a merry one!' If I can't help, I'll just put the thought from my mind, and give the young ones a good time to remember. No use troubling the creatures before it's necessary!"

Mademoiselle grunted in eloquent disapproval, and wished to know whether the master of the house had been equally philosophical.

"Is it the Major?" cried Bridgie, laughing. "He never troubles himself about anything, and he has got it all mapped out as beautiful as a picture. Esmeralda is to marry a Duke, Jack a Countess in her own right, and meself a millionaire manufacturer who will be so flattered at marrying an O'Shaughnessy that he will be proud to house Pixie into the bargain. Pat and Miles are to go to London to seek their fortunes, and the Castle is to be let—to Jack and his wife by preference, but, failing them, to anyone who offers, and the Major can keep himself and his hunters on the rental without a 'thank you' to anyone. It fits out so beautifully when you hear him talk that it seems folly to trouble oneself beforehand."

"And suppose you don't marry? Your country is full of old maids. And suppose the Castle does not let? It is very far from—anywhere!" said Mademoiselle, who had lived in the gayest city in the world, and felt the solitude of Bally William only a degree less absolute than that of the backwoods themselves. "Suppose none of these things of which you speak were to 'appen, what then?"

"Indeed, I can't tell you!" returned Bridgie truthfully enough. "And—excuse me, me love, it's not a very diverting suggestion for the time of year! Let me keep my millionaire, if it's only for the day, for by the same token I'm quite attached to him in prospect! Will you come and visit me, Thérèse, when I'm established in my soap bubble?"

She was laughing again, full of mischief and wilful impracticability, and Mademoiselle was tactful enough to realise that the time was not apt for pressing her lesson further. Later on she would return to the charge, but to-day at least might be safely given over to enjoyment.

(*To be continued.*)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Girls' Employments.

Girls in the General Post Office.—*What steps does a girl have to take in order to become a clerk in the General Post Office.*—Good Luck.

A girl who wishes to enter the Post Office Department of the Government Civil Service must in the first instance prepare for an examination. The dates of examinations and the vacancies to be filled up in connection with them are advertised in the daily papers, such notices usually being to be found in the London morning papers of Thursdays. The girl who wishes to be examined should then apply in writing for a form and rules to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, London, S.W. The candidates should mention, in filling up the form of application, at which centre of examination she could be examined. Girls who are young enough (not less than sixteen nor more than eighteen) would do well to offer themselves for the Girl Clerks examination, as it is easier to enter the Post Office as a girl than as a woman clerk. Women clerks are not less than eighteen nor more than twenty at the time of examination. The subjects of examinatian for both classes are the same; and as they have recently undergone some changes, we quote them in full. They are as follows:—(1) English composition (including writing and spelling); (2) arithmetic (general); (3) geography (general); (4) Latin, or French, or German; (5) English history; (6) algebra; (7) shorthand. Only two of the subjects numbered 5, 6, and 7 are to be selected. Candidates who fail to obtain such an aggregate number of marks as may indicate in the judgment of the Civil Service Commissioners a competent amount of general proficiency will not be regarded as qualified. No candidate, it is desirable to observe, will be admitted to examination who does not, at such time as may be fixed by the Civil Service Commissioners, produce an undertaking, signed by her parent or guardian, that she will, if successful, reside either with her parents or guardians, or with relations or friends approved by them. Girl clerks serve at six hours a day for the first two years and are paid at the rate of £35 and £37 10s. for those years respectively. At the end of two years of service girl clerks who are certified by the head of the department to be competent may be promoted, as vacancies occur, to the class of women clerks. On promotion, they will serve for seven hours a day, and be placed on the ordinary scale of women clerks (raised by £2 10s. per annum to £70, and then by £5 to £100). All women in the Civil Service have to resign their appointments on marriage. On the other hand those who do not marry but give satisfactory service receive a pension when they become superannuated.

Teachership in South Africa.—*My daughter, who has become tired of elementary school teaching, thinks that she would like to obtain one of the Government appointments to teach the Boer children in the camps. How ought she to proceed?*—Janet.

We fear that it is too late to apply for work of this kind, as it was specified that applications were to be made before the end of last November, and although teachers were still to be sent out during the months of February and March, the number of applications sent in the moment the vacancies were made known was so large (we heard of one thousand during the first week or two) that we doubt whether any more applications are likely to be entertained. The teachers who were wanted for the refugee camps were those who had had experience of teaching little children, and who were specially well qualified to teach singing. The salary offered was £100, and the appointments were to last for one year certain. Applications were to be addressed to the Secretary, Board of Education, Whitehall, S.W., and to be marked "Teachers for South Africa." Two or three testimonials might be enclosed.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

MIDGET.—The ten octosyllabic couplets enclosed are written in rather trying circumstances. To compose good verse at the London Matriculation Examination must need a poetic readiness few students possess! The lines, considering this fact, are not at all bad, but the accent, on which English metre depends, goes wrong in one couplet—

"Sleep, my darling, to thee I'll bring
Dreams of joy past imagining."

Each line possesses the right number of syllables (eight), but the accent is misplaced. You will understand this if you compare the lines with your first line—

"The setting sun has tinged the west."

"Burrowing deep in classic lore,"

is also a bad line; to make it correspond with the rest of the fragment you would have to place an accent on "row." It would better pass muster among seven-syllabled lines. "Phœbus" is not "pale" or feminine. Do you not mean "Dian"? "Phœbus" is used for the sun. You recollect the song—

"Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings
And Phœbus 'gins arise."

But we feel that criticism of verse composed on the spur of the moment in an examination room ought to be lenient.

A READER OF THE "G. O. P.," NOREAU.—Your verses are not at all bad for an early attempt. In England the appearance of the robin is not a sign of spring, for he is our little winter visitant; but probably the case is different with you. Also we should never write of the snowdrop peeping from "its leafy bed." The first snowdrop stands shivering and lonely with no "leafy bed" around it. Difference of country and climate may render us dubious in criticising the description of the signs of the seasons, but we can tell you unhesitatingly that your metre changes in verse 3. Your second line becomes too long. Your ear will inform you that these lines, both occupying the same place (second) in the verse, are not of equal length or similar accent—

"Buttercups yellow, and daisies white."

"And scorch the earth and air."

We should recommend you to read an article on "How to Write Verse," by Lily Watson, in a recent number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, from which you will see that "form" is important. It is a good exercise for you to note the aspects of nature in this way, and we are not trying to deter or discourage you.

ALICE PURCELL.—We fear we must say that your verses are "not worth printing." The style of asking questions and answering them by one word at the end of the verse—"Elijah"—is childish, reminding one of the infantile poem in which each verse ends, "My mother." Your lines are of irregular lengths, and your rhymes are often incorrect—*e.g.*, "hid." "fed"; "wing," "been"; "appalled," "unfold"; "mien," "slain"; and so forth. As your age is only seventeen, you need not be distressed at these criticisms. The writing of verse that is fit to publish is a difficult art, requiring knowledge of poetic form among other qualifications.

TREVORAK.—Although we cannot at this moment refer to the poem from which you quote a stanza, we feel sure it must be by Algernon C. Swinburne. There is scarcely a possibility of mistaking the ring of his verse, although of course a deliberate imitation might be cleverly written. We give two of the lines in question—

"O fair green-girdled mother of mine,
Sea, thou art clothed with the sun and the rain"—

that if we are mistaken (not otherwise) someone may kindly write and tell us so.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

M. E. S.—Your last also calls for deep thankfulness. Loving thanks for help. Perhaps in time you may see your way to extend it to another needy one.

HAWTHORN.—Hearty thanks for renewed offer and help already given. I shall not forget your question, "Can I do any little thing for you, dear mother-friend?" I shall not be afraid of appealing to you, dear "daughter-friend" when there is an empty niche for usefulness which you can fill.

SNOWDROP.—I am thankful for three things in your letter—that the Talk on "Prayer" has helped you so much, that your correspondent is so exactly what you needed, and my last answer also. Above all, I rejoice that you are trying more earnestly and heartily to follow Christ, and can say, "Though the road seems often dark and the way is long, I shall try, try on till the light comes." May God bless and strengthen you, and make your life resemble in its purity the little flower whose name you have chosen.

ASPHODEL.—Since reading your letter I have pictured you battling against the many difficulties both in your home and religious life. With all the will to fight against the tendency to downheartedness, I can understand that in your case the task must be hard indeed. With parents both hopelessly invalided, and so much domestic responsibility and often hard work weighing heavily upon you, no wonder you are often discouraged. I am so sorry for you, I cannot say one word of blame in regard to the spiritual deadness which distresses you so much. Besides, you are longing to recover lost ground, and in your heart you cry, as did the Shepherd King, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation." Dear girl, I believe you will be helped. Every longing thought of yours is an unuttered prayer, and will not be in vain. I will try to give you the right correspondent, and your needs will not be forgotten by the many of our Circle who plead daily for "all who are afflicted, whether in mind, body, or estate." I trust the Talks on "Familiar Words" will help you as preceding ones have done.

ETHEL C.—I do so long to send you a comforting message, my dear troubled girl. I do not think you are one bit to blame for the shyness, nervousness, and even morbid dread from which you suffer when in the company of others, and which renders you incapable of undertaking the Christian work you long to share in. I should strongly advise you to consult a nerve specialist. I am sure you require the advice of such a person in the first instance, and doubtless he would suggest a course of treatment which would effect a speedy change for the better. If it were merely a question of will on your part, I should say, "Avoid being alone; spend as much time out of doors as you can; determine not to let your thoughts dwell on unpleasant subjects; and, above all, think of others instead of yourself." You are too introspective—always dreading what will probably never happen, and choosing the prospect of trouble to come rather than basking in the sunshine of the love of God which is the birthright of all who seek it through Christ, the appointed "Way." Probably you are quite mistaken in thinking that you are the subject of those whisperings and glances which distress you. Do strive against all the morbid notions which poison your life and hinders its usefulness. Do not say to yourself, "It is useless to try." With God's help you can do all things. Ask the Holy Spirit to dwell in your heart, to inspire your words, and then plead at the throne of grace, in Jesus' name, for strength to live and work for God. Write to me again. I shall want to hear from you, and I pray that you may have good news to send me. I truly desire to be your friend, though unseen.

J. T. S.—I sent your appeal to a subscriber to the "G. O. P." who had offered to send on her numbers to another girl. The latter had previously received them from the "Help-One-Another Fund." I hope you have heard from her on the subject. I am much interested in the details of your long letter, but cannot allude to all for want of space, but I heartily wish you better health, and that God will bless your efforts to labour "In His Name."



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PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

BY MRS. G. DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHEN the gong sounded that night two white-robed figures stole out of Mademoiselle's room, and crept quietly along the gallery. Pat was arrayed as a knight of old, wearing a pair of Esmeralda's old white stockings, surmounted by loose linen trunks, the rest of the sheet being ingeniously swathed round his body, and kept in place by such an elaborate cris-crossing of tape as gave the effect of a slashed doublet. A thickly-pleated cloak (made out of sheet number two) hung over his shoulders, and the pillow-case was drawn into a cap, which was placed jauntily on the side of his head. As handsome a young knight as one could wish to see was Mr. Patrick O'Shaughnessy, and the manner in which he held Mademoiselle's hand, and led her down the great staircase evoked thunders of applause from the watchers beneath.

Mademoiselle herself looked worthy of her squire, for her dark animated face stood the test of the unrelieved whiteness so successfully that she was all ablush with

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"LIKE A FLASH OF LIGHTNING PIXIE LAY PRONE ON THE FLOOR."

delight at the discovery that she was not an old woman after all, but on occasion could still look as girlish as she felt. She was attired as a Normandy peasant, with turned back skirt and loose white bodice; but the feature of the costume was undoubtedly the cap, which looked so extraordinarily like the real article that the sceptical refused to believe in its pillow-case origin, until the button-holes were exhibited in evidence.

"It is wonderful—wonderful! But how have you made it so stiff and crinkly?" the Major inquired curiously, and Mademoiselle laughed in gleeful triumph.

"I 'ave curled it with my curling tongs—not perhaps curl, what the washerwoman would say—'gof-fer,' and for the rest, can you not see the wire? It is a piece I have taken upstairs after the decorations, and it is stitched in to keep the folds in place; but I must keep my 'cad still, for it is not too strong. You are very fine too, sir. You are, I suppose, some old patrician?"

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!" declaimed the Major, throwing his arms about with impassioned gestures. His white toga fell in graceful folds round his tall figure; his arms were bared to the elbows, he wore a twisted turban, which was impressive, if not exactly appropriate; and it was really an imposing spectacle to behold him strutting up and down the hall, with a great display of sandalled feet, of which he was evidently immensely proud.

Bridgie sat demurely on a high-backed chair, a sweet-faced nun, with her golden hair hidden from sight, and her dark-lashed eyes looking lovelier than ever when contrasted with the white bands across her forehead. She had been so busy dressing others that she had had no time to plan anything more appropriate for herself; but if she had worked for days she could not have hit on a costume more becoming to her style of beauty. It was scarcely in character, however, to shriek aloud with laughter, as she did a moment later, as Mark Antony was suddenly arrested on his march by an apparition which leapt forward from behind a screen, and advanced upon him to an accompaniment of unearthly groanings.

Miles as a ghost was certainly an eerie figure; for by means of a stick strapped to his back the sheet was raised to an unnatural altitude, while a couple of tennis rackets held in either hand made extended wings with which to swoop about, and raise warning signals to the onlookers. He chased Mark Antony until that classic gentleman threatened fight with a poker; when he amused himself by groaning vigorously at Pixie, who had been attired as "a Lady in Waiting"—not, it must be confessed, with any striking success; and who was somewhat ruffled in her temper through constant trippings over her train.

"Ye stupid thing!" she cried crossly. "Be over hooting at me! If you are a bogie, you can go and haunt by yourself, and not molest your betters! It's the worst dress of the lot. Nothing but three sticks and the sheets in knots. You had better rest yourself a bit, and groan while we are at dinner, for your head is covered up that tight that you'll never be able to eat!"

"Trust me!" cried Miles, and somewhere about the middle of the ghost the white folds parted, and out peered a crimson face with twinkling eyes, and a mat of damp curls falling over the forehead. "You don't catch me taking any part which interfered with eating! Contrariwise—I'm best off of you all, for I have just to drop my sticks, and—there I am! The sheet falls down, and I eat my dinner in comfort, instead of being stewed alive as you will be before it's half over."

"That's true. I feel as if I had mumps already!" sighed the nun sadly; but the next moment she gave a cry of delight, and pointed eagerly across the hall.

"Esmeralda! Oh, look! look!"

There had been so much to see and admire that the absence of the second daughter of the house had not been noticed; but even as Bridgie spoke, each one realised that her late arrival was just what might have been expected. The beautiful Miss O'Shaughnessy had preferred to be sure of her audience before appearing upon the stage; for to judge by the continuous rumble of the sewing-machine, which had sounded from her room, she had bestowed no little pains upon her costume.

Great expectations are apt to be disappointed; but in this instance it is safe to say that the reality exceeded the wildest dreams, for it was almost impossible to believe that this charming figure owed her attire to no more promising materials than ordinary bed linen! Esmeralda had aimed at nothing less ambitious than a Watteau costume, and the rumbling of the machine was accounted for by one glance at the elaborately-quilted petticoat. She had folded a blanket between the doubled sheet, so as to give the effect of wadding, and an ancient crinoline held out the folds with old-world effect. For the rest she wore the orthodox panniers on the hips, and a bodice swathed as artistically as might be round the beautiful bare neck and arms. Her hair was dressed high and powdered, and the pillow-case was drawn into the shape of a hood which dangled lightly over her arm. Half way down the staircase she came to a stand, and stood sunning herself in the applause of the beholders, then came slowly forward, and standing in the middle of the floor revolved slowly round and round, so as to display every feature of her costume. It was certainly a marvel of ingenuity, and amidst the general chorus of praise, Mademoiselle could not refrain from improving the occasion by remarking that such a good needlewoman should have no difficulty in turning dressmaker for her own and her sister's benefit. The reply to this insinuation was a threatening grimace, and Esmeralda made haste to draw her father's attention to another topic.

"Aren't you proud of me now, father dear, and cut to the heart to think that no one will see me besides yourself? Sure it's a crime to waste all this splendour on the desert air!"—and she rolled her eyes at him with a languishing glance, and smiled so bewitchingly, that the Major rubbed his hands in delight, and fell unhesitatingly into the snare.

"Faith, and you're right! It's a perfect crime. We should have asked some of the neighbours in to see you. Bridgie, why did you not think of that, now? Ye might have had a pleasant little party to amuse your friend instead of taking this trouble for nothing."

"Not on two days' invitation, father, and besides, Jack is not here yet. While he is here, perhaps——"

"Yes, father, on New Year's Eve! Give us leave to ask some people on New Year's Eve, and we will plan such a wonderful programme as will be the talk for miles around. I'm brimful of ideas, and we have not had any sort of entertainment for two years now. Say we may ask them, won't you, dear?"

But at this the Major began to look uneasy, for it was one thing to find fault with Bridgie for not having given an invitation in the past, and quite another to be asked to sanction another in the future.

"Who will you be wanting to ask?" he queried anxiously. "Never did I meet such an exacting child! My mouth's no sooner opened than you are ready to jump inside! 'A wonderful programme,' says she. And who's to pay for it, may I ask? You would ruin

me between you, you children, if I hadn't saved you the trouble long ago. How much will this entertainment be costing me now?"

"Oh, twopence halfpenny! No more than that. We will kill the old turkey, that is so tough that he is fairly asking to be killed, and use up the dessert from Christmas, and Mademoiselle shall make us some of her fine French dishes, and there will be so much going on that there will be very little time to eat. Make your mind easy and trust to me."

"I'll see you through!" cried Esmeralda grandly, whereupon the Major shrugged his shoulders, and reflected cheerfully that a few pounds more or less made little difference. Let the girl have her way, she had been kept too long in seclusion, and what was the use of possessing the most beautiful daughter in the county if you could not show her off to your friends once in a while?

Silence was rightly interpreted as consent, and having gained her point, Esmeralda was wreathed in smiles and amiability for the rest of the evening. The Major dispensed with his toga at an early hour, and Nun and Ghost alike shed their wrappings and appeared in ordinary evening dress; but Esmeralda was too complacently conscious of looking her best to make any change in her attire. Dinner passed hilariously enough, and then, the rain having ceased, the Major put on his coat and went out for a walk in the grounds, while the ladies retired to their snuggery upstairs and made themselves comfortable round the fire. To them entered presently Master Pat, white knight no longer, but an ordinary shabby stripling with pensive eyes and a mild expression. He sat himself down in leisurely fashion, and gazed at his second sister with melancholy interest as one far removed from youthful follies and grieved to behold them in those he held dear.

"You are the only one who has kept on her dress! I suppose you don't mind what you suffer so long as you make an appearance! It's a pity, as you said, that there is no one to admire you, but if you would like to meet a stranger why don't you go for a walk down the left wing and back by the hall? The moonlight is shining in at the windows, and you know the old saying that if you walk by yourself in the moonlight to-night you will see the spirit of your future husband waiting for you! You might have a peep at him now and come back and tell us what he is like!"

Esmeralda turned her head on the cushion, and looked at him with a lazy smile.

"What nonsense are you talking? You are thinking of Hallowe'en, stupid! That has nothing to do with to-day!"

"It has, then. It's just as good as Christmas Eve. I've been told so by those that know, but you want to get out of it because you haven't the pluck. All girls are afraid of the dark."

"You said yourself it was moonlight! I shouldn't be afraid to walk the whole round of the Castle if it came to that, but I don't see why I should. I'm snug and comfortable here, and it's not worth disturbing myself to convince a boy like you!"

"So you say." Pat wagged his head in undisguised scepticism. "It's easy to talk, my dear, but I should prefer actions to words. You made a poor show on that ladder yesterday, and I don't like to own a coward for my sister. Look here now, you were worrying me to give you that racket, and I said I would do nothing of the kind, but I'll change my mind and hand it over to you to-night, if you will walk that round and come back here without letting a single howl out of you!"

Bridgie drew her brows together and looked suspicious at this unwonted generosity, but Esmeralda sprang to her feet, all eagerness and excitement.

"You will now? Honour bright? If I walk down the left wing, go down the circular staircase, and round by the hall, you will hand the racket over when I come back?"

"I will so!"

"You hear that, you girls? You are witnesses, remember! I'm off this minute; if I meet my spouse I'll bring him back for a warm by the fire, so stoke up and get a good blaze. I hope he will think I am becomingly arrayed."

He was sure to do that, was Mademoiselle's reflection as she smiled back into the sparkling face, and watched the tall figure flit down the corridor. Quite ghost-like it looked in the cold, blue rays which came in through the windows, the dead white of the dress standing out sharply against the darkness of the background. It was almost as if the spirit of some of those old ancestors whose portraits lined the wall had come back to revisit her old home, and Bridgie shivered as she looked, and turned on Pat with unusual sharpness.

"What nonsense are you up to now? She'll not catch anything but her death of cold, wandering about those cold galleries with her bare arms and neck. Spirits indeed! You ought to know better than to believe in such nonsense; but there's some mischief afoot, or you wouldn't be so generous all of a sudden. What's the meaning of it now? Tell me this minute?"

Pat's grin of delight extended from ear to ear, he stood in obstinate silence until the last flicker of whiteness disappeared in the distance, then shut the door, and deliberately barred it with his back.

"Sit down, then, and I'll give the history, but don't attempt to get out, for you'll not pass this door except over my dead body. You say she won't meet anybody, do you? That's where you are wrong, for he's waiting for her at this very minute. He came ringing at the door five minutes ago, the young Englishman that's with the Trelawneys, and that father was after offering a mount to the other day. 'Is Mr. O'Shaughnessy at home?' says he. 'He is, sir,' says Molly, knowing no better, for she never had a sight of the Major after dinner. 'Can I see him for a moment? I'll not come farther than the hall, for the cart's waiting, and I am not fit to enter a room.' So with that he comes in, six foot two, if he's an inch, and covered from head to foot in a shiny white mackintosh, with his head peeping out on top, and I've seen uglier men than him before this. I was coming down the stairs after shedding me sheets, and Molly was asking me where the Major might be, so I told her to send Dennis in search, and meself was all smiles and apologies for the darkness of the place, with only the one lamp and the fire dying out on the hearth. 'I'll fetch more light,' says I, and 'Pray do nothing of the kind,' says he. 'It's charming to see this fine old place lit up by the moonlight, I could study it for an hour on end. A perfect setting for a ghost story, isn't it?' says he, smiling, and with that he crosses over to the window, and by the same token it was a regular ghost he looked himself, all tall, and straight, and shiny white. Then it walked into my head what a jest it would be to send Esmeralda to meet him, and the two of them each thinking the other was a ghost, and frightened out of their seven senses. So I excused myself, polite like, saying I would speak to my sister, and the rest of the tale you know for yourselves. I taunted her with cowardice to make her rise to the

occasion, but that wouldn't work, and time was passing, so I turned to bribery, but by good fortune I'll keep my racket yet. At this very moment she will be feeling her way cautiously down that stair, and he'll be hearing the creak, and coming forward to see the cause. All bluey white they'll be, and each one so scared by the sight of the other that they'll hardly dare to breathe. Listen now while I open the door, and you may hear her squeal."

"Patrick O'Shaughnessy, ye graceless boy, how dare you take such a liberty with your sister! A strange man, an Englishman, and Esmeralda knowing nothing about him, and believing there is no one near! Let me pass now! Stand aside this moment! Patrick O'Shaughnessy, will you let me pass, or will you not?"

"I will not!" returned Pat sturdily. "It's my joke, and I'm not going to have it spoiled. You leave them to fight it out between themselves, and if they come out alive you'll hear the tale first hand. 'What do my eyes behold?' says he. 'What fairy form is this I see before me?' 'Pity me!' says she. 'What's that white pillar over there by the window? It's a dust sheet that Mollie has been hanging over the curtains, and maybe the draught is making it move. Oh, oh, oh, there's a head to it! It's alive! It comes towards me! What will I do! What will I do!'"

Pat clasped his hands in affected terror, and shrieked in clever imitation of his sister's manner. The door was still ajar, and as he stopped a sound from below rose faintly to the ears of his companions, a second shriek so alike in tone and expression that it might have been the echo of his own. "Pixie," cried Bridgie wildly, "at him, Pixie, at him!" And like a flash of lightning Pixie lay prone on the floor with her arms wound tightly round Pat's legs. He swayed and staggered, clutched at the wall, felt Mademoiselle's arms nip him from behind, the door flew open, and Bridgie sped like a lapwing along the gallery.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LILIUM HENRYI AND ITS DISCOVERER.

By ELEONORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.



LILIUM HENRYI.

It seldom happens that a man gains distinction through his hobby, but when this rare thing comes to pass, Fame gives her crown with a grace which she never bestows upon the merely material aspirant.

Dr. Augustine Henry is one of the favoured few, and he wears his fame—"with a difference."

Ireland was the country of his birth, and there, at Queen's University, he took his M.A. degree. Afterwards he became a Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians in Edinburgh, a Fellow of the Linnæan Society, and a corresponding Member of the Pharmaceutical Society of London. Yet, with all this, the world of medicine knows him not.

In 1881 he entered the Chinese Maritime Customs as medical officer, but Æsculapius seems to have had in him only a half-hearted disciple, for eventually we find him as ordinary assistant in the Customs, and in this service, which is so admirably conducted by Sir Robert Hart, he has now attained a very distinguished position.

But the honours attending this position are Dr. Henry's in China, and they would never have inspired our Editor to ask for a biographical sketch of their recipient. The work which has brought him fame was a work of love, followed for itself alone, and it has brought him nothing else. Why should it? It is a pet theory of mine that if we must earn our bread-and-butter, we should win our honey elsewhere.

Dr. Henry wins his honey where the bees win it—from the flowers. I was standing one day last summer beside him beneath a magnificent group of his own lilies at Kew, and when we moved away I found that a shower of golden pollen had fallen on his hat. Not a grain had fallen on my hat, though it was a much bigger one—a more inviting expanse, you would think. But no, the lilies had nothing to say to me. I don't win my honey from the flowers!

Readers of The Girl's Own Paper will remember some articles, in a recent volume, on the lilies grown in a Surrey garden. Some of us tried to follow the directions so wisely and pleasantly laid down for us, and hoped to cultivate lilies ourselves. If success did not always crown our attempts, we at all events learnt to take a more intelligent interest in one of the fairest of flowers, and the discoverer of the *Lilium Henryi* has a special claim to our gratitude.

I wish I could give my readers in Dr. Henry's words the description of his lily's home.

The Yangtse Kiang is one of the chief waterways of China, but so wild and uneven, and in parts so narrow is its bed, that navigation upon it is attended by considerable difficulty. At either side, to a height varying between 2,000 and 6,000 feet, rise rocky cliffs, broken here and there by

grassy ridges, on which countless flowers bloom luxuriantly. At the port beneath these mountains, where the great river begins its thousand mile journey over a vast alluvial plain to the sea, Dr. Henry was stationed in '88 at a place called I-chang.

His favourite pursuit at this time was to haunt those lonely gorges, searching for rare and beautiful plants, and here it was that he discovered his golden lily. He sent it to Kew, where it was found to be a new species, and the name *Lilium Henryi* was given to it by Mr. Baker, then keeper of the herbarium at Kew. Dr. Henry soon afterwards sent over a box of bulbs collected by him on their native mountain-sides, and these bulbs have produced all the magnificent lilies of this kind now to be seen at Kew Gardens, both in the open and in the temperate house.

The *Lilium Henryi* is the tallest lily that grows, and the fairies, when they look up through the green leaves cloaking its stem, must think that the golden blossoms so far above their tiny heads are twinkling stars.



DR. HENRY.

There are no fairies in China, you would say. But there are in Ireland, as everyone knows, and probably one or two accompanied Dr. Henry to the "Flowery Land."

The *Lilium Henryi* is only one of Dr. Henry's discoveries. His collection of plants made in China in the last twenty years numbers 16,000, and as there are about ten specimens to each number, he has collected and sorted 160,000 specimens!

A dainty plant of the primula family, but with foliage like that of a small shrub, was found in Yunnan, and he called it *Carolinella Henryi*, in memory of the sweet and gracious lady who was his wife for only three short years.

VARIETIES.

Guided by the Sound.

Uneducated persons nearly always write phonetically, and it is an assistance in perusing letters from such individuals to bear in mind their peculiarities of pronunciation, as this gives a key to the written phrases. Take the famous bill:—

To a wooden barrow, 16s.
And a wooden do;
To a wooden barrow, 16s.
And a wood do.

Here the total charge was 16s., and the bill was easily deciphered by a person aware that the good carpenter pronounced "wooden" and "would not" alike and transformed "it" into "a." Translated into different pronunciation, the charge was for a "wooden barrow which would not do," and was consequently returned to the maker, who then supplied a "wooden barrow" which "would do."

Rather Highly Coloured.

"Your narrative is too highly coloured," remarked the publisher, returning her manuscript to the disappointed authoress.

"In what way?" asked she.

"Why," answered the publisher, "in the very first chapter you make the old man turn purple with rage, the villain green with envy, the hero white with anger, the heroine red with blushes, and the coachman blue with cold!"

Work Away.

"Work for the good that is highest,
Dream not of greatness afar;
That glory is ever the highest
Which shines upon men as they are.
Work though the world may defeat you,
Heed not the slander and scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles through the gates of the morn."

Forgiving and Forgetting.—"I can forgive, but I cannot forget it," is only another way of saying, "I will not forgive." A forgiveness ought to be like a cancelled note, torn in two and burned up, so that it can never be shown against the debtor. There is an ugly kind of forgiveness in this world, a kind of hedgehog forgiveness, shot out like quills.

Take Courage.—Face a situation and you are three-fourths master of it.

Delusions About the Weather.

There is an idea that a heavy dew at night presages a fine day on the morrow. But all the copious dew really indicates is that at the time there is a clear sky and that there is much difference between the temperature of the earth and the higher air.

Another picturesque delusion is that the sunset and sunrise have a prophetic significance as to the weather that is to come, whereas a very little observation will satisfy anyone that the indications of the weather at these two moments of the day have no special significance.

Another delusion is that the moon affects the weather, and yet a fourth is that a plentiful crop of berries in the autumn forebodes a hard winter.

Pity Her Husband!

In the old "samplers" worked by our great-grandmothers we meet with quaint specimens of verse. The worker of one in 1718, for instance, drops into poetry of the pleasing didactic sort as follows—

"She that is wise her time will prize
She that will eat her breakfast in her bed,
And spend all the morning in dressing of her head,
And sit at dinner like a maiden bride,
God in His mercy may do much to save her;
But what a case is he in that must have her!"

Life and Art.

Said Life to Art, "I love thee best
Not when I find in thee
My very face and form expressed
With dull fidelity;
But when in thee my craving eyes
Behold continually
The mystery of my memories
And all I long to be."

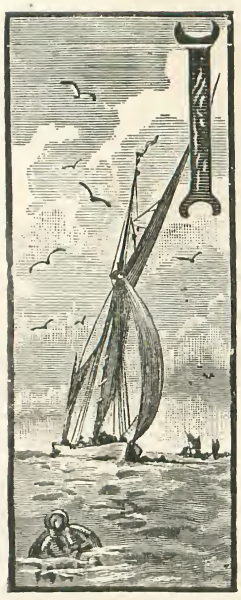
Energetic Characters.—Strong impulses are but another name for energy. Energy may be turned to bad uses, but more good may always be got out of an energetic nature than out of an indolent and impassive one.

Looking for Poetry.—She who has no poetry in herself will find poetry in nothing.

Answer to Charade (p. 251).
Woman.

CONSEQUENCES.

By A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.



"If a man has anything to say, and can say it well, he is sure to find plenty of people to listen to him." So remarked Sir Herbert Maxwell on one occasion at the Authors' Dinner. I hope it will prove true in the present instance. I certainly have plenty to say to "our girls," but whether I can say it well enough to secure their attention I must leave other people to decide.

There is hardly anything more persistently ignored by the young than consequences, and few things deserve more to be earnestly considered. Four men were roped together on an Alpine mountain. One was careless and made a false step—such a little thing, but four lives were lost, four families plunged in grief, and a widow and orphans left destitute.

A young lady who had to support herself in London by a branch of art which appeals to few had been struggling for years, and barely contrived to keep her head above water. A lady who was interested in her arranged an interview with a gentleman who wanted to fill up a post worth £60 a year, but he was in a hurry. The lady wrote to the girl, but the appointed hour came and passed, and she failed to appear. The situation was filled up, the important man had gone when the artist arrived. The letter had been misdirected and the recipient had let it lie for a day before sending it on to its rightful owner. Bitter was the grief of the poor hard-working girl, to whom an introduction to the great art patron would have been worth almost as much as the situation.

"Will you come to luncheon with us on Thursday at one o'clock?" asked Mrs. Mavors of a young friend.

"Delighted," said Evelyn, but when the time came she was at the Academy, and lingered so long that she did not reach the luncheon-party till half-past one. As she turned the corner of the square a hansom piled with luggage drove away. "I am so sorry to be late," she began.

"I am sorry too," said Mrs. Mavors, "for Arthur has been ordered to the Front unexpectedly, and wanted to say good-bye before he went. He stayed till the last moment. I thought you would have been here by one."

Eva's heart stood still. Arthur was only a distant cousin, but everybody expected the pair would be much nearer relations some day. It was bad enough to have to part at all, but to part without a farewell almost broke Eva's heart, and the sorrow sprang from such a trifling cause. She had only dawdled a little, laughing and talking with the young friends she had met looking at the masterpiece of the year, and this bitter trial was the consequence!

Mildred Stephenson was the only plain daughter in a handsome family. One after another her pretty sisters married, and she longed, poor girl, to follow their example. She wanted to be loved; she wished for a home and little children of her very own. At last a lover made his appearance from Australia, a good honest man, well off, but rather gauche and abnormally sensitive. Mildred liked him from the first. Soon she came to love him, and he manifestly adored her. All seemed going well, when Mr. Wood happened to meet a cousin of Mildred's at a flower-show. Naturally enough the conversation turned on the Stephenson family.

"What an odd girl Mildred is!" said the cousin. "I was told the other day that she is going to marry a colonial. After all I have heard her say about them it is too funny. Ah, well, money is a consideration! Perhaps she will be happy, though she finds it hard, I understand, to put up with the man."

Poor Mr. Wood! He was too humble to imagine his goddess could care for himself, and was almost willing to be taken for his money rather than lose the loved one altogether. But the girl, feeling perhaps that she had given a bad impression of Mildred, added carelessly—

"I know Mildred must be forced to it by her mother. She would rather starve than marry a man she despises—if she were left to herself."

The lover felt as if cold water were running down his spine. He took leave of the lady as soon as he could, left a P.P.C. card on Mrs. Stephenson, with a note explaining that he was obliged to return unexpectedly to Melbourne, and started by the next mail.

Poor Mildred wept in secret, and the glossy hair, almost her only beauty, grew thin and grey. She was not the sort of woman to be a happy old maid, and she never had another admirer, so her whole life was darkened by a few idle words spoken merely to "make conversation." Neither Mildred nor the cousin, whom she rarely saw, ever guessed what mischief had been wrought by a chattering tongue.

"I have been thinking," said Lady Limpsfield to her husband, "that we might ask Dora James to spend next October with us in Scotland. She used to be a nice child, and if she has grown up well, she would be a pleasant companion for Jeanie. I should like to be kind to her for her father's sake."

Dora James was the daughter of a clergyman much esteemed by both Sir Thomas and Lady Limpsfield. She had lately come to London as an art student, and shared a tiny flat with two other girls. Lady Limpsfield asked her to tea on a given afternoon. Dora was shy and also indolent. She put off answering for a whole day, during which she got a ticket for a concert which she thought would be more amusing than Lady Limpsfield's tea, so she wrote and said she was engaged. Lady Limpsfield scanned the note carefully and wrote again, begging her to come any afternoon during the next fortnight, as often as she liked and take her chance of finding them at home. Dora frowned, put off going to the last day, and was met with "Not at home." Another girl had accepted the first invitation, giving up a projected scheme of pleasure for the purpose. She too was invited to come whenever she liked afterwards. She tried several times in vain, but at last found Lady Limpsfield in, and received a cordial welcome.

"Mother," said Jeanie, "I wish you would ask Geraldine Simpson in October instead of Dora James. She evidently does not care about seeing us again, and after all, Geraldine is quite as nice, and may be nicer now for all we know."

"Well, you are the person most concerned," replied the lady, and Dora James dropped gradually from the memory of the Limpsfield family. Geraldine in time became a true friend. She and Jeanie in after years always kept in touch, and Geraldine met her husband at Lady Limpsfield's house.

Such was the consequence of prompt action and courtesy. Dora, on the contrary, by mere self-indulgence in a small matter, lost a valuable friend and opportunities which would have widened and brightened her somewhat narrow life.

Many more instances might easily be given, but I must not further trespass on the Editor's space than to press our girls to consider in the little insignificant choices of daily life not what is least trouble, not what is most amusing, but what may possibly spring from their action by-and-by. I know it is impossible to put old heads on young shoulders, but oh! how much sorrow might be spared and happiness secured if only the young heads added a little forethought inside to the beauty of youth without!



SILENT STRINGS.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Lady Dye's Reparation," "A Cluster of Roses," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

FAREWELLS.

DREW insisted on marrying Amice with all possible speed, and Amice, somewhat to her mother's surprise, consented. There was an ancient mansion on the borders of Oxford which delighted the young couple, a house surrounded by far-reaching gardens, and an orchard sloping down to the tranquil meadows, always starred with flowers in spring. They filled the rooms with beautiful old furniture, spending so much time and money on the plenishing that Amice forgot the distaste for luxury which she had openly expressed. Kate lectured them one day for hanging over a grandfather's clock in a sort of rapture, and reminded them that life held things more precious than marqueterie and spider-legged tables and chairs.

So there was another wedding at the end of the summer, and Addy declared that a bridesmaid's duties were very trying. Afterwards the sisters said to each other that the house was getting too large for them, and Kate suggested that it might be well to move nearer to Amice and Drew. There was a roomy cottage, close to the lodge-gates, which would be an ideal home for three people.

"Shall we ever get father to consent to the change?" Addy asked. "Think what it will be here in the coming days! Mrs. Hinton and Amice gone from Beaumont Street, and Claud in India. Claud in India, Kate; we have gained one brother and lost the other."

"Not lost," Kate said, with tears in her eyes. "I always thought he would have to go far away; but we know why he is going, and what he will do. You see, Addy, he does not belong to us as the others did; his life was given—consecrated—and we cannot hold him."

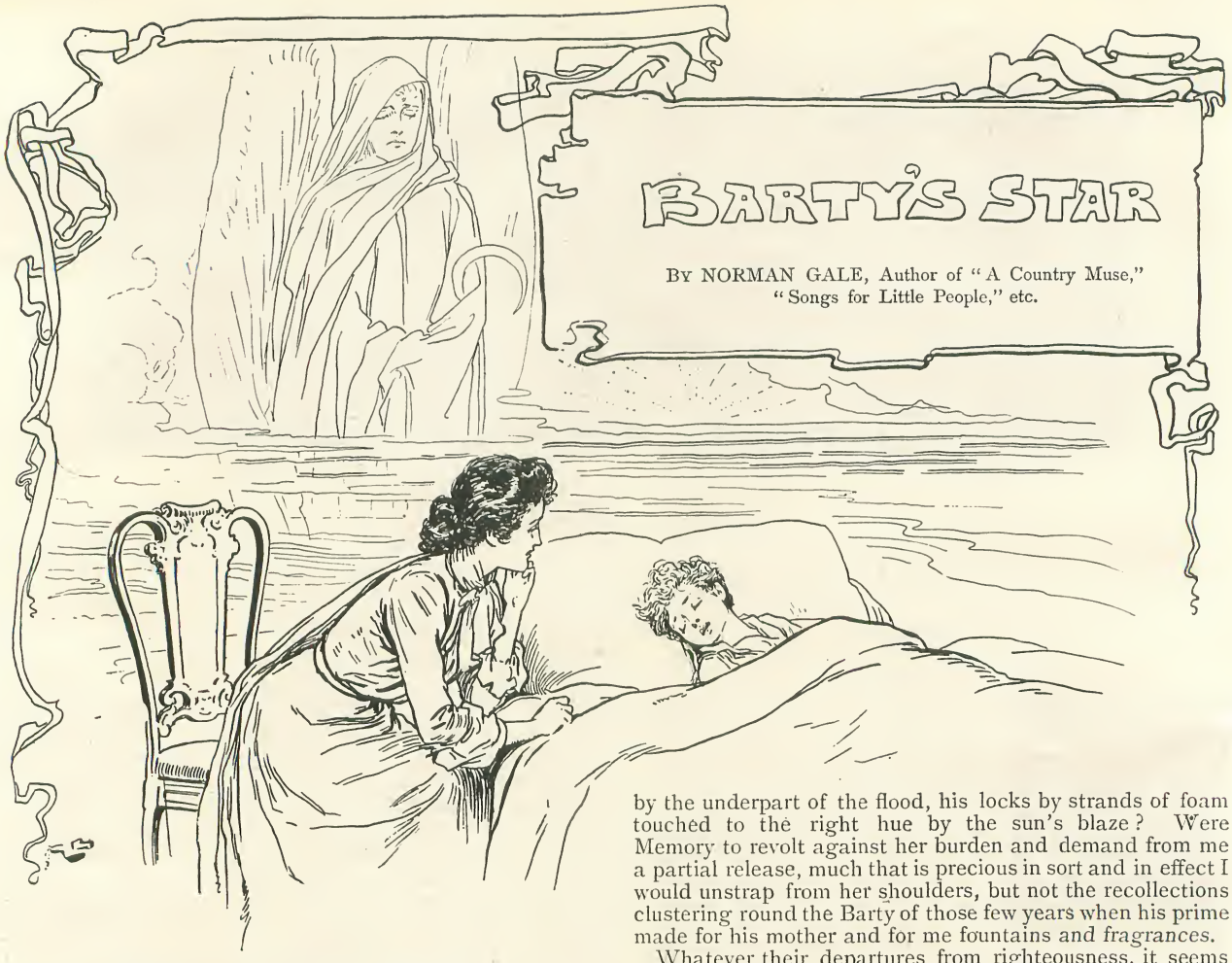
"No," said Addy thoughtfully. "And, really, no women can expect to keep a brother all to themselves. But this old house will get too sad for anything, and we must coax father to leave it."

He needed a great deal of coaxing, but at last his consent was won, and the winter went by in preparing for the new home. Sis wrote from Woodmere, asking her father and sisters to spend Christmas there, but they preferred to stay in the house which they were so soon to leave for ever. Claud was to take his departure early in the new year; and when all his arrangements were finally made, he came to Oxford to say a long good-bye.

The twilight of a February day was stealing over the old study when he stood there alone, taking a last look at the familiar things he had known from boyhood. There, in its usual corner, was the banjo, quite forgotten by its owner, who had bought several new instruments, and strummed and thrummed to his heart's content. "Silent strings," Claud murmured to himself, as he ran his fingers lightly over them and recalled the half-remembered days.

He knew that he could never forget the first and last love of his life. Even if he lived to be an old man, a mere touch might awaken those silent strings in the self that was hidden within him. It is told that in an Egyptian tomb, closed more than a thousand years before Christ, a harp of many strings was discovered in 1823. One of the explorers laid his hand upon the instrument, and the chords which had been motionless and silent for upwards of three thousand years vibrated to his touch, and woke the echoes of the tomb with musical sounds. How long does memory live? How long does the heart retain the melody of its early affection? Claud put down the old banjo with a smile, and answered, "For ever and ever."

THE END



Barty's Star

By NORMAN GALE, Author of "A Country Muse," "Songs for Little People," etc.

Chapter The Fifth

LOVELINESS is split up into millions and millions of particles, and each fragment, however strangely one may differ from another, is alive with the selfsame soul. Continuity prospers in variety. The daffodil and the rainbow are kinsfolk. Consider for a moment the atom of beauty, chipped, as it were, from the elemental block, which we had before our eyes and deep down at heart, in the person of Barty during his early childhood. How closely he was related to the sunshine, his gaiety and his aureole of hair proclaimed with the tongue of resemblance; his eyes were first cousins to the heavens, to Canterbury Bells that are blue, and to many other flowers—many, because differing emotions in the boy had different effects upon the tint of those twin blossoms that daily opened and shut beneath a bank of forehead, snowdrop white in winter, wheat gold in summer, when the lad's great kinsman had stared at him long and intently. Barty dwelt in the lily, and the lily rested a part of her completeness in Barty. To us our son was an infantile Proteus, who, although incapable of the full magicianship suggested by the name, yet hinted in a tricksy fashion at all manner of shapes as he scampered about the lawns, his arms, lips, eyes, blouse, legs, and hair united to make up the figure of dishevelled Joy. Without ceasing he had unconsciously forced me to spend thought upon the fundamental alliance between all material images, for had I not glimpsed him as a shrub in flower, a bird in flight, a meteor running the gauntlet between a pair of tremendous constellations? Had I not seen him ruling the sunset, shaped as a cloud, his overall rosy beyond description, his hair kissed into an almost unbearable dazzle by the great lips of his molten worshipper? Had I not beheld him flash in watery tumult down many a cataract, his blue blouse easily represented by the underpart of the flood, his locks by strands of foam touched to the right hue by the sun's blaze? Were Memory to revolt against her burden and demand from me a partial release, much that is precious in sort and in effect I would unstrap from her shoulders, but not the recollections clustering round the Barty of those few years when his prime made for his mother and for me fountains and fragrances.

Whatever their departures from righteousness, it seems to me that childless husbands and wives should deservedly be exempted from any scheme of vengeance which may possibly exist in the Hereafter, as an acknowledgment of their daily purgatory undergone in this forcing-house of heaven. Into thousands and thousands of homes Christ enters with the doctor, what time the old, old miracle is again performed. And the most poignant among all appeals has not been made to the soul of a man and of a woman till in their own private Bethlehem they welcome with wonder, with tears, and with laughter, a speechless saviour, whose very weakness is a strength in disguise, an incentive to spiritual uplifting, a magnet drawing to the cores of tenderness in the mother and the father all those flying fragments of the best, which hitherto have travelled in orbits apart from their central excellence. By wondrous love those precious particles are collected; through love they cohere. Blessed are the lintels and the side-posts which have been struck by a bunch of hyssop dripping with blood as a signal for the angel of death not to pause, not to enter, and not to slay! Blessed are the houses in which little children, all unwittingly, work wonders belonging to peace and love, civilising their elders, and making in the clouds rents through which the eyes of the parents may reach almost to the Mercy Seat! Weary falls the day in the huts and palaces where barrenness keeps the cradle empty. Small wonder if the unfruitful bosom aches!

Barty's mother (my heart always leaps up at thought of her, as Wordsworth's used to leap whenever in the sky he beheld a rainbow) and I, not long after the boy's game of creation, experienced that sickness at heart which inhabits a sufferer when the hope of saving an exquisite life is at zero. As we stood hand in hand by the bed on which lay the fevered child, every surrounding of home and landscape and sky shrivelled into nothingness. Delight shrank into her most secret haunt as a touched snail draws backward

into its shell, and we learned then for the first time how precariously the sword of bliss hung above our heads. Truly, it was held by a support even weaker than a single hair from all the golden harvest that had been reaped from our son's head by the scissors of necessity. A foretaste of death, or perhaps I should say, a temporary paralysis, overtook the senses of touch and smell. Keenly do I remember how I failed to catch the scent of sweet violets and lavender-water when I tried to obtain refreshment from them one day in Barty's room. Life was sharpened, so to speak, to a pencil-point All within the range of my vision grows blurred even now, when memory establishes for me once more the dreadful dryness upon the mother's face as her spirit ran backward and forward between the altars of death and life. Yes, and the heavens reel! To say more were to ransack a sacred grief. But, thanks be to God, the Angel passed. For a moment, deceived by too faint marks upon our lintel and side-posts, he had halted, thinking to perform his duty. Were the authentic splashes absent? Not so. His immortal eyes must have seen Barty, and therefore, as he went away from our small paradise, hiding in the sheath the few bright inches of the steel drawn in doubt, I like to think he laughed gently with satisfaction to know his sword unblemished by the blood of our lamb.

Once or twice during the child's month of convalescence he harked back to his first love, astronomy, and the glitter of past homes danced, as I think, in his eyes during the moments when in a perplexed fashion he endeavoured to grasp the intangible, though there never arrived a flash of revelation to soften the upright pucker which stood at attention with soldierly straightness upon his forehead. As he strengthened he cared less to ponder, and all yearning for the things not of this earth seemed to perish. Rarely now did there skim across the blue lakes gleaming beneath his brows any starry ghost. The angel that troubled those waters was a workaday angel, the spirit of the commonplace, and swiftly flew his mother's thanks past racing comets toward the Ineffable Priest.

It was at this stage of his life that Barty spent an exaggerated worship on white rats and hens, the latter of which he domesticated in a manner causing astonishment to all who had intimate knowledge of his feats as a fowl-tamer. Remembering his late illness, I am afraid we shrank too easily from crossing his whims, and did not interfere even when Barty took a hen to bed with him night after night, though the nurse was scandalised by such an exhibition of parental fondness run to seed. When, after the bitter passage of agonised hours, the pendulum with a joyful swish cleaves through the brain a journey back from the funereal to the sunlit pole, is it not almost too hard for human nature to maintain that policy of mingled roses and thorns which is vitally necessary if children are to be brought up in the right manner? While weakened by the revulsion of feeling, fathers and mothers too often depart from the true diplomacy. It is then that little souls run the risk of becoming bruised. Silly indulgences are like silly curses, and come home to roost. Viewing the question in all its aspects, I think we were very lucky to escape as easily as we did, for, if the truth must be told, during the weeks that were rich with Barty's recovery we shed affectionate follies as the elm sheds her leaves in late autumnal frosts. Sometimes punishment arrived in a queer shape. For example, I have a vivid remembrance of how upon an afternoon when several rather prim callers, to whom we always wished to show a neat and orderly front, were enjoying the usual mixture of tea and gossip and buttered toast, two of Barty's black Spanish playmates, which had become as much members of the household as the more familiar pets, performed an unrehearsed effect with such thoroughness that our names were removed from the visiting-list of a certain spinster, whose faded looks did not harmonise well with the luxuriant verdure stitched upon her hat. Chancing to look toward the door, which had unfortunately been left a few inches open, while attending to the wants of my guests, I was flatly dismayed to see the fowls slowly wandering in the direction of the hearthrug. Upon occasions they pecked at the carpet, deluded by the green threads, and even scratched it in the hope of finding insects beneath its surface. But these were only small delays. What were the best tactics to bring into operation? Fabian? Numidian? The moment needed its Napoleon. I thought within myself, If I attempt delicate strategy the creatures will be sure to dodge the door. I might possibly get a camel through the eye of a needle, but not two chickens, first retrieved from among the legs of chairs and the other impediments common to modern drawing-rooms, through the desired gap. If I rang the bell, an entering maid would cause the intruders to come into sight even more quickly; if I myself attempted to open the door wider I should be bound to separate the birds, and then might never be able to shepherd them again. If looks could have killed those fowls! If wishes could have wrung their necks! As it was, the moment failed of its Napoleon, and I acted with helplessness. Meanwhile the exposure came nearer and nearer, and I found myself wondering about the exact warmth of the disgust about to appear on the highly correct faces. My look of acute resignation drew the eyes of the sweetest hostess in the world, and her lifted brows asked me a question. I signalled that danger was behind her. She glanced in the direction of the door, but, as the hens were at that moment passing under the tunnel made by the sofa, she saw nothing to discompose her. All of a sudden the more inquisitive of the fowls came out into the open, close against a nervous old lady. It pecked at her bright boot. She looked down, pierced my ears and my heart with a sound which for want of a better term I am forced to describe as a vocal rapier, and spilled a scalding stream of tea upon the bird's back. The frightened creature rose in the air (I missed it with both barrels—the tea-cosy and a cushion—bagging instead my favourite Worcester vase!) and made straight for the only green stuff it could see, naturally associating this tint with freedom. When it lodged for a moment upon Miss Weston's hat, I confess I used a word not belonging to my daily vocabulary, exasperated, though quite illogically, to observe with what quickness the dragon-teeth sown by indulgence had sprung up into full-armed nuisances. The visitors for a brief time drifted from their mental moorings, all the invisible cables having parted. Some screamed, several dropped their cups and saucers. Tables, kettle, ornaments were upset. At this point of misery the other fowl rose into the air with a disorganised cackle, whizzed at headlong speed straight toward the window, and went crashing through the glass, with the result that it fell, its neck broken (for which I was truly thankful), into a bush of lavender. Barty, who happened to be playing outside on the lawn, as soon as he was able to realise his bereavement, did his utmost to shatter the heavens by his howlings. In an atmosphere made up of reproaches, hysterics, sal volatile, broken china, steaming carpets, and bustling maids, a man was evidently out of place, so, abusing fortune with unfeigned heartiness, I went to administer comfort to Barty, whose keening had already collected the gardener, Dick and the stablemen, thinking as I stepped on to the grass how disgusted the cats would be at having to witness another funeral so soon after the interment of the lamented Neptune. Perhaps it was cowardly not to halve the frigid farewells with Barty's mother. A certain taint in Adam's character has come down to his male progeny with faithfulness worthy of a finer object.

After the lesson learned by suffering this Spanish invasion —an unauthorised raid which left me fully twenty-five pounds poorer—I decided to curtail Barty's list of household pets, a decision confirmed the next morning by the discovery that the surviving filibuster had laid an egg in my waste-paper basket. Using all possible gentleness, and taking pains not to spend too much eyesight upon the boy's quivering lips, lest I should grow weak in my resolve, I pronounced a decree absolute against a too familiar treatment of hens and white rats, even refusing to be present at the mortuary when the remains of the dead fowl were committed to their last sleep in the close neighbourhood of Neptune. Because in my study that night a beautiful historian sat for long upon my knee, I know that pressure was

once more brought to bear upon the cats, that once more they disgraced their lineage by using abandoned language and by bolting in the middle of the ceremony. The position of chief mourner was yielded to the sister of the corpse, a bird that callously foraged in the upturned soil while the ashes of her relative were being buried. Among her remembered proverbs she evidently counted the saying that it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

The next enemy to Barty's dwindling remembrance of an earlier existence spent in some other heavenly district was mischievousness so fertile that a partial cure was only brought about by punishment of a severe kind. Severity was compelled to arrive, bringing her birch with her. Times without number did Barty, by means of diplomacy against which it was downright hard labour to struggle, contrive to patch up treaties with me. There was the Silver Watch Treaty, for example. This was ratified when at last the rogue revealed his sin and confessed that he had hidden the housemaid's watch under a footstool in a friend's drawing-room fully a mile away, where he had placed it while his mother chatted with the lady upon whom she was paying a call. It was pretty to hear him make a clean breast of his naughty behaviour and tell the maid how sorry he was for causing her so much vexation. Could Bunyan's deadliest giant have remained brutal when beamed upon by this small angel's conquering face? I think not. Again, there was the Conservatory Oil-Stove Treaty, signed, sealed, and delivered (kisses stood for the signatures and the wax) after the confession of a trick which resulted in the loss of several delicate and lovely foreigners, plants quite unable to bear our climate unless helped at night by artificial heat. Furthermore, there was the Treaty of the Pyramid Balls, twelve of which Barty put under a besotted fowl that laboured to hatch them despite their preposterous unlikeness to all the eggs known to her by experience.

Had it not been for his mother (let me again give a proof that the founder of my family used to live in Eden), I should have beaten this golden-haired monkey long before he shamed me grievously in the eyes of his godfather, who was no less a person than the Bishop of the diocese. Here follows a short history dealing with that bitter moment. It happened on a Sunday. While I was helping the Bishop to some pie, the conversation chanced to be so absorbing that mental sight blinded eyesight, a not infrequent occurrence with those persons whose concentrative powers are abnormally developed. Because all my thoughts were humming round the subject at issue, I utterly failed to notice that, together with some legitimate contents of the dish, I had helped his lordship to Japhet and an evergreen tree, two items from the equipment of a Noah's Ark given to the godson by the very victim of the prank. I was astonished when I saw the angel of the house leave her seat, walk up to the Bishop's side, and bend down to examine his plate. When I realised the necessity for her action, I was supremely vexed. Barty should be beaten in the presence of his crime. The better the day the better the deed. The Bishop, true to his pacific calling, protested against reprisals, but in vain. As for the child's mother, she, reading my face, kept silence. I rang a great peal on the bell so as to summon the maid, whom, because parish affairs of a semi-private nature were being discussed at the table, we had purposely sent out of the room. She came in looking flurried. Since she had been in our service such a riot of clapper and bell had never astounded the folk in the kitchen, and she was at a loss to account for the din.

"Tell nurse to bring Master Barty here immediately, just as he is."

"Master Barty's in bed, sir."

"Be so good as to hold your tongue. Take the message."

A few minutes passed, during which I took very good care not to gaze into eyes that, as I felt in my soul, were pregnant with beseeching.

"I think," said the Bishop, "I really think a reprimand will meet the case."

"No, Bishop," I answered. "This is the last straw. The camel collapses. Reprimands are of no use when the last straw is concerned."

I had scarcely finished speaking when the culprit arrived. The nurse put him down just inside the door, and he began to come slowly toward me in answer to my beckoning finger. Since he advanced as if he were a snail, I went to meet him, holding the Bishop's plate in my hand and pointing to the evidence of his guilt. I shall never forget the way in which Barty looked at Japhet. Comedy and tragedy wrestled together in that glance.

"Did you put this rubbish in the pie, sir?"

Barty began to exercise the diplomacy which had always before been so happy in effect. He tugged at my merciful instincts with a hundred magnets. But there was to be no Treaty of the Evergreen. The list of broken pledges was already too long.

"Did you, sir?"

The goldfinch nodded his perfect head.

I put the frail figure across my knees, none too gently, as I knew from a quick sigh breathed at the other end of the table, and took pains to make the punishment salutary by reason of its sting. As I beat the boy my eyes caught the sparkle of a diamond, for his mother had shut out the sight with her hands. I had time to notice also that the Bishop was nervously pushing breadcrumbs together with the little finger of his left hand, and somehow this action, even more than the abandonment displayed by the sinner's mother, made me hate myself for using a giant's strength upon so weak a child.

"Now beg the Bishop's pardon."

This done in a sobbing stutter, Barty ran toward her whom he regarded as a sure and merciful refuge, crying out—

"Oh, m-m-mammy, kiss me!"

"Please do nothing of the kind, dearest," I said, forcing my tongue to contradict my heart "Take him away, nurse."

The rest of the dinner-time passed without smiles, despite the Bishop's reference to the laying on of hands and his mock compliment to me for making so appropriate a use of Palm Sunday. My discomfort was not lessened as I reviewed my past conduct and saw only too clearly how much more I deserved a thrashing as a flabby politician in the affairs of bringing up my son in a proper mode than did the frail scapegoat so recently bundled off by me into the wilderness of grief, there to expiate my offence against just dealing.

An hour later I went upstairs to see if the boy had fallen asleep. He was wide awake, and as I walked toward his bed he cried out—

"Daddy!"

"Yes, Barty?"

"Bend down, please, daddy."

Be sure I bent down with great willingness. He flung forgiving arms round my neck.

"Are you going to be a good boy to-morrow, Rainbow?"

"I'm going to be better than you wouldn't think I could," said Barty.

For such a promise what recompense was due? The kiss of full and frank forgiveness? I thought so. As it dropped down upon Barty's lips, I heard the welcome rustle of a dress (will my heart never learn to be quiet when love arrives in that sound?), and knew that the other member of the small syndicate owning the human treasure had crept upstairs to make the self-same sign upon the dear mouth belonging to the precious fugitive from a star worlds and worlds and worlds away. When he heard where we had been, the Bishop's eyes simply sparkled. Really, no other verb will do him justice. He looked so actively benevolent that I was more than half inclined to put in front of him my arguments in favour of a cleansed Bible. This, however, I was prevented from doing by memory, for upon a certain occasion it had been my lot to see the prelate, if something less than in a towering anger, at least in a mood stark to a forbidding degree. As I knew that the Berserker and the theologian were nearly equal contributories to his blood, I thought it well to bear in mind the counsel with regard to sleeping dogs. Let benevolent bishops also lie.

(*To be concluded.*)

DOMESTIC SERVICE AS A PROFESSION FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

IN these days of overcrowded professions, and with so many women of all classes forced to earn their own livelihood, it becomes very difficult for girls of moderate abilities to decide on a career. Although theoretically almost all professions are open to women, practically the number is very limited, especially for those who cannot afford the outlay required by a university graduation or the study of medicine. Nursing and teaching are the most popular professions for such, but the ranks of both are terribly overcrowded; and the remuneration for ninety per cent. of either nurses or teachers is decidedly small, and the number of years during which they can obtain good posts is also very limited.

The teaching of technical subjects was considered a paying occupation a few years ago, and therefore girls crowded to the training-schools and classes and obtained diplomas for laundry-work, cookery, dressmaking, and dairy-work, only to find the work extremely hard and the number of well-paid posts very small. Those who are doing this now say that it is getting worse and worse because the classes are frequently given to Board School teachers and the number of applicants for any good situation is very large. One teacher holding a good County Council position knows there are over thirty people waiting to take her post when she resigns!

On the other hand one hears everywhere the outcry for domestic servants, and mistresses say they would give anything for a good one. Whether this is literally meant in many cases is doubtful, but it certainly is a fact that the demand for good maids is very great.

There is nothing lowering in domestic work unless we make it so; it is not what we do, but what we are that constitutes our claim to be called gentlewomen; and yet how many girls consider it quite beneath their dignity to do domestic work, or if they do it prefer to be called "lady helps." Nursing was thought degrading a few years ago, but to-day even members of the Royal Family are glad to be trained as nurses that they may minister to their loved ones or help the poor and suffering. People said that the study of medicine would detract from the womanliness of women, but if the right women study, they come out better at the end, and nowhere will you find more helpful, tender women than in the medical profession.

Some years ago a quaint booklet called *Blessed be Drudgery* was published—W. Gannet, I believe, is the author—and in it the writer sought to prove that art was in every form of work, and that any man might be an artist in his own line. As examples, he mentions two shoemakers, one of whom when asked how long it took to learn his trade replied, "Twenty years, and then you must travel;" the other's answer to the same question was, "All your life." Why can we not bring this spirit into the round of household duties? And if we wish to follow Charles Kingsley's advice to

> "Do the thing that's next you,
> Tho' it's dull at whiles;
> Helping, when you meet them,
> Lame dogs over stiles!"

there are few more practical ways than by becoming really good domestic servants and helping to smooth the troubles of worried housewives.

An ardent temperance worker on hearing that a friend intended to take up cookery as a profession, talked to her seriously about throwing away her life and living among the sordidness of food and pots and pans! Was such a remark in keeping with her principles? Surely there is no system of temperance work so likely to prove successful as the providing of well-cooked food and temperance beverages. The good that might be done in this way is immense; but apart from that, as I said before, it is the spirit in which we do our work, more than the labour itself, that harms or improves us. The quaint words of the old poet, George Herbert, well express this—

> "Who sweeps a room as to Thy laws,
> Makes that and th' action fine."

That there is scope for the work of educated women in domestic service there is no doubt; and many of those who have tried it are proofs of the healthfulness and even pleasantness of the life. Several girls, trained as technical teachers have found that work too hard, and so have taken situations as "lady servants," and find their present positions suit them far better, and they positively enjoy the work, while the certificates they hold enable them to command good salaries.

In order to band together gentlewomen willing to engage in this work, there is a "Guild of Dames of the Household" (President, Miss Nixon, "Mona," Tivoli, Cheltenham, who will be glad to hear from ladies willing to be trained), which provides training for gentlewomen between twenty and thirty-five years of age. It is through the kindness of ladies who have large staffs of servants that this training is obtained, and cooks also attend cookery-classes. The time taken is from one to four weeks or longer. No charge is made for rooms or training, but 10s. per week is the cost of full board, or single meals are provided at a very reasonable rate.

The "dames" are also put in communication with mistresses requiring their services, and Miss Nixon says that the demand for such is far greater than the supply. Caps are not always worn, but some wear a very becoming one with a band of willow-pattern sateen supplied by the Guild. Special aprons and a Guild badge are always used.

Mistresses are required to provide separate bedrooms, give a fair amount of leisure time, and from £18 to £30 per annum. Higher salaries than those named are sometimes obtainable. One lady, known to the writer, gives £35 to her housemaid who has a laundry certificate, and although she does no washing, she is required to do starching and ironing. The same mistress gives £30 to her parlourmaid. Another lady pays especially high wages to her two maids on the understanding that if they require extra help they must pay for it, and those maids like their posts very much and find the work easy and their position a pleasant one.

In the advertisement columns of a daily paper, among vacant situations I see "Lady-cook (kitchenmaid kept), £32"; ditto, £50; lady-nurse, £30, etc.

Those who do not need training will find the fortnightly lists issued by the Central Bureau of the Women's Employment League, 60, Chancery Lane, W.C., a good medium for advertisements, and many ladies requiring gentlewomen advertise there.

In most families employing ladies, help is given with the harder and rougher kinds of work, such as scrubbing, and the maids are rarely, if ever, expected to do any washing. It has been found so much more satisfactory to have all gentlewomen in a house that it is now quite easy to get a post in such a family, the old style of lady-helps being found difficult to manage.

For nurses there is the Norland Institute, where training is given in all matters relating to the management of children, including a few months' experience in a children's hospital. The course there is one or two years, and the nurses have the additional attraction of a charming uniform!

One great advantage of domestic service as a profession is the healthfulness of it. The work offers great variety and plenty of exercise. It is not so mechanical as that of many clerks, and offers sufficient scope for intelligence to prevent one becoming dull.

Of course books and intercourse with one's equals are necessary to all, and every gentlewoman who enters this

profession must take care not to allow herself to sink in her intellectual attainments. One mistress who has had a large and satisfactory experience with lady-servants says that many of her maids have been provided with introductions from their doctor, clergyman, or other friends, and have quite a little social circle of their own.

Another advantage is that training and experience in household matters are so valuable to all classes of women. Probably more than half of the trouble about domestic servants to-day is owing to the incompetence of mistresses who, not knowing what work really is, expect impossibilities, and so get less than they otherwise would do. From the lowest to the highest, every woman ought to understand how to manage a house, and a few years of domestic service would be a splendid training for future mistresses, and the "dames" will make far better wives and mothers in consequence of their experience.

ALIX JOSON.

MARQUETRY, OR COLOURED WOOD INLAYING.

THE old furniture was charmingly ornamented with inlays, and there can be no question that inlaid decoration is the most appropriate way of ornamenting cabinet work, as it is one of the most durable. A great revival has taken place within the last few years in this class of work, and at the annual exhibition at the Albert Hall of works made in villages under the supervision of the Home Arts Association, some quite charming effects are obtained by the use of coloured inlays.

I was much struck, too, by the use of inlays in some of the modern French furniture known as *L'Art Nouveau*.* A more naturalistic treatment was adopted by these French workers than we associate with inlays, and yet a charming decorative feeling was observed, so that the inlays did not pretend to be painted decoration, though the utmost effect was obtained by the careful disposition of the various coloured woods employed. Another feature of this French marquetry was the introduction of a sort of landscape effect by cutting some of the inlays like trees against the sky-line, allowing the motifs to come across these landscape effects. I have endeavoured to illustrate what I mean in the two designs, but my readers must remember that what is intended to be in colour has a very different effect when translated into black and white. I have devoted a chapter in my book entitled "Art Crafts for Amateurs" to the consideration of inlays, and though my space here is very limited, I will give my readers a few practical hints which I hope will help them in their work.

The French use woods such as walnut, birch, and mahogany, which have a very decided grain, and they stain it in such a way that instead of getting the whole surface one tint, it is light in some places and dark in others. They then cut out spaces which suggest a line of trees, and by inlaying these in some dark wood obtain the effect suggested in the sketches accompanying these notes. The foliage is then taken over this. The design of the inlays should be drawn on paper full size and transferred to the wood, and then with a sharp knife—a fixed blade in a wooden handle such as can be

* Examples of this modern French work can be seen at the Bethnal Green Museum.



MARQUETRY, OR STAINED WOOD DECORATION, SUGGESTED BY L'ART NOUVEAU. *(The elder in flower is the motif.)*

purchased at a good tool shop is a suitable one—the design should be cut into the wood to the depth of about a sixteenth of an inch, that being about the thickness of veneer, but the depth depends upon the thickness of your marquetry. The spaces now want taking out with flat chisels. About three are required, say quarter, half-inch, and three-quarter inches wide. An oil stone is indispensable, as the tools must be kept very sharp, so that the spaces can be lowered with as little effort as possible. As the inlays are thin and of an even thickness, it is obvious that the spaces to receive them must be kept of a uniform depth and not quite so deep as the inlay is thick, because if the inlay projects at all, it can be easily lowered subsequently.

The inlays themselves should be shaped before proceeding to remove the spaces to receive them, as then you have a gauge to work to when taking out the spaces, for the more accurately these fit the marquetry, the better will it look when finished. A little practice with the tools will soon enable the tyro to remove the spaces to a uniform depth.

The inlays themselves are cut out of veneers which can be purchased of a cabinet maker. In London and large towns there are veneer merchants, the addresses of whom can be got from a directory. They vary in thickness, but one-sixteenth of an inch is about the gauge, so they are easily shaped with a sharp knife.

The glueing is a very important part of the work, as upon it the durability of the marquetry depends. Glue should be freshly made and kept hot in a proper glue-pot. Steep the hard glue in cold water for some hours until it swells, and then boil up until the glue itself boils, and it must be used boiling; therefore have a small oil or other stove handy, upon which to keep the glue-pot while glueing the work.

As soon as the space has been brushed over freely with glue put the marquetry in and place a flat iron or other weight upon it, and leave it there until the glue has set. This keeping a weight upon the work is very important, in order that the inlays attach themselves thoroughly to the wood.

When the work is dry, which will take at least twenty-



DESIGN FOR MARQUETRY OR STAINED WOOD DECORATION SUGGESTED BY L'ART NOUVEAU. *(The teazel is the motif.)*

four hours to accomplish, the inlays can be made level with the wood with glass-paper, the edge of pieces of glass, and by the use of steel scrapers sold for the purpose.

With regard to the colour of the veneers, those of very light wood can be stained almost any colour, but from what I saw at the Paris Exhibition I think those effects are the pleasantest in which a certain tone of colour runs all through. Thus you might take the blackberry or other shrub in the autumn, and model your scheme upon it, keeping within the scale of brown to yellow, and never introducing green or grey. Marquetry which seems to suggest painted decoration is apt to look common and vulgar. The work can be polished with beeswax dissolved in warm turpentine and well rubbed with flannel after being brushed with a hard brush.

Stained wood decoration is very effective and is much easier of accomplishment than the work I have described. The wood to be so treated must be light in colour, and pear-tree, sycamore, pine, satinwood—though this would be expensive—and bass-wood are those usually employed. After transferring the design it should be firmly outlined in some dark brown colour, such as burnt sienna and black. The colour should be thinned with turpentine and a little copal varnish, using a rigger. When this outline is dry, the design can be stained with transparent oil colours thinned with turpentine. The tints should be put on evenly with camel hair brushes, and you must avoid going beyond the outlines. Raw and burnt sienna, Vandyke brown, yellow ochre, and golden ochre, cadmiums, gamboge, Indian yellow, ultramarine, Prussian and indigo blues, terre verte and madder brown will give a wide range of tints. The background itself can be stained dark, leaving the design light.

When the work is finished and dry, and these colours used with turpentine sink right into the wood, it should be French polished. This should be done by a polisher, as it is seldom an amateur can do it well enough. The work must first of all have a coat of spirit varnish, and the polish is—when the varnish is quite hard—put on with rubbers, cotton wool covered with linen. The surface so obtained is much more beautiful than varnish, as it is both brilliant and perfectly smooth.

The designer of inlays must be guided by the method employed to reproduce them. It is obvious that forms which have to be cut out cannot successfully render perspective or foreshortening, except to a very slight degree. The elder in flower was sketched direct from nature, but I was careful to choose a spray which came simply. The flowers are all lumped together, and only the silhouette or general shape reproduced.

In the other design the teazel is the motif, and a very excellent plant it is for the designer. Here again, nature has only been simplified. Insects often help a design and are easily reproduced in marquetry.

REX'S RUBY.

By INA GARVEY.



It was some fifteen or sixteen years ago, in the last Burmese war, the war which added Lower Burma to our Empire, that my poor cousin Rex, as he put it at the time, made his fortune. A Lieutenant in the Middleshire regiment, he did good service throughout the operations, distinguished himself at the taking of Mandalay, got his company—and his ruby.

"I'm fairly off my chump with joy, old fellow," he wrote to my brother from Mandalay. "Things have panned out fine for me in this row; mentioned in despatches, certain of the D.S.O. and a step in rank, the Chief shaken hands with me, and spoken to me in an awfully decent way, and I've made my fortune too! I'll be able to pay off the mortgage on the estate, do up the old Manor House in style, and let mother have all the comforts and luxuries she ought to have had, and never has had. There was any amount of loot when we took this jolly old town; several of our fellows annexed precious stones, but this child's got the most swagger one of the lot—a ruby (Burma's headquarters for rubies, you know) as big as half an egg—a palmful of blood-red light. It was the one eye of a hideous idol, in a small temple in the garden of old Theebaw's palace here, and in the fighting that went on round the palace, 'over went the show,' and it was my luck to find the good old idol knocked into a heap of mud, and relieve him of his eye. He's no good without it, I believe. I'm writing to mother, too, by this mail. Hope to see you all at no distant date. Yours, REX.

"P.S.—My ruby is worth, I'm told, near a hundred thousand of the brightest and best. Good biz! There is also a legend that bad fortune rests on whosoever shall take it from the idol's head. Who's afraid? That is only abstract; rubies are distinctly concrete.—R."

Poor Rex saw us all sooner than he had anticipated when he wrote that joyous letter.

A few weeks after the operations, which culminated in the taking of Mandalay, my cousin sustained a severe sunstroke, and was invalided home. Let me hasten over the sad story. Brain fever supervened on the sunstroke, and he arrived in England a wreck in mind and body. His broken-hearted widowed mother met him, and took him back with her to Mainwaring Grange, the old manor house where he was born; and there, virtually insane, he dragged out the remaining months of his life. Whether the ruby was still in his possession, or whether it had been got from him when he became no longer fit to defend it, neither his mother, nor we, his cousins, had any means of knowing. He would mention it frequently in his half delirious wanderings, as having brought bad fortune with it; he would make humble, propitiatory speeches, thinking he was addressing the hideous idol from which he had taken its eye, and would promise to restore the eye to its rightful owner, or to any of his godship's kin that might be in England; but whether he had the jewel yet it was impossible to ascertain, for, at anything like a question on the subject, he grew either violent, or silent and sullen. My poor cousin was active and restless during the first weeks of his sad residence at the old family home, and would roam about the gardens and paddocks of the little estate, often angrily driving away the attendant my aunt had found it necessary to engage for him. But after a time his bodily strength began to fail. I will not linger over the details of his cruel illness. Nine months after his return from India, all that had seemed so joyous, so successful, so full of youth, and hope, and promise already fulfilled, sank, a piteous wreck, into the grave.

My aunt did not long survive. The sorrow attending her son's sad illness, and the shock of his death, developed a fatal disease, to which she succumbed within a year.

At her death my brother and I became possessors of the old family home of the Mainwarings, and of what little personalty my poor aunt and cousin had left. It was very little; and the old house, with its small estate, was so heavily mortgaged, that we decided to let the place, much as we should have liked to live in it ourselves, for it is a sweet place, and only an hour from town, so that my brother could have gone to his business every day quite easily.

"But it's no good thinking of it, Jane," said Frank. "We couldn't keep the place up, let alone pay off the debt on it. We must let it."

"Poor Rex said that his ruby would pay off everything, set the old place in order, and leave a handsome residue," said I. "I wonder what became of that wonderful ruby? Did he bring it to England with him, or was it got from him, after he grew ill and helpless, in India, or on board ship?"

My brother shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps he really never had such a stone. His brain may have been touched when he first wrote that he had it."

"No," I objected, "I fully believe that he did have such a jewel, and so did poor aunt. She told me he used to wander on about it for ever and ever; and he used to write down some of his wanderings on pieces of paper. Poor dear cousin Rex! See here, Frank," I took a folded paper from my purse, "here are some of his strange, mad fancies written down. Aunt and I used to try to make sense of this, but we never could."

Together my brother and I looked at the strange effusion.

"When the moon is old the Giant's Eye glares red—red, like the eye of him I robbed and blinded. His curse rests heavy on me. Would I could restore his eye, then might he lift the malediction. Giant, Giant, rearing your towering head far into the evening sky! Giant, whose fearsome eye glares red when the moon is old—are you of kin with him? Do you glare on me in wrath? To you I will give back the fiery eye I reft from him. At your feet, dread Genie, will I lay it. And you will restore it to him, and he will recall the malediction, and I shall have peace. Oh, peace! Oh, peace! The word is like a drop of cool water on my burning brain."

"Poor fellow," said Frank, when he had finished it. "Poor, suffering Rex! He was very mad, and worse, evidently, at certain phases of the moon. I doubt, Jane, if he ever had such a ruby. It seems to me that the whole thing, the ruby, the manner of his gaining it, the idol, the temple and all, may have been figments of a brain disease already in progress, and suddenly aggravated by the sun-stroke he sustained afterwards."

Well, my brother and I decided to let the old mansion that had come to us, and gradually pay off the mortgage on the little property. A tenant was found, who agreed to take the place, furnished, for a term of years, at a very good rent. He was to come in at Michaelmas, and in August my brother and I went down there to see to a few necessary repairs and embellishments, and realise regretfully that we should not again have the right to sit in the quaint, pretty rooms, and ramble in the wide, old gardens for years.

My favourite room in the house, and quite one of the quaintest and prettiest, was that which had been my poor cousin Rex's. It was in the upper storey—there were but two—at an angle of the building, and had two windows, one, a casement, at the side of the house, the other a small, old-fashioned sash-window, at the front. This room, I told myself, should have been my sanctum, had Frank and I been able to live in the place and keep it up. The fact that here my poor cousin had lived out his last sad weeks, that here he had died, did not render the room fearsome or distasteful to me, as it might have done to some. There, by that side casement, as his sorrowful weeping mother had told me, poor dying Rex had sat many a summer evening, in his quiet intervals, gazing silently out. I was thinking of these things, of Rex, of my poor aunt, of the letter written to Frank from Mandalay, so full of exultation, of the melancholy sequel, on a certain warm September night, as I sat by that side casement. In a few days we were to leave Mainwaring Grange to be inhabited by strangers.

I was looking out over the view commanded by the casement, the garden, the paddock beyond, the quiet night landscape beyond that again. Just two years ago, in this early autumn time, Rex had sat here, in his quieter intervals, and mused—on what, I wondered?

Those wild strange words he had written down came into my mind.

"When the moon is old, the Giant's Eye glares red—red, like the eye of him I robbed and blinded. His curse rests heavy on me. Would I could restore his eye, then might he lift the malediction. Giant, Giant, rearing your towering head far into the evening sky! Giant, whose fearsome eye glares red when the moon is old—are you of kin with him? Do you glare on me in wrath? To you I will give back the fiery eye I reft from him. At your feet, dread Genie, will I lay it! And you will restore it to him, and he will recall the curse, and I shall have peace."

"Poor Rex, what distempered sufferings were yours!" I murmured sadly as my eye dwelt on the quiet night landscape. "Your poor burning brain conjuring up giants—and——"

What was this? My thoughts stood still. My gaze grew fixed as it rested on the dim evening scene without.

What was this? From out the dim fields beyond the garden there took shape a dark and monstrous human form towering far into the night sky. And as I gazed fixedly, breathlessly, upon it, the harvest moon, just past the full, rose large and red behind the clustering trees, and lo, in a brief space, the dark mighty meadow Genie glared on me with one great fiery Eye!

In a moment my brother was with me. I had called him, he told me afterwards, in a voice that admitted of no delay.

"Frank! Oh, Frank! Look out there! Rex's Genie, whose eye glares red when the moon is old! Oh, Frank!"

"All right, Jane. There, pull yourself together, old girl! H'm, yes—very curious. A giant indeed! His legs, you see, are formed by two of the young poplars in the paddock just beyond the garden, and his body and head are made from the oaks on the rising ground behind, and the old moon, coming up just behind there, shines through that gap in the foliage representing his head, and there, sure enough, is the red eye that glared on poor Rex. What was it the poor fellow said about giving back the Idol's red eye to the dread Genie with the red eye, and so getting some malediction recalled?"

"It was that, Frank. It was what you have said."

"Then, supposing him to have had such a ruby as he mentioned, he laid it, in one of his mad fits, at the feet of his Genie of the Evening Meadows—in other words, no doubt, buried it close to one of the young poplars in the paddock yonder. And we will find out this very night whether it was so."

"You begin to think, then, Frank, that poor Rex did have such a ruby after all."

"I won't commit myself to any opinion, my dear girl. I suspend judgment. But it won't be much trouble to try whether the poor fellow did lay such a treasure at the feet of his Genie of the Meadow, and here goes to do it."

We provided ourselves with a lantern and a spade, and, in the moonlit midnight, passed across the wide garden and into the paddock beyond. Here, not far apart, stood the two poplars which had formed the legs of the Genie. Away there on the rising ground was the clump of trees that, from Rex's window, had fashioned themselves into a monstrous body and head.

"We'll try here first," said Frank, setting down his lantern by one of the poplars, "and if this is no go, we'll give his Giantship's other leg a turn."

He worked away with his spade for a minute or two, and then I, holding the lantern, suddenly cried out—

"What's that?"

In the last shovelful of earth thrown up was something like a dark-grey stone. Frank threw down his spade and picked the thing up. It was something as hard as a stone hidden in a small strong leather bag. This latter had been securely stitched with twine along the top, but burial in the damp ground had rotted the twine, and it needed but a slight effort to tear it open.

"Hold up the light, Jane," cried Frank in agitated tones as he emptied the contents of the small leather bag into his hand.

I obeyed, trembling violently with excitement.

Wonder of wonders! A palmful of blood-red light, now sending out blinding ruddy flashes, now burning, burning, deep and dark, like the concentrated essence of all the

blood that had been shed for possession of the glorious thing since first men saw and coveted it, of all the blood that had been spilled in sacrifices to it when it shone in a cruel idol's head—poor Rex's Ruby!

* * * * *

So Frank and I did not have to let the old Grange after all. The prospective tenant courteously waived the agreement and looked elsewhere for a residence. And the price the Ruby fetched made my brother and me quite wealthy folk. We paid off the mortgage on the Grange, had the old house done up throughout and new furnished. We are extremely comfortable and prosperous people, and that vague noun of multitude, the county, is, we hear, quite prepared to know us.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

QUARTUS (*Suggestions*).—We wish that you could have told us rather more concerning your interests and preferences, as it would have helped us towards making some suggestion which might be practical. What appears, however, from your letter is that although you have, as you say, "received a splendid general education," this education has not awakened in you any special liking for scholarly studies. As your health is fortunately so good, we feel disposed to suggest some occupation of an active kind. What do you think of gardening, hospital nursing, or laundry-work? Or would you care to become a teacher of physical exercises? For these latter there are often good openings in schools and elsewhere. If you thought favourably of this idea, we should advise you to go to be trained by Madame Bergman Osterberg at the Physical Training College, Dartford Heath, Kent. School teaching, we imagine, you would not care for; but if you would, you might be prepared for the career of elementary school teacher by going to a pupil teachers' training centre. We only throw out these suggestions without giving details, as, until you have thought further on the subject, we hardly know what to tell you might prove useful to you. Perhaps you will let us hear from you again.

NEMO (*Preparation for a Secretaryship*).—Your friends were quite right in telling you that it is most difficult to obtain a secretaryship at present, in view of the great number of girls who are eagerly competing for secretarial appointments. At the same time we incline to the belief that you might get an office clerkship, as we observe that your handwriting is quite what is usually liked for office work; but a second-class in the Society of Arts examination in book-keeping will not help you very much. Shorthand is the main subject for you to study. In this you ought to become extremely expert, as a rapid rate of shorthand, combined with perfect accuracy and a good general education, which helps to prevent a clerk making errors through sheer ignorance, is more valued than any other qualification, and is certainly more prized for most purposes than book-keeping, though we are far from undervaluing proficiency in the latter subject. Typewriting, of course, is of the utmost importance; but it is so much easier to master that we lay less stress upon it than upon stenography. If when you have strengthened your qualifications you decide to seek a clerkship in an office, you would do well to apply to the Secretary of the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, 9, Southampton Street, High Holborn, for help in the matter. We cordially wish you success in your future career.

AN ADMIRER OF DICKENS (*Preparing for a Clerkship*).—It would be a mistake, in our opinion, for you to aim at a clerk's work as your future occupation. The number of clerks who, like yourself, have only had a Board School education is excessive. Work is consequently scarce and the pay is poor. Far better would it be for you to continue your education further by taking the Queen's Scholarship Examination and then going with this help to a training college for elementary teachers. We say this because you are apparently fonder of intellectual work than of practical occupations. Otherwise we should have said, take a situation as children's nurse, as you have already had some experience of this work in a superior household. But to be a clerk always, without aiming at real success in business, is to our thinking a peculiarly depressing kind of existence for a girl to contemplate.

MRS. R. (*Plain Sewing or Machine Work*).—It is difficult to get employment of this kind to do at home, unless the worker can do plain needlework so beautifully that the adjective "plain" becomes contradictory. But the woman who understands dressmaking sufficiently to undertake dress repairs can almost always earn enough to keep herself. You might also get work more easily if you were willing to go to ladies' houses sometimes and do work there. We do not answer privately.

INQUIRER (*Nursing*).—Being unmarried would not, we think, prove to be any drawback to you in the branch of nursing which you wish to take up. We recommend you to apply to enter Queen Charlotte's Hospital as a pupil nurse. The course of training lasts not less than three months. The fee is fifteen guineas for the course, and pupils provide their own uniform, and pay for their own washing. We do not know exactly how much the uniform costs, but on this point the Matron would doubtless inform you when you have a preliminary interview with her. It would certainly not be expensive.

E. M. (*Private School of Horticulture*).—We are much obliged for the prospectus you have sent us of your proposed school of gardening, and we hope that your venture may prove a success.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GYMNAST.—If you apply to Mr. F. H. Gelling, 74, Whyteville Road, Forest Gate, E., he will give you good and reliable advice about securing a training under the Swedish system. There is a very good gymnastic class held by two ladies in the downstairs room at the School of Music behind the Albert Hall, and they train gymnastic teachers there.

PETITE.—Thank you very much for your letter and all you say about the "G. O. P.," which you have taken from its very commencement. I should recommend you to first give your daughter a thorough training in dressmaking, letting her take up millinery later if she wishes it. I am told that the very best dressmaking is done on the old lines. I should send her to a very good dressmaker—some really trustworthy, nice woman—and let her learn the work thoroughly in all its departments.

ETHEL.—I am so glad you are so fond of the "G. O. P." About your hands, I should always wash them in hot water—soft rain water, if possible; then always wear gloves when you go out. After washing your hands, while they are still wet rub into them lemon glycerine—mixed in equal parts, you can make it yourself, keep it in a bottle—and then dry them on a towel; or, if at night, you might sleep in a pair of silk or kid gloves. Rough and red hands are also greatly improved by being washed in oatmeal gruel with a little starch.

CHEESE.—Nearly all cheeses are made with milk, and, as to directions, it depends what kind of cheese you want to make. There are hard and soft cheeses. English, Scotch, and American cheeses are hard; soft cheeses are made in some parts of the Continent. Many of them require to be consumed immediately after they are manufactured as they rapidly decompose. Cheese is made from the solids of milk. In fresh milk, these substances maintain a sort of indescribable union. The presence of an acid or of rennet counteracts the natural affinity of these substances for each other; the solids form a jelly, leaving a greenish liquid called whey. This fermentation which is induced by the rennet goes on during the ripening or mellowing of the cheese. As the work proceeds and the acidity intensifies, it hardens, contracts the curd, giving it a leathery character, thereby aiding in the expulsion of the whey. One of the most important matters in cheese-making is to watch the development of acidity both in the milk and in its first product—the curd. If this is allowed to go too far, the quality of the cheese is seriously injured and its keeping power is reduced. If the acid develops rapidly, as in hot weather, the whole process of manufacture has to be pushed on quickly. We cannot fix definitely at what temperature the milk should be when it is first set for cheese-making as there are so many systems, but a thermometer should always be used. The ordinary temperature at which the milk is set is from 80° to 90°. High temperatures are used in making deep cheeses, such as Cheddars; low temperatures of shallow cheeses, such as Dunlops. If set too high, the curd gets hard and tough; if too low, the curd is soft and the whey difficult to get out of it. The milk is heated either by warming a portion of the milk (not allowing it to rise much above 100° F.) and putting it into the main bulk, or by putting the milk into a tin or iron tub with a wooden outer shell and filling the space between with hot water. After heating, the colouring matter (if required) is put in. This is almost invariably annotta. Rennet is put in at the same time. It is then thoroughly stirred and left for forty or sixty minutes. The next process is breaking the curd to let the whey out. This is done by passing thin knives through it in all directions. When the whey has all drained off, salt is put into the curd. The quantity employed is about one pound of salt to fifty-six pounds of curd. The curd is finally packed into a "chessart," or press-vat, which is lined with a "cheese-cloth." This wooden vessel has perforations in the sides and bottom to allow any surplus moisture to escape. The cheese is subjected to a gradual pressure of about one ton. The curd soon assumes the form in which it is to remain as a cheese. For a few days the cloths are taken off regularly and changed; the cheese being turned over each time to make it keep its shape. Ripening is the next process. Cheeses are covered with cotton cloths made to fit tightly and placed in a dry, well-ventilated room at an even temperature of 70° F. Acid cheeses are soon ready for market. Sweet cheeses take longer to mature, and continue to improve even if kept for years.

EDEN.—I do not think the letters are very well formed in your writing. It looks as if you wrote too quickly and not with sufficient care. Try milk of cucumber for the discoloured skin.

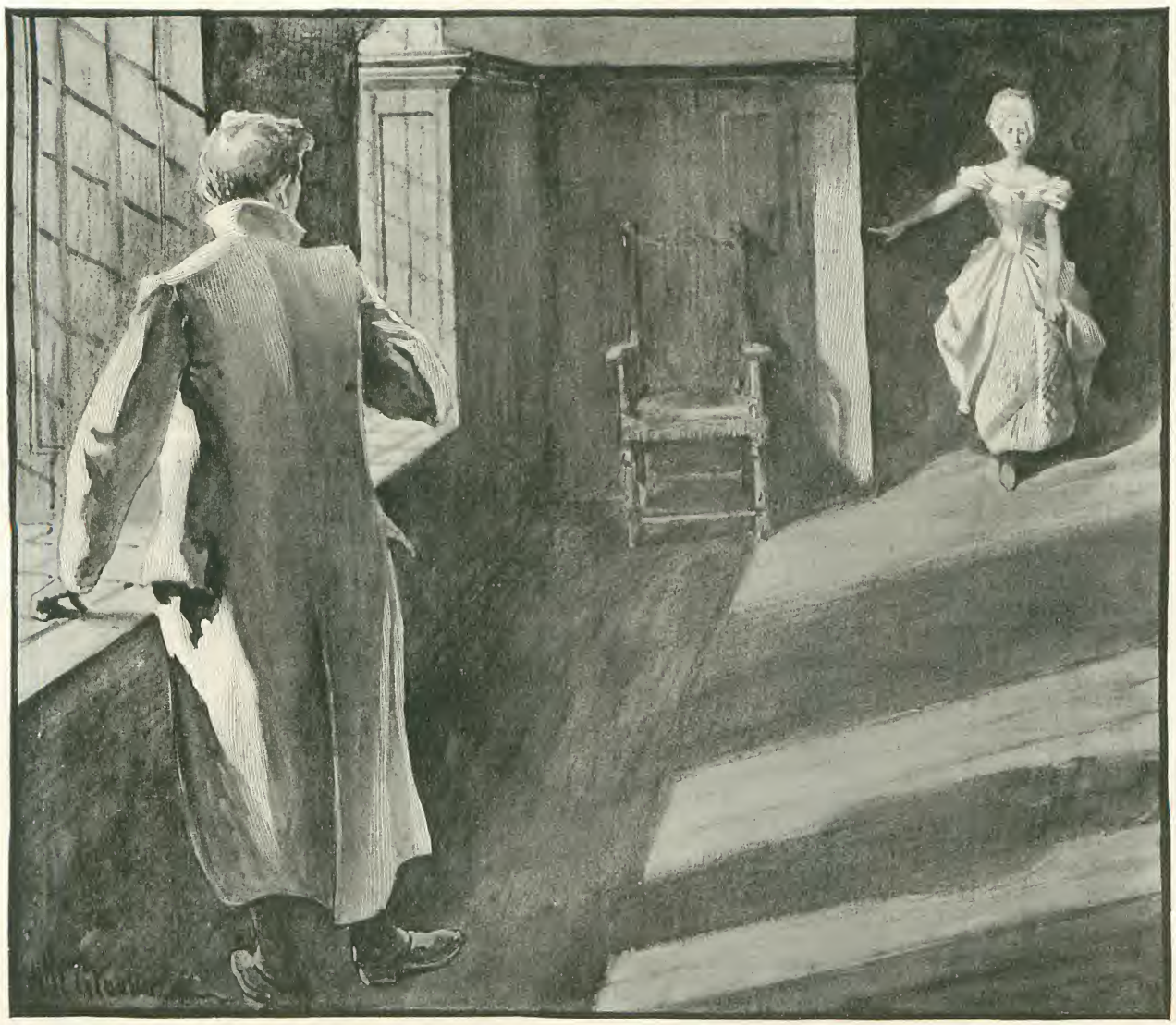
SWAN.—I think you had better consult a doctor.

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PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

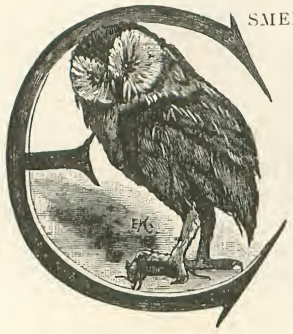
BY MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.



"MOTIONLESS AS A FIGURE OF STONE STOOD THE WHITE LADY."

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CHAPTER XX.



ESMERALDA set out on her expedition in the highest spirits, for a girl who is brought up on a *régime* of outdoor sport is not troubled with nerves, and she laughed at the suggestion of ghosts with the scorn which it deserved. What she did not laugh at, however, was the promise of Pat's racket, a gift to him from an absent godfather, and coveted by all his brothers and sisters, but by none so much as Esmeralda, who played a very pretty game of her own, and felt a conviction that she could distinguish herself still more if she possessed a good racket instead of the old one which had done duty for years, and was now badly sprung.

Pat had promised in the presence of witnesses to hand over his treasure if she returned to the schoolroom without—oh, elegant expression!—"letting a howl out of her," and Esmeralda smiled to herself at the unlikeliness of such a proceeding. Why, except for the cold air it was really a treat to walk along the disused old gallery which traversed the left wing of the Castle, where the moonbeams shone in through the long row of windows with such picturesque effect. She sauntered along, enjoying the scene with artistic appreciation, even feeling a sense of satisfaction in her own appropriate attire. Powdered hair and hooped skirt seemed more in keeping with the surroundings than the bicycling dress of everyday life, and it was an agreeable variety to pose as one's own great-grandmother once in a way. Esmeralda reached the end of the gallery, and stretched a hand on either side to feel her way down the circular stone staircase which would lead her into the entrance hall below. This means of descent was rarely used, and was now in a semi-ruinous condition, the stone steps being so much worn with the action of time that it required some little care to descend safely in the darkness. She stood poised on each step, extending a pretty foot to find a secure resting-place on the one below; round the curve where the darkness was almost complete, then coming into sight of the hall with the moonlight making long streaks of light across the floor, and in the distance a yellow gleam from the solitary lamp. Only three more steps remained to be descended, when suddenly she stopped short, drawing in her breath with a sharp, laboured sob, for there by the second window stood a man's tall form, all straight, and still, and of a curious shining whiteness. The face was turned aside, but at the sound of that gasping sob it turned slowly round, and a pair of keen, steel-like eyes stared fixedly into hers. Geoffrey Hilliard, who was an enthusiastic antiquarian, was thoroughly enjoying this opportunity of studying the features of the fine old hall, and making a note of them for future use. "What a magnificent old place!" he said to himself. "Trelawney says the man is at his last gasp, and will positively have to turn out before long. Poor beggar! I pity him. It must be heartbreaking to leave an old place like this, where one's ancestors have lived for generations, where every stone has its history, and the spirits of the departed seem still hovering in the air. Halloa, what's that?" He turned his head, and peering round the corner of that quaintest of stone staircases, beheld a vision at sight of which he stood transfixed and astounded. Spirits of ancestors, indeed! Here was one before his very eyes, a picture out of its frame, a dream of grace and beauty such as is not vouchsafed to mortal eyes in this commonplace, matter-of-fact twentieth century! The first glance was admiration alone, the second brought a thrill of something uncomfortably like fear, for to the most unsuperstitious of minds there was still something unpleasantly eerie in this unexpected apparition. Motionless as a figure of stone stood the White Lady, her body craned forward, one hand rested against the wall, the other drawing aside the quilted skirt; the moonlight fell full on the face, and showed it stiff and rigid as a sculptor's block. For one moment Geoffrey felt incapable of movement, but the next common-sense returned, and a dozen matter-of-fact explanations darted into his head. What he saw was no figure, but simply a statue, a reflection, a curious effect of light. He must examine the phenomenon at close quarters, and find a solution with which to confound the superstitious in the future. No sooner said than done, and he stepped forward, momentarily averting his eyes to make his sight the more searching. When he opened them again the figure still confronted him, but now the position seemed slightly altered, for instead of bending forward she had drawn back as if to avoid his approach. A dread seized him lest she might vanish altogether before he had had time to discover her character; he gave a sudden leap forward, and to his dismay beheld her stagger forward, and collapse in a heap on the lowest stair. In an instant his arms were round her, and two warm living hands came together with a shock of surprise. Masculine ghost lifted, and feminine ghost struggled and pinched in a manner unmistakably human. But if Geoffrey Hilliard's matter-of-fact mind leapt to a quick understanding of the real situation, Esmeralda was much more sensational in her explanation. He remembered that it was Christmas Eve, a time when some family festivity, of which fancy dress was a feature, might well be in progress; she leapt to the dramatic conclusion that this was a thief masquerading in ghost's attire, the better to make good his escape in the event of discovery. Cowardly ruffian! He should not find it so easy as he expected! If it was only a girl whom he had encountered, he should find that she was not so easily shaken off as he expected. To Hilliard's intense amazement he felt the hands fasten suddenly round his arm, the white fingers grip his flesh with no uncertain grasp. His elaborate apologies died upon his lips, as the White Lady became rosy red, her eyes flashed, and the lips parted to show teeth set close in threatening anger. He stepped back, or tried to do so, but she clung only the closer; he laughingly tried to move her hand from his arm, at which she shrieked aloud and struggled valiantly.

"No, no, you shall not go! You shall stay here until my father comes!"

"That is just what I want to do! Pardon me, there is really no necessity to hold me so fast. I am not going to run away!" returned the young fellow, laughing, but in a somewhat impatient fashion. He had no ambition to be discovered in this melodramatic attitude, and once more made an effort to escape. The grasp on her wrist was gentle, but withal wonderfully strong, and to Esmeralda's horror she found it impossible to struggle against it. The thought that the thief was escaping after all was too humiliating to be borne, and as one hand after another was forced back she grew desperate, and raised her voice in a shrill cry for help.

"Help! Help! Murder! Thieves! Hel——p!"

"My dear, good girl!" exclaimed the Murderer

blankly, and suddenly beginning to shake with laughter, allowed himself to be once more seized in a detaining grasp, while Esmeralda poured all the vials of her wrath upon him.

"How dare you call me names! It's a horsewhip you'll be feeling on your back for this, once my father has the hold of you. I'll hold you tight till he comes!"

The stranger looked at her, tried to speak, choked hopelessly, and was just attempting a stammering, "You are really most—complimentary!" when the sound of flying footsteps came from above, and Bridgie rushed headlong down the staircase. Poor Bridgie, what a sight was that which met her eye! In the middle of the hall stood the figure of the tall Englishman, his face all sparkling with fun, his arms hanging slack by his sides, while Esmeralda clasped him in close embrace, reiterating shrilly—

"I'll hold you tight! I'll hold you tight!"

"For pity's sake, Esmeralda, let go of him this minute!" she cried, rushing to the rescue, and laying soothing hands upon her sister's shoulder. "Sure, there's nothing to be frightened at, dear; it's just that wicked Pat who ought to be destroyed for his pains. It's no ghost, darling. See now, he's laughing at you. Ghosts don't laugh! He's nothing but a man after all!"

"He's a thief! He was trying to get the things out of the cabinet. I am holding him until father comes, so that he may give him in charge!" gasped Esmeralda wildly, and Hilliard looked from one sister to the other with eyes dancing with amusement.

"I'm neither ghost nor thief, as Major O'Shaughnessy will testify when he arrives. I'm really exceedingly sorry to have made such an unfortunate impression, but I came on the most innocent errand. I am staying with Mr. Trelawney, and your father was kind enough to offer to lend me a mount for to-morrow. We thought of going for a long ride in the morning, so——"

Esmeralda's hands fell to her sides. The commonplace explanation did more than a hundred protestations, and a remembrance of the Major's rhapsodies over the handsome young Englishman whom he had met but a week before was still fresh in her mind. She stepped back, but the light in her eyes gleamed more threateningly than before, as with tragic attitude she turned towards the staircase. On the lowest step crouched Pixie, all eyes and gaping mouth; on the third Mademoiselle clasped her hands, and wagged her head from side to side as if calling someone to witness that she at least was innocent; from between the banisters peered a red, questioning face, audacious yet vaguely alarmed.

"Patrick O'Shaughnessy," said Esmeralda in a dreadful voice, "you shall pay for this evening's work!" and at that, audacity triumphed, and Pat retorted sharply—

"But not with the racket, me dear, for ye did howl after all. We heard you right up in the school-room. You're not the hero you thought yourself, to mistake an innocent gentleman for a midnight assassin."

"Pat, be quiet!" interrupted Bridgie sharply, then turned to the stranger with that winsome smile which was her greatest charm. "Sure, you've been a schoolboy yourself and know the ways of them. My brother never rests out of mischief, and he assured my sister Joan that she dared not walk the round of the Castle in the dark for fear of what she might meet. She was dressed up as you see, and he had seen you down here in your white coat, and thought maybe you would each be startled by the sight of the other."

"And at first she wouldn't go at all, and was only laughing at him for his pains, but Pat said Christmas Eve and Hallowe'en were all the same, and that if a girl went alone by herself in the moonlight she would see the spirit of her fut——" cried Pixie in one breathless sentence. In her opinion Bridgie's explanation had been singularly inadequate, and she was filled with indignation at the babel of sounds which drowned her conclusion. Bridgie was seized with a paroxysm of coughing, Mademoiselle with admirable promptitude knocked an old metal cup from a bracket, and sent it clanging to the floor, and Pat cried shrilly—

"See a spook! She was dressed all in white, and you said yourself it was a good setting for a ghost story! It was yourself that put it in my head!"

"I believe you are right. I certainly did make that remark," said the stranger obligingly. For some reason or other his colour had decidedly heightened during the last few moments, and he looked at Esmeralda with a quick, embarrassed glance as if afraid to meet her eyes. She was flushed like himself, a beautiful young fury, with eyes ablaze, and lips set in a hard, straight line. Propitiation was plainly hopeless at the moment, and he was not so foolish as to attempt the impossible. This was evidently "Beauty O'Shaughnessy" of whom he had heard so much, and to judge by his own experience, his friends' accounts of the eccentricities of the family were no whit exaggerated. The dear little girl with the sweet eyes was plainly the eldest, since she took upon herself to perform the honours of the house, and he was thankful to follow her towards the fireplace, leaving the belligerents at the end of the hall.

"I'm exceedingly sorry to have caused such an alarm! Please make my peace with your sister. I am afraid if she was not prepared to see me, my actions must have seemed sadly suspicious," he began apologetically, but Bridgie stopped him with uplifted hand, and a queenliness of manner which sat charmingly upon her slight figure.

"Indeed you were not to blame at all, and there is no need to give it another thought. You have had bad weather for your visit, but I hope there's a change to-night. The Major will be delighted that you took him at his word, and Dandy will carry you like a feather. Here he is at last, to welcome you himself."

The Major came forward as she spoke, calling out welcomes from afar, and holding out his hand in hospitable Irish greeting. He was all smiles and superlatives, charmed that Hilliard had called, overjoyed to give him a mount, delighted that he had already made the acquaintance of "me children," beamingly unconscious that there was trouble in the air, and persistent in summoning Esmeralda to his side.

"What do you think of that for an impromptu costume? All made out of a couple of sheets, me dear fellow, and at a moment's notice. Quite a display we had this night, with the whole lot of them got up to match, but this child is the only one that kept it on. Me daughter Joan. Esmeralda for short. Mr. Geoffrey Hilliard!"

Hilliard bowed deeply. Esmeralda drooped her eyelids, and the Major chuckled afresh at "the spirit of the girl!"

"A shame to waste such sweetness on the desert air, isn't it, Hilliard? That's what she says herself, and there's nothing for it but to give my consent to a party

on New Year's Eve. A man's not master of himself when he has three daughters, but you must give us the pleasure of welcoming you with the rest of our guests. The Trelawneys will be here to a man, and you must come over with them. Esmeralda says she is fatigued with meeting the same people over and over again, so she'll be delighted to see you. Won't you now, Esmeralda? Give your own invitation to Mr. Hilliard."

"Indeed, father, we have already got the length of invitations. It was just an idea we were thinking over, and at the best it will be a poor country affair. If Mr. Hilliard is accustomed to London, 'twould be but a bore to him to join us."

It was evident that Esmeralda was by no means anxious to count the stranger among her guests. Having shown herself to him in a ridiculous and unbecoming light, she had no wish to pursue the acquaintance, and the glance which accompanied the words was even more eloquent than themselves.

"Don't dare to come here again!" said the haughty eyes. "I would speak more plainly if we were alone," said the curling lips. "Don't imagine you will get the laugh over me," said the haughty head, and Geoffrey Hilliard read the signals, and smiled unperturbed—a happy, self-confident smile.

"I assure Miss O'Shaughnessy that I should be honoured by an invitation," he said blandly, "if I may accept in advance. Nothing will give me greater pleasure than to join your gathering."

(*To be continued.*)

THE BIRTHDAY PAGE.

MARCH.

By FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

Greatest Poetess.



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning,* the greatest poetess whom the world has ever seen, was in 1836 "a slight delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes, richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, such a look of youthfulness that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend that the translatress of the *Prometheus* was out."†

Never was a child gifted with more extraordinary powers of reading. Early in life her books included history, philosophy, classics, poetry and general literature. She wrote poetry at ten, and when nineteen years old published—it was anonymously—her first volume of verses—an *Essay on Mind*.

Greek poetry and philosophy were her special delight, and no picture could be more beautiful than that of her reading the great writers on these subjects to her blind and learned friend Boyd. When twenty-eight she broke a blood-vessel upon the lungs, and had to winter at Torquay. There she was to witness the terrible tragedy of the drowning of her favourite brother and two friends while crossing the bar in a frail boat. This calamity so overwhelmed her that she had to live in a darkened room for several years, yet even here her Plato was bound like a novel to deceive the doctor, while she had her Hebrew Bible and Greek and Italian authors.

The daughter of Mr. Moulton, a wealthy Jamaica planter, (who subsequently added Barrett to his surname), she was married to Robert Browning, the poet, in 1846. It was a perfect union that lasted until the fifty-second year of her age, when "the most noble and beautiful soul that the world held left its earthly dwelling." Her poems are, indeed, as she has said, "the completest expression of that being to which I could attain." Her longest work is *Aurora Leigh;* the most characteristic piece she ever wrote the sonnet "Consolation." Purity, love, pathos, earnestness, and a hatred of iniquity and oppression are the ringing echoes of her muse.

* Born March 6, 1806; died 1861. † Miss Mitford.

Great Educationalist.

There is no subject that can have greater interest for, or one that is more vitally important to, readers of The Girl's Own Paper than that of female education, *i.e.*, advanced education. Happily, if we look round, there is on all sides a great deal to be thankful for, in so far as this particular aspect of our social affairs is concerned. The change that has come over the country, generally, during the last five-and-twenty years respecting the question of the education of women is simply marvellous. It is one of the greatest social and national changes and blessings which Queen Victoria's reign brought with it, and owes its existence, primarily, as an outcome of a great economic change. When, in 1792, Mary Wollstonecraft published her *Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, the first fully conscious demand was made for higher education for women. From that day to this the matter has gone assuming greater and greater importance and proportions. In 1856, Miss Meriton White, and as late as 1862, Miss Elizabeth Garrett were refused admission to the degree examination of London University. Since that time, Miss Ramsay (1887), Miss Fawcett and Miss Alford (1890) have occupied the highest places in the Tripos lists at Cambridge. Girton College and Newnham College were opened in 1872 and 1875 respectively. In 1873 the first Girls' Public High School was opened at Chelsea, since which time the spread of the women's education movement has been extraordinary. Many names of brilliant men and women will go down to posterity as pioneers in this splendid movement, and prominent among them must be that of Eleanor Mildred Sidgwick* (Mrs. Henry Sidgwick), who has been Principal of Newnham College since 1892. Sidgwick is a famous name in educational annals—the late Professor Henry Sidgwick's deductions in philosophical and economical questions having a universal fame, and the record of the present Principal of Newnham adds lustre to that name. Mrs. Sidgwick is the eldest daughter of the late James Maitland Balfour and Lady Blanche Gascoigne Cecil, second daughter of the second Marquis of Salisbury. She is sister to our trusty Minister and prescient statesman,

* Born March 11th.

the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury. Mrs. Sidgwick and her colleagues have done a great work at Newnham, where the way is open for girls to qualify themselves to battle single-handed with the great problem of existence. The fees run from £30 to £35 per term for board, lodging, and teaching, including necessary University lectures. Out-students are also admitted subject to rules. There are about twelve valuable scholarships tenable for three years at Newnham, and, of course, Cambridge University is now open to the scholars. All the Triposes are open to women—namely, mathematics, classics, natural sciences, mechanical science, moral science, history, mediæval and modern languages, Oriental languages, law and theology. Happy twentieth century girls! How you ought to thank such pioneers of your educational cause as Mill, F. D. Maurice, Archbishop Trench, and more.

Familiar Friend.

Who that is grown-up to-day is a stranger to the words, "by William and Mary Howitt"? It is a familiar imprint that must have come before the eyes of many of us as children, so busily did these genial writers apply themselves to the literary wants of the young of fifty years ago. As far back as 1805 there was born a child who grew up to be a lady of very remarkable talent. This was Miss Mary Botham,* or as we know her in literature, "Mary Howitt." She was but eighteen years old when she married William Howitt, a Quaker of the Midlands, who had been attracted by the charm and simplicity of her manners as well as by her ardent love of literature. From the moment of their marriage the newly-wedded couple took to literature as a profession; and, it must be admitted, they succeeded with credit to themselves and lasting benefit to elderly mothers and fathers to-day. The tastes and powers of Mary Botham were singularly akin to those of William Howitt, and as he was of the same religious persuasion as herself, it is not surprising that their names were for so long closely associated in literature and so pleasantly known to the world at large. There was nothing particularly eventful in the lives of either of these genial folk. Hand in hand they went on writing attractive books of all sorts, and as they were both lovers and keen observers of Nature, it is not surprising that many of them deal with aspects and scenes of country and outdoor life. In 1840 the Howitts settled at Heidelberg for the education of their children, and their attention being drawn to the literature of the North, they determined to translate the works of Fredrika Bremer and Hans Andersen, and familiarise the English public with these charming romantic authors. Mrs. Howitt did not invariably collaborate with her husband. At least two works—*Steadfast Gabriel* and *Tales of English Life* are from her own pen, and these exhibit that same healthy and noble sentiment which it so distinguishing a feature of all the works of the Howitts—work which might well have had more than its ephemeral influence. It is somewhat remarkable that although brought up as a Quaker, Mary Howitt became a convert to Roman Catholicism and died actually at Rome. "William and Mary Howitt!" It was a happy social and literary union, one that it is extremely difficult in their joint works to dissever in thought. In fact Ebenezer Elliot, "Corn-Law Rhymer," has pronounced them as inseparable "as the heads of William and Mary on an old coin."



THE DUCHESS OF ARGYLL.
(*Photo by Elliott & Fry.*)

* Born March 12th.



MRS. HENRY SIDGWICK.
(*Photo by Elliott & Fry.*)

Remarkable Woman Astronomer.

The learning or science which teaches the knowledge of the celestial bodies, their positions, magnitudes, motions and all consequent phenomena, must always be regarded as one of the highest intellectual spheres open to human aspiration and attraction. In all Nature nothing that we can comprehend is more stupendously awe-inspiring than the firmament, and all that is in it—even more glorious to-day, thanks to modern science, than when the Psalmist made his memorable tribute—"the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork." Astronomy, however, is a subject which does not belong to everyone—mainly because of its profundity. Where it is studied the inquirers into the mysteries of the heavenly bodies are mainly men, very few women having peered into the almost illimitable subject. Our Birthday Page this month provides a brilliant exception, and we are introduced to a remarkable woman astronomer, whose fame would do credit to any man. This is Caroline Lucretia Herschel.* Her surname might well be written in gold in astronomical annals, so liberally did her brother, Sir William Herschel, her nephew Frederick, and herself, contribute to what was known in their day concerning the mysteries of the stars and their courses. As is well known, her brother discovered the eighth planet, now called *Uranus*, but originally called *Georgium Sidus* in honour of George III.† Caroline Herschel's services to science can never be overrated. Born at Hanover, she quite early became distinguished for her astronomical



MARY HOWITT.

* Born March 16th, 1750; died January 9th, 1848.

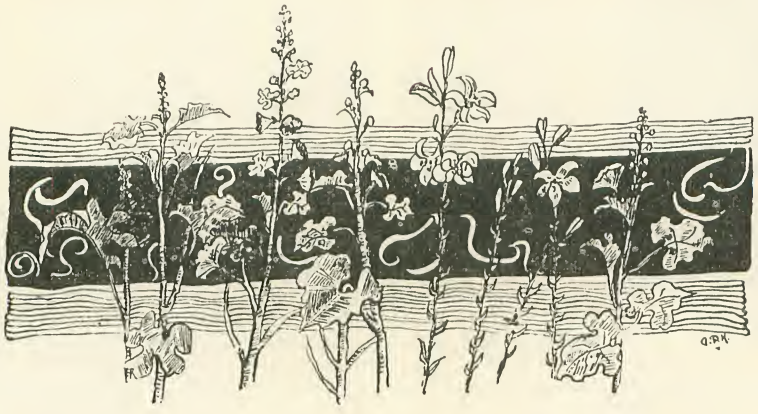
† Campbell said of this discovery, "he gave the lyre of heaven another string." *Pleasures of Hope* (1799).

pursuits. At the age of twenty-one years she joined her brother at Bath, and undertook the arduous duties of his astronomical assistant, not only acting as his amanuensis, but executing, with marvellous patience and exactness, the necessary laborious calculations. It was not that she was "born" to it—as we say. Her love for her brother was the great mainspring—her devotion to whom has been described as "spaniel-like." For years she was his house-keeper, his secretary, and his assistant, and although never really fond of astronomy, and imbued with an absolute distaste for the work on which she was engaged, she learned the routine of observation with such success that she independently discovered eight comets. So important and numerous were her observations, indeed, that she became the recipient of honours which anyone might covet. The Royal Society published a volume of her "Observations," in 1828 the London Astronomical Society presented her with their gold medal in appreciation of her "Zone Catalogue," subsequently electing her an honorary member of the Society. On the death of her brother in 1822 Caroline went to Hanover to reside, and remained there until her death in 1848, at the advanced age of ninety-seven years. Towards the close of her long life she published a *Memoir*, and it is pleasant to know that so useful a soul spent her latter years in repose, cheered by the visits of the learned, and by the regard and esteem of all who knew her.

Talented Princess.

"H.R.H. Louise Caroline Alberta."* Such was the title by which for so many years her late Majesty Queen Victoria's sixth child was known to the vast English-speaking race and the world generally. "Princess Louise" has always been, and long will be, a favourite name in the mouths of English people, because the public at large have come to regard this sister of the Sovereign as a bright example of what study and perseverance can accomplish in Art, however highly placed the worker may be, and unnecessary as it may seem to be for a princess of the realm to associate herself with matters outside the claims and duties of Court life. Patience and industry, though, are qualities which are strongly marked in the case of English Royalty, and Princess Louise has particularly inherited these, as well as her passionate love of art from her father, the late Prince Consort. Her great hobby, as most art-students at any rate are aware, is sculpture, in which she has become as proficient as her undoubted talent in this direction would naturally lead us to expect. When the late Sir Edgar Boehm was alive, there was a no more painstaking attendant at his studio and observer of his work than Princess Louise. It was in 1871 that our widowed Sovereign, the late Queen, enjoyed the felicity of seeing her daughter married to John Douglas Sutherland Campbell, Marquis of Lorne, K.T. It was a felicitous union, for the pair had been playmates from infancy; and on this account her late Majesty exercised her prerogative over scruples which were expected to rise, and, indeed, were raised. To-day Princess Louise is the Duchess of Argyll. She still retains, however, all her accustomed interest in the affairs of the people, especially of the poorer classes. Only the other day, in company with the Duke of Argyll, she presided at the Edinburgh School of Cookery, of which she is Patroness, and presented certificates to the successful students in cookery, millinery and laundry-work. A splendid example this, inasmuch as this sort of work is precisely that in which most girls, no matter what their station, are mostly deficient. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, is a Member (First-Class) of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, a Lady of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, the Royal Red Cross, and a Lady of Justice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, etc.

* Born March 18th.



STRAY THOUGHTS ON GARDENING FOR GIRLS.

By Lady Georgina Vernon.

So many delightful books upon gardening have been showered upon us lately that it seems almost superfluous to use one's pen upon that theme. We have wondered at the unfailing success enjoyed by "Veronica"; we have sympathised warmly with "Elizabeth" in the gloom of that "man of wrath," and our souls have felt satisfied with the peace and sweetness of the "Days and hours in a Garden"; while with keenest interest we followed the fortunes of the feathered dwellers in the "Garden of Peace," till at last we felt we would read no more upon horticulture. But the welcome which has been accorded to these books shows plainly that there is a wide-spread interest in the subject, and to-day I wish to point out what a very practical side there is to this love of gardening. There are women's colleges for horticulture, notably at Lady Warwick's hostel at Reading, where students can take either long or short courses for one or many branches of the work, and the success they have achieved and the fabulous numbers of tomatoes and cucumbers and mushrooms packed off weekly is astounding. There is also the college at Swanley for students of both sexes.

Now at both these places girls are trained either as teachers at schools or to take charge of a garden, and already many have been successfully launched in this life. We are all learning daily that there are many women who are quite unfitted by health and by tastes for the drudgery involved in the life of a governess or companion, but who can earn their own living and pass healthy, happy out-of-door lives in the pursuit of gardening. But there are probably only a few who can give either the time or the money needed for the long course of tuition required to fit a girl to be a teacher or a head gardener.

It is often, however, overlooked that a modest competence, or even more than that, may be made by women in their own homes, who are blessed with a garden and a small capital, and that love for flowers which is one of the great secrets of success, that intuitive knowledge of what the plants like, the deft fingers that in planting turn no roots the wrong way, the careful eye that notes in a moment the dull leaf, the half-expanding flowers that betoken unseen mischief; for, after all, love is the king that rules the world, and no golden gate to success in life opens wide unless there is somewhere the compelling power of love, whether it is as workers amongst our fellows or as humble labourers on farm or garden. The loving heart has a power that is all its own, and a garden demands our love as well as our work. A garden has such a singular charm that one cannot wonder at the enthusiasm of those who make it their profession.

From the early dawn when the little birds begin to move and twitter in the shrubs, and long fingers of soft light steal amongst the trees and waken the sleeping flowers, bidding the great sunflower turn its golden face to the sunrise and the closed eyes of daisies and marigolds open wide, all through the hot hours of mid-day when the garden teems with the hum of myriad insects and busy work, right on till the still evening's calm falls like a veil on all, and only the heavy perfume of the magnolia and the delicate scent of heliotrope and mignonette remind us that we are in a garden, each hour as it passes brings such a sense of satisfied thankfulness, such completeness in the growing, budding, fruiting world around us that nothing else ever brings us!

It often seems to me that in the life of the garden is found that secret of perpetual youth which philosophers of old dreamt of and searched for in vain. Even now, when sadness seems over all, if you will carefully look in the brown soil, under the masses of tawny coloured oak and pale yellow elm leaves which cover everything, you will note already the pointed green spikes of next year's crocuses and snowdrops appearing here and there, and quite long shoots of the Spanish Irises, which are to gladden our hearts with their many-coloured blossoms next June! They are peeping up into the ever new world, bringing with them renewed young life, a fresh tale of the unending birth in nature, the ever-budding hope that enables us to struggle through the dark days, and always be looking on beyond to-day's discouragements to fresh life and joys.

I am sure that gardening holds a great future for women, and it may add a very important sum to those who wish to supplement their incomes.

The delightful history of the violet farm in the pamphlet * on Irish industries is a most cheering record of well-applied knowledge and work and its reward, and I think one's first impulse after reading it is to start growing violets at once. But the writer gives a wise word of warning that before venturing upon the outlay of buying and planting, one must find out if the soil and situation are suitable. The chief desideratum seems to be a mild climate, and a sheltered, sunny corner, as they will grow in almost any soil, although a good warm rich clay, plentifully manured, suits them best. Doubtless Ireland has in its warm, damp climate a peculiar advantage, but there are many places in England, particularly in the south and west, where we can find the same. Violets are a flower of which there can never be a glut in the market, for everyone loves and buys the fragrant little bunches; and one great advantage to the lady amateur in starting a violet farm is that so much of the work can be done by children; they are nearer the ground for picking, and the picking on a farm such as the one I refer to is a most serious business when, as sometimes happens, ten thousand blooms are picked and bunched in a day.

I cannot omit quoting the last paragraph of Mrs. Coghill's article for the encouragement of would-be violet-growers. She says: "I pay £5 an acre rent for my farm, and would think I had done extremely badly any year that I did not clear five rents for my pocket after having paid all rent, wages and incidental expenses connected with my violet farm."

* By Mrs. Egerton Coghill, published by the *Irish Homestead*.

There are certainly very few of the smaller industries that can rival this, and at the same time combine sweet and pleasant work.

I am a great believer in specialities for those who have not much money to spend in starting a large garden or employing labour. I should advise them to adopt some one plant with all its varieties, and make a name as a grower of that plant in perfection. For instance, take that charming tribe the Narcissi; there is wealth in the possession of an acre of land and a few thousand bulbs of good narcissi, as was found out many years ago by our neighbours in Holland and latterly in the Scilly and Channel Islands. The narcissus is not difficult to cultivate, and it yields not only a crop of sweet-scented and favourite flowers in the early spring, but the bulbs increase rapidly and a crop has in two years doubled in number.

Tulips and hyacinths and the delicate-scented Freesias are all profitable bulbs. Of course, the position and soil of the garden we possess must be a determining factor as to which plant we choose as our special one, and if we are handicapped with a stiff, cold clay we need not try bulbs.

I have heard lately of some very successful private growers of Michaelmas daisies, which used to be such singularly uninteresting flowers with very leafy stalks and dull, purple heads, but in these days they form a group full of charm and variety, and will repay anyone adopting them, but I think a fair gardener might with much success start as a vendor of "neglected flowers," and an article on that subject might well vie in interest with Belinda's musings on "neglected books." There are some scores of delightful flowers that one rarely meets with, except in old gardens or where herbaceous plants are specially sought after.

A short time since I went to call at an old grey-walled manor house, standing high up on rather a bleak hill-side, looking so grave and colourless that when I went through the gate and into the garden with its low boundary wall, I was almost startled with the blaze of colour that met my eyes; all round and beneath every wall there were masses of the *Heuchera Sanguinea*. I cannot describe the beauty of the tall, graceful spikes of coral-coloured blossoms, rising up from the low-growing bed of ivy-shaped leaves. There was quite a glow of colour over everything, and it turned what had appeared such a dreary abode into a bright, cheerful home. Certainly flowers have a witchery about them that transforms the dull room or home into a very fairyland.

I have, so far, though, only touched upon "flowers," but I have been thinking of garden-work from a woman's point of view, and also as work by which she may help herself. Vegetable-growing is not profitable unless it is done on a very large scale, or if only the finer sort of early vegetables are grown, and they require houses and glass and serious outlay. In these days, when markets are flooded with early vegetables from the Channel Islands, from France and other parts, we cannot in our colder climate compete in any way with the foreign produce. In some places the fruit farms, which have increased so largely all over the country, are very lucrative; and perhaps the most paying crop, although one that requires considerable outlay and a good deal of work, is strawberries. If there is a good crop it is sure to sell, but like all other fruits, a good crop generally means that they are plentiful everywhere, and this often means disappointment and loss to the grower. Still, with all its difficulties I believe strawberries to be the best of the specialities in fruit-growing, given a light, loamy soil, and preferably a hill-side sheltered from storms and exposed to the sun. Now I feel that, as I always do in a garden, I have just wandered about from point to point, picking a flower here and there, absorbing the sweetness and the beauty, and the peace around me and very often doing nothing, but of this I am sure, hours spent in a garden are not lost, for they bring us nearer to that great heart of Nature, elevating and purifying all brought within its influence.

"God Almighty first planted a garden,
And indeed it is the purest of human pleasures."

Bacon.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN.

I SHALL know by the gleam and glitter
  Of the golden chain you wear,
By your heart's calm strength in loving,
  Of the fire they have had to bear.
Beat on, true heart, for ever;
  Shine bright, strong golden chain,
And bless the cleansing fire
  And the furnace of living pain!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE ANCHORESS OF STE. MAXIME.

BY M. H. CORNWALL LEGH, Author of "Gold in the Furnace," "An Incorrigible Girl," "At the Foot of the Rainbow," etc.

CHAPTER I.

IT was three o'clock in the afternoon. Now of all times of the day the most uninteresting, prosaic, and unproductive of elevated emotions is the period between two o'clock and four; there are then no shadows for painters, no inspirations for poets, and any attempt at solid thinking, as the preachers at afternoon services know to their cost, has a tendency to send people to sleep.

Perhaps this is how it came about that Alison Woodward, as she stood leaning on the balustrade of the balcony belonging to the best bedroom at the Hôtel des Quatre Vents, in the little fishing village of Ste. Maxime, and looked with listless eyes across the deep blue waters of the bay to the hilly shores beyond, with St. Tropez lying in the hollow, thought life a weary, vapid thing, and veritably sighed to consider that there would be an hour before it was time to make tea for herself and her mother, and two hours and a quarter between that and dinner-time, and two hours after that again before going to bed. And to-morrow would be exactly like to-day, and Saturday like that, and Sunday too, except that the French *pasteur* from St. Raphael would conduct an ascetic little service, without even a hymn to lighten it, in a curtained-off portion of the *salle à manger*, and then hie back to St. Raphael again, whither, or to anywhere else in the civilised world, Alison would gladly have flown away too; but her wings were clipped. Even a day at St. Raphael would take her away from her mother longer than Mrs. Woodward would willingly spare her. Hyères, at the other end of the little railway line, which skirts the coast, picking up Ste. Maxime on its way, was a place as inaccessible as Thibet to Alison.

Would she ever leave Ste. Maxime in her life? she questioned, as her eyes rested, with apathy approaching disgust, on the view upon which they had rested day after day for the last three years, and probably would for the next thirty, she said to herself—till she was fifty, that meant. At fifty, perhaps, she would have strength of mind to take the control over her mother of seventy-five, and carry her away from the spot to which she had rooted herself with such desperate fixedness. Why not at forty? Perhaps at thirty, even. But life leaves little that is desirable at thirty, as one looks at it through the eyes of sweet-and-twenty. She would be an old maid by then, Alison thought, an old maid without so much as a history, without any friends, without any pleasant memories, without the culture that is only to be had through cultivation, for which there was not the smallest opportunity here. Alison's eyes grew dim and her throat choky over her sympathy with herself, as she would be at the age of thirty.

She compassionated herself till a whole, substantial, full-sized tear dropped with a regular splash on the back of her hand. Then she shook her eyelids and laughed to get rid of its "*leuchtende Schwester*," not being in the habit, happily, of growing sentimental over her own sorrows.

"What a goose I am!" she said to herself, which was perfectly true, though, as a matter of fact, Alison's case was rather a hard one.

Mrs. Woodward was a woman with an iron will and that peculiar constitution which baffles doctors, nurses, systems. Nobody could find out anything the matter with her; even "suppressed gout" could not be stretched to cover her symptoms. If her disease was mental, no brain specialist would have ventured to pronounce her insane. Her appetite was normal, and she had the appearance of perfect health. Her mind was intelligent, even active; she liked to be read to, she enjoyed hearing her daughter sing. But she chose to lead the life of an invalid, spending the whole of her days in her own room, and the greater part of them in bed, and never seeing anyone except her daughter.

The tendency to assume the *rôle* of a *malade imaginaire* and shut herself away from all society dated from the time, five years ago, when Mrs. Woodward had been left a widow. Everyone had thought it might be dispelled by change of scene, and encouraged her to travel. Accordingly Mrs. Woodward had broken up her home in England and set off for the Continent with Alison. The experiment had not, however, proved a success. During their first month abroad the hatred of seeing other faces than that of Alison had come upon her with fresh and overwhelming force. She must get away somewhere quite, quite quiet, she had said. The



"THE GOLDEN CHAIN."
(From the oil painting by Mr. John S. Eland.)

doctor at Hyères had recommended a change to some little place along the coast, say Ste. Maxime, until she had recovered from this attack of "nervous prostration."

Mrs. Woodward had never recovered from the attack. To this day she had remained prostrate, and the strange disorder, whatever it might be, that affected her nerves was in no degree abated. In vain had the clever young French doctor, who had just set up practice at Ste. Maxime, applied every newly-discovered infallible remedy for *les maladies nerveuses;* in vain had the kind old *chirurgien médecin*, just retired in favour of his youthful compatriot, implored her for the sake of her daughter, to rouse herself and try at least whether she could not make a little promenade in carriage at the border of the sea, preparatory to attempting the journey back to her native land.

Mrs. Woodward's determination had proved as obdurate to Monsieur Lemaître's entreaties and Alison's most earnest efforts to back them up, as her disorder had to massage, electric shocks, and concentrated oxygen. These foreign doctors did not understand her, Mrs. Woodward said—no doctors ever had. She knew how she felt, and as for attempting to take a drive, she would as soon go up in a balloon. If she once set foot in a train she was certain—absolutely certain—it would kill her.

Mrs. Woodward was unfortunately in an independent position, quite impossible to assail. She had no near relatives, except her daughter, and was responsible to nobody except her conscience, which in this direction seemed to have been stricken with the same malady as her nerves. It *ne fonctionnait plus*, and no amount of exhorting, persuading, reproaching, on the part of authoritative doctors, or influential cousins, be their letters crammed as might be with epistolary eloquence, no degree of imploring from Alison, caused it to stir. She knew how she felt, and unless it was right to commit suicide, she should never stir from her room until she felt very different; that was all.

Alison cast one last apathetic look on the stretch of land and sea beneath her before returning to the Tauchnitz novel she had been reading, with less keenness of interest because, in common with all the other English books on the shelf in the *salon*, she had already read it seven times; the aromatic odour from the eucalyptus trees, which shook their narrow curved leaves vaguely in the breeze, came up to her nostrils blended with the scent from the cistus, rosemary and wild lavender, with which the slopes at the back of the hotel were clothed, and she lingered to sniff it. Along the road beneath the garden trudged the mender of umbrellas and crockery, announcing his profession in a melodious though monotonous cadence. In the vineyard beyond, a husbandman was at work pruning his vines. At the edge of the road which skirted the coast, a thin grey curl of smoke came up from a gipsy encampment, pitched there a night or two ago.

All the familiar sights and sounds and odours of which Alison's senses had grown weary. Her eyes wandered to the sea in languid curiosity whether the orange-sailed fishing-smacks were out to-day. Yes, there was one of them; and—there was another craft, not one of the native boats! What was it? Alison's lack-lustre eyes suddenly grew intent, even animated. The little vessel was yawl-rigged, with tall masts and snowy sails, exceeding smart and trim, and skimming the water like a gull before the breeze. Alison's keen sight detected that the flag she flew was the Union Jack. She must be an English yacht!

Alison looked at her watch, as she had already done at least six times since the twelve o'clock luncheon, but for the first time with the hope of finding it earlier than she expected, not later.

Ten minutes past three; then she would be able to go down on the quay for a quarter of an hour before the kettle must be put on to boil. Mrs. Woodward was taking her afternoon nap. Alison put on her hat—gloves she needed not—and turned the handle of the door noiselessly. The next minute she was hastening down to the quay with more animated footsteps than usually carried her over that well-known ground.

Along the bit of road leading into the village she went, past the tall iron cross fretting the blue, the wayside fountain, at which a woman with a handkerchief over her head was filling a pale green water-jug that looked as if it came out of a studio, down the steep and tortuous streets into the tiny square where the church stood, and the Mairie, and, in a small enclosure at one side, braving bare-headed all winds and weathers, a plaster image of Notre Dame de la Mission with hands raised and head bent in prayer, in whose calm face and reverent attitude some humble sculptor preached to the village the dignity of patience. Thence, passing between the palms in front of the Café des Palmiers, Alison came down into the heart of Ste. Maxime, the spot where all its life, its energy and brightness are concentrated, the quay. Here, on the stone seats built round the broad-trunked plane-trees, townsfolk and visitors sit exchanging gossip, while the waiters in the busy Café de France run in and out with little glasses of absinthe and cups of black coffee. Here the century-old diligence from Plan de la Tour deposits its passengers, and takes in packages of provisions for the inn in case guests should be expected there. The landlord at Plan de la Tour prides himself on his *cuisine* and the *recherché déjeuner* he can provide in that far-away mountain village if he is given due warning. But he must do himself justice; the guest's coming must be announced beforehand, or not a mouthful of food will the good man provide, not if he be the Maire of Ste. Maxime himself, as that functionary knows to his cost! It is on the quay that the villagers assemble to watch the automobiles fly by on the grand occasions—coming once a year or so—of a race between Marseilles and Monte Carlo. And here, of course, sailors and boatmen hang about, cracking jokes together, when they are not at work lading their vessels from the little jetty that runs out from the quay into the sea.

There were several wood-boats in the port to-day, their decks piled high with timber from the interior, to carry off to Marseilles or the Italian ports, or it might be to Spain, so far afield does the trade of Ste. Maxime go. There were pleasure boats, mostly built at St. Tropez, dancing up and down invitingly, the white and orange of their sails, and the pale green, ultramarine and white of their keels mimicked by a hundred merry little waves.

The *Ami des Passagers*, the *Trois Frères*, the *Pas de Chance*, Alison knew all their names and the faces of all their owners. Not more. The English girl was still a strange bird, a foreigner among the people of France; the land of her mother's adoption had never become her home. The kind greetings of the peasants, which this simple people give to any not too sour-faced stranger, she always returned with a touch of pleasure at their goodwill, but her heart was in her own country, and, after three years at Ste. Maxime, she did not know the people as she would have known the inhabitants of a country village in England at the end of three weeks.

To-day, however, Alison went the length of entering into conversation with an old boatman, who had on one occasion taken her over to St. Tropez. Did he know to whom that English yacht belonged? Of course he did. Men of the sea know everything each other knows as instinctively as ants or schoolboys. The white yacht *là-bas* was the *Phantom*; she belonged to an English monsieur from Cannes, Colonel Russell. There were three gentlemen on board. She had come from Toulon that day, and was on her way to St. Tropez.

Alison turned away with a vague feeling of disappointment. Why had the Englishmen chosen to make St. Tropez their resting-place instead of Ste. Maxime? Not that she would have been likely to make their acquaintance in any case. Still, it would have been nice to hear the English language spoken—to look upon some English faces.

"*Tiens!*" There was one of the gentlemen now—in the middle of that group of *gamins!* Alison's eyes followed the direction of Jean Collomp's thumb, and saw a small crowd of children gathered close as a swarm of bees, who at that moment were suddenly dispersed by the wave of a stick. They rushed away in all directions, shouting, and left visible a young man, good-looking so far as could be seen beneath the slouch hat drawn down in front of his eyes, seated on a camp-stool sketching away vigorously. A moment later the little crowd had gathered round him again. Then Alison heard the Englishman speak, but not in English.

"Allons, mes enfants, comment est-ce que je puisse faire un dessin de ces braves bateaux si vous vous introduisez comme ça, entre ma toile et la mer?"

A genial laugh accompanied the question, and the children parted immediately, shoving each other back with great energy and volubility, to leave a passage clear between the artist and his view.

Then Alison perceived that she too was an obstructionist. She moved rapidly aside. The young man raised his hat, bowed and smiled.

"Ne vous dérangez pas, mademoiselle, je vous en prie. Si vous auriez la bonté——"

And Alison took in that she was wanted for a foreground figure. She stood where she was, leaning against the sea-wall, her big hat shading her blushes and her dimples, and her white frock blowing into graceful draperies for some five minutes, during which she was able to observe the taker of her portrait, whose *dégagé*, half-nautical, half-artistic get-up went well, somehow, with his broad shoulders, quick movements and sun-browned face.

It was very amusing, particularly that she should be taken for a Frenchwoman, though, since her clothes were all made in France, that was hardly surprising. A half shyness, whole desire not to disturb the quaintness of the episode, restrained her from addressing her countryman in English. For five minutes he sketched with great rapidity and decision, squeezing his colours straight out on to his block, from the corners of which drops of water shed themselves on his white trousers, and dabbing the lumps of blue and yellow and brown into form and a due relation of values, with a quick dexterous brush.

When the drawing was completed, the young man rose, lifted his hat again and smiled to Alison.

"Je vous suis infiniment obligé, mademoiselle."

"De rien, monsieur!" she answered, keeping up the joke, and she walked away, not, however, without an occasional pause to look at the sea, upon which occasions a side glance was permitted in the direction of the Englishman. Thus she saw him taking his passage in the *Pas de Chance*, which set sail thereon for St. Tropez, and observed that he got in two more little impressionist sketches before the boat had carried him out of sight.

Then Alison hastened homeward through the crooked streets, arriving in time to find her mother just woke up and wondering why she had not put on the kettle to boil.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SPREAD OF CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

By the Hon. GERTRUDE KINNAIRD.

In the *Times* of December 31st, 1901, there appeared a letter from Sir Charles Elliott, late Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, publishing information of the deepest interest to those who watch the progress of missions in India. Comparing the census returns of 1891 and 1901, we find that there is an increase of about 550,000 Christians, which means an increase of 30 per cent. on the Christian population, more than four times the growth of the whole population.

One remarkable feature of mission work in India is to be seen in the position of the women in the Christian community. In the Madras Presidency if you take an average of 10,000 women in each community, the number who can read and write is—Hindus 70, Mohammedans 86, Christians 913, and there are many Christian Indian women studying in the university who will be ready to take their place in the work of teaching their fellow-countrywomen. This is enough to cause all those who are supporters of missions to thank God and take courage.

The Zenana Bible and Medical Mission are celebrating their jubilee year, and for fifty years their missionaries have been in the forefront, bringing education and medical aid to India's women and girls, and they ask for the co-operation and help of women and girls in this country who value all the advantages with which they are surrounded. There are many ways in which they can show their sympathy and use the talents which they are cultivating, by turning them to a missionary use.

During this jubilee we have had a considerable number of sales, in consequence of which our work cupboards are very empty and need replenishing. We can use all sorts of pretty and nicely-made things. Specially the following:—Well-made children's pinafores of good material, pretty children's frocks, plain well-made servants' afternoon aprons, clothes for the poor: all kinds of white tea, tray, and toilet-cloths worked with white embroidery or in drawn-thread patterns, pretty table centres and antimacassars, plain boot and shoe bags, menu cards, Christmas cards, poker and carved wood-work articles have a ready sale.

Parcels will be thankfully received by the Hon. Gertrude Kinnaird or Miss Reid at the office of The Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, 2, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.

HOW AMERICAN GIRLS ENTERTAIN.



It has been said by more than one distinguished American that the art of entertaining is carried to its highest point of perfection in England, and that hospitality as dispensed by the typical British hostess leaves nothing to be desired. This is high praise indeed, and it is to be hoped that we may continue to live up to so flattering a reputation. At the same time it were folly to suppose that even here we have nothing to learn from other nations, and more especially from America, where lavish and open-handed hospitality is an ingrained national characteristic. It is with a view of affording English girls a glimpse at how their charming trans-atlantic cousins "do the honours" in their own country, and of emphasising maybe certain points in which we, at home, might well follow their example, that I would tell briefly of some personal experiences that recently fell to my lot, more particularly in the southern parts of the United States.

Some short while ago it was my good fortune to form one of a mixed party of astronomers, who made a scientific pilgrimage to the Southern States to observe a total eclipse of the sun. Forming as we did the only English expedition for this purpose, and having moreover introductions to the leading American astronomers, we were everywhere received with the most unbounded kindness and hospitality; and had thus an opportunity in a short space of learning more about the art of entertaining as understood by Americans, and especially by American girls, than a much longer stay under ordinary circumstances could possibly have taught us.

The spot whence we were to observe the eclipse was a little townlet of North Carolina, planted in the midst of wild luxuriant pine-forests and cotton-fields, and inhabited by a few hundred "whites," chiefly interested in the cotton industry, and a larger number of cheery, childlike, light-hearted negroes, whose forefathers had been slaves on the plantations where their descendants now worked as hired labourers. Within half an hour of our arrival at this out-of-the-world little nook, we received formal calls from the Mayor of the town and the "Judge" (late a Senator of the United States, and the principal landowner and chief man of the district), bidding us heartily welcome, and offering all assistance in their power. And these dignitaries had scarcely taken their departure before the Judge's daughter, on behalf of her mother, came with special messages and invitations to the ladies of our party.

In the most charmingly frank and friendly manner she explained how the girls of the town and their mothers possessed among themselves a most flourishing Book Club, and how this institution was holding a special meeting at her house the following day in our honour, and at which we were particularly invited to be present. Naturally we at once accepted so kind an offer, and next afternoon found us arrayed in our best clothes, eagerly awaiting what we felt would be a pleasant and completely novel experience.

The house of our hostess was barely half a mile distant, nevertheless two carriages, each drawn by a pair of horses and driven by a negro driver, stood waiting for us outside the hotel door, provided by our friends to convey us to our destination. Arrived at the house, a "frame" one, surrounded by a broad shadowy verandah, overhung with creepers, we were met at the gate by a bevy of girls, who, waiting for no introduction, made themselves known to us instantly with the utmost frankness and cordiality, putting us completely at our ease in a moment, and making us feel at once as if we had known them all our lives. "We are real glad to see you," they assured us with genuine heartiness. "Come right in," and they led the way to the cool and most tastefully furnished drawing-room ("parlour" *they called it*), where the whole party, to the number of some thirty or so, were soon accommodated with chairs round the walls.

The girls of the Book Club were distinguished from their guests by badges of coloured ribbons, and our first friend and her two sisters acted as mistresses of the ceremonies, though their mother was also present. Males there were none. After a few minutes devoted to the business of the club proper, exchange of books and the like, and a short interval of conversation, our hostess produced a basket of blank cards, the size of ball programmes, daintily tied with the club ribbons, and, handing one to each of us, American and English alike, along with a pencil, announced a "Competition."

We had already heard how the Southern American girls, scorning the English trivialities of mere "tea and twaddle" at their "At Homes," always introduced a competition of some novel form, in which all the guests took part; and we waited eagerly to hear the terms of the contest. Briefly we were each to write upon our cards the best joke, or most amusing anecdote we had ever heard, or rather, could at the moment recollect, a certain limited time being allowed for this purpose. The cards were then to be read out, and the whole party were to decide upon their respective order of merit. Further, since American humour is proverbially different from English, and since, moreover, as we subsequently learned, our American cousins have a theory that English girls, like the proverbial Scotchman, "joke with deefficulty," we were divided into two classes, Americans and "Visiting Ladies" (as they termed us), and our witticisms judged separately. I am bound to say that in the event our hostesses' belief was more or less justified as far as that particular competition was concerned, for whether due to their national brightness, or their greater familiarity with such contests, the Americans' productions, taken as a whole, were vastly superior to our own. Nevertheless our kind friends received our rather feeble efforts with enthusiasm, and the proud winner very literally "took the cake," receiving a magnificent and highly sugared specimen of that comestible, the handiwork of our hostess herself.

Nearly all American girls are good cooks, delighting in the preparation of all kinds of dainty and attractive dishes. We soon had an opportunity of bearing personal witness to their skill. The competition ended, several female domestics, negresses in brightly-coloured dresses, entered with a number of small tables which they set before us, and then presented us each with a clean serviette. They then handed round a number of small cakes of different sorts, each sweet, soft and very delicious. These they handed all at once, without allowing us time to dispose of one before another was offered; but we were informed that Southern etiquette demanded that we should take of whatever was passed, whether we wanted it or not, and our plates were soon piled with dainties of all descriptions. Meantime we drank tea, though not our eastern idea of that beverage, for it was iced and flavoured with lemon. And a very delightful drink it made in that hot climate, and one much to be recommended for summer parties at home. The tea was brewed very weak to begin with, well sweetened and served perfectly cold. No milk was added, but a piece of lemon placed in each cup, and a cherry, or some such fruit of the season floating on the top. Made in this way the character of the tea is of course utterly altered, but the result is certainly pleasant and refreshing. The meal terminated with delicious ice creams, in the manufacture of which all Southern girls are adepts.

After tea came music. A piano stood in one corner of the "parlour," and at our special request our friends sang us some of their own sweet Southern melodies, "Old Folks at Home," "My old Kentucky Home," and the like; and favourite of all, their national anthem of the South, "Dixie's Land." This they sang with a vigour and enthusiasm quite indescribable, for the Southern girl is nothing if not patriotic, and as they gave their wild inspiring chorus of "Look away! Look away!" we were aware that the

darkies too were clustering round the open door and joining in the war song, fraught with a hundred stirring memories of the past. It was a highly appropriate circumstance that a little memento of the occasion, presented at parting to each of us "visiting ladies," should take the form of a dainty card, bearing the words of "Dixie's Land," with the Southern flag beautifully painted in colours, and the name and date of the occasion. These cards, we learned, were the clever work of one of the girls present that afternoon, and we scarcely knew which to admire most, her skill with brush and pen, or the kind thought which had prompted so graceful a souvenir.

Our second experience of Southern hospitality was a picnic. The place chosen was a truly ideal one; in the heart of the tangled pine forests, where a huge flat mass of bare rock protruded its way among the trees, and a tiny streamlet gurgled and splashed in miniature cascade, or formed deep cool pools among the boulders. To reach this spot necessitated a drive of some three or four miles, and our party were conveyed thither in light "buggies" driven by the brothers and male cousins of our hostesses. The provisions, of course, were carried in similar fashion, but since the vehicles were light and the track extremely rough, indeed only by courtesy could it be called a track at all, being considerably more uneven than the surrounding country—the weight had perforce to be reduced within the strictest possible limits.

This our girls, evidently old hands at this form of entertainment, managed by leaving behind every conventional adjunct of a meal that could possibly be dispensed with—plates, dishes, spoons, forks, and knives. It was wonderful how cleverly they had arranged the repast, which was of a thoroughly substantial nature, to allow of this departure from the ordinary. There was cold fried chicken—the staple dish of the south—jointed in such dainty pieces that it was possible to eat it in one's fingers, without offending the most delicate sensibilities; and slices of cold ham, which the American girls at least balanced with great skill upon biscuits—or "crackers," as they style them—there were also fruits, cakes and buns of all descriptions, and a "pie" which is really a kind of Swiss roll baked in a circular shape. For drink we had tea, but as this was cold and brought all ready sweetened and flavoured in great jars carefully packed in ice, all the paraphernalia of kettle, fire, and tea-pot were done away with. Very pleasant recollections are ours of that sunny afternoon when we wandered among the giant pines and by the rill, plucking huge handfuls of flowers, only known to us in beds and hothouses at home; or sat, a laughing party, on the great flat rock, making merry over a picnic, which was nearer the real interpretation of the word, and therefore, so much the more delightful, than any we had known in the old world.

These two entertainments may be taken as fairly typical of many another similar gathering in which we took part in hospitable America. We learned many things by our friendly intercourse with our girl-friends, both in the Southern and Eastern States. We learned, for example, by the humiliating experience of arriving two hours before time, that "tea" may not represent the conventional "five-o'clock," but the evening meal at seven. We learned not to begin our food till the carver also was served; we learned to admire "clam chowder," "pop-corn" and "ice cream sodas." But most of all we learned to appreciate the frankness, naturalness, brightness, of our hostesses, their power of putting their guests at ease, their skill in devising new amusements, in never letting the interest flag for a moment, in giving themselves up entirely for their visitors, in their large-hearted hospitality to the stranger within their gates. It was surely impressed upon us that if only we girls of England were but half as determined to give our American cousins "a good time" here when they cross the water, as they, in their turn, are to afford to ourselves in America, there would be less talk of "misunderstanding" between two great nations which of all others should be most united. GERTRUDE BACON.



THE VISITS OF MORGAN.

A PASTORAL.



"Shepherd's Dance" by Edward German.

My father's country rectory stands among some of the loveliest of Welsh hills in that part of Wales (the south) happily (for us) ignored by the tripper and the station placarder. The parish is somewhat unique, embracing twenty miles of mountains, bare but for their grassy covering and the beasts that browse on their pastures, with an occasional and lonely farm. At each end is a village, or rather a collection of scattered dwellings and a small church.

My friend Mary Worth came to stay with us in the spring. As often, my father having business with his curate at that end of the parish called Capel Nanddu (pronounce it as you like, reader—it won't hurt me), he took a contingent of us on picnic intent.

In our wanderings Mary (tall, young, stately, a happy combination through sensible bringing-up of ancient and modern, early Victorian and twencent) threw herself with ecstasy into the business on hand. And small wonder—coming from the sights and sounds of a great commercial city into the music of the mountains, coming to that fairest view in Nature's big picture-book—the everlasting hills.

We wandered after lunch "up the mountain side" to a small farm owned by one Morgan. To us enter (or rather *vice versâ*) a lamb, small, white and beautiful exceedingly.

Mary is not as a rule given to commandeering, but she quite simply and absolutely declined to leave that farm without that lamb, which was promptly named after its former owner, who no doubt was somewhat bewildered by this novel proceeding, hence his incontinent surrender, for he is not used, good soul, to selling lambs to chance young ladies. So home she brought her prisoner, alive and kicking vigorously.

And now the fun began. First Morgan must be fed, this, of course, as any amateur sheep-farmer will know, by means of a bottle of milk with pierced finger of glove attached. This took up no small portion of Mary's time and brain tissues, for Morgan as a nursery pet was, to say the least of it, exacting. His nursery was our exquisite (though I says it as shouldn't) wild "lower garden," and here (as you see) Morgan roamed in a miniature jungle of buttercups and grasses, and leaped over clumps of forget-me-nots.

But further Morgan must be exercised—or so said someone. A lambkin gambolling in a meadow is one thing; to be at the other end of a string attached to that lambkin's leg is another. *That* I can assure you after the experiences through which I have watched my poor friend—not shared them—no. There is a limit to the friendship that bears a friend's infirmities, and I drew the line at that cord!

Then Morgan misses his little friends of the mountain pastures; he must be amused. As someone said to me of her babies, Morgan did not allow you to forget his existence—no, not for many moments, if any. Of Morgan's character the intelligent reader will make a mental sketch as he reads, but he should have seen many a glimpse which space forbids me to describe, such as our little Morgan's steady and apparently unconscious ignoring of his bottle if he did not feel exactly in the mood to imbibe.

But with all his faults, who would have said that the animal could have wrecked the peace of a household? Even so. We come to the date of departure of Mary and Morgan, the latter in a hamper. Travellers are used to lambs—taken internally between bread and butter, but a live one bleating loudly and continuously from the depths of a hamper is—well, try it! I have not hitherto dwelt on this chief drawback of a lamb as a "tame cat." Our Morgan, on his arrival in Mary's city home, was relegated very properly to the back garden. This he strongly resented, and that a summons to court (not the one devoted to Drawing-Rooms and State concerts) did not appear in the Worth letterbox no thanks are due to Morgan, whose cries day and night goaded the neighbours to loud complaints. Mary has a big manly brother, benedict and farmer. He, staying in this unhappy house, was pressed into the service, spent many an hour amusing this Frankenstein, and finally removed the little fellow to his own farm, where he was teaching himself first principles. He now had to defer his own education to superintend Morgan's, whose foster-mother had not realised that her pet must be taught to eat as well as drink.

Conceive, if you can, a strong man spending some of his best days in trying to induce a lamb to graze. What a subject for one of our many Elizabeths, either as an accessory of a garden or a visit! But a worm will turn, and so will a host. A budding farmer, even for a sister's sake, may not afford to keep a lamb that puts away weekly milk to the tune of 5s.

* * * * *

The name of Morgan is no more named in the Worth household save with bated breath. The reputation of that household for absolute unity has passed. A coldness has arisen concerning one topic, and on that topic relations are still strained in more senses than one.

You would know why, reader?

Ask Mr. Worth junior's milkman!

P.S.—Reader, I only personate pro tem. the friend of Morgan's owner, and am merely A WELSH SPINSTER.

THE MACAULAY SOCIETY.



YOU'VE never heard of it? No, I daresay not! It is not of world-wide fame. It has no registered offices, no president, no secretary, no roll of membership, and—perhaps you will jump at it when I tell you this—there are no fees or subscriptions.

The Macaulay Society is really a family mutual improvement society, and is the outcome of an idea which, on being put in motion, proved to be not only beneficial to all concerned, but very often productive of a good deal of fun and amusement. Shall I tell you how it originated? In so doing, the object of the society will naturally unfold itself. The writer had occasion for eighteen months or so to make his home with a certain family in a country town in the south of England. Here he found, as is doubtless the case with many homes, that the inmates, through carelessness, had allowed their speech to so degenerate that to speak in their mother tongue without mutilation was fast becoming an ideal only to be found in the grammar books of earlier days or in the works of certain authors to whom we look for English of the first water. Oh, yes, they knew they were wrong, and they desired to improve, but these modes of expression had become habitual, and they found it far easier to get into a habit than to get out of it. Now it is not an easy matter to tell anyone in all the bareness of plain English—however nicely it may be put—that they have made a grammatical error, misconstrued the meaning of a word, or made use of some slang expression prohibited by good taste. The more trivial the error is, the more difficult it seems to make mention of it. Yet, as Michael Angelo once said, "Trifles make perfection, and perfection's no trifle." It's an open question whether it's easier to tell anyone of a mistake made in the presence of others or when you get the guilty party alone. If you pursue the latter course, you find when the moment comes (supposing you *should* happen to remember it) that the difficulty is to know just how to start. It's a case of "Oh—ah—er"—followed by an awkward pause, which gives rise to an uncomfortable kind of feeling. So much for keeping *others* in order, and endeavouring to disassociate their motes and optics. The situation, however, is equally embarrassing if we ourselves are reminded of—not the motes, but the beams we are bearing. In any case, there's an ominous silence for a moment or two; the party in question goes red in the face, and somebody else suddenly becomes interested in the pattern of the tea-plates. This was very nearly the case in the home to which I referred. But this fact remained—everyone became possessed of a laudable desire to improve, and yet it seemed so very hard each one trying by himself or herself. Could not each one help the other by some means or other? Thus the family mutual improvement was launched one day

without any ceremony whatever. It was agreed to select a word, and on a mistake being made, or some other misdemeanour of speech, this word should be ejaculated, whispered, or otherwise spoken by one of the party present. Of course, if everyone spontaneously takes on the office, so much the better, providing a unanimous spirit of good humour and generosity is maintained. A chorus is so much more interesting than a single piper. At least, so the onlookers say. The word chosen was a name—that of Macaulay—deemed appropriate because the deceased owner thereof is acknowledged by all to have been a veritable master of the English language.

This method of mutual improvement is obviously very useful when out in company, or entertaining friends at home, since in various ways a single word can be rapidly and secretly communicated. In the ordinary course of things one would make a mental note of some error made, with the intention of privately discussing same afterwards. But lo, when the time comes, rack your brains how you will, you cannot remember that particular thing. But with a Macaulay Society it is different. We will presume you have a little supper-party. Some member of the secret society makes "a Macaulay." Some other member of the society, curiously enough, immediately starts literature as a topic of conversation with his neighbour, and sweetly asks him whether he has read any of Macaulay's works. Or, presuming that he has, how he likes Macaulay. It is probable that almost simultaneously with your question you will receive a gentle kick from the other side of the table, or a sly pinch from some hidden hand, as a signal of recognition. (N.B.—If you happen to be the guilty party yourself, take great care you don't kick the wrong man. It might cause fireworks.) If in the library it will be an easy matter. You simply walk up to one of the bookcases or shelves, run your eye along the rows of volumes, and in a meditative, absent-minded tone of voice you say, "Ah, now, let me see, Macaulay!"—as if in search of one of that author's works. If in the drawing-room you adroitly make a by-path in the conversation, or possibly a fitting opportunity will present itself. Various ways and means for creating an opening to let slip your code-word will occur to the reader, according to the circumstances of the moment. This, of course, is only necessary in the event of others being present who are not "in the know." Thus it will be seen that it is quite possible for two or more parties to be correcting one another without any knowledge of some other word telegraphy going on at the same time.

The writer has reason to believe that the idea has been copied into several other homes with good success. In the case of the last instance to hand the family have adopted "Byron" as their code-word. MONOCULUS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

JESSAMINE.—We have read your three poems. In "Roses" you use "begirt" incorrectly as an active verb, present tense. It is a past participle. The form "begird" is used by Milton, and if you wish to employ a verb almost obsolete in the sense of "to deck," you must spell it thus.

"I like to enjoy the pleasures of life"

is a line too short by a syllable. The thought of "No rose without a thorn" is not very original. The metre of "One by One" is not regularly kept. "Stream" and "name" do not rhyme. In "Hitherto" one line sounds like an echo of a well-known hymn—

"When days are dark and comforts few,"

but such involuntary imitations are frequent in hymn-writing. "Renew" and "hitherto" do not rhyme. You ask for criticism, therefore we are obliged to give it, but your verses are quite up to the average of those we receive for perusal.

RUMWOOD.—Your verses are decidedly above the average of those sent to us for criticism. We prefer the poem about the old couple, though the closing lines strike us as a little too homely, *e.g.*—

"Shouting gaily, 'Grannie,' 'Grandpa.'"

In "Baby Marion" the metre changes in verse 3. Contrast these two "first lines"—

"A sweet and fragrant June rose."

"As day by day with glowing pride."

You will observe that the second is the longer. Change of metre is occasionally to be found in good poetic work, but it should be adopted with extreme care. Young writers frequently drift into it unconsciously. We like the verses on "Love," which are brightly written.

CLARE.—Your verses are composed in a metre which you conscientiously observe to the close. So far we can commend you. "End" does not rhyme with "sends," but that is the only instance of an imperfect rhyme. The "form" therefore is not open to much criticism, so far as rhyme and metre are concerned. But truth compels us to state that the lines are often not very poetical.

"We go now slow, now fast"

is an instance; and "go slow" is not a grammatical expression. You should not say "they" after "each one." "Each one" is singular, and should take a singular pronoun—"he" or "she." No doubt it gives you pleasure to write down these thoughts in rhyme. We will criticise any story you like to send us, but we only use the work of experienced writers in our magazine.

MISS H. L. SALES.—We invite the secretaries of a reading society called St. John of Jerusalem, and of another society for learning poetry by heart, to communicate directly with you at Fylde Lodge, Heaton Mersey, Manchester. We also refer you to Miss Mondy's letter respecting the National Home Reading Union, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London. We have not kept the particulars of the two societies you name, and it is possible they may not now be in existence.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

Yet another "FORGET-ME-NOT." I have had three at least with this pseudonym. When writing again, should you have occasion to do so, please choose a different one. I am very glad our Talks have proved so enjoyable to you. In reply to your question, I can only say that we cannot doubt the foreknowledge of God, to Whom past, present and future are an eternal present. But were we to believe that every action of our lives had been determined for us from the very beginning of our existence, where would our responsibility come in? If we do what is right, it is by God-given grace and strength. We are accountable for the use to which we put the talents entrusted to us; but we are promised help in every time of need if we prayerfully seek it in Jesus' name. Many events happen to us all in which our wills have no share, but under the most trying circumstances we can ask God to overrule them for our good. Often we have cause to thank Him for trials which were hard to bear at the time. The feelings you allude to are perfectly natural and right, but issues which involve two lives cannot be controlled by the wish of one.

MINNIE.—You wish for useful work to occupy your spare time and help you to overcome the pessimistic spirit which has robbed you of all interest in life. You only need to turn your thoughts from yourself and to note the needs of others and you will find work enough close to your hand. There are the old, the weak, the sick and the suffering to whom you may, without any great self-denial, give help and comfort. There are lonely people of all ages—oh, so many!—who would be thankful to see a bright face in a dull room, or to hear a clear young voice reading something of interest, or telling innocent bits of news—kindly news, you understand, not uncharitable gossip. An occasional visit would shorten weary hours and give the listener something to think about when alone. Look about you, dear. Ask God to give you eyes to see your neighbours' needs, and a willing heart to do good service for your Master's sake. You will soon find your time all too short for what you wish to do.

THELMA writes that the Correspondence Column makes her regard some of the girls like old friends, and she expresses her warmest sympathy for the doubting ones, having herself passed through a similar experience in a time of deep sorrow. "I began to doubt the very existence of God, the foundations of my faith seemed to vanish, and never shall I forget the utter desolation of that time. Then I seemed to hear Jesus saying, as He did to Peter, 'I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not.' Now I thank God for those days. Don't you think He allows such to come to try us and strengthen our faith?" I am sure no trial comes without His permission, and equally so that those comforting words were brought home to you at the right time by the Holy Spirit. I do pray for you, dear, and ask the prayers of our Circle that you may be "a blessing in your home, a true helpmeet to your dear husband, and have God's help in the work He has given you to do."

JUMNA.—I am most grateful for your kind letter and concise account of yourself, your work, and surroundings. Yours is a delightful occupation, and I am glad that you realise its responsibilities. I can sympathise with the good fortune of the mother who has your help in caring for her precious little ones. I have already claimed your aid in the way of correspondence. I know it will be valuable.



PEASBLOSSOM AND WALLFLOWER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POSTCARD.—I feel nearly certain that they do not come again, but that they have never really been eradicated. No ordinary washing is of any use; your hair will require a month of incessant and daily treatment, and I am afraid that you will not be able to do it yourself. You ought to go to a competent hair-dresser. The best plan is to have every infected hair cut off. The best cure for thick scurf is spirits of wine and water mixed in equal parts.

K. W. Y.—To preserve pears. Weigh the pears when pared, and put three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar to a pound of fruit; add the peel of a small lemon cut very thin, and just water enough at the bottom of the stew-pan to prevent the fruit burning; stew it gently for six or seven hours, and it will keep good for three months. A few drops of cochineal may be added, which will improve the colour, and the pears may be served in a glass dish and garnished with rice. Here is another recipe—Peel, divide, and remove the core from six pears, put them into a pipkin with a pint of syrup, let them simmer until quite soft, and add a little cochineal to colour them: when cold arrange in a dish, and serve with syrup poured over them and a whip of cream.

E. C.—You give no name to head your answer, so I hope you will recognise your own initials. I should certainly recommend you to take a situation in a London tea-room, and so to gain some experience and knowledge, before you start a tea-room yourself. I believe Fuller takes pupils and instructs them. Or you might apply to Mrs. Rendall, who has a charming tea-room combined with a library and reading-room in Baker Street, not far from the Baker Street Underground Station. She is very kind, and, I think, would advise you on the subject, and might possibly be able to teach you herself.

E. W.—I think any cottage hospital would be glad of the books you mention, as, of course, they always have girl-patients. The Cottage Hospital, Watford, or the Cottage Hospital at Hanwell, or the Victoria Hospital Convalescent Home, Broadstairs.

M. F. D.—There are several large buildings with flats for ladies only, grouped under the name of Holbein House, Sloane Street. Each flat is shut off, and consists of one or two little bedrooms, a sitting-room, and tiny kitchen with its own hall door. There is a common dining-room.

DOT.—You should apply to the District Nurses' Home at Southsea.

A. B. D. (Manchester).—We are very sorry you should have found the recipe for Hungarian loaf so puzzling. Will this make it clear to you? German yeast as you buy it is a stiff dough, not barm, and is mixed with a little warm milk in order to dissolve it to a creamy consistency. By working this round inside the hole made in the middle of the flour, taking up a little flour as you do so, and adding a little more milk, you make the "sponge," so-called because it becomes full of holes, and is about as soft as a wet sponge. The bowl containing flour and "sponge" is then left in a warm place until the latter has had time to rise to about twice its original amount; this will be in thirty or forty minutes. Then the other ingredients of the cake are sprinkled on the top, mixed spice being used; the ground nuts can be any kind preferred, but will generally be almonds; two ounces of these with six ounces of chopped raisins, making half a pound altogether. The butter is dissolved in the milk, and this with the egg-yolks is used to mix flour, sponge, and other ingredients into a dough; the dough must be kneaded like bread, then covered over with cloth, set in a warm place, and left to rise for about two hours. Then bake as directed. The reason your last attempt had a hole in the middle was because of insufficient kneading. We will give suggestions for setting tables as soon as possible.

AUNT MARTHA.—You should try and take as little notice as possible of the remarks passed on you. You should try and make your shoulders look broad by wearing jackets with sleeves rather large at the top, as breadth takes away from the appearance of height. You should dress in black or dark clothes, and wear either low heels to your boots, or no heels at all.

J. W.—The same answer about the gardening college as given to L. V. D. may be of use to you. You might write to the Botanical Gardens School, and ask if there is a school in Scotland.

ROYAL PRINCESS.—I suppose the mark you speak of is the line which marks the place where the skin ceases to be covered and is exposed to the sun and air and wind. You might try milk of cucumber, or equal parts of lemon and glycerine rubbed in at night. Or perhaps you and your sister might leave off the stiff collars, and wear a soft muslin or linen collar, both of which are more worn now than stiff collars; these would not leave such a marked line on your neck.

C. A. M.—You would have to ask a subscriber for a letter for the Dental Hospital; but a note from your medical man would ensure your being treated at any time.



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"PIXIE STOOD IN THE BACKGROUND, FAITHFULLY IMITATING EACH GESTURE."

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PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.



FTER Mr. Hilliard's departure, Mademoiselle was treated to an exhibition of what was known in the family as "Esmeralda's tantrums." Hardly had her father turned from the door than she had rushed towards him, and began pouring out the story of her wrongs. Eyes flashed, head tossed, arms waving about in emphatic declamation, little foot tapped the floor all a-quiver with excitement, while Pixie stood in the background faithfully imitating each gesture, and Pat gazed at the ceiling with an expression of heartbroken innocence. Esmeralda called upon all present to witness that she was despised and ridiculed by the members of her own family; that by this evening's work she had been made the laughing-stock of the county, and announced her intention of leaving home by the first train that steamed out of the station. She would earn her own living, and if necessary wander barefoot through the world, rather than submit any longer to insults from her own kith and kin, and when she died a beggar's death, and lay stretched in a pauper's grave, they might remember her words, and forgive themselves if they could! The invective was originally directed against Pat alone, but as she warmed to her work it grew ever more comprehensive until at last it seemed as though the whole household were in conspiracy against her. Then suddenly the climax was touched and passed; the last stage of all was announced by a tempest of tears, and the Major tugged miserably at his moustache, nerving himself to the task most difficult in the world to his easy-going nature—the task of finding fault!

"Pat, ye rascal, what's this I hear about you? Mark my words, now. I'll not have your sisters made the subject for practical jokes. If you can't keep yourself out of mischief, I'll find a way to occupy you with something you'd like worse. Can I have no peace in me own home for the complaints of you and your doings? If ye can't carry yourself as a gentleman, I'll apprentice ye to a trade, and wash me hands of you once for all. Mind what I'm telling ye, for there's truth in it! Will I be giving him a punishment now, Esmeralda? Is it your wish I should punish him?"

"It is so! And the harder the better!" sobbed Esmeralda; and the Major heaved a sigh of ponderous dimensions.

"Ye hear that, Patrick? Listen to that, now, and see your sister in tears, and think shame to yourself on a good Christmas Eve. And now I've the trouble of punishing you into the bargain. What will I do with him, Esmeralda? Will I send him off to his bed before Jack comes home?"

And then a pretty thing happened, for among the chorus of groans which greeted this suggestion, Esmeralda's "No, no!" sounded shrillest of all, and off she rushed to Pat's side in a whirlwind of repentance.

"No, no! Not that! He would be so miserable. He must see Jack. I won't have him punished after all, father. It's Christmas-time, and he's sorry already. Tell the Major you are sorry, Pat, and I'll shake hands and say no more."

"I'm sorry, sir, there's been such a stupid row," said Pat truthfully enough, but when his father turned away with a sigh of relief, he put his arm round his sister and gave her a bear-like hug.

"What did you howl about, silly?" he asked affectionately. "When you've had time to cool down you will think it the finest joke of the year. And you so well plucked, too, holding on like grim death, for all his struggles. You ought to be proud instead of sorry. Look here, now, you shall have the racket after all! I won't have you the loser for your dealings with me. I'll give it to you now if you'll be troubled to come to my room!"

Then Esmeralda cried, "Oh, Pat, me darlin'!" and Pat hung on to her arms, crying, "Hold me tight! Hold me tight!" at which she blushed and tugged his curly locks, and off they went together, laughing, squabbling, protesting; sworn enemies, dearest of friends!

Jack arrived in due course, and a happier Christmas party than that assembled round the breakfast-table at Knock Castle next morning it would have been hard to find. Each one had provided presents for the others, and if they were of infinitesimal value, they were apparently none the less valued by the recipients. Mademoiselle thought she had never seen anything more charming than the manner in which Pixie presented, and the Major received, a solitary bone stud for his collar, amidst the acclamations of an admiring family.

"A happy Christmas to ye, father darlin', and many happy returns!" said Pixie in deep sweet accents as she pressed the tiny packet into his hand, and blinked at it with an air of elaborate indifference. "It's just a little present I was buying you, thinking maybe you would like to wear something I'd chosen meself."

"And now what can this be next?" soliloquised the Major, untwisting the paper with tenderest fingers and an air of absorption seldom seen on his merry features. When wrapping number two was undone, and the stud was disclosed in all its glory, he appeared almost dizzy with rapture, holding it out on an outstretched palm, and gazing at it with incredulous joy. "Did ever anything fall out so lucky as that! The very thing I was breaking my heart over not an hour ago. Somebody eats my studs—I'm sure they do—and what are left Esmeralda steals for her cuffs. But I'll be even with anybody who dares to take this one from my drawer. Thank you, my piccaninny. It's a broth of a stud, and you could not have given me anything I liked better."

"I hope it may never break on you when you are in a hurry," said Pixie politely, and with sundry memories of past occasions when the Major had dressed for a function, and the sounds of his groans and lamentations had been heard without the portals of his dressing-room.

Esmeralda presented Bridgie with a card of hat-pins; Bridgie had knitted woollen gloves for the boys, and the most exciting presentations were those which Mademoiselle had thoughtfully brought with her—dainty lace ties for the sisters, which were received with a rapture almost too great for words, and the grey Suède

gloves which were Jack's happy inspiration. Dark and threatening as the day appeared, on went gloves and tie when it was time to start for church, and Esmeralda at least was proudly conscious of her stylish appearance when half-way along the muddy lane the Trelawneys' carriage bowled past, and the laughing eyes of the stranger met hers once more. The mud flew from the carriage-wheels, and she held up her skirts with a great display of grey-gloved hands, and backed up against the hedge, frowning and petulant—my Lady Disdain in every gesture and expression.

Mademoiselle had never before attended a Christmas service in an English church, and though it was impossible to resist some pangs of home-sickness, she was still interested and impressed. The little building was tastefully decorated, and the beautiful hymns were sung with delightful heartiness and feeling. The O'Shaughnessys themselves would have constituted a creditable choir, for Pat's still unbroken voice was a joy to hear as he joined in the air with Bridgie and Pixie, the Major rolled out a sonorous bass, Jack sang tenor, while Esmeralda's alto was rich and full as an organ stop. They sang with heart as well as voice, as indeed who can help singing those wonderful words? First, the heralds' call to Christendom to greet the festival of the year, the birthday of its Lord: "Christians, awake! Salute the happy morn." It must be a cold heart indeed which does not thrill a response to that summons; then the description of the angelic joy at His coming: "Hark, the herald angels sing," and last, and perhaps most beautiful of all, the summons to the saints on earth to join in that praise, "Oh, come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!"

The service passed in a glow of exaltation, and the softening influence continued throughout the long walk home, when the younger members of the family walked on ahead, and the two older girls followed sedately in the rear. Bridgie's eyes glowed as she looked after her "children," Pat and Miles, tall and graceful even in this their hobbledehoy stage; Esmeralda queening it in their midst, and Pixie dancing blissfully through every puddle that came in her way.

"Doesn't it make you rejoice to see them so well and happy?" she cried fervently. "Last Christmas we were all so sad that it seemed as if the sun would never shine again, but mother said she wanted them to be happy, and it would do her heart good to see them to-day. I was thinking about her in church, and asked myself if I had done all I could to keep my charge. She left them in my care, you know, for I had to take her place, and on days like this I feel as if I had to answer to her for all that is wrong. Pixie is happy at school, and it's lovely to know you and feel that you will be good to the darling; Jack is getting on with his work, and the boys and Esmeralda quarrel less than they used to do. She's the one I am most anxious about, for she is not satisfied with this quiet life, and her head will be turned with flattery before many years are over. Did you notice that young Englishman last night, and the way he fixed his eyes upon her? If he comes over here flirting with her, what will I do, Thérèse? He is here for a week or two only, and after he has gone she will feel duller than ever, poor creature. I wonder what I had better do?"

"Mees Esmeralda seems to me exceedingly able to take care of herself," remarked Mademoiselle demurely. "I don't think you need distress yourself about her in this instance. Monsieur 'Illiard has had the misfortune to make a bad impression, by placing her in an uncomfortable position, and have you not observed the air with which she has bowed to him to-day as he passed? It was not, to say the least of it, encouraging."

Bridgie laughed—a little, tender, indulgent laugh.

"But it was very pretty all the same, and a sort of encouraging discouraging, don't you think? If I were in his place I don't think I should be exactly depressed. It was like a challenge thrown down before him, and from his look I believe he means to accept it, too! Ah dear, it's a great responsibility to have a beauty for a sister! I am in terror every time a young man comes to the house in case he should fall in love with her."

"There is more than one girl in the house, however, and I know vich of the two would be my choice, if I were, as you say, a young man myself," returned Mademoiselle sturdily. Bridgie's utter unconsciousness of her own claims to attention filled her at once with admiration and impatience, and she could not resist putting her feelings into words. "Does it never give you any fear in case one should fall in love with you instead?"

"No, never; how could they when she was near?" cried Bridgie fervently, and then suddenly flushed all over her delicate face and began a stammering explanation. "At least, that's not quite true. There was one man—I never told anyone about it before, and indeed there's not much to tell. Joan and I went over to stay ten days with some friends at the other side of the county nearly a year ago last autumn, and he was staying there, too. He was not like other men I had met, or I thought he was different. He was graver than most young men, though he liked fun all the same, and when we talked it seemed as if we shared the same thoughts. It was not long after mother's death, and I was feeling very lonely, but I didn't feel lonely when I was with him. On the third day we went to a picnic, and I drove in a waggonette with the ladies, and he walked with the men. Just as we overtook them the horses took fright, and began to gallop down a hill. We thought for a few minutes that we should certainly be thrown out at the bottom, but the driver managed to pull them up in time, and we were none the worse except for the fright. The men came racing along to see what had happened, and his face was as white as death. When he came up he looked straight at me, and at no one else, though his sister was there and several old friends, and he said, 'Thank God!' Only that, but his voice shook as he said it, and he turned away as if he could not bear any more. And I felt so strange, so glad, and happy, and proud; all that day I felt as if I were walking on air, but when I went to bed at night I could not sleep, for I realised suddenly what it meant. He was growing fond of me, and I of him; if we were together another week perhaps he would ask me to marry him and go away to the other end of the world, for he was a soldier—did I tell you that? And I had promised mother to look after the children until they were old enough to manage for themselves. I couldn't break my word, and yet if I stayed on and was nice to him, he might think it was wrong of me to say no. And I was afraid I couldn't help being nice."

The sweet voice broke off suddenly, and Mademoiselle looked into the grey eyes and thought that the young soldier was to be congratulated both on his own good taste, and the feeling which he had been fortunate enough to awaken in this best and sweetest of girls.

"*Eh bien!* and what have you done then?" she inquired eagerly. "It was a difficult position. What have you done?"

"Oh, I did nothing, I came away," said Bridgie as

simply as if that were not just the most difficult thing she could have done under the circumstances. "The next morning he went out shooting, and the post came in at ten o'clock with a letter from father saying that Pat had fallen from the barn and twisted his ancle. It was very few weeks he did not fall from the barn, as a matter of fact, but it was an excuse, so I said I must go home and nurse him, and they drove me to the station that very afternoon before the men came home."

Mademoiselle drew in her breath in a gasp of amazement. She looked at Bridgie and her eyes flashed with eloquent comment. It was so wonderful to think of the courage with which this young thing, with the bright pleasure-loving nature which had come to her as an inheritance, had yet had the courage to deliberately put from her the greatest happiness which she could have known, in order to devote herself to the care of others. The simple unpretentious manner in which the tale was told, made so light of the incident that it might have involved little or no suffering, but Mademoiselle knew better, and her voice trembled with sympathy as she put the low-toned question.

"And afterwards—did it hurt—did it hurt very much, *chèrie*?"

"I think it did. I cried a good deal for several nights when I thought of the good times they were all having together, but I knew it would have been worse later on, and I comforted myself with that. Besides, what is the use of giving up a thing at all if one can't do it cheerfully? It would have been better for me to have married and left home, than to stay and make them all miserable by moping and looking sad. And they are all such darlings, and so loving and kind. I don't think any other girl ever had such a family as mine."

"The Major ignores you; the boys worry you to death; my lady Joan orders you about as if she were a queen, and you her servant; only the little Pixie worships you as you deserve to be worshipped," reflected Mademoiselle mentally, but she kept her reflections to herself, and asked another question, the answer to which she was longing to hear with truly feminine curiosity. "And was that all—the end of everything? What happened next? Have you not heard or seen him since that time?"

The red flew over Bridgie's face and she smiled—a soft contented smile.

"I have never seen him—no! Only a month after that he was ordered to India, and sailed almost at once, but he wrote to me before he left. A letter arrived one day in a strange handwriting, but I guessed almost at once that it was from him. He said he had intended to come to Ireland in the spring, and to call at Knock Castle, but that now it would be impossible for some years to come. He said he had enjoyed so much meeting me for those few days, and he hoped I should not altogether forget him while he was away. Would I allow him to write to me now and again, and would I send a photograph for a poor exile to take away to comfort his loneliness. I had a very nice photograph that a friend of father's had taken the summer before, and I thought there was no harm in sending him that, and writing a polite little note. It was very short, and I tried not to make it too nice, and I said nothing at all about writing, only just remarked that it would be interesting to receive letters from India," said Bridgie with a *naïveté* which made Mademoiselle throw up her hands in delight. "He has written to me four times since then, and"—her eyes began to dance, and a dimple danced mischievously in her cheek—"I enjoy writing to him so much that I answer them the very next day, but it would not be proper to send them so soon, you know, so I put no date but just lock them away in my desk, and wait for six weeks or two months before I send them off. Once I waited for three, and then he sent a newspaper. There was nothing in it that could interest me in the least, but it was just a gentle hurry up. I did laugh over that newspaper."

"Bridgie, Bridgie! this is more serious than I thought. No wonder you look upon newcomers with such indifference. I hope they are very interesting, those letters. They must be, I suppose, since you are so eager to reply." But at this Bridgie shook her head, and shrugged her shoulders deprecatingly.

"You are a teacher; perhaps you would call them interesting. For me they are just a trifle instructive! I want to hear about himself, and he describes the country, and the expeditions they make. Don't please think they are love-letters, Thérèse. They are very, very proper, not in the least affectionate, and my replies are terribly dull. You see I'm in an awkward position, for everything that would be interesting it would not be proper to say, and everything I can say must be uninteresting, for he knows almost nothing of us, or our people."

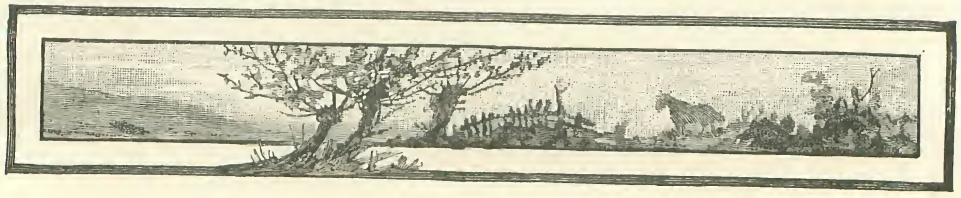
"And yet you are compelled to answer these 'instructive epistles' the moment they arrive, and he cannot wait patiently to receive your so dull replies. That has only one meaning, my dear, and it will come when he returns home in a few years, and your children are grown up and able to be left. It will come. I am sure it will come!"

"If it is the right thing for me—if it is God's will—yes! it will come, and meanwhile I am very happy. It is good of Him to have given me such a hope in my life," said Bridgie simply, and Mademoiselle's eyes dimmed with sudden tears. Her own nervous, restless spirit was for ever kicking against the pricks, but she was at least honest enough to acknowledge her shortcomings, and the example of this young girl filled her with shame and a humble desire to follow in her footsteps.

"And I am thankful that He has let me know you. You do me good, *chèrie*. I wish to be more like you," she said humbly, and Bridgie opened her great eyes in bewilderment.

"Like me!" she echoed incredulously. "Me, dear!" The dimple dipped again, and she slipped her hand through Mademoiselle's arm and shook her in playful remonstrance. "Don't you make fun of your hostess, or she'll starve you for your pains. The very idea of clever accomplished You wanting to be like blundering Irish Me!"

(*To be continued.*)



PRETTY YET INEXPENSIVE FURNITURE.

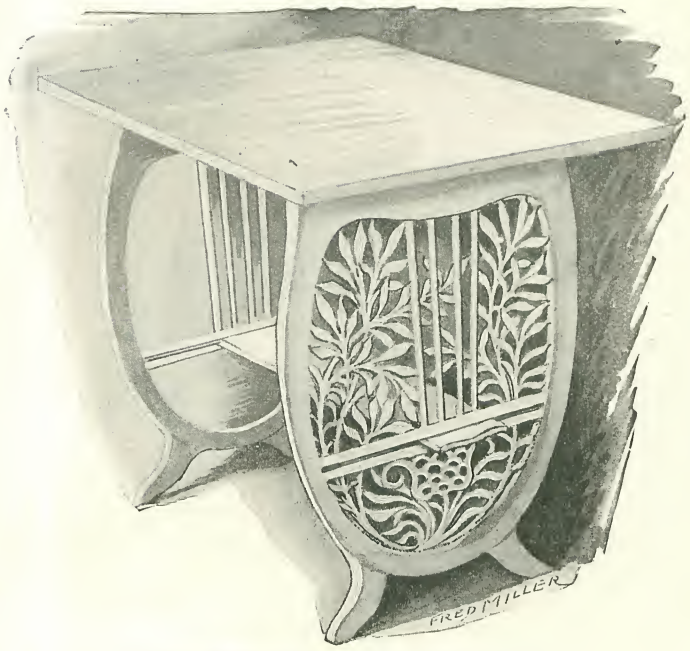


TABLE WITH FRETWORK FILLING TO ENDS.

THE three sketches accompanying these notes were all suggested by articles I saw in 1900 at the Paris exhibition. Great use was made of fretwork, and though many people, at the mention of pierced wood, think of those vapid photo frames and other puerile nicknacks that people who do fretwork seem pleased to cut out, fretwork can in itself be most effective, and when rightly used in the decoration of furniture can give it an elegant and original appearance.

Take the table. The two ends can be cut out of one piece if the table top is not more than thirty inches wide, as the American bass-wood can be obtained two feet wide. Of course it is easy to get wood any width by having it jointed, and it would probably be better to use wood made of pieces about a foot or so wide jointed with glue than choose a very wide plank. A carpenter or joiner would get these done for you, as a glued joint must be accurately made to be strong. The wood, too, must be nicely planed and glass-papered to give it a good surface.

The fretwork design should be got out on paper, full size, and then transferred to the wood, and as both ends should be identical, the same design will only have to be transferred twice.

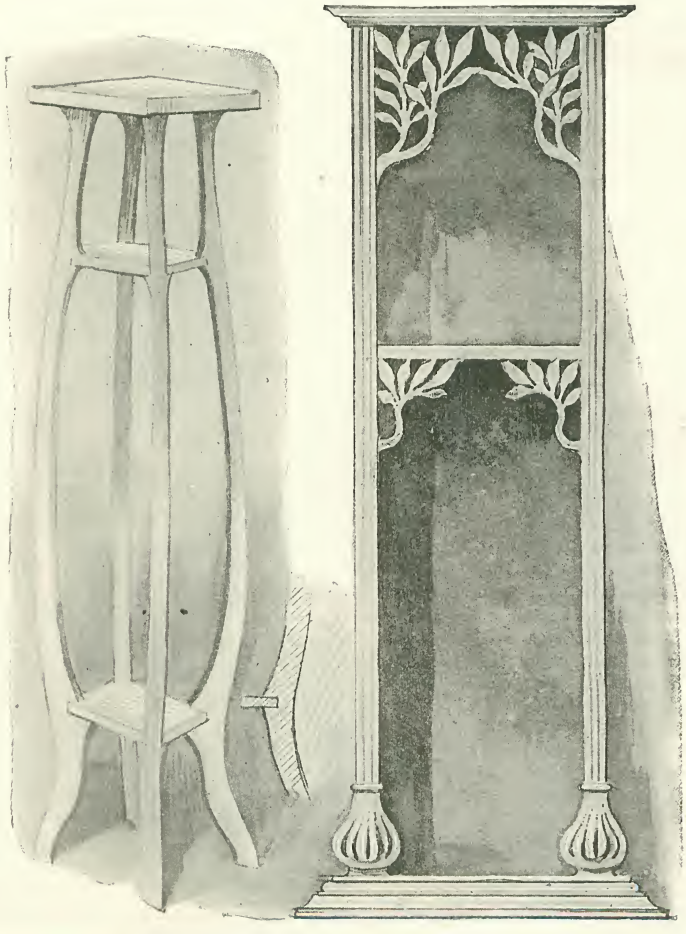
The fret-saws must be fitted in a frame, but the saw itself must be capable of being taken out of the frame, as the end has to be passed through the holes bored in each space which has to be cut out. The top itself should certainly be made of jointed wood, and to prevent it warping or twisting, the ends should be glued to the top and also screwed through from underneath and further strengthened with blocks glued into the angles. The shelf running along underneath, and made to pass through the supports, will materially strengthen the work, as it will take off the strain and prevent the ends getting out of the perpendicular if it be glued in position.

White furniture is elegant in appearance, and unless good wood be used, such as oak or walnut, when it can be polished, is better painted. New wood should have three coats of colour and can be finished with a coat of enamel. The colour must be put on thinly and evenly, for it makes a poor surface if an attempt be made to get an effect by putting the colour on thickly and so dispensing with one or more coats. Each coat should be allowed to dry hard, and it is advisable to rub it over with some fine glass-paper to take down any roughnesses before putting on the next coat. A wide flat hog-hair brush should be used unless you can borrow or hire a good house painter's brush. Unless you use a good brush, your paint will look smeary and rough.

The vase or lamp-stand is composed of shaped uprights supporting shelves. Here, again, the four uprights should be exactly alike, so in drawing one full size, all four can be marked out from the one design.

The pedestal is simple in construction, and the fret-cut brackets supporting the shelves just relieve the plainness and give a certain character to the article. The bulbous-like terminals of the two uprights should be turned. One is enough, as, if cut in half, one can be glued on each side.

In the table design, I have left one end simple, showing how it might be treated if the fretwork is thought to be too difficult.



TWO PEDESTALS. (*Suggested by L'Art Nouveau.*)

GIRLS' AMBITIONS.

PART III.

ALTRUISTIC.



T is rather difficult to find a good name for the subject of our third and fourth papers. "Charitable" is a much-abused expression; "Philanthropic" is open to criticism also. The word "altruistic"—"for the sake of others"—is perhaps the most fitting adjective. It is a term that has largely come into use within the past few years. Are, then, other ambitions not to include this characteristic? "No man liveth to himself," and every aim, honestly pursued, should involve some good to other people. But the class of work designed by this term lies obviously apart. It is the work, undertaken as a rule in a voluntary and non-professional way, which aims directly at benefiting the lives of those less fortunate, less instructed, than the worker herself.

The phrase "Doing good," though it may have rather a self-righteous sound, really embraces the main gist of our subject. We believe that in the time to come larger fields for the work of women will open out in this direction. The wealth of energy, kindness, unselfishness in many a home, too often dissipated as the waters that lose themselves in marsh and fen, will be gathered up into a mighty rushing river, fertilising and blessing where it flows. It cannot be right that on the one hand women should be wasting their lives within the four walls of a luxurious dwelling, in petty trifles day after day, while outside the unhappy are languishing for want of the human tenderness and care which such women would only too thankfully expend. Such care

"is twice blessed:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

Fortunately we have, as a community, begun to recognise this waste of energy, and it is being utilised in various ways.

We will suppose then that a girl or woman, at any age, after lessons are over, finds herself in a comfortable home, with nothing particular to do. From some easily imagined cause (perhaps her sister may have the "Domestic Ambition" of our first paper!) the home offices do not engross her. She finds herself the possessor of a host of troublesome yearnings and aspirations, which she does not know what to do with. Her parents would not hear of professional life in any shape or form, and she is not a votary of Art. "Oh, to do, or to be some good in the world!" is her desire and her constant craving.

There used to be two accredited channels for the outflow of this energy—Sunday school teaching, and district visiting, associated with tract distribution. These are excellent in their way, and are so familiar that we need not enlarge upon them; yet a hint here and there may not be misplaced, to our ardent girl-friend.

If you undertake Sunday-school teaching, do not feel it labour thrown away to give your scholars of your very best. Try to make your teaching interesting, and for this purpose strive to realise the subject; describe the lesson of the day by graphic touches so that the children shall hang upon your words; make them see with your eyes, hear with your ears. We well remember the charm of such a story as the "Little Captive Maid," graphically described, in contrast with the dry outline of the facts. Skeletons are not attractive. Get first into your mind a vivid picture of the land where the scenes of sacred story were enacted; see each incident yourself and try to make the children see. Do not be afraid of a proper use of the imagination. Without it you will never succeed as a teacher. Advice as to diligence, punctuality, and so forth, need not be given here. Is it not written in the pages of all Sunday-school literature?

It must have come to the notice of every one interested in such teaching how every now and then a woman seems to have wonderful influence, so as to gather enormous classes of senior girls and young women. One hears of large class-rooms proving all too small, of adult pupils literally flocking to hang on the teacher's lips. And the women thus useful do not appear to be singularly well educated, or gifted in any particular way. They are frequently of homely aspect, and there is nothing to strike the observer, or obviously to account for the adoration with which they are regarded, and the influence they exert. Well, it is no mean ambition, to win such influence; and the girl who begins by the class of little ones may make that her secret aim. Sympathy, interest, diligence, and love will help her on her way. But let no one despise the "day of small things," or trudge drearily to the class of children week by week, feeling that the outlook is bounded by the narrow oblong of forms and the blank wall opposite.

There is a type of district visitor to be held in horror—the interfering and pompous visitor, who regards herself as perfectly justified in lecturing the poor, and meddling with matters of which she knows nothing whatever. To march straight into a poor dwelling unasked is an impertinence, and to (for instance) nail up a huge text or picture on the walls, without asking the consent of the owner, is another impertinence. Courtesy and tact are much needed in this occupation, and it should not be undertaken by girls indiscriminately, or they may do more harm than good.

There are, however, many more avenues than formerly opened to those who have the "altruistic" yearning.

The missionary ambition is a familiar one. Most of the missionary societies send out unmarried women in this capacity, and sometimes a girl will from childhood have had the desire to go forth into strange lands. Of the heart preparation for this and other work it is not our province to speak here. But far more than this is *needed*. *Not* only the heart, but the head and the whole physical frame must be adapted for the work, as far as can be known, if the girl is not to return a wreck, after two or three years' useless attempt, on the hands of the Society.

Physical capacity can be tested. There must also be intelligence that gives the sense of proportion. "Mere human learning" is not to be despised, even if it be only for the adaptability and quickness in acquiring the new language requisite for the missionary to carry on her work. A well-educated woman is less likely than a half-educated one to raise disputes about trifles, and make "getting on" with fellow-workers difficult. Serenity of temper and unselfishness are also necessary.

We have heard a lady missionary offer a most moving address at the valedictory meeting; the next thing heard about her was that she had quarrelled with every one in her new sphere; the next thing again, that she was coming home, a useless failure! This was not because she was insincere or irreligious, but simply because she was excitable, had not her temper as yet under control, and was not good to live with. We do not wish to be hard-hearted or cynical, but it is quite certain that the girl who "cannot get on" with her mother, or home people, is not, on that showing, the most likely to succeed as a missionary in foreign lands, though she it is who often longs most ardently to depart.

There must, it is true, be emotional fervour in those who would undertake this task. Nothing great in religious work has ever been achieved by the coldly calculating spirit, weighing reasons for and against every course of action. If you want to leap over a fence or a brook, rush at it. If you walk up to it, calmly measuring distances and possibilities with your eye, you will find you cannot take the spring. So the impetus of eager emotion is needful to carry the young worker over difficulties. And it does not always follow that, because she does not succeed where this warm emotion is not called out, she will therefore fail where it *is* called out. We only insist that there must be, behind the beautiful and lovable zeal of youthful

enthusiasm, the staying power of discretion and sweetness. The emotional fervour that is associated with ill-balanced nerves and ill-controlled temper is not a suitable equipment for the mission field.

There are about thirty societies that send out lady missionaries. It is impossible to enumerate them in detail. One society may, however, be mentioned as appealing to educated girls—the Student Volunteer Missionary Union, 22, Warwick Lane, London, E.C. The basis of the Union is the declaration, "It is my purpose, if God permit, to become a foreign missionary." More than 1,600 volunteers have been enrolled in 130 colleges; 600 of these have already gone out as foreign missionaries. The Union does not send out missionaries, but endeavours to influence students to offer themselves. The travelling secretary is Miss Overton, Somerville College, Oxford, and there is an organ of the Union, *The Student Movement* (1s. 10d. per annum).

In Bombay there is a missionary settlement for university women (Kamballa Hill, Bombay). It is undenominational, and the chief lines of work are educational classes for Indian ladies, and Bible classes, visiting Indian ladies, and work among the Christian women-students in the colleges.

If any of our readers have the aim of which we are writing, and it is sanctioned by those to whom she owes obedience, the best way to proceed is to write to the secretary connected with the women's missionary work of that part of the Christian church with which she is identified. She will probably have to satisfy a committee as to her general fitness, and will then be asked to undergo some preliminary training in one of the homes, denominational or undenominational, that abound, before she is fully recognised, and leaves England for her sphere of labour.

But enough (perhaps too much) has been said about foreign work. What of the needs of home? Any girl who has the time to spare, and the requisite qualifications, in London, need never feel that she must be without "an object in life."

It is impossible to over-estimate the ignorance of the public, someone has said, and experience has shown us that there is very little general knowledge of the openings for work that lie all around.

Women's Settlements offer such an opening. In 1887 the women's colleges started their University settlement in south-east London, and there are women's settlements scattered over the chief London districts. They are also springing up in the chief provincial towns. One cannot enumerate them all. A few are—

Women's Branch of Bermondsey Settlement, 149, Lower Road, Rotherhithe, S.E.

St. Hilda's East, Old Nicholl Street, Bethnal Green, E.

St. Margaret's House, Victoria Park Square, Bethnal Green, E.

College of Women Workers, Blackheath Hill, S.E.

Canning Town Women's Settlement, 461, Barking Road, E.

St. Cecilia's Settlement, 531, Commercial Road, E. (R.C.)

St. Philip's House, Tredegar Square, E. (R.C.)

St. Antony's, 17, Great Prescot Street, Tower Hill, E. (R.C.)

Presbyterian Settlement, 56, East India Dock Road, E.

Greenwich Settlement, Hughenden, Coleraine Road, Westbourne Park, S.E.

Hampstead, 31, Tanza Road, Parliament Hill.

The Hoxton Settlement, 280, Bleyton Buildings, Nile Street, N.

Maurice Hostel, Women's House, 90, Shepherdess Walk, City Road, N.

Lady Margaret Hall Settlement, 129, Kennington Road, S.E.

St. Mildred's House, Millwall, Isle of Dogs, E.

North London Ladies' Settlement for Parochial Church Workers, York House, 37, Hartham Road, West Holloway.

Settlement, 6, London Street, Ratcliff, E.

Women's University Settlement, 44, Nelson Square, Southwark, S.E.

St. Helen's House, 93, The Grove, Stratford, E.

Grey Ladies, Lorrimore Square, Walworth.

Women's Settlement, 318, Summer Lane, Birmingham.

Queen Margaret College Settlement Association, Glasgow.

Victoria Women's Settlement, 322, Netherfield Road, N. Liverpool.

The University Settlement Women's House, Manchester, (17, Manor Street, Ardwick).

Congregational Women's Settlement, 158, Newport Road, Middlesborough.

These settlements no doubt owe their existence to a growing sense among women of the state of things hinted at in the beginning of our paper—the superabundance of energy and talent, love and wealth running to waste in one part of a city, while from another the "bitter cry" went up for help. The dwellers in leisurely and comfortable homes have come to feel their responsibility for this condition of things, and sympathy has sent some of them to live among the poor, to know them as neighbours and therefore to render efficient aid. The social teaching of Sir Walter Besant has had much to do with the spreading of this feeling of responsibility.

The work done varies with each individual settlement, but it may be generally spoken of as social, educational, religious. Hard and fast lines cannot be drawn to mark off each of these departments. For is it not all in a sense religious, all educational, all social? Yet it is easy to understand the rough outlines of classification.

Under the head of social work would come that for which few girls are absolutely unfitted—the providing of social pleasure of a wholesome kind for the poor; the arrangement of gatherings for recreation; the organising (and this is an important feature) of clubs. Girls' clubs have developed wonderfully during the past few years, and rich and poor girls may find them a centre for knowledge, sympathy and help. To use the talents and accomplishments that have been trained for the benefit of others is surely no mean task. If you are not "musical" or gifted, you can take a part in organisation, in playing games, or even in making yourself the friend of those who need a confidante and helper.

In the "educational" part of the settlement work may be included, besides the organising of lectures and classes, the teaching of invalid and crippled children, either in their own homes or gathered together into groups.

Some of the settlements are worked, as will be apparent from the list, in close connection with one or another religious body; others sail under no general banner, and individual initiative is allowed and encouraged.

Every settlement aims at being a little centre of help and friendliness; and with regard to what may be called "remedial" work, not starting rival agencies to those that already exist, but as far as possible co-operating with them.

A girl who has no home ties, and is free to choose her own way of life, may find just what she needs in residence in one of these settlements.

But there are other settlements, *e.g.*, those connected with the Universities, not inhabited or organised by women, which yet need the regular help of women for the work among women and children.

We take at random the Caius Mission and Settlement, Battersea. Here we find a girls' club, worked by ladies from an adjoining neighbourhood, and lady visitors are needed for the district lying around the mission church; while in the entertainments given from time to time their help is appreciated. Work of this sort may appeal to girls who cannot leave home, or devote all their time to the needs of their poorer sisters.

It is our aim only to offer general suggestions, not to enter into details. In this paper we have touched lightly on what may be called "missionary" work at home and abroad. It is not every girl who has the "missionary" longing who is able to depart to foreign shores, and it may come as a new revelation to some such girl that near at hand lies a sphere where she may gratify this desire to the full, learning in heart and life the truth of the Divine saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

LILY WATSON.

HOW A GIRL SHOULD DRESS.

By "NORMA"

In the world of dress there is still very little change in fashions. The March winds make it necessary to cling to our furs and warm wraps. For the favoured few who can afford to go to the Riviera in search of sunshine, some delectable costumes are being created, but even these are copied from the same models as we have seen all the winter. With slight variations, which depend altogether on the originality of the dressmaker, the styles are quite unchanged.

But, for the wealthy and elegant, real winter garments are, at any time, rather a thing of the past, except in the case of furs, which are more than ever extravagantly luxurious. Take, for instance, the calling costume of a Society woman of the present day. It is mid-winter, but the trained skirt is composed of pale pastel blue cloth, very full and spreading at the feet; the blouse is an indescribable mixture of heavy white Irish crochet and fine twine-coloured lace; a string of fine pearls acts in lieu of a collar, a cloak of sable reaching to the knees, and an immense grannie muff lined with pastel grey satin; a white cut-felt hat, trimmed with black velvet and real lace, gives a *chic* finish to the costume. When the sable cape is thrown off in a warm room, the toilette looks perfectly suitable for a garden party in July. Yet I must admit that the combination of colours is



TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES.

delightful, and much more becoming than the dark stuffy dresses of years gone by.

But what I should like to impress upon my readers is the fact that this luxurious mode of dressing is only becoming and ladylike when it is worn in suitable surroundings. The wearer of that particular costume drove away in a perfectly-appointed brougham. Imagine this style of dress imitated in cheap blue cloth, a dyed cat-skin jacket, and a hard white-felt hat, with a blouse made of cheap Nottingham lace! Yet this is the style of dress which one sees, alas! almost every day on young English girls whose income will not admit of a more luxurious mode of travelling than a penny bus.

My advice is, to girls who desire above all things to look ladylike, and distinctly apart from the lower and flashy class, Don't attempt cheap luxuries; poor imitations of good things are, and always must be, vulgar and common. In the country English girls of the middle class still look ladylike, and are suitably dressed. Unfortunately this cannot very generally be said of girls of the same social standing in London.

Fashions have never been more luxurious or less serviceable than they have been during the past year, in spite of the fact that England has had to bear a heavier burden of expense than she has done for many years. Undoubtedly dress has reached a far higher pitch of artistic beauty, for the simple reason that the best dressmakers have sought their inspiration from old pictures, and taken many ideas from the old masters. This is, of course, charming when the idea is carried out by a modiste worthy to copy the draperies and lines of a Sir Joshua Reynolds or a Gainsborough; but when an inexperienced and ignorant dressmaker is told to make a dress, the original of which her customers had perhaps seen on some society dame who had had it copied from one of Romney's portraits, the result is of course disastrous.

A white muslin frock with a fichu and blue sash sounds delightfully artistic, and if worn simply, and without any attempt at picture effect, it will always look fresh and girlish; but I have seen muslin dresses which were such ludicrous miscopies of old-world costumes that I have longed to envelop the wearer in an honest shawl.

Be careful in your scheme of colour; buy everything with a view to how it will blend with the other garments in your wardrobe with which it will have to be worn. I know one well-dressed girl who dresses almost always in grey; this allows her a fine range of colours for her blouses, scarves, or bows on her hats, for almost any colour goes with grey. A grey tweed, or zibelline skirt and bolero bodice, for instance, looks charming with a touch of emerald green; a little three-cornered grey felt hat, with a green panne bow in the front, and a soft lace scarf folded round the brim, looks smart. This particular girl in grey of whom I am speaking, wears grey in the evening as well as in the daytime. I think grey is neglected as an evening colour. With old lace, or a Puritan fichu of grey chiffon, it always looks distinctive and ladylike. I think this idea of keeping to one colour is rather a charming, as well as an economical one. If you should make brown your colour, it must be chosen with the greatest care, for remember that a cheap brown material will fade almost as quickly as mauve. Browns with a touch of yellow in them are seldom becoming, whereas a fair girl dressed in a complete suit of sable-brown always looks her best. It is difficult for dark people to wear brown; they look better in blue. I have been told upon excellent authority that alpaca is to be very fashionable this season.

Without wishing to weary my readers upon the subject of the ubiquitous blouse, I will just describe two home-made ones I saw the other day. One was made of Oriental panne which only cost one shilling a yard; the entire front of the blouse was box-pleated so closely that the pleats almost touched, but not quite; the sleeves were very tight as far as the elbow, where they widened, and were rolled back with a deep band of black velvet, kimono shape; the inner sleeve fitted very closely from above the elbow to the wrist, where it was finished with a slashed cuff of velvet. The other blouse was made of dark green tartan with a



TWO HOUSE GOWNS.

thread of gold in it, the fronts were very full and cut on the cross, a little saddle was formed of stitched straps of graduated lengths with mitred ends laid on from the shoulder seam into which they were inserted; small gold buttons finished off each strap and also fastened the bodice down the front. It is needless to say that this blouse was French, for if every woman who wears a red dress in France is dubbed English, I think we might pretty safely say that tartan (of no particular clan, of course) is the distinguishing feature of the Frenchwoman. Tartan is always fashionable in France, either for much-befrilled petticoats, to be worn beneath dull-coloured tweed skirts, or for collars and trimmings on house dresses.

For our summer blouses, perfectly-fitting corset covers are essential; in these dull months it would be wise to get some in hand. The seamless corset cover is so easily and quickly made, that no girl who takes a pride in her figure should be without four at least, for her summer outfit. Each cover requires only one yard and a half of stout cambric or lawn, and sufficient beading to go round the shoulders and waist. The only seams are on the shoulder straps, the very slight fulness of the waist is eased into the beading about one inch wide, which has a washing-ribbon run through it. This is, I think the ideal corset cover—it fits the figure perfectly and lies so flat that through the thinnest silk no creases or seams are seen.

I think the fashions our artist has sketched us for tailor-made costumes have never been more charming. The figure on the right wears a belted coat and skirt made in brown cloth with white silk collars and cuffs embroidered in gold; the double-breasted jacket is fastened with gilt art buttons. For early spring wear this is an ideal walking costume. It would look equally well in blue serge with an emerald green collar. The hat, too, is charming. The centre figure is an exceedingly smart and useful style of dress, for it is suitable for almost any occasion (for town wear); it is made of pale fawn or grey cloth with pipings. The silk revers are trimmed with guipure lace. The third figure wears a spring paletot in pale grey, suitable for young girls of almost any age, or for ladies. A smart race coat could have been made from this design.

In the two house costumes we have one of olive-green panne with cream spots; the tabs on the shoulders and on the short habit, and the shaped flounces, are edged with silk of the same tone of olive-green. The cream silk vest is embroidered with roses. This is not an easy style of dress to carry out successfully at home, but if it were well made it would be exceedingly artistic and beautiful. The other dress is of fawn cashmere with bands piped with white satin. The bodice is also made of white satin striped with rows of narrow brown velvet.

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART IV.

OUTSTRETCHED HANDS.

"Is my hand shortened at all, that it cannot redeem?"—Isaiah l. 2.



I WONDER if you, my dear girl-friends, have ever thought of the many and varied feelings that may be symbolised by an outstretched hand. In reading the Bible you must have been struck by the frequent mention of God's hand and of the many feelings expressed in connection with it.

I think we shall all be interested in looking first at the Divine side of the outstretched hand, then at the power which God has given to these comparatively frail hands of ours.

Both sides of the picture will stir us to wonder; that which relates to the hand of our God to awe, reverence and thankful, adoring love.

Whenever the right hand is mentioned, it is specially symbolical of favour, power and strength. The stretching out of the right hand suggests the putting forth of the full strength and doing the most perfect work. To be placed at the right hand is to be given the post of honour.

The outstretched hand of our Father-God speaks many languages. It tells of the Divine wisdom, as well as of the power it exercised "in the beginning." Note these striking words: "I have made the earth, the man, and the beast that are upon the ground, by My great power and My outstretched arm, and have given it to whom it seemed meet unto Me."

It speaks of deliverance. When the Israelite of old went to make his offering of firstfruits, this was the form in which he confessed his indebtedness: "The Lord heard our voice and looked upon our affliction. And the Lord brought us out of Egypt with a mighty hand and with an outstretched arm."

The outstretched hand of God told at the same time the story of Divine judgment and wrath against Egypt—punishment to the oppressors and relief for the oppressed were concurrent.

The outstretched arm was, in its effects, like the pillar of fire in the wilderness which, though a guiding light to Israel, was cloud and darkness to the pursuing foe.

God's outstretched hands are inviting hands, calling us to come to Him. Oh, what a tale of unfailing love and patience is told in those words "I have spread—or stretched—out my hands all the day unto a rebellious people"!

"All the day"! Is there not a whole volume in these three little words? Have not many of us been conscious of those inviting, patient, outstretched hands, and of the everlasting love which kept them always ready to clasp with ours?

Yet, too often we have seen as if we saw not. Our hands have hung listlessly down, or been busied with things of little moment in comparison with our eternal well-being. We only needed to meet the invitation of those outstretched hands with thankful acceptance, and to hold out in turn the hand of faith to clasp that of forgiving love.

Have we not often acted like some wayward child who has strayed beyond the bounds of safety and is proud to assert her brief independence? Knowing that she has done wrong, she trembles in the midst of her childish triumph, but totters onward and will neither heed the call nor turn to see the outstretched arms of the mother inviting her to a precious haven of rest until——

It does not take long to teach such a little runaway the need for a protecting and guiding hand. So small a traveller sees danger ahead, after the first few tottering steps, and turns back, tearful and troubled, to find shelter, safety and comfort in her mother's arms.

We are often slow to learn the lesson of our own weakness and insufficiency. The little child who misses so quickly the protecting arms of the mother is more apt than we are, for she turns at once to the unfailing source of strength—the only one she fully understands. What a mercy it is, and what a sign of the wondrous long-suffering of our Father-God, that He stretches out His gracious hands "all the day," and does not withdraw them in anger, even

though we, like the little truant child, feign not to see the inviting arms or turn our backs upon them.

God's outstretched hands give a message of confidence. The Shepherd psalmist-King tells us what they meant to him. "Though I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me: Thou shalt stretch forth Thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and Thy right hand shall save me." Again, in Psalm cxxxix. David gives a wondrous picture of the guiding hand of God under all circumstances, and a guiding hand must needs be an outstretched hand. Read the Psalm, noting especially the first twelve verses.

What messages for the weak, the oppressed and troubled souls are conveyed by such words as these! "I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness. For I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee."

The outstretched arm, or hand, of God can also be a threatening arm—the instrument of punishment and righteous retribution on the hardened and impenitent. Even God's patience knows limitations. It would not be consistent with the perfection of His attributes were He not just and strong, as well as pitiful and of great kindness. So there are messages of threatening and vengeance on persistent sin, unrepented of.

The God Whose outstretched arm had wrought deliverance for His people when they fled before the hosts of Pharaoh, sent this message to their descendants, many ages later, by the mouth of His prophet: "I Myself will fight against you with an outstretched hand and with a strong arm, even in anger, in fury, and in great wrath." The hand so strong to save must needs be strong to punish. "For the Lord of hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it? His hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back?"

There is remonstrance in another message. "I have stretched out My hand and no man regarded it;" but these words are followed by denunciations of punishment for the neglect of offered mercy.

I wonder, my dear ones, if you and I are in the habit of daily looking for signs of God's outstretched hand in all that befalls us? I think I hear a somewhat reproachful response which asks, "Why do you speak of God's outstretched hand as if it were a visible thing to be discerned by our mortal eyes?"

I ask in reply, "Have we not an inner vision as well as the outward one which notes things tangible and substantial? There are 'the eyes of the understanding.' It was of this inner spiritual discernment that Jesus spoke when He said of the multitudes who listened to His parables, 'They, seeing, see not: and hearing, they hear not, neither do they understand.'"

To the spiritual sight—which is the gift of the Holy Ghost—God's hand is manifest in all that befalls His children, and they are ever on the look-out for signs of His presence. The inspired writers of the Bible prove that they looked out for signs of God's hand, and such words as follow prove this.

"Thou that savest by Thy right hand." "Thou hast a mighty arm." "Strong is Thy hand, high is Thy right hand." "Why withdrawest Thou Thy hand, even Thy right hand?"

They recognised that God's outstretched hand protected them, fought for them, upheld and sustained them, delivered and comforted them, and offered invitation and welcome at all times. It was a real thing to them, or why should it be missed? That sorrowful, almost despairing cry of the Psalmist would never have been uttered if he had not been accustomed to look for and discern the workings of God's hand and to trust to it for guidance, strength, and protection.

Those who have once realised what the hand of God means in their lives, are quick to note and miss its influence if apparently withdrawn. They may have been heedless of its guidance, and preferred to go their own way for a little while, but once awakened to their own helplessness and insufficiency, they begin to feel that nothing can make amends for its absence. The cry will go up from the desolate soul and penitent heart, "Why withdrawest Thou Thy hand, even Thy right hand?" Whilst thinking of the various messages of God's outstretched hand, I have been haunted with the word "wholesome," as applied to be exercise of its power—the "wholesome strength" of God's right hand, but neither in the Authorised nor the Revised Version of the Bible is it to be found. In both it is the "saving strength of His right hand," and how beautiful and precious is the thought that the hand of our God, in its greatest power and perfection, is stretched out to save. It is in the Prayer Book Version of the Psalms that we get that beautiful old word "wholesome" placed where "saving" stands in the Bible. It brings precious thoughts also, for it suggests nothing but goodness and loving-kindness in the application of the strength so qualified.

Human strength is often put forth to chastise offenders. The strength of the right hand may be stimulated by revenge, tyranny, or the desire to inflict suffering as much as by a sense of the need for punishment. But the strength of God's right hand is put forth to save and to reclaim, to guide and to restore. Even its punishment must be of a saving, wholesome character and meant to bless, though pain may accompany the stroke.

An open hand implies an outstretched hand, and who can estimate what it means in the case of our God? In tells of fulness, of bounty and plenty enough to fill the universe. Read that picture of the creatures of God's hand awaiting His bounty in Psalm civ. We do not wait in vain, for in verse 28 come the words, "Thou openest Thine hands, they are filled with good." And in another place, "The eyes of all wait upon Thee," "Thou openest Thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing."

We read such words as these, and understand why the generous-hearted ones of this world are said to be open-handed, for the hand of our God is a full hand, outstretched to scatter blessings of every kind amongst His waiting wanting creatures. The hands of those who humbly strive to follow His example are also open hands, stretched out to bless and benefit their empty-handed neighbours for His sake. And—blessed thought!—He grasps by deputy what human hands have scattered out of love to Him, and says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

But it is when we think of the outstretched hands of Jesus that we realise all that is most tender, lovable and beautiful in connection with those two words. Let us follow our Lord in imagination as He went about doing good. See Him as He entered the ruler's house, though met at its threshold with tidings that she whom He was called to heal was "even now dead." From the lips of the Master came the reassuring words, "The maid is not dead but sleepeth." Amidst the sounds of scornful words and derisive laughter, Jesus entered, clasped the hand of the girl with His outstretched one, and by its miracle-working power restored her to life and health. That outstretched hand did more. It carried joy to the hearts of the sorrowing parents, conviction of the Divine Power that dwelt in it, to those who heard or saw what wonders it had wrought.

Two blind men heard the story and followed Jesus to win the reward of their faith in restored sight, through the all-conquering touch of that hand. It was laid on the leper shunned by his fellow-men, and the loathsome disease fled before it. Deaf ears were opened, and the tongue of the dumb was loosed by its touch.

Outstretched to the sinking disciple, it was strong enough to save. Encircling the little ones whose mothers brought them to Jesus, it inspired no fear, for its clasp was all tenderness, and the words which accompanied its touch were words of blessing.

What a lovely thought comes to us with those words of Jesus as the Good Shepherd of His flock! "They shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand." So tender to heal, comfort, and bless, so strong to save and to guard is that outstretched hand of Jesus. No longer visible to mortal eyes as it was when, in the days of His flesh, the sick and the suffering felt its healing power, but just as strong, as real, as unfailing in its efficacy is that hand of Jesus to all who seek its aid. We have not exhausted the tale of miracles wrought by it and related in the Gospel.

We should have to follow our Lord into the wilderness and note how, as He gave out the broken loaves and the few small fishes, these multiplied beneath His touch. With outstretched hands He delivered them to His disciples, and yet the more He gave the more remained, until, though many thousands had been fed, there was still plenty in store. We should note the effect of that hand as Jesus touched with it the fevered one of Peter's wife's mother. The touch both drove away disease and restored strength.

We should have to picture the last Passover in that upper chamber, when the Master's hands broke the Bread and distributed it, and gave the Cup to the Twelve. We should see the one hand extended to give the sop, the sign of his treachery, to the traitor Judas, and later, both outstretched in what seems the humblest kind of service—the washing of the disciples' feet.

Just one more picture before the final scene. Again it is one which shows the outstretched hand doing its work of mercy and healing. The band of armed men, led by the traitor Judas, with their lanterns, torches and weapons, had come to seize Jesus, and Peter, in zeal for his Master, had drawn his sword and cut off the ear of the high priest's servant. But Jesus "touched his ear and healed him." The man came with others, the representative of treachery, falsehood and tyranny. The object of all those evil passions stretched out the hand of mercy and of healing in return.

Once more we see the outstretched hands of Jesus, pierced with cruel nails and fastened to a cross of shame. All through His beautiful, perfect, sinless life in the manhood, the outstretched hands of Jesus had told the tale of compassion, tenderness, kindness, love and mercy. They had been used to restore life, to expel evil spirits, to heal the sick, to give sight and hearing, and the power of motion to palsied limbs.

They had been extended full of food to the hungry, with strength to save the weak, with gentlest touch and accompanied with words of blessing to the little children. But never once had they been outstretched to inflict pain, or even in self-defence; never once in anger, however sore might be the provocation to it.

When, for the last time, those arms were outstretched and the hands nailed to the cross, they helped to tell the complete story of the vast, the eternal love of Him Who not only loved us but "gave Himself for us." Thus were they held extended when Jesus proclaimed the work of redemption completed in the words "It is finished."

They were reverent, loving, human hands that took the body of their Lord from the Cross and laid it in the new tomb. They were loving hands also that prepared the sweet spices and ointment, and stole with them to the sepulchre, in the gray dimness of that first Easter morning, before it was day, only to find that no human hands, or sealed stone, or Roman soldiers could suffice to hold Him Who had told them that the "Son of Man must be slain, and raised again the third day." It was after His resurrection that the Master, by His outstretched hands, bearing the scars of the cruel nails, convinced some of His frightened, doubting disciples. Standing in the midst of the assembled eleven who supposed that they saw a spirit, Jesus said to them, "Why are ye troubled? Behold My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself: handle Me and see."

Thus the outstretched, nail-pierced hands and feet of Jesus furnished a convincing proof of the resurrection of Christ's body, and gave an all-sufficient pledge of our own.

These talks of ours, my dear girl-friends, at best are only bare outlines of a subject and meant to suggest further research on your part. Thus far we have considered the outstretched hand of God, as revealed in the Old Testament Scripture, and the altogether lovely aspects presented by the wonder-working, yet ever tender, loving hands of Jesus. When we meet again I hope to speak about outstretched human hands, and to try how, by looking into this side of the subject, we may use ours in the spirit of our Master, whilst humbly endeavouring to follow in His footsteps.

VARIETIES.

Money.

"Whereunto is money good?
Who has it not wants hardihood,
Who has it has much trouble and care,
Who once has had it, has despair."

Not "All that Rain."

"Were you out in all that rain?" asked Mary.

"No," said the young woman from Girton; "I was merely in the portion of the rain that descended in my immediate vicinity."

Photographing the Stars.

The best star photography is done by long exposure of the plates; the longer they are exposed the greater the number of stars which come out.

Stars can thus be photographed which are beyond the range of the most powerful telescope. Sirius being so remote that its rays take nine years to reach us, we see Sirius through a telescope as it was nine years ago. Some stars discovered by photography are, however, one thousand times farther off than Sirius, so that their light must take nine thousand years to reach us. We have evidence of them, therefore, as they were nine thousand years ago—before the earliest records of human history.

Prosperity May be an Evil.—It is an everlasting truth that man is in more danger from prosperity than from adversity. An ancient Grecian philosopher being asked what was the most dangerous thing in the world; answered, "To be most fortunate." "You will wisely shorten sail," said Horace to one of his friends, "when too much swelled by a prosperous breeze."

A Heart at Peace.—True quietness of heart is gained by resisting our passions, not by obeying them.

Scottish Reticence.

The reticence of the Scotch is proverbial. A train was at a station on the borders of Perthshire, when a porter put his head into a carriage and called out—

"Anyone for Doune? Change for Doune! Anyone for Doune?"

No one moved, and in a few minutes the train was speeding along not to stop again for nearly an hour. Then an old Scotchwoman turned to a lady sitting near her and said—

"I'm for Doune, but I'd no tell that man so."

Overcoming Self.

"If I could once lay down myself,
And start self-purged upon the race! . . .
God harden me against myself,
This coward with pathetic voice,
Who craves for ease and rest and joys."

Christina Rossetti.

Make Goodness of Use.—Consider this, your goodness is of no use if you are not good to others. The good of goodness is that you can wrap others inside it. It ought to be like a big cloak that you have on a cold night while the shivering person next you has none. If you don't make use of your goodness, what is the good of it?

A Beautiful Epitaph.

A beautiful Latin couplet was inscribed on a tablet to the memory of his wife by the late Bishop Wordsworth. It has been thus happily translated into English:—

"Too dearly loved, thy God hath called thee; go,
Go, thou best portion of this widowed heart;
And thou, poor remnant lingering here in woe,
So learn to follow as no more to part."



THE ANCHORESS OF STE. MAXIME.

By M. H. CORNWALL LEGH, Author of "Gold in the Furnace," "An Incorrigible Girl," "At the Foot of the Rainbow," etc.

CHAPTER II.

The white yacht remained at St. Tropez, and the artist found enough, presumably, to occupy his pencil there, for, though Alison happened to be down in the village and particularly upon the quay more than usual on the two following days, she saw no more of him.

Events, however, do not come singly. On the evening of the second day something further happened. As Alison lingered again, leaning on the rails of the balcony, which was to her a Mariana's Moated Grange, surveying the sea on which nothing was to be seen but an ugly little torpedo-destroyer from Toulon scudding round by the shore, and a brigantine on her way with a cargo of cork from St. Tropez, and the land which was, if possible, a degree less interesting still, the rumble of the hotel omnibus coming up from the station was heard on the road below. That, to be sure, was not an exciting occurrence. Day after day the young Swiss who combined the offices of porter, boots and coachman at the modest establishment, put on his brushed coat and his Grand Hotel cap and harnessed the old grey horse and drove him down to the station to meet the train from St. Raphael, by which, if any, visitors were to be expected; and day after day the grey horse dragged the empty omnibus back again. The "season" had not begun yet. Its prospects were less hopeful than usual this year on account of the general avoidance of the French Riviera by English people. At present the hotel contained an officer of the Swiss army and his wife and a small party of French people, whose automobile had broken down on their way to Hyères.

To-day, however, the omnibus did not appear to be empty. On the top of it were a neat compressed cane box, bearing the unmistakable stamp of English make, and an equally neat, well-filled hold-all. It was feminine luggage, not by any chance that of one of the yachters in the *Phantom*, but it was unmistakably English.

The omnibus drew up at the steps, but no one got out of it. The box and the wraps were brought into the house in a leisurely way. It occurred to Alison at that moment that the wood basket wanted replenishing, and she rang the bell. In two minutes the door burst open after a violent and excited knock, and a strapping young girl, with a plump figure and smiling face burst into the room like a good-natured whirlwind.

"I wish Euphrosyne could learn to be a little more quiet in her movements," sighed Mrs. Woodward from her sofa. "I always think she is coming in to tell us the house is on fire, or that somebody had just fallen down the stairs in a fit! What does she want? We don't require any more wood yet, there are two logs left."

"I rang for her," confessed Alison. "There are no cones left to light the fire with. Des pommes de pin, s'il vous plaît, Euphrosyne. Et dites-moi," as she followed the now subdued whirlwind to the door, "est-ce qu'il y a de monde qui vient d'arriver?"

Yes, there was of world, an English lady who was walking up from the station. "But—the there!" as Euphrosyne ran impetuously on to the balcony and looked down on the head of a small dapper little lady attired in a felt hat, khaki coat and skirt, the latter of surprising shortness, and boots in shape aggressively hygienic and rational.

Alison came back from the window to describe the new arrival to her mother. Mrs. Woodward listened with a certain amount of interest.

"It will be nice for you to have someone to talk to at meals," she said.

Alison was allowed what society might be obtained by lunching and dining downstairs, and repaid the permission to do so by recounting any scraps of interesting talk that could be gleaned at *table-d'hôte* to the invalid afterwards. For a long time past these possible gleanings had been of the sparsest. The few French *baigneurs* for whom the hotel was kept open through the summer had been fewer than usual this year and more uninteresting, and the snowdrops and crocuses of the winter season were no improvement on them.

When Alison went down to dinner, she found the English lady's place laid opposite to her, the French party being at the other end of the table, and the Swiss couple at the little table they always occupied apart. A few minutes later the lady came down and seated herself, with the absence of a bow all round which marks the Britisher unaccustomed to continental travel or contemptuous of its little courtesies. Seen nearer, she was a rather plain little person, with an intelligent alert face, however, and bright eyes. Her costume was still the uncompromising khaki one. She wore no evening blouse, but a starched shirt-front, man's white tie and masculine waistcoat, and she kept on her hat.

"Have you been here long?" she asked without any introduction, after taking her first mouthful of soup.

"Too long," answered Alison, drawn into confidence, perhaps simply by the fact of hearing herself addressed in her own tongue, perhaps from the frank directness of her interlocutor's eyes. "Three years, all but two months."

"Two years and ten months! Why, that is too long to be anywhere except in London. You can spend three years there—in the course of a lifetime—but nowhere at any period of one's life should one be as much as three months straight on end. Just think how much there is to be seen in the world," she proceeded. "Rome, Paris, Athens, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, in the way of large cities; and the country life has to be known too; it is a quite other thing. Then, when you have exhausted Europe, there is the East. One could spend fifteen ordinary lives exploring the East. And when that's done——Two years and ten months at Ste. Maxime!"

"Of course, one soon gets to the end of everything there is to be seen here," agreed Alison. "I think I exhausted the place in a fortnight, but my mother is a great invalid, and is unable to travel."

"What is the matter with her?"

"I don't know exactly. The doctors think it is some affection of the nerves."

"Well, if she has stayed here so long, and doesn't get any better, don't you think that shows that Ste. Maxime doesn't agree with her, and that you ought to be moving on somewhere else?"

A gleam of hope came into Alison's eyes. It had never been put to her mother exactly like that.

"It is not good for you, anyhow, being shut up in a hole as long as this."

"I think I am quite well," answered Alison truthfully. "And though I am rather tired of Ste. Maxime, isn't it a little hard on the place to call it a hole?"

"A well-furnished hole," replied the khaki lady, "but still a hole. I acknowledge the country is pretty; there are beautiful walks through the cork-woods, aren't there? And the air is good, but to all intents and purposes any place to which you are confined, and can't get away from, is a hole, or—if you like to put it more poetically—an anchoress's cell."

"That sounds prettier," Alison laughed back, "though I'm afraid I don't know exactly what an anchoress was."

"A she-anchorite; a lady who spent her life between four stone walls, generally in a little cell built on to a church, and employed her whole time reading her breviary and stroking her cat—the only companion she was allowed was a cat—and giving advice through her window to the people living in the naughty world outside, which was so peculiarly valuable as coming from somebody who had not the least idea of what that world was like."

"Poor thing! Well, I suppose I ought to compare my lot with hers and be thankful."

"That is quite the wrong moral!" exclaimed the khaki lady, laughing in her turn. "All these mediæval follies are our warnings. Besides, I don't believe you have a cat."

"I have a share in a dog, that is all. The depressed-looking creature who lies about the doorstep."

"Ah, I know that dog. I mean his type. There is no animal more to be pitied than the hotel dog; apathetic, overfed, unloved, spasmodically petted, never having any exercise, a *blasé* creature at twenty-five—what corresponds to twenty-five in canine circles. Far better if he were fighting and snarling for his living in the streets of Constantinople. He is a warning too."

"But it is not his fault, and the anchoress was only to be pitied if her relations decided for her what her profession was to be, and shut her up in her cell. What could either of them do?"

"Run away," answered the khaki lady promptly, and she looked so hard into Alison's eyes that it seemed to the girl her very soul was being read.

"Then you would have me run away from Ste. Maxime?" she said.

The khaki lady laid down the fork and bit of bread, with which she had been eating her portion of sea-wolf with muslin-sauce.

"Exactly," she said. "And that is precisely what I have come to Ste. Maxime to persuade you to do."

Alison laid down her fork too, and swallowed her mouthful of fish with something like a gasp.

"How did you know anything about me?" she exclaimed.

"I have the gift of second sight," replied the khaki lady, with a little twinkle in her black eyes, followed by deep solemnity. "I saw in a crystal a few weeks ago a helpless young girl tied to the side of a mother, who was a *malade imaginaire*, at a little seaside place on the Chemin de Fer du Sud, and I said to myself, 'It is my mission to deliver her. If Alison Woodward does not set herself free from the utterly senseless, useless, and disastrous captivity in which she has languished for nearly the last three years, it shall not be my fault.'"

This time Alison positively gasped.

"Alison Woodward!" she exclaimed. "How could you possibly know my name?"

"Why not your name as well as your face, my dear? The letters A l i s o n W o o d w a r d were rapped out upon a mystic table. Then I looked in the crystal again, and I saw a vision of the future. I saw you and me, my dear, sitting in a train which was carrying us to England. I looked again, and I saw a lady rising suddenly from her bed and beginning to pack up her things to follow her daughter thither, and a shadowy row of doctors stood looking on, saying, 'That is just what we always said. What Mrs. Woodward required was something thoroughly to rouse her. Now she will see that she can exert herself, and the spell will be broken. That was the very thing she wanted.'"

Alison did not stop to wonder how the voices of the doctors could be heard coming out of the crystal. The extraordinary knowledge of her circumstances possessed by this mysterious little lady, who had dropped down out of the clouds, was what filled her imagination. And she looked so singularly unlike any preconceived notions of a vulgar or wicked occultist! That khaki suit and those hygienic boots seemed so peculiarly unfitted for a dweller among the clouds.

"How did you find out, really?" Alison said, looking hard into the incongruously sparkling eyes that claimed to have the gift of second sight.

"You don't believe in the crystal? Or the table rapping? Then you have more common sense in you than could have been expected of an anchoress. I know, as all your relations know, but never a one of them has had the enterprise to rout you out and get matters set right. I mean to do it though, and to carry you off. My dear, I am your first cousin, once removed, Kate Harrison."

(*To be continued.*)

"MY SCHOOLFELLOWS" COMPETITION REPORT.

FIRST PRIZE (*Five Guineas*).
"Speedwell," 27, Tennyson Street, Nottingham.

SECOND PRIZE (*Three Guineas*).
"Marigold," 23, Dunluce Avenue, Lisburn Road, Belfast.

THIRD PRIZE (*Two Guineas*).
Winifred S. B. West, 24, Bardwell Road, Oxford.

HONOURABLE MENTION.

Elizabeth Donald Cluny (Aberdeen), Agnes Vincent (London), "White Rosebud" (Cape Town), Clara Renton (Leeds), Lois Smith (Newcastle-under-Lyne), Olive M. Taylor (Bakewell), Elizabeth Stevenson (Paisley), Dolcina Riso Levi (Alexandria, Egypt).

EDITOR'S REPORT.

THE Editor has once again received great pleasure from the perusal of the papers just sent in for competition on the subject of "My Schoolfellows."

As a rule they are legibly written and in good English, and, except for two words, viz., *separate* and *receive*, which are constantly spelt wrongly, there is little to complain of.

On the whole the tone of the papers is excellent; the faults of the schoolfellows are not ignored, but they are not set down in malice, while the virtues are pointed out with loving pride and generous hand.

To the Editor's delight the schoolfellows are depicted so admirably that he can see them distinctly—the handsome and the plain, the ambitious and the idle, the neat and the untidy, the clever and the plodding, the unselfish and the self-absorbed, the sensitive and the robust, the mean and the generous—all at work with their separate weapons in making roads by which they hope to reach their goals.

He can see also the faces and almost into the hearts of those who have sent him their word-portraits; he notices in them the absence of envy and vindictiveness and the presence of reverence of truth and the desire to bring forward all that is sweet and true in the characters of their schoolfellows.

It is marvellous to see, from the papers sent in, how much alike school-life is all over the world and how alike are the forces and impulses which set school-life in motion and keep it going. As the competitors themselves say, "School-days are very much what one makes of them, and it is easy to predict the sort of woman a girl will develop into if she is observed carefully while passing through school-life."

In nearly every paper the writer discloses the pride the girls take in the *handsome* schoolfellow and in the *clever* one, and how naturally they turn to the kind and unselfish one in any trouble or distress, and how intuitively the little ones know where to go in a school full of girls for protection and mother-love which is born in some girls. They never dream of going to the handsome or clever ones unless tenderness and unselfishness accompany the beauty and the talent.

Truth and courage seem to be powerful instruments in attracting the trust and friendship of schoolgirls, who seem as a rule to despise lying and cowardice.

It is in all the little traits of every-day life depicted in the papers that the Editor learns with thankfulness that so many of his readers are fitting themselves in their school-days for the great battle of life.

One Competitor gives her school motto, which she says all the girls try to live up to, viz. :—

"A little thing is a little thing, but faithfulness in little things is a very great thing."

The Editor has been greatly interested in learning from these papers the methods of giving marks in some of the schools. One Competitor says, "If lessons and exercises are done thoroughly well for a given time or conduct has been good, a girl obtains a V.G. (very good). These V.G.'s are very difficult to obtain, as the smallest mistake of any kind, whether in work or conduct, is sufficient to spoil a chance. Three V.G.'s for the same subject in one half-term make up an *Excellent*. If a girl is fortunate enough to get Excellent, she writes her name before the whole school in a book kept for this purpose."

Many of the Competitors have expressed their thanks to the Editor for the various competitions, and declare their appreciation of them. He on his side thanks them for doing so well what he has suggested. He feels that by these Competitions he learns to know his readers and understands better how to help them; they cement the friendship between them, and smooth out the tangles of life.

NEW COMPETITION.

BOOKS FOR A GIRLS' ELEMENTARY SCHOOL LIBRARY.

TEN GUINEAS IN PRIZES. (EXCLUSIVELY FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS.)

A CORRESPONDENT having asked us for a list of the best books for a Girls' Elementary School Library, we invite suggestions from our readers. We also offer, under certain conditions, TEN GUINEAS in prizes for the best lists.

We will suppose that, in all, fifty books are required. Thirty of these, at least, are to convey instruction in some useful branch of knowledge, presented in an attractive form. The "story books," pure and simple, are to aim at stimulating a love for all that is right and true. Poetry should be included in this section.

The ages of the girls who are to use the library may be supposed to range between eleven and sixteen.

The votes of competitors themselves will, to a large extent, decide which are the "best" books for the purpose named. But in compiling the standard list, the judges reserve the right to set aside the popular verdict in cases where it is clearly at fault.

For Colonial and Foreign Competitors THREE GUINEAS will be reserved in prizes, to be awarded at the discretion of the examiners on the lines laid down for Home Competitors.

The SEVEN GUINEAS reserved for Home Competitors will be divided into eighteen prizes, ranging from ONE GUINEA to FIVE SHILLINGS.

Competitors will be grouped in two classes; (i) those over twenty years of age, and (ii) those under that age. Prizes will be allotted to each class in proportion to the number of competitors in it. That is, if the adults number sixty per cent. of the whole number of competitors, sixty per cent. of the prizes will be divided among the most successful in that class, and so on.

The following rules must be strictly observed:—

1. Each list must be headed with the name and address of the sender, who must also state whether she is over or under twenty years of age.

2 The titles are to be arranged alphabetically.

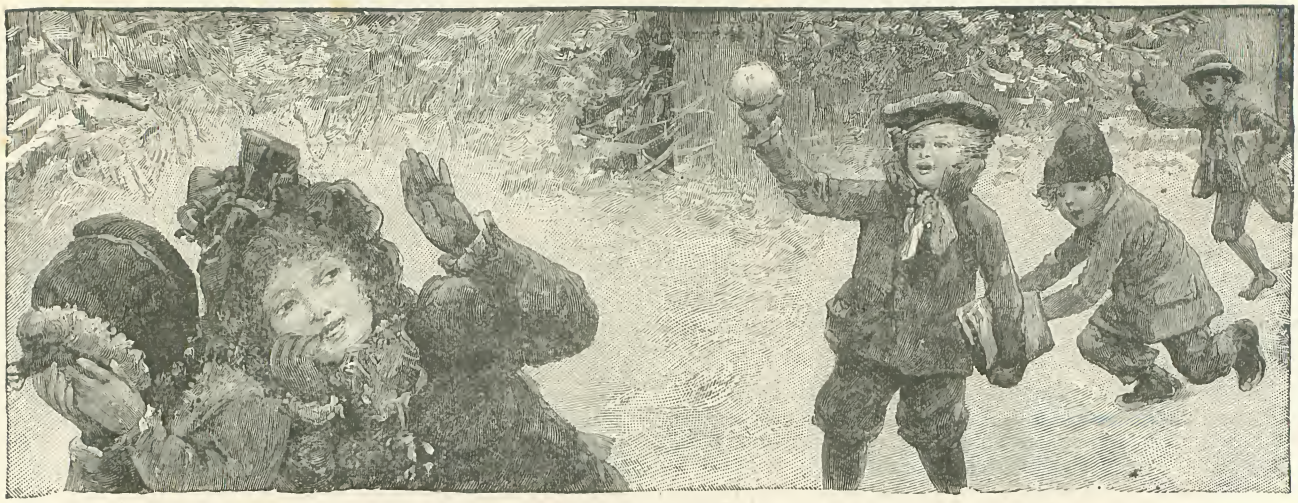
3. Only one side of the paper must be written upon.

4. Every competitor must send two copies of her list, one of which must have an ample space between each title, so that it may be easily cut up into slips. *This is most important.*

5. Not more than fifty books may be named by any competitor. Lists containing less than that number will be admitted, but a full list will stand a better chance of securing a prize.

6. Envelopes containing the lists must be marked "Books," and must be addressed to The Editor, "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER," 56, Paternoster Row, London.

7. The last day for receiving lists from the United Kingdom and from the Colonies and abroad will be May 22nd.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

PUZZLED Y. W.—I can read between the lines of your letter, and I am sure you wrote it when irritated at efforts to benefit you, which, good themselves, were nullified by want of tact in her who made them. It is unfortunate that some really good, kind, earnest Christians are sadly deficient in judgment, and excite rebellion where they want to be of use. I can picture your position perfectly, and I am sorry both for you and the well-meaning friend who nearly drives you crazy. Dear lassie, you must resolve to come off victor over yourself in this matter. You believe in the goodness, unselfishness, and sincerity of your monitress, but you kick against her unwarrantable assumption of authority and infallibility. Turn your thoughts from the servant of Christ to the Master Himself. Ask for patience and a calm judgment, so that you may benefit by all that is really good in E. R.'s example and teaching, and thus she will be one of the "all things" which will work together for your good. Our dear Lord is very pitiful—kind even "to the unthankful and evil." Never fear that He Who has said "Come unto Me" will fail to welcome one who longs for His voice to whisper "Peace, be still" to her troubled mind.

VIOLA.—Dear, I do enter into your feelings fully. I do not think you "horrid," but am sure you are a warm-hearted girl with an intense longing for sympathy and affection. I could not look at the sweet little photograph, which accompanied your letter, and doubt your power to value a true friend. Thank you heartily for it. I shall try to find you a helpful Correspondent. I do not wonder at those who have little family affection, or perhaps I should say very undemonstrative kinsfolk, finding it difficult to realise the love of God, and to give Him whole-hearted love in return. Seeing that the terms "father, brother, sister and mother" are chosen to typify the Divine relationship to those who believe in God and do His will, it is sad when they who bear these names on earth have so little love and sympathy one for another. Your query is almost like that of a child who can only see its own want. You write, "If you want a fine day very badly, and ask for it, believing you will get it, and if it is God's will that it shouldn't be fine, then what's the use of your faith?" Prayer should always be accompanied by faith not only in God's power to answer it, but in the wisdom and love that over-rule the answer. You and I are only units amidst the teeming millions for whom God's bounty provides. He, seeing the whole of His human family, considers what is best for all. Where individual interests are concerned, submission and unselfishness should accompany faith. The fine day you wanted might have disappointed the many who were looking for refreshing rain "to cause the grass to grow for the cattle and herb for the service of men." Even in asking a benefit for ourselves alone, we should be ready to say, "Give, if Thou seest that it will be good for me. If not, show Thy mercy to me in denying my request." I will try to find a fitting Correspondent for you.

ROSE J. (Egypt).—I am much interested in the account of your admirable work for the benefit of girls of all nationalities, and I heartily wish you "God-speed." I have no power to insert an appeal, such as you suggest, in this column, which has been established for the purpose of giving advice and help to any readers of the "G. O. P."—girls especially—who might want what I am able to give. Were the column opened for the purpose of giving information about philanthropic institutions and appealing for funds, I would gladly insert yours; but I am sure you will see that to do so in this case would open a door for endless applications. My namesake, mentioned in your letter, would be the younger of my two daughters, who were both educated at the High School alluded to. The elder is now President of the "Old Girl's Association" there, and remembers you quite well. I rejoice to claim the other correspondent alluded to as a beloved, though unseen, friend of mine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DAHLIA asks if any readers of the "G. O. P." can tell her of a nice place near the sea, where rent and living would be cheap, where she and her mother and sister could find a little house, and be able to live on a small income?

BRUYÈRE DES ARDENNES.—We are so glad to hear from a girl "who is not English" that she too likes our paper. I think that you want to round your letters more, and not to write in such a slant but more upright, if you want your handwriting to be really good. About the chestnuts you want to preserve, have you really a Spanish or sweet chestnut tree which bears ripe fruit in your orchard? There are three nuts in each husk, and they form an important part of the food of the poor in the south of Europe, being used either roasted or boiled, and are ground into flour and made into a kind of bread. If you wish to preserve them candied, this is a good recipe. *Ingredients*—Chestnuts, lemon-juice, syrup. Remove the outer skin of the nuts, and put them into a pan of boiling water for a minute or so till the second skin comes off easily; after this throw them into another pan of boiling water and boil till tender. Squeeze the juice of a lemon into a basin of luke-warm water, and put the chestnuts in this when done. When cool dry them, dip each in clarified sugar, and lay on a slab to dry. For the clarified sugar use three pounds of sugar to a pint and a half of water and the whites of two eggs. Put the sugar, water, and whites of eggs (which should be well beaten) into a preserving-pan or lined saucepan, and do not put it on the fire until the sugar is dissolved. Then place it on the fire, and when it boils throw in a teacupful of cold water, and do not stir the sugar after this is added. Bring it to the boiling point again, and then place the pan by the side of the fire for the preparation to settle. Remove all the scum, and the sugar will be ready for use. The scum should be placed on a sieve so that what syrup runs from it may be boiled up again; this also must be well skimmed. According to this recipe it takes about twenty minutes for the sugar to dissolve; five minutes to boil.

L. V. D.—Lady Warwick has a gardening college at Reading. There is also one called the Royal Botanic Gardening School at Regent's Park, London. At the Botanical Gardens boy-gardeners and the girl-students work together. Girls who take the course are obliged to go through all the stages of digging; in fact, they go through all the routine work necessary to the making of an expert gardener. The pupils wear cool white linen blouses, tweed skirts, and blue serge aprons fitted with capacious pockets for the necessary small tools and horticultural implements, and stout shoes. Lectures are given by Mrs. Bryant Sowerby, who is the Superintendent of the Lady's Gardening School. The pupils begin their work in the gardens at 9.30 in summer, and 10 in winter. There is an interval from 12.30 till 2, and then they work again until 4.30. In wet weather there is always plenty to do in "the houses." There is a special class for ladies who simply wish to superintend their home grounds. In the professional sense, it takes three years of close study to turn out a thorough gardener. The fee for this three-year-course is £45, paid in three instalments, and this includes all lectures, demonstrations, and class teaching. Examinations are held, and certificates given. They say the best way to make money is to specialise in one direction—to grow certain sorts of flowers only.

E. F.—You had better apply to the Secretary, House of Education, Ambleside, and she will tell you all about the *Parent's Review* and its system of education. This is the place mentioned by Dr. Schofield in his paper on education.

A. B. C. had better consult a doctor. It would probably require small doses of arsenic for some time in order quite to get rid of them, and it is not safe to take medicine of this kind without a doctor's prescription.



"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."] EDMUND EVANS, PRINTER. [LONDON.

THE CASTAWAY.

By P. F. Poole, R.A.

From the Engraving by Francis Holl, A.R.A.



VOL. XXIII.—NO. 1157.] MARCH 1, 1902. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"'JOAN O'SHAUGHNESSY! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?'"

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PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.



"This begins to grow exciting. The plot develops!" said Mademoiselle gaily to herself when the fifth day of the last week in the year was reached and Mr. Geoffrey Hilliard made his fifth appearance on the scene in transparently accidental-on-purpose manner. On the first day he had been discovered assiduously pumping up the tyres of a bicycle immediately outside the Castle gates, on the second he was lounging about the village street with an air of boredom which showed that he had exhausted all the objects of interest long before the O'Shaughnessy party passed by on their morning walk, on the third he paid a formal call in the afternoon and stayed a good two hours by the clock, for which breach of etiquette he was so much concerned that he was compelled to come again the next day to apologise and hope the ladies were not fatigued. Bridgie smiled polite reassurements, but Esmeralda lay back in her seat and naughtily yawned, as though in protest against her sister's words. She affected to conceal her weariness, but it was a transparent pretence, and the young fellow's eyes twinkled with amusement. Since the moment of their first meeting there had been this pretence of antagonism, this playing at fighting on the girl's part; but as Bridgie had foretold, the man seemed to find it rather an encouragement than otherwise, and his smile was never more bright and self-confident than after an exhibition like the present.

"Miss Joan seems to have suffered," he said boldly. "I feel truly guilty; but won't you allow me to remedy the mischief? If I might make a suggestion, it's a perfect winter afternoon, and you promised that you would show me the remains of that old ruin in your grounds. Don't you think that half an hour's walk before tea would freshen you up?"

"I detest ruins; they are so dull," said Esmeralda ungraciously; but Mr. Hilliard still continued to smile and to look at her in expectant fashion, and presently, almost against her will, as it seemed, she rose from her chair and moved across the room. "Of course, if you really want to see them; it will only take a few minutes. Come then, Pixie. You were asking me to come out. It will do you good to come too."

Bridgie and Mademoiselle exchanged a quick glance of amusement at the look of disgust which passed over the visitor's face, and which all his politeness was not able to conceal; but Pixie pranced after her sister with willing step, for it had never entered into her heart to believe it possible that there could exist a living creature unto whom her society could be otherwise than rapturously welcome. In the cloak-room off the hall she put on two odd shoes—the two which came first to hand—and a piebald sealskin jacket, which, according to tradition, had descended from a great-aunt, and which was known in the household as "The jacket," and worn indiscriminately by whosoever might happen to need a warm wrap. The effect of this costume, finished off by an old bowler hat, was so weird and grotesque that at the first moment of beholding it Hilliard thought it must surely be a joke designed for his benefit, but the air of unconsciousness worn by both girls saved him from making a false move, and he speedily forgot all about Pixie in admiration of her sister. Whatever Esmeralda wore, it seemed as if this were the dress of all others to show off her beauty to the best advantage, and the grey golf-cape and knitted cap set carelessly over her smoke-like locks appeared at once the ideal garments for a winter promenade. Pixie slipped her arm underneath the cloak to hang on to her sister's arm, and the three set off together across the snow-bound park.

"I suppose you know a great deal about ruins, since you are so much interested in ours," said Esmeralda as an opening to the conversation. "People are always interested in things they understand. That's the only reason why I should like to be clever and learned—it would make life so much more satisfying. It doesn't amuse me in the least to see old walls and bits of pillars sticking out of the earth. I'd pull them all down and build something new in their place if I had the chance, but people who understand are quite different. Some people came here once on a picnic from Dublin, and father gave them permission to use the grounds. Of course it rained, but they all stood round on the damp, soaking grass while an old gentleman gave a lecture about that miserable little ruin. He said something about the shape of the windows, and they all took notes and sketches and snapshots as if they had never seen anything so wonderful in their lives. There is a bit of a pillar two yards high. He prosed away about that until I had to yawn, but they seemed to like it. Some of them were quite young too. There was a girl rather like Bridgie, with such a pretty hat!" Esmeralda heaved a sigh of melancholy recollection. "She stood there and let the rain soak through the ribbons while she sketched the stupid old things. I envied her so! I thought, 'Why can't I be interested in ruins too, and then I should have something to think about and to amuse myself with when the time feels so long.'"

"Does the time seem long to you, then? Do you find it dull over here?" asked Hilliard in a tone that was almost tender in its anxious solicitude; and Esmeralda heaved a sigh of funereal proportions, delighted to find herself supplied with a listener ready to sympathise with her woes. A home audience is proverbially stoical, and after the jeers and smiles of brothers and sisters, it was a refreshing change to wake a note of distress at the very beginning of a conversation. She became suddenly conscious of a feeling of acute enjoyment, but endeavoured to look pensive, as befitted the occasion, and rolled her grey eyes upward with eloquent sadness.

"Oh, dull! Dull does not express my feelings! We are so shut in here, and so little happens, and I know nothing. I have had no chance of learning and finding interests in that way."

"Why didn't ye study, then, when ye had the chance? Ye drove Miss Minnit crazy with your idleness!" interposed Pixie brutally; and Esmeralda flushed and hesitated, momentarily discomfited, then, recovering herself, cast a melancholy glance in Hilliard's face.

"Our old governess," she explained resignedly in the tone of one who might speak volumes, but is restrained from feelings of loyalty and decorum. "A kind old creature, so good to us! She has lived in this village all her life."

"I understand," said the model listener. It seemed

to him quite natural that this beautiful creature possessed an intellect to match her person, and felt her eagle wings pinioned in the atmosphere of an Irish village. He wished he were only more intellectual himself, so that he might be a fitter companion, and devoutly hoped that he might make no very bad slip to betray his ignorance and so alienate her sweet confidence. "As you say, knowledge is a great resource, and the more one knows, the less possible it should be to be dull or idle. Amusement can never make up for good solid occupation."

"Oh, never, never!" cried Miss Esmeralda with a fervour which brought Pixie's eyes upon her in a flash of righteous indignation. Esmeralda to talk like this! Esmeralda, who sat at ease while others worked, who groaned aloud if asked to sew on a button, and was at once so dilatory and so inefficient that Bridgie declared it was easier to do a task at once than to unravel it after her vain attempts. Pixie gasped and pranced on ahead, her back towards the direction in which she was going, her face turned upon the culprit in kindling reproach.

"Joan O'Shaughnessy, what's happened to you to talk in such a fashion this day? You, that doesn't know the meaning of work, to be sighing and groaning that you haven't enough to do! You, to be saying that it would cheer you to be busy, when ye sigh like a furnace and grumble the day long if you have to work for an hour on end! I've heard ye say with my own ears that if you had your own way, you would never do another hand's turn, and of all the lazy, idle girls——"

"Wouldn't it perhaps be wise if you looked which way you were going? The ground is rough, and I'm afraid you will have a fall," interposed Hilliard mildly, not that he was in truth the least bit anxious about this strange child's safety, or could not have witnessed her downfall with equanimity, but in pity for Esmeralda's embarrassment she could not be allowed to continue her tirade indefinitely. He was rewarded by a melting glance as the beauty sighed once more and said in a tone of sweet forbearance—

"She does not understand! She has been away, and that's not the sort of work I meant, and besides——" She stopped short, for she could not think how to finish the sentence, and the fear of Pixie was ever before her eyes. It was in a different and much more natural voice that she again took up her explanation. "Perhaps I was mistaken in saying it was work I wanted, but it is certainly interest. I have never been further away than Dublin, and I get so tired and weary of it all, and have such a longing for something fresh. The others don't feel it, for they are so fond of the place; but I'm restless. I feel pent in, knowing the world is moving on and on all the time, and I am shut up here, and sometimes the longing comes over me so strongly that it's more than I can bear, and I fall into——"

"A rage!" said Pixie calmly. Esmeralda had paused just long enough to draw that short eloquent breath which adds so largely to the eloquence of a peroration, and was preparing to roll out a tragic "despair," when that tiresome child must needs interfere and spoil everything by her suggestion. Esmeralda was quick to anger, but she possessed something even quicker still, and that was her sense of humour. For a moment clouds and sunshine struggled together upon her face, then the sunshine prevailed, she burst into a strangled laugh, looked at Hilliard, beheld him biting his lips in a vain effort to preserve composure, and went off into peal after peal of rich, melodious laughter.

"Next time I wish to talk at my ease, it's not bringing you out with me I'll be, Pixie O'Shaughnessy!" she cried between her gasps, and Hilliard's merry "Ho! ho! ho!" rang out in echo.

"She is indeed a most painfully honest accompanist. I am thankful that I have no small brothers to give me away in return. You give your sister a very bad character, Miss Pixie; but you seem very little in awe of her, I notice. She must possess some redeeming qualities to make up for the bad ones you have quoted."

Pixie bent her head in benignant assent as one bound by honesty to see both sides of a question and to deal out praise with blame.

"She's idle," she said judicially, "and she's hasty, but she's sorry afterwards. The more awful her temper, the quicker she's sorry. The night after you left——"

"Thank you, Pixie, you can spare us further domestic revelations!" cried Esmeralda, flushing in lovely confusion, and keeping her face turned away from the merry blue eyes so persistently bent upon her. "There's one comfort, Mr. Hilliard. You know the worst of me now, and there is nothing more to dread. Pixie has spoiled my chance of posing as a blighted genius and shown me as just a bad-tempered, discontented girl who has not the sense to be satisfied with her position. I'm sorry, for it would have been interesting to hear you talk like the clever, intellectual people do in books, and perhaps, if I had kept very quiet and agreed with all you said, you wouldn't have discovered my ignorance for quite a long time to come."

"But, dear me, you would have discovered mine! I couldn't have kept it up for an hour. You surely don't expect me to lecture on improving topics!" cried Hilliard in such transparent amaze that Esmeralda could not but be convinced of his sincerity.

"Then you are not clever either!" she exclaimed. "What a relief! Now we can just talk comfortably and not pretend any more. But at any rate you have seen more than we have. Have you travelled much? What have you seen? What countries have you been in?"

"I can hardly say straight off. Let me count. France, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Greece, Turkey——"

The "Ohs!" and "Ahs" of astonishment had been steadily gaining in volume, but at the sound of this last name they reached a perfect shriek of delight. There was something so very strange and mysterious about Turkey that even to see a man who had visited its borders gave one a thrill of excitement. Pixie's premeditated boast that she had been in Surbiton died upon her lips, and Esmeralda's eyes grew soft with wonder.

"Turkey! Oh, you are a traveller! What on earth made you go to Turkey?"

"It was part of a tour on which my uncle took me after leaving college, and I went even further afield than that—to Palestine and Egypt. You would like Egypt even better than Turkey, Miss Joan, for there, thanks to our rule, you have picturesqueness without squalor, whereas Turkey does not stand a close inspection. We were thankful to leave Constantinople after a very few days, but were sad indeed to turn our backs on fascinating Cairo. If I had the seven-leagued boots, I should be a frequent visitor over there."

The two sisters linked arms and gazed at him with awe-stricken eyes.

"And you have seen veiled women," sighed Esmeralda softly, "and Mount Blanc, and the Pyramids, and the desert, and the Red Sea, and St. Peter's at Rome, and all the things I have dreamt about ever since I was a child! Oh, you are lucky! I think I should die with joy if anyone offered to take me a trip like that. Did

you have any adventures? What did you like best? Begin at the beginning, and tell us all about it!"

Well, as our American cousins would say, this was rather a large order; but Hilliard could refuse nothing to such an audience, and if the truth must be told, had his full share of the traveller's love of relating his experiences. He passed lightly over days spent in countries near home, but grew even more and more animated as he went farther afield and reached the Eastern surroundings in which he delighted.

"Shall I tell you about Palestine? I never knew anything stranger than arriving at that railway-station and seeing 'Jerusalem' written up on the boardings. It seemed extraordinary to have a station there at all, and such a station! It was in autumn, and everything was white with dust. Outside in the road were a number of the most extraordinary-looking vehicles you can possibly imagine, white as if they had been kept in a flour mill, and as decrepit as if a hundred years had passed since they were last used. How they kept together at all was a marvel to me, and as for the harness, there was more string than leather to be seen. The drive from the station to the hotel was one of the most exciting things I ever experienced. I am not nervous, and have had as much driving as most fellows, but that was a bit too much even for me. The road is very hilly, turns sharply at many corners, and is, of course, badly made to the last degree, so that it would have seemed difficult enough to manage such crazy vehicles even at a footpace; but our fellow drove as if the Furies were at his back, as if it were a question of life and death to get to the hotel before any of his companions. He stood up on the box and shouted to his horses; he lashed at them with his whip; he yelled imprecations to the rivals who were galloping in pursuit. When an especially dangerous corner came in view, two drivers made for it in a reckless stampede, which made it seem certain that one or other must be hurled to the bottom of the hill. A lady inside our carriage burst into a flood of tears, and I believe her companions were all clinging to one another in terror. As for me, I was on the box, and I never passed a more exciting ten minutes. We were told afterwards that we had had the best driver in Jerusalem, but I never engaged his services again.

"That same night in the hotel I was introduced to a dragoman, whom we engaged to take us about. I am sure you will like to hear about Salim, for, apart from himself, he had a great claim to attention, for he had been Gordon's dragoman years ago when he was in Egypt. Yes, I knew that would interest you, and you would have loved Salim for his own sake too. He had a gentle, sad face, with the beautiful dark eyes of the Eastern, and he spoke English remarkably well. He was unmarried, and lived with his mother and a married brother. Sixteen years he and his sister-in-law had lived in the same house, but he had never seen her face. He had been unlucky in money matters, but accepted his poverty with the placid acquiescence of the Oriental. I remember one day when he told me of a piece of good fortune which had befallen a fellow-dragoman, and I said that I hoped he might be similarly fortunate. He bowed his head with quiet dignity and waved a brown hand in the air. 'That is with God, sahib—that is with God.' I used to question him about Gordon, and he loved to talk of him. 'He was a good man, sahib, better than any bishop. When we were camping in the desert he was up every morning before it was light, kneeling to pray before his tent, and his heart was so great that he could not bear to see anyone in trouble. I must always keep with me a bag with small moneys, and he would not wait to be asked. Everyone who needed must be helped. When he went away he gave me his two best horses, but my heart was sore. He was a great chief—a great chief; but I heard afterwards that when he came to die he was quite poor—the same as Christ.'"

Hilliard told a story well, and now, as he repeated the words, his voice softened into the deep cadence of the Eastern tones in which they had first been said; his hand waved and his eye kindled with emotion.

Esmeralda looked at him, and her heart gave a throb of admiration. The manner in which he had spoken was unmistakably reverent, and if young men only knew it, there is nothing which a girl loves more than a mingling of manliness and reverence in the man who singles her out for attention.

"He is a good man. I like him," was the mental comment. Aloud she said dreamily, "Gordon is my hero. I love to hear about him. He was too generous to others to heap up money for himself. I suppose he didn't care about it. I wish I didn't, but I do. It's so very distressing to be always short of money. All the good people in books are poor, but for myself I think it's bad for the temper. They talk about the peril of riches, but I should like to try it for myself, wouldn't you, Mr. Hilliard?"

Hilliard smiled—a quiet, amused smile.

"Well, I don't know. Everything is comparative. If some people would think us poor, others would most certainly consider us very rich indeed. We have all that we need, and for myself I'm quite content. I manage to have a very good time."

"And you get away for holidays like this. That must make it easier. Have you to work very hard? What is your work? In what way do you make your living?"

Once more Hilliard smiled in amusement, and in truth there was a directness about Esmeralda's questionings which was as unusual as it was unconscious. He put up his hand and stroked one end of his curly moustache.

"Glue!"—"Glue!" echoed Esmeralda shrilly.

"Glue!" shrieked Pixie in even shriller echo.

The two pairs of eyes were fixed upon him in horrified incredulity. The pity, the commiseration of their expressions was touching to behold.

"Oh, poor fellow!" sighed Esmeralda softly. "You must be poor! How can anyone manage to make a living out of—glue?"

"But you know, Esmeralda darling, it is useful! We break such heaps of things ourselves. We often use it," urged Pixie anxiously, and at this her sister brightened visibly.

"We do. That's true for you, Pixie. Perhaps it's your glue we use, Mr. Hilliard. Dear me, it will be quite cheering when we break anything after this! We shall feel we are helping a friend by our misfortune."

"That's very kind of you. I'll remember that you said that, and it will cheer me too," replied Hilliard gallantly, and at that very moment a sound came to the ears of all. "The gong! It must be tea-time. They are sounding it to let us hear. I hope I have not kept you out too long."

Ten minutes later they were all seated in the Hall enjoying tea and scones, while Bridgie smiled sweetly on their flushed, animated faces.

"You look well after your walk," she said. "And what did Mr. Hilliard think of our tame ruins?"

Pixie looked at Esmeralda; Esmeralda looked at Mr. Hilliard; Mr. Hilliard looked at his boots. One and all they had forgotten all about the ruins!

(*To be continued.*)

TEA-GARDENS AND TEMPLE-GARDENS IN JAPAN.

By DOUGLAS SLADEN, Author of "The Japs at Home."



PINE TREE AT KINKAKUJI GARDEN.

JAPAN is rapidly being recognised as the land *par excellence* of gardening. The Japanese seem to be able to talk to their plants as the people in Mr. Kipling's jungle stories talk to their animals. At all events the trees and flowers tell their secrets, and the Japanese listen to what they say, and humour them with marvellous results. At present, when the English hear of Japanese gardening, they think at once of dwarf trees; but I shall leave the consideration of them to another article, which deals with the miniature Japanese garden which I have in my house, merely mentioning one instance to show what constant care it requires to keep the dwarf trees from resuming their ordinary dimensions.

There is in the Temple of Iyeyasu at Nikko, the most beautiful of all the temples of Japan, a tall fir-tree which was once a dwarf growing in a blue and white china pot, carried by Iyeyasu in his *kago* (palanquin) in all his campaigns. When the hero died and became a god, it was planted outside the stable where the white pony was kept always ready for him in case he should return to the earth, and, being too sacred to be touched by the hands of the pruner, reasserted its natural growth.

It is not always possible to distinguish between tea-gardens and temple-gardens in Japan; there are, it is true, temple-gardens which are not regular refreshment places for tourists, and there are many tea-gardens constructed without reference to temples. But as a rule, before you have been in a temple-garden two minutes, a gay little mousmee with a scarlet sash round her waist comes and bows low before you, rubbing her knees and hissing as if



TEA-HOUSE GARDEN, TOKYO.

she were grooming a horse. These are signs of respect, and you are expected to take tiny cups of the clear pale Japanese tea off her tray. And not pay her—oh dear, no—but give her a goodwill offering of three halfpence. You have to go through this performance before you are allowed to see anything in peace, and you will find a bench in the position which commands the best view. The Japanese squats on the top of the bench, and the European sits on its edge with his legs hanging down.

One feature is universal, whether your tea-garden has anything to do with a temple or not—either the garden itself or the view, often both, will be of a nature to satisfy the very soul of beauty.

There are certain features common to most Japanese temple-gardens—to wit, water, stone pagodas, votive lanterns (*ishi-doro*), lighthouses, *torii*, and endless terraces and stairways, fir-trees (*matsuji*) trained into all manner of fantastic shapes, maples trained into all manner of fantastic colours, wistaria trailing four feet long bunches of pale lilac blossom over arbours built at the edge of the water, groves of blossoming trees, and a ridiculous stone or plaster travesty of Fujiyama. That there are brilliantly blossoming flowers goes without saying. The temple-gardens are the pleasure-grounds of the Japanese; their fairs are held in them, people use them as parks. The patronage of a temple depends a good deal on the Crystal Palace sort of attractions it has to offer. At Asakusa, the most popular temple-garden in Tokyo, there is the loftiest artificial Fujiyama, with a pathway going right up to the top, and at the season of the year, which is in October, it has living pictures made out of growing chrysanthemums (*kiku*) representing life in ancient Japan. At Shiba and Ueno, where they have the golden tombs and splendid temples of the deified Tokugawa Shoguns, they rely on the show of cherry blossom (*sakura*) in April and the lotus lakes (*renje*), in which no water can be seen when the flower is at the height of its glorious blossoming, in July. At the Temple of the Tortoise Well they have as their specialty a little lake surrounded by the most glorious trailing wistarias in the world, called, like the monarch of mountains, Fuji, and in the garden of the sleeping dragon they have old plum-trees (*ume*), as covered with lichen as a neglected cider-orchard. When an inhabitant of Tokyo writes a poem of which he is particularly proud, he goes and pins it to one of these plum-trees. It is characteristic of the Japanese that in poetry they attach more importance to the beauty of the handwriting in which the verse is transcribed than to the beauty of its composition. Japanese poems often have the merit of consisting of only a single verse. A Japanese poet, who was also the messenger from my printer at Tokyo, once brought me a present of a poem on the dawn which he had written in conjunction with his partner, a strolling photographer. Literally translated, it was—

"Dust of light at the back of ocean!"

That was the entire poem.

The other great show-flowers of Japan are the common camellia (*tsubaki*), the azalea (*tsutsuji*), the iris (*ayame*), the beautiful calamus (*shobu*), the tree peony (*botan*), the *hibiscus mutabilis* (*fuyo*), peach blossom (*momo*), the *eulalia Japonica* (*susuki*), the *camellia sasanqua* (*sasankwa*); and the maple (*momiji*) and tea (*cha*) are added to their number for the purpose of marking months. Roughly speaking, the plum blossom marks January; the peach blossom February; the cherry blossom, April; the wistaria and azalea and tree-peony, May; the iris and calamus, June; the lotus, July; the *fuyo*, August; the *susuki*, September; the chrysanthemum and maple, October; the *sasankwa*, November; and the tea, December. March is not treated very precisely in the Japanese scheme of month flowers. It is covered by both the peach blossom and the common camellia. The common camellia (*tsubaki*), which strews the ground with its single scarlet blossom, is a plant or rather a tree, for it grows as much as forty feet high, of ill-omen. Its fallen blossoms signify decapitated heads. The best place in Tokyo to see the azalea is Mukojima, on the bank of the river Sumida, the Thames of Tokyo, which is also famous for its camellia, plum, and cherry blossom. But foreigners appreciate most the acres and acres of wild scarlet azalea which grow in almost impenetrable thickets near the famous temples of Nikko, and the thousand-year old treasury of the Mikados at Nara. The chief iris and calamus beds are at Horikiri, and the maple groves at Shinagawa, the port of Tokyo. And finally the tea, the choicest in the world, is to be found in little low shrubs protected with high matting screens, or even sheds, at Uji, near Kyoto. This tea costs a guinea a pound in Japan.

The most characteristic temple-gardens are to be found at Kyoto, the ancient capital of the Mikado, and Nikko, the sacred city of the Shoguns, the military dictators whose rule came to an end only thirty years ago.

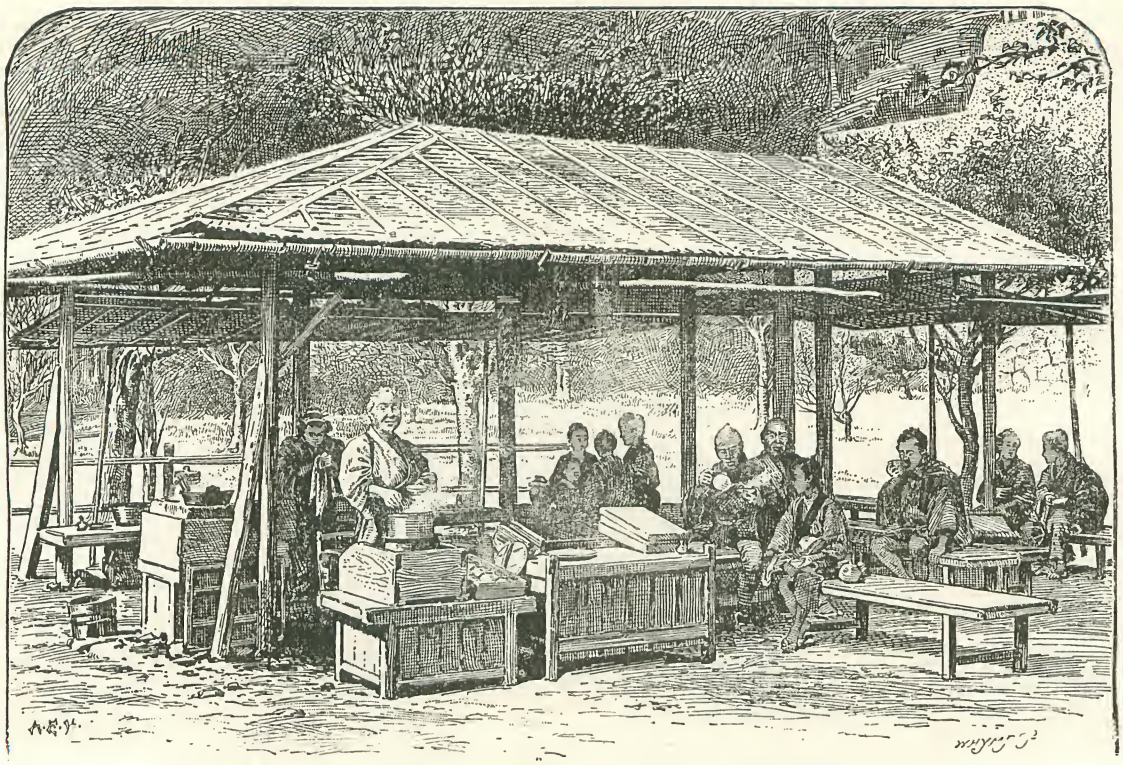
There are two temples at Kyoto, on opposite sides of the city, called Kinkakuji and Gingakuji, the Temple of the Golden Pavilion and the Temple of the Silver Pavilion. The pavilions, which are very ancient, and built of wood, lacquered inside with gold and silver respectively, are the least important features of the gardens to the European eye; but both have exquisite lakes, and one of them has a fir-tree trained into the shape of a junk in full sail.

But the Silver Pavilion is one of the most sacred spots in Japan; for here the great Ashikaga Shogun, Yoshimasa, after all his battles, retired with his favourites, the pleasure-loving Buddhist abbots, Shuko and Shinno, and reduced the solemn tea-drinking ceremony, the Cha-no-yu, to a science. Yoshimasa's rules, elaborated in this pavilion four hundred years ago, are observed to this day; and Shinno seems to have invented tea-spoons. It was they who decreed the tea-room nine feet square, or, as the Japanese would say, four and a half mats, for they measure a room by its mats.

The temple-gardens at Kyoto are regular parks, which go in for larger landscape effects, just as the temple-gardens of Shiba, Uyeno, and Nara, are apt to be noble courtyards, full of enormous stone votive lanterns, which look like little lighthouses in garden hats.

At Nikko there are two temples which have very ornate little gardens—that of Mangwanji, which has an exquisite lake of some size, surrounded by the choicest dwarf maples; and that of Dai Nichi Do, which has the elaborate decorations in stone-work which are reproduced in bronze an inch or two high for the miniature gardens the Japanese have in their houses. Its dear little lake has dear little islands, connected with dear little stone bridges like you see on willow-pattern plates, and every vantage point is occupied by a five-storeyed pagoda or a votive lantern, or one of the *torii*—the mysterious double-cruciform arches of Japan, whose origin and use is alike unknown, and whose shape is almost exactly that of the little wooden rests which the Mashonas use as pillows.

Certain temples are famous for the cultivation of certain flowers. All the Japanese world, for instance, goes to see the iris blossom at Horikiri and the wistaria at Kameido. Some of this Japanese world is extremely funny, and some quite pathetic; it is rather funny, for instance, to see prosperous tradesmen and their families arrive from a distance with sufficient articles for a night or two done up in what look like stay-boxes wrapped in oiled paper, tied up with paper string; and quite pathetic to find paupers, who have not enough to eat or any employment in prospect, walking a couple of hundred miles to see some famous temple-gardens in blossom. The temple-gardens have formidable rivals in some of the tea-house gardens, for the Japanese gentleman who is going out for an afternoon or an evening's enjoyment, is extremely particular about his surroundings. Tea-house gardens may always be known by their tall wooden lanterns with paper transparencies. They frequently have the same furniture of votive lanterns, pagodas, and so on, as temple-gardens. The line between the sacred and profane is rather uncertain in Japan; so uncertain, that the priests will often take in summer boarders at a temple, or let the temple holus-bolus as lodgings, as in the instance of the exquisite little temple of Dai Nichi Do at Nikko. At Kobe, in the



WAYSIDE TEA-HOUSE.

temple of Maya, the mother of Buddha, better known as the Temple of the Moon, the priest not only sold beer, but hung Lord Bass's red triangle up among the wooden tablets which recorded the benefactors of the temple. Bass's beer may always be bought at a really popular temple.

The most beautiful tea-house garden I remember was that of Yaami's Hotel, at Kyoto, where the Duke of Connaught spent most of his time in Japan. That had a really exquisite garden, with a clear miniature river a foot or two wide and an inch or two deep, running swiftly between smooth green pastures; a waterfall quite six feet high, the tiniest bridges, winding stairways of ancient mossy stone, and thickets of glorious azaleas in full blossom. These azaleas, over which jet-black butterflies four inches long hovered, were the objects of the most solicitous care. Coolies, armed with huge umbrellas, watched them day and night, and if it rained, put up the umbrellas. The best azalea garden of all was a tiny court-yard, in which all the space not taken up by the flowers was covered up in chips of glittering white quartz. Scattered about the garden were a family of storks about the height of a man, some standing, some strutting, some stooping to feed, all of exquisite workmanship. The proprietor would not sell them to the Duke of Connaught, who admired them extremely.

I must mention two pretty adjuncts to the gardens of Japan—the bamboo what-nots in which cut flowers are carried about the streets for sale, and the gigantic scales used for carrying growing plants, both of them slung, like everything else in Japan, from a shoulder bamboo, reminding one of the milkman of one's childhood.

VARIETIES.

The Ways of a Famous Author.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, the famous American author, was in the habit of cutting and whittling while composing a book. While writing the *Scarlet Letter* one day he took a garment from Mrs. Hawthorne's sewing-basket and snipped it to pieces, wholly unconscious of the mischief he was doing.

He cut up an entire table in this manner, and whittled off the arms of a rocking-chair, which is said to be now carefully preserved among the archives of the family.

Why He Stole the Chick.—A common crime among the Chinese, as among Orientals generally, is petty theft. "Except in cases of habitual thieving," says a traveller in the Far East, "it is not treated very seriously, and it occasionally gives rise to an amusing defence, as when a Chinaman charged with stealing a chicken, gravely informed me that he had taken it up because he saw it had its feet in a puddle, and he felt sorry for the poor little creature."

A Ruling Thought in Japan.

The ruling thought that runs from the bottom to the top of society in Japan is that the inferior owes his superior unquestioning loyalty and reverence, while the superior owes his inferior benevolence or love.

The duties of the inferior, however, claim by far the most attention. The inferior, while he has rights, seldom ventures to claim them. He considers even his rights to be privileges and so speaks of them.

The Oyster Opens its Shell.—It is said that "if you play on an accordion near an oyster, the oyster will open its shell." Whether this is because it wants to listen, or is looking for a chance to escape, is not known.

He Never Took Tips.—A railway passenger having said to a porter, who asked for a tip, "I thought you were not allowed to take fees," got for an answer, "We do not take them, sir, we only receive them."

MY FAIRY QUEEN.

By G. D. LYNCH.

To call you fairy would, my love,
  Give you no cause to flout me,
Since it is clear that you have wove
  Enchantments all about me.
To ne'er an elf, except yourself,
  Would I give my affection,
To other fay I would not pay
  Submission or subjection.

Since in your bondage I am bound,
  Content am I to lie there;
So sweet a service ne'er was found,
  Then let me live and die there;
I should disdain a looser chain,
  Man's constancy so rare is,
But I'll be true, sweetheart, to you,
  The Queen of all the Fairies.



THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

As Described by Two Who Saw It.

"The minster was alight that day, but not with fire, I ween,
  And long-drawn glitterings swept adown that mighty aisled scene.
  The priests stood stoled in their pomp, the sworded chiefs in theirs,
  And so, the collared knights, and so, the civil ministers—
  And so, the waiting lords and dames—and little pages best
  At holding trains—and legates so, from countries east and west—
  So, alien princes, native peers, and high-born ladies bright,
  Along whose brows the Queen's, new crowned, flashed coronets to light!—
  And so, the people at the gates, with priestly hands on high,
  Which bring the first anointing to all legal majesty!"

E. Barrett Browning.

The year 1902 is already being called, in anticipation, the "Coronation Year." The crowning of our King stands out before us as the great event to which all eyes and hearts are looking forward. And it is not surprising that the general expectation should be specially wrought up to excitement over this coming Coronation; partly because, as everyone knows, King Edward VII. loves stately ceremonials, well performed, and is giving his personal supervision to the arrangements; and partly because it is so very long since the coronation of an English sovereign has taken place. Sixty-three years have passed since an English monarch drove through the streets of London to be crowned in Westminster Abbey. Only the old people among us can remember the day, with all its hopes and fears; to the readers of The Girl's Own Paper it can be no more than an event in English history, described in history books.

But the crowning of Queen Victoria, however far off it may seem to the rising generation, is a very living memory still to those who witnessed it. It called forth the greatest enthusiasm at the time, and was described and dwelt upon in many a memoir of the day and in a countless host of private letters, written by those who were lucky enough to see it to the less fortunate ones who, like the second little pig, "stayed at home." The description of it given by Dean Stanley, in his *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, is so perfect that I will quote it for the benefit of those who do not know the book.

"The last Coronation doubtless still lives in the recollection of all who witnessed it. They will long remember the early summer morning when, at break of day, the streets were thronged and the vast city awoke—the first sight of the Abbey, crowded with the mass of gorgeous spectators, themselves a pageant—the electric shock through the whole mass, when the first gun announced that the Queen was on her way—and the thrill of expectation with which the iron rails seemed to tremble in the hands of the spectators, as the long procession closed with the entrance of the small figure, marked out from all beside by the regal train and attendants, floating like a crimson and silvery cloud behind her. At the moment when she first came within the full view of the Abbey, and paused, as if for breath, with clasped hands—as she moved on, to her place by the altar—as, in the deep silence of the vast multitude, the tremulous voice of Archbishop Howley could be faintly heard, even to the remotest corners of the choir, asking for the recognition—as she sat immovable on the throne, when the crown touched her head, amidst shout and trumpet and the roar of cannon, there must have been many who felt a hope that the loyalty which had waxed cold in the preceding reigns would once more revive, in a more serious form than it had, perhaps, ever worn before. Other solemnities they may have seen more beautiful, or more strange, or more touching, but none at once so gorgeous and so impressive in recollection, in actual sight, and in promise of what was to be."

Nothing could be more perfect, of its kind, than this description. In one paragraph it gives the atmosphere of the scene and sums up the inner meaning of that marvellous



"MY FAIRY QUEEN."

occasion. But what we are inclined to wish for is a more detailed description—something to make us feel as if we had been there—the impressions of someone not too much lost in the inner meaning of the great event to take note of its little outward happenings—what was worn and said and done on that memorable day. To get at facts like these we need to turn to private letters, if we are so fortunate as to have old family ones to turn to. It is from them that we shall glean the trifling details, which, after all, mean so much more than they seem to mean; and shall get the personal impressions, which are so much more vivid and abiding than the most carefully written history.

In a collection of the letters of a young married lady, written during and about the year 1838, I have found one describing the coronation. Its writer and her husband saw the ceremony well, from good places in the south transept, and on the following day Lady P—— wrote to her father, in Norfolk, a careful description of what they had seen. We can fancy how welcome the letter must have been to the keen clever parents in the distant town, whom illness or other mischance had hindered from coming themselves to London for the great occasion. This letter I am able to give entire, and also an extract from the recollections of a friend of Lady P——'s who was also fortunate enough to get a seat within the Abbey walls, in the opposite transept.

My letter is dated from Hampstead, June 29th, 1838, and begins—

"My Dearest Papa,—It was rather a regret to me, in the midst of the great interest and pleasure of yesterday, that my dear mother and sisters and you did not know of and could not think of us as enjoying the sight of the Coronation. We had not thought of the possibility of obtaining places in the Abbey, and I had gladly given my place to see the procession to Annabella, when on Tuesday evening, while F——was dining with Mr. Ellis, he kindly sent up a messenger to me, with the information that he had received two tickets for the S. Transept (an excellent place looking on the Throne) from the Earl Marshal. . . . Mr.* and Mrs. W. Wood kindly offered to lodge us, and we went to Dean's Yard on Wednesday evening, passing through streets where almost every house was prepared for illumination, even the private dwelling houses; and when we came to the line of the procession, every spot whence even a squint could be obtained, was boarded and galleried up from the pavement to the roof. The clubhouses were all thus screened. King Charles's head at Charing Cross just appeared above the rows of staging erected round him, and in Parliament Street and Whitehall the whole front of every dwelling was not only concealed by the scaffoldings, but those scaffoldings were screened by gaily coloured hangings, covered with awnings of canvas, zinc, etc. The Government Offices had great transparencies; the Admiralty was prettily and appropriately decked out with flags of different nations, and, as many of the illuminations were being rehearsed, we had a pretty though a lengthened ride. In front of the Abbey a Gothic room had been erected, of such well-coloured and planned imitation that the mushroom addition looked a part of the dark old Abbey, the aspect of which seemed more than usually grave and solemn. All here was like a carpenter's shop, and many men were still at work constructing the scaffoldings. We were up between three and four on yesterday morning, before the sun rose. At that time the great Tower guns repeatedly firing seemed a solemn and appropriate announcement to all London of the dawn of the day when the Monarch of England was to be crowned. All Dean's Yard was full of carriages when we set off through the Cloister to Poet's Corner. The iron grating leading to the Chapter House was not opened, and the poor organist, in a splendid scarlet and gold dress, was scolding in vain for the keys; so we asked and obtained leave to pass through a Prebendal house, and thus we were spared the circuit through College Street which we must otherwise have taken. Carriages were setting down fast at the boarded entrance, along which we went in a crowd of gaily-dressed ladies and men in Court dress or uniform, looking so chilly and odd in the grey cold morning. Our place was immediataly above the Peers, on whose heads we looked, and opposite the gallery set apart for Peeresses, between whom, at the intersection of the transepts, the throne, raised on four steps covered with cloth of gold, was set. Over the altar was the gallery for the House of Commons, which we saw partially through the arches of the choir. From the time we entered till ten, when the firing of guns announced the moving of the procession, the constant filling of the Abbey with Peers, Peeresses, etc., kept up a constant interest. The foreign ambassadors all preceded the Queen, and it was very striking to see them enter with their respective suites—Turks, Russians, Spaniards, Portuguese, and finally Marshal Soult, an old and grey-bearded man with a broad red riband and many orders. Prince Esterhazy, however, whose coat sparkled with diamonds and pearls, was the most sumptuous. The heralds, in their sumptuous tabards, marshalled the foreigners and their ladies to their gallery, nearly opposite us. As they passed in front of the Peeresses, the greetings and bowings were very general.

"It was nearly half-past eleven when the Queen entered, and the entire silence of the Abbey and the low yet deep roar of the multitude without was one of the strangest and most impressive sounds I ever heard. The acclamations of the Westminster boys, and then 'God save the Queen,' most charmingly played and sung, received her. She came along in a rich Peeress's dress, with a diamond circlet on her head. She seemed much overcome, and evidently trembled; and when she came to a little desk prepared near the Throne, and knelt for some time, covering her face in prayer, while the music ceased and many hearts joined her, no part of the service was more touching. The recognition then took place, the Archbishop leading the young creature to the four angles of the Throne, at each of which he read the form asking if she, 'the undoubted heir,' were accepted; to each of which queries the shouts of the people answered. The Litany was then most distinctly read by two bishops, kneeling before the Throne, while the Queen remained where she had first prayed on entering. The most charming Coronation anthem, and an excellent sermon from the Bishop of London, followed. We heard every word of his clear, sound, and good discourse. His text was from 2 Kings xxiii. 3.

"The anointing and crowning followed; and when the Queen, in her golden cope, her crown, sceptre, etc., returned from the altar to the throne, on which the Archbishop then placed her, the shouts and genuine delight were really unbounded. The homage followed, and the two aged uncles, [Dukes of] Cambridge and Sussex, both leaning on sticks, first came. It was very touching to see their venerable-looking white heads bowed before the child on the Throne, where they had formerly, nineteen years ago, done homage to one, and nine years ago to another brother. She kissed them and the Archbishop. The other Peers, each in turn, came up the steps; each first touched her crown, then knelt and kissed her hand, the premier Duke, Marquess, etc., each declaring his fealty 'in life and limb' for those of the same rank who followed him. This was a long ceremony, and a very significant and striking one. Two incidents excited a very general burst of feeling during its course—when the Duke of Wellington came up to the Queen the watchful silence of the spectators was suddenly broken, and renewed and repeated rounds of cheers were given, as he who had so well defended it touched the Crown. The other occasion was at the approach of Lord Rolle, said to be ninety years old. He came supported between two Peers; but, when they left his arms and he tried to touch the crown, the poor old man fell, and, embarrassed in his train, sunk down the steps. There was a momentary cry of horror, for he seemed lifeless, but he soon was helped up, and again tried to perform his homage; and then there was as sudden a shout, when the Queeen hastily and with evident emotion stepped forward from the Throne, to meet the old Baron half way, to spare his tottering steps. During the homage, the Earl of Surrey was scattering Coronation medals by handfuls among the spectators, and chiefly among the elegant young women who, dressed exactly alike, in white

* Afterwards Baron Hatherley, Judge and Lord Chancellor.

with wreaths of pink roses round their heads, grouped round the Queen wherever she moved, and among the Peeresses who, as the sun gleamed on their diamonds and coronets and crimson velvet robes, were looking almost too dazzling to be dwelt on. They gleamed, as they stooped and rose to find the medals, like the phosphoric light on the sea in summer, quite a flashing light. Altogether I cannot give you, I fear, any idea of the great beauty of the scene, the well-judged deep crimson and gold fittings-up, the gaily-dressed throngs, not crowds, for no one was crowded, the gorgeous robes of the Peers and Peeresses, and the grey old Abbey crowning all. Of the solemn and touching import of the whole, concluded by the Queen's receiving the Sacrament, and fresh anthems of joyful praise, you, my dear papa, can form a very perfect conception, for you know the nature of the duties undertaken and of the promises made.

"The reaching home was a work of no small difficulty and even danger. We changed our dress, and, creeping between and among horses, carriages, and multitudes, we at length gained Tottenham Court Road, where we found a conveyance home about seven in the evening. I think I never so suffered from fatigue, but it was well worth it. The whole sight must, I think, have done good, calling forth the people's love, and that of its object in return."

Beside this charming letter we may place the description given by the writer's friend Miss Anne R——, not written with the freshness of one who had seen it only the day before but yet full of vivacity and cleverness. It is taken from a little leather-bound manuscript book, full of charming recollections of great public events of the writer's young days, recorded for the benefit of her nieces.

"I remember," she says, "the coming of William IV. in carriages from Buckingham House (now Palace) to the Abbey to be crowned, and when Queen Victoria did the same I was in the Abbey, and saw the grand sight within, quite equal to the splendour of George IV.'s procession and banquet, which I saw as a child, from our house in New Palace Yard. There were Peeresses in full dress to match their Peers, blazing with diamonds and with minute coronets of velvet. The Peers filled seats in the South Transept; the Peeresses filled the North. The gallery over the North Transept, the Chancel corner, was remarkably splendid, being the seats for the foreign ambassadors; and in the passing to and fro and loitering at the end, I, in the opposite gallery of the North Transept, had a good view of them. The Russian ambassador especially, being arrayed in sable of such fine dark quality that it was almost purple, lined with white satin, the waistcoat a sea of diamonds, was amazingly brilliant. Then Prince Esterhazy, with his family jewels, in dark Huzzar uniform, the elaborate braiding of which, even to the *clocks of his* boots (*sic*), was all diamonds, was scarcely less splendid.

"The Queen, when crowned, retired to a seat at the angle of the opposite transept, where she remained during the sermon, which the Bishop of London (Blomfield) preached from a pulpit just beneath me. She had on a lovely light crown of diamonds, the veritable crown being very large and heavy, and only used for the actual ceremony. Her robe of cloth of gold seemed to drag from its weight, for she was continually heaving it up on her shoulders. There was a striking sunbeam which gleamed in and struck her diamond crown as she sat there."

Mrs. Browning's beautiful poem reminds us of the deep significance of the place where the young queen stood to receive her people's homage and the anointing of the King of kings—how she stood there between

"The kings and queens who, having made that vow
and worn that crown,
Descended into lower thrones and darker, deep
adown!
Dieu et mon droit—what is't to them?—what meaning
can it have?
The King of kings, the rights of death, God's judgment and the grave!
And when betwixt the quick and dead the young fair
Queen had vowed,
The living shouted, 'May she live! Victoria, live!'
aloud.
And as the loyal shouts went up, true spirits prayed
between,
The blessings happy monarchs have, be thine, O
crowned Queen."

The coronation of Edward VII., to which we are so eagerly looking forward, will make another link in the long series of these events which have taken place within the Abbey walls. From William the Conqueror onwards, each British sovereign in turn has been crowned at Westminster, in the famous chair and on the still more famous stone. No other building in the world has seen such an unbroken chain of these royal ceremonies.

Each of these grand events has had its own special characteristics, by which it was marked and is remembered. We may safely predict that the coronation of the Seventh Edward will be distinguished by the display of greater loyalty than has ever yet been shown at the reception, by the nation, of any of its Kings or Queens.

MARY E. PALGRAVE.

THE ANCHORESS OF STE. MAXIME.

By M. H. CORNWALL LEGH, Author of "Gold in the Furnace," "An Incorrigible Girl," "At the Foot of the Rainbow," etc.

CHAPTER III.



ALISON stretched her hand across the table impulsively, laughing once more at the simple unravelling of the mystery, and from pure joy at this unexpected meeting with one of her own kith and kin. It was so long since she had seen any of her relations that they had acquired a value for her altogether unknown to most of us, who occasionally perhaps are tempted to feel we could do without the society of some of our relatives.

Kate Harrison was a cousin about whom Alison had heard very little. She was known in her family as "quite a new woman," "not at all like other people," "a most independent person, who didn't care what anyone thought of her," and "decidedly peculiar."

This reputation for originality—it all classed itself under that single heading in her own mind—was not displeasing to Kate. She did not wish to be old-fashioned, dependent, or one of a flock of sheep, and a twinkle of amused satisfaction was wont to come into her eyes when she heard the things her family said of her.

"It is one of the main objects of my life to break up the old conventional tradition that a woman is bound to respect the wishes of her family," Kate said to her newly-found cousin in the course of the long, intimate talk which followed the recognition of their relationship.

"But it's rather difficult to disregard their wishes, isn't

it—for a girl, I mean?" Alison answered, slowly turning over the matter in her own mind.

"Difficult—yes; but not impossible," Kate replied briskly, cracking a hard walnut against one still harder with a vigorous pressure of her two strong little hands. "The weaker shell always gives way, you see," as she handed the nut to Alison. "That is a law of nature. It is only a question of strength of will."

Alison sighed.

"That's why there's no hope for me. I haven't strength of character enough to influence my mother. I am a small, weak, little walnut, and she is a strong one. There is no more use in my attempting to influence her, than there was for Canute to order the waves to go back."

Kate smiled.

"Arrested development," she soliloquised. "After three years which should have been the jolliest years of a girl's life, here she is fresh from the schoolroom." She had a habit of soliloquising about people in their hearing, which gave colour to the opinion that she was "peculiar."

"There's no use my attempting to influence my mother," repeated Alison.

"Then we must coerce her."

"What do you mean?"

"Recall my vision in the crystal. Seriously and honestly, what has brought me to Ste. Maxime is the intention of digging you two out of this hole and carrying you back to civilised life again."

"You must see what you can do with mother. Now I am going up to tell her you are here."

Alison went round the table and gave her cousin a kiss.

"It was very, very good of you to come," she said. "You don't know how glad I am to see you."

* * * * *

"What has kept you so long at dinner?" Mrs. Woodward asked, as Alison, with bright eyes and excited cheeks, came into her bedroom. "The candle is just in my eyes, now it has burnt down so low. I want you to move it."

Alison did so, then spoke, her heart beating a little in view of the conversation which had just passed between her and Kate, and the one that was pending between Kate and her mother.

"Who do you think the khaki-coloured lady is?" she began. "Kate Harrison! And she has come here on purpose to see us."

"I cannot see her," Mrs. Woodward answered hastily. "It is quite enough for me to have the servants coming into the room. When Hortense was sweeping this morning I felt if she were to stay five minutes longer, I should throw my slipper at her. The idea of seeing a strange face would give me palpitations."

"But Kate is not the same as a stranger. She is one of our own relations."

"Relations are worse than strangers, for they have not the least consideration about what they say to one. Besides, what is Kate Harrison? A cousin of your father's. She is no relation to me. If it makes it pleasant for you having her, I am glad she came, and you can go about with her as much as you like. I don't mind sparing you, if you want to make some expeditions. A little variety might do you good; but I don't want to see her myself. You must explain to her about the state of my health."

Alison felt horribly guilty and treacherous in the light of these parting words, and of the consideration for her which her mother had just expressed. The influence of Kate melted away into vapour and the strong perpetual hold her mother had on her re-asserted itself.

"I have told her you see nobody," she said.

"That's right, dear. I can't help it if she is a little hurt. People who have not been ill themselves cannot understand what a trifling excitement may mean for anyone in my condition. But go down to her now, if you like. I don't want to keep you always beside my bed."

* * * * *

"Well?" said Kate interrogatively, when Alison joined her at the foot of the stairs.

"Mother is very sorry, but she does not feel equal to seeing you. The least excitement brings on palpitations of the heart. She hopes you will understand it is not from any want of feeling."

"What a nice, proper, filial little message!" Kate's eyes were dancing disconcertingly. "Well, I daresay I should have made Cousin Minnie sit up. You don't know that expression? Ah, my dear, your education needs attending to sadly!"

Kate Harrison was a person of more tact than the world generally gave her credit for. She pursued the subject of Alison's revolt against parental thraldom no further that evening, nor indeed made any more animadversions on Mrs. Woodward's line of conduct, or allusions to Alison's enslaved condition.

"Let's come out for a stroll in the moonlight," she said. "Let's go down by the sea. Do you often wander about here in the moonlight?"

"I have never done it before. You see, one can't alone."

"Why not?"

It took Alison several seconds to frame an explanation of so obvious a circumstance.

"It wouldn't be considered proper, would it, for a girl of my age—anyhow in France?"

"What does it matter if a thing is considered proper or not when there is no harm in it?" was a question still more difficult to answer.

"I shouldn't like to meet any of those gipsies in the dark by myself," Alison said in defence of her regard for the proprieties. "They are a wild rough set."

"Gipsies? I love gipsies! Let's go past their camp. Don't be afraid, I'll take care of you."

"I'm not afraid."

"That's right! It's as well to have a little courage in this world! What a shame, isn't it, Alison?" And Kate drew her young cousin's arm into hers with an affectionate gesture which warmed Alison's heart to her more than anything else had done.

"It's nice to be teased, and scolded, and—cared about," she said, with a little tremor in her voice; "after one's been by oneself so long, with nobody except polite strangers about one—except mother, of course. You don't know how glad I am you came!"

They were standing by the sea now, watching the broad stream of broken, scintillating light the full moon threw upon the wavelets. The sweetness of the night air, the mystery of the deep shadows beneath the olives, the crisp breeze on her forehead, had in them something Alison found strangely exhilarating. The rustling breezes, the waves that broke in ceaseless sport upon the stones whispered to her of liberty—"Let me away, and away, and away." By some odd affinity of feeling her thoughts flew to the stranger she had seen yesterday, sketching upon the quay. She wondered if he was looking at the moonlight now from St. Tropez, and whether it would look the same to him. Her imperfect knowledge of the laws governing the refraction of

light did not enable her to know whether the moon would cast a reflection or not, from the opposite side of the bay.

"Now let's go and brave the gipsies," came Kate's voice, brisk and decided as usual. She liked the moonlight and the night breeze, but they did not make her feel poetical. The age when every beautiful scene in nature suggests undefinedly the romance of life, was past for her, and she had never been a sentimentalist.

The caravan stood by the roadside, but it was hermetically sealed. Only the embers of the wood fire smouldering among the grass and the camp dog, which gave a sleepy growl at their approach, showed signs of any near humanity.

"That's just like the perilous adventures we look forward to in life," remarked Kate. "In the distance they look so dangerous and exciting. When one gets up to them they turn out to be not in the least degree dangerous — only stupidly, disappointingly commonplace."

(*To be continued.*)

A GIRL'S RAMBLES THROUGH HAUNTED SCOTLAND.

By JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.

PART III.

A CHAPTER FILLED WITH QUEENS.



WHEREVER you go in the outskirts of Edinburgh, whatever else may be hidden from view, you never lose sight of the Castle. It is the one feature of the city which strangers longest remember, and which natives, however far they may roam, never forget. A look as if it were made for fighting impresses it on the recollection; a pugnacious, Scottish-thistle, touch-me-if-you-dare look that inspires respect and renders it unnecessary to turn to history-books for proof that in fighting days Edinburgh Castle stood no nonsense.

If tradition speaks truly—which sometimes happens, though she is a jade notoriously given to mis-statements and misunderstandings—this commanding fortress might be called the Girl's Own Castle. By the ancient Britons it is said to have been known by an unpronounceable name meaning the Maidens' Castle, because certain young maidens of the royal blood at one time found a safe home within its walls.

We give this statement for what it is worth. What is certain is that it formed the abode of a queen who will ever be held in affectionate remembrance by Scotch people—St. Margaret, the wife of Malcolm Canmore, or Malcolm with the Big Head. Here she lived, and here on the 16th of November, 1093, she breathed her last, leaving behind such pleasant memories that her Christian name became what it still is, one of the most common names in Scotland.

She was an English princess who, in troublous times succeeding the Norman Conquest of 1066, had taken refuge in the Northern Kingdom, where her beauty and amiable character captivated King Malcolm. It was quite a love match and a desirable match, too, in other respects, for the bride was no "penniless lass with a long pedigree," but rich in treasure which she had brought from England.

There was ability in her, as well as sweetness and gentleness. She contrived to manage her husband, who needed a good deal of management, for he was a man of strife, given to periodical rages when he was "neither to haud nor to bind." He was sufficiently fond of her, admiring in her the self-control he himself lacked, and proud of her learning, in which also she was his superior, for he could neither read nor write. A touching picture has been handed down of his carrying about her books and kissing those she loved most.

After he died—slain during the course of an invasion of England—she survived him only a few days.

She is much better known to posterity than her husband, which shows the advantage of enlisting the services of a friend as a biographer. No contemporary took Malcolm with the Big Head in hand, but St. Margaret had her life written by a monk who had been her confessor.

No doubt a good deal of this old monk's narrative must be taken with the proverbial grain of salt, the rule being that writers of the lives of saints dip their pens pretty frequently in the ink of a vivid imagination. But, all allowances made, the impression is left on the mind of St. Margaret being a woman who tried to cultivate her highest gifts, and greatly advanced the cause of goodness at a time when civilising influences were much required. Her religion was genuine and intense, and let those who think lightly of it, because of its ostentatious works of piety, remember that she lived between eight hundred and nine hundred years ago, when such things were the natural expression of earnest devotion.

"She wore herself away," we are told, "by the excess of her self-mortification. Each morning during the forty days of Lent and the forty days before Christmas, she went through a round of pious acts which only a devout mind could have converted into a custom. Assisted by the King, she first washed the feet of six poor persons; nine little orphans were next brought to be fed by her own hand; again with the aid of the King she served food and drink to three hundred poor people, specially gathered for the purpose; and lastly, she did unassisted a similar service to twenty-four others, whom she supported during the rest of the year. Traits of more rational piety were her liberal almsgiving and her efforts to mend the lot of her own countrymen who had been brought as captives into Scotland."

A proof of her high moral excellence survives in the testimony that "in her presence nothing unseemly was ever done or uttered," and if we all make a pause here and resolve that in this we shall strive to imitate her, our reading of this little notice of St. Margaret will not have been thrown away.

Since Queen Margaret's time the streets of Edinburgh have witnessed many royal progresses and the coming and going of many queens whose names are familiar to readers of history. They never rang with more enthusiastic shouts than one day in the spring of 1424, when James I. returned

from a long captivity in England, bringing with him his lovely bride, Joanna Beaufort, whom he had wooed and won in the South.

It was an incident in a royal romance, and hardly ever was such an odd trick played by capricious Fortune. Here had she carried off a monarch prisoner into a strange land and confined him there for eighteen years, that she might provide him with a queen, the most worthy, the most beautiful, and the best suited to him in the whole world.

Joanna Beaufort was the "milk-white dove" of "The King's Quhair," or "The King's Book," a poem which—he being a poet—James himself wrote under the spell of love with the Lady Joanna for its leading theme. The beginning of the romance appears to have been his catching a glimpse of the lady as she walked in a garden at Windsor Castle, and he fell in love at first sight, worshipping from that hour even the bush from which he had seen her pluck a rosebud.

The two had been married at the famous church of St. Mary Overy in Southwark with amazing pomp and ceremony, and, when they passed through Edinburgh, were on their way to Scone, where the King was to take up the crown of his ancestors. They were accompanied by a stately train, not only composed of the barons and gentry of Scotland, but containing many members of the English nobility, for the personal qualities of the King had secured for him a host of friends during the years of his exile.

No wonder the two were received with rapture by the good people of Edinburgh as they rode up the High Street. Romance had found the very match which policy would have dictated. "It was," remarks a Scotch historian, "a destiny uncommon among kings—to fall in love with a fair unknown damsel, casually seen, and to wed her as the one whose descent marked her to the politicians as the proper queen to bring with him to his kingdom; not to speak of his telling the story of his love in sweet verse worthy of a true poet."

Another royal procession was seen in Edinburgh about the middle of the reign of James I.'s successor, when his bride, Mary of Gueldres, came to the country. She landed at Leith, and was married to James II. on the 3rd of July, 1449. With her as escort came a distinguished body of knights, who appear to have made unfavourable comments on the poverty of the land in which their young mistress was to dwell. And, no doubt, Scotland then was poor, especially compared with the Netherlands, from which they came, at that time the richest part of Europe.

We know little about this Queen Mary, except that she was a woman of high spirit and energetic character, slightly wanting in discretion, as might be inferred from her conduct after the death of her husband, when she played a part in public affairs. In Edinburgh her name was long held in respect, for to her the city owed the erection of the magnificent Trinity College Church and Hospital, which stood on the present site of the North British Railway Station.

Nearly four hundred years after she died she was had out of her tomb by a zealous group of antiquaries, who have put it on record that they found "a skull of great delicacy, a well-formed chin, teeth small and regular, forehead broad but not high," and so on. It is one of the penalties of being something and somebody that even discarded bones are not allowed to rest in peace.

Another Margaret was Queen Consort in James IV.'s reign, and had a great reception in Edinburgh when she arrived for the wedding. She being the daughter of Henry VII. of England, it was thought that her marrying the King of Scotland would be the means of securing peace at once and for ever between the two kingdoms. Many hard knocks, however, were afterwards exchanged, but the match ultimately led to that happy union which now exists between England and Scotland.

Margaret came North in August, 1503, escorted by the Earl of Surrey and a long train of knights and nobles. She was met a few miles out of Edinburgh by King James, and the whole company entered the city in fine style. On the 7th of August the wedding took place at the Abbey Church of Holyrood, the event being marked by a succession of shows of every sort, such as had never before been seen in Scotland. The chief poet of the time, William Dunbar, wrote an allegorical poem in honour of the marriage—"The Thistle and the Rose"—whose title is worth noticing, for it contains the first authentic allusion to the thistle as the badge of Scotland.

A beautiful home-coming was that of Magdalene, the French princess who married James V. She was far from strong but one of the most lovable women that ever lived. James had met her in France, whither he had gone to make a match with another young woman who had been strongly recommended and with whose folks indeed he had entered into a marriage-treaty. But she turned out to be not what he had pictured to himself at all; he found her "bossue et contrefaicte," and, shocked and displeased at having been taken in, he at once set himself to break off the engagement and to project another.

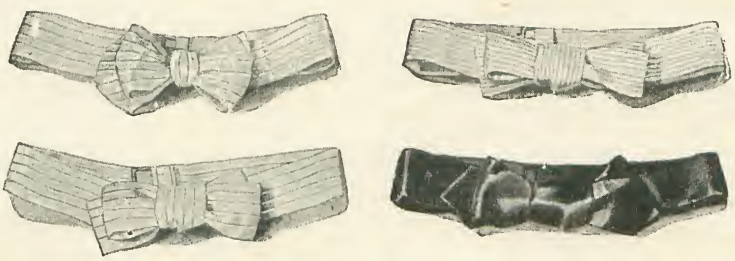
At this point he fell in with the Princess Magdalene, and an ardent affection at once sprang up between them. Notwithstanding the ill-health of the Princess, so the contemporary Scottish historian Lindsay tells us, "from the time she saw the King of Scotland and spake with him she became so enamoured of him, and loved him so well, that she would have no man alive to her husband but he only."

The two were married at Notre Dame on the opening day of 1537, and soon after set sail for Scotland. They landed at Leith, the port of Edinburgh, on Whitsunday, and there the young queen, full of love for her husband and his country, knelt on the shore, took up a handful of sand and kissed it, invoking God's blessing on Scotland.

She was received in Edinburgh, we are informed, with triumphs and shows of unexampled grandeur, and what was far better, the affectionate reverence of the entire people. But the doom had already been passed upon her. She withered like an uprooted flower, and only forty days from her arrival lay a corpse in her husband's palace.

The death of the beautiful young creature in such interesting circumstances made a deep impression on the national heart, and it is understood to have been the first occasion of a general mourning being assumed in Scotland.

(*To be continued.*)



EVENING CRAVATS OF WHITE LINEN AND BLACK SATIN.

AGE FORTY.

CHAPTER I.

"IT'S no use, Margaret, you'll not find anything suitable in that book. The world has no place for women over forty."

"The world must have a place for me, for I don't intend to leave it just yet!" and Margaret Ashton smiled bravely, though the speaker's words gave her an inward shiver.

The two were studying the registers at one of the numerous offices in the west of London, and Margaret had been vainly searching through the lists of vacant situations for one from which the fatal words "not over thirty" should be absent. Her companion, a small faded woman, with straw-coloured hair, certainly justified her own remark, for it would be difficult to imagine her ever finding a footing among the ranks of struggling women in this busy, pushing world. Mercifully she had no need to usurp the place of anyone more capable, and merely accompanied Margaret on her daily expeditions in search of work. The latter bore with her for the sake of old associations, and tried to feel unconscious of the clinging folds of wet-blanket to which she was constantly subjected.

This morning even the secretary at the office seemed determined to snub her, for when she carried over the book in which she had at last found one advertisement which held possibilities, that individual looked at her severely, and said, "I think Mrs. Wynford would prefer a younger lady. She wanted someone who could be a companion to her daughters, not merely a chaperon."

Margaret winced, but answered steadily—

"I should like to apply for it if you please, Miss Brown. I am in good health, and have a young heart, though my hair is turning grey."

Sentiment in a registry office is entirely out of place, and the secretary's tone became more acidulated as she continued—

"Do you think you can meet all the requirements, Miss Ashton? I see Mrs. Wynford mentions 'fluent French,' and I believe you told me you had only been in Switzerland. That does not constitute a French scholar you know."

"I do know it," Margaret replied, "but if you will give me the address, I should like to write. I believe I have qualities which would be valuable to Mrs. Wynford."

Miss Brown complied somewhat unwillingly, and Margaret felt that if she were unsuccessful in this matter, she would have to meet the galling words, "I told you so," from both the women who were now regarding her critically. In truth, she was desperately anxious to obtain the situation, for her small means were fast melting away, and to become dependent on the little straw-coloured woman who looked at her so plaintively, would, she knew, have an unspeakably deadening effect upon her, and she dreaded any influence which should deprive her of courage and hope.

* * * * * *

A fortnight later Margaret was threading her way among a crowd of passengers, porters, and trucks of luggage, with her inevitable companion clinging to her arm. She would fain have been allowed to take her departure from London without anyone to see her off; "railway farewells" were abhorrent to her, but when she suggested saying good-bye at the house, she was met with such a reproachful gaze that she held her peace.

"After all, it is only a few minutes' more endurance," she thought, and braced herself to bear the long string of nothings whispered audibly at the carriage door.

"Now mind, you are to come back to me at once if you aren't happy. I feel sure you have undertaken too much, and I would rather share a crust with you than have you stay if you haven't strength for it."

"Not if I know it!" was Margaret's inward comment, but she realised the genuine kindness that lay behind the dreary picture, and managed to say a cordial good-bye as the long train moved slowly off. The last week or two had been so full of lamentations that she heaved a sigh of relief as she sat back in the corner of the third-class carriage, and knew that at last she was free from the incessant chatter and gloomy forebodings of which she had endured so much. But as the express sped through the green country, radiant with the white blossoms of spring, she could not repress a trembling of heart at the work she had undertaken. She had been successful in obtaining Mrs. Wynford's situation at a good salary, in spite of her age, but—could she keep it? Would she be equal to the demands of a high-spirited active girl of seventeen, and to the care of another of twenty-two, nervous and sorrowful?

"After all," Margaret thought, "it is more as a sister than as a governess that I am wanted, and surely a woman who has had some experience of life and character can be of greater use than a college-bred girl, fresh from her books, and knowing little of the world of men and women. Emily's dreary words, 'The world has no place for women over forty,' must not be allowed to depress me. I mean to do my duty to the utmost, and more I cannot say."

Margaret Ashton had lived in other people's houses ever since she was ten years old, but always with relations, never before as a paid companion. But though she had been given a good general education, no money had been forthcoming to enable her to pursue any course of study which might eventually prove a means of livelihood to her. She had seen girls half her age with their certificates and degrees taking places which she could never hope for, and she realised only too well that the woman who can do many things "a little" stands a poor chance by the side of one who has specialised. The last five years had been spent in close attendance on an old aunt, and Margaret had known full well that at her death she would be left homeless; but she could not do otherwise than devote herself to bringing some little sunshine to the last lonely days of the old lady who had been so good to her; and when at forty she found herself left alone with just one hundred pounds to face the world with, she did not regret for one instant having done what she had.

Of a naturally cheerful, buoyant temperament, she had always endeavoured to keep herself "up-to-date," knowing it was her only chance. If she once allowed herself to fall behind, she would be elbowed out when her turn came to stand in the ranks of the unemployed. And so, though oftentimes the effort was great, she used her scanty leisure in acquainting herself as best she could with the movements of the great world. She read eagerly all she could get hold of that would keep her in touch with literature and art; and her rare holiday afternoons were always devoted to the improvement of her education rather than to the study of shop-windows. Fortunately her aunt loved music, and Margaret eagerly used every opportunity of study in this direction, for she knew that here she had talent above the average. She often felt that this "scrappy" method of work was not the most satisfactory, but it was all she could do; and encouragement to continue came to her in the words of a well-known writer which she chanced to read at this time: "Knowledge of the world is the most valuable of all knowledge, and the most rare. The power of accommodating oneself to many men and divers manners can only be learned from experience. . . . The best workers are never those who are most contented with nothing to do. Special training is necessary, but it is not the only necessity. A good, all-round woman is more certain of success than any specialist."

"That's it," Margaret said; "that must be my aim, 'a good all-round woman,' and I must beware lest that comes to mean 'Jack of all trades and master of none.'"

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

H. and A. W.—I am sorry your sweet, unselfish letter has been so long unanswered. The pressure of correspondence has increased so greatly and is ever growing. Before this is in print your request as to the letter will have been complied with. It will be delightful to brighten, in ever so little a way, that dear girl's life of suffering. As to the portrait, I do not possess one at present; but the little one alluded to is a really good likeness. I do not think odd copies could be procured. My loving wishes to you both.

MAVA.—I am not sure whether you sign "MARA" or "MAVA"; but, having had two MARAS already, I will not use the pseudonym a third time. You give a very unselfish reason for not having written sooner—namely, that other girl-correspondents' troubles seem greater than your own. You desire me not to quote from your letter, and fear that I may be angry at you for the faults you acknowledge. Dear, I can only be sorry for those who own that their hearts are not right with God, and that they have ceased to love Him and even to try to pray. I know, by lifelong experience, that there can be no true happiness without Him. In spite of your sad confession, both as to estrangement from God and from those who should be dearest of all earthly friends, I cannot despair about you. You want to conquer discontent. Begin by asking for the only help that can be of use. Read the Talk on "Prayer" in one of the September Nos. of the "G. O. P." It may help you. As to your favourite study, you are young yet, and you have already made some progress in it. Work on steadily. Perhaps in time the special opportunity you desire may be given you. There may be reasons, of which you know nothing, for the refusal of your request. Try to break down the barrier between your parents and yourself. No earthly friends can equal a good father and mother. The girl-correspondent named is in a different position from you. She would give all the world for one parent, but she is doubly orphaned. I want to be your friend. Make me happy by a bright message to tell me you have kept your promise and have not tried in vain.

MARIE II.—I am glad to number you amongst my girls, and to know that you have derived such benefit from our Twilight Talks and Circle. They seem very real things to me, and the Correspondence has brought us all into closer touch with each other. I feel for you in your loneliness and absence from those dearest to you. So many of my girls, like yourself, grieve over quick tempers and words said in a moment of irritation which have caused much after-sorrow. The individual whom you find "so cross," probably never fought against her hasty temper in time to prevent its becoming a habit. You would not like to grow into an ill-tempered woman, so, dear one, you must take warning now, and, by God's help, fight till you have conquered the tendency to irritability in yourself. I will not forget. Many prayers go up to God daily from the members of our Circle on behalf of others—the weak, tempted, troubled, suffering, and sinful ones who long to find that "peace which passeth all understanding." Your relative has no right to insist on seeing letters from your sister, unless authorised by your parents to do so. But I hardly think a mother would make such a demand unless she had some very serious cause for it. It would be kind on your part to pass on any item of home news likely to interest your relative. I cannot suggest a remedy for the ailment named. Frequent rest in a recumbent position, and the use of a stimulating embrocation might do good. If ineffectual, consult a doctor. I agree with you that the name my girls have chosen for me—Mother-Friend—is "just lovely."

S. H.—I have not forgotten you, or what you have already done. I shall avail myself of your help as soon as possible, but you and other dear willing ones must try to believe that if I do not accomplish all I long to do in bringing girls into touch with each other, I do all that my strength, time, and the vastness of the work will allow.

ETHELINDA.—The Girls' Letter Guild has various centres, each of which has many branches. By writing to the Honorary General Secretary, Miss Kenward, 43, Streatham High Road, S.W., you can obtain full information. In asking for it, enclose stamp for reply, so as not to impoverish the funds.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

MIMOSA (*Employment for a Girl of Fourteen*).—We are strongly of opinion that you are too young to be trained for any one special employment. You ought at your age to be continuing your general education, and so developing and exercising all your faculties that later you may be able to devote yourself to a profession or industry with fully-trained powers and a well-stored mind. Too many girls at the present time are unable to rise because they really know nothing outside the narrow range of mechanical duties. We by no means ignore the value of special industrial training, but it ought to follow a sound general education, and not be taken as an alternative to it. Until you are at least sixteen you should go on with your schooling. Study languages with especial care; the knowledge of them will be useful in any work which you may take up eventually. We should also recommend you to take lessons in cookery or dress-cutting, if any good ones are to be had in your neighbourhood. Apparently, by your mention of photography, you have some taste for artistic handicrafts. If this is the case, you should practise drawing as much as possible, for it is the foundation of most of the arts. In some places the Home Arts and Industries Association and other organisations have excellent evening classes for wood-carving. Carving is not in itself often a remunerative occupation for girls, but it trains the hands and eyes, and makes a good introduction to the manual arts. We would suggest that you should follow as much of this advice as is appropriate to your circumstances, and then write to us again in about a couple of years' time.

D. N. T. (*How to Supplement High School Teaching*).—If at the end of a tiring day's work you try to earn money in some other way, you are likely to use up your energy before you are even middle-aged, and we think such a policy would be short-sighted. In your place, we should be strongly disposed to turn to elementary teaching where the demand for the services of educated women is better than in high schools. If you thought of putting this suggestion into practice, you might write to Miss Judith Merivale, the Hon. Secretary of the Association for Promoting Elementary School Work as a Career for High School Girls, 4, Park Town, Oxford. Miss Merivale would tell you what steps it would be best for you to take; but we think she would recommend you in the first instance to obtain the full Higher Local Certificate.

KATRINE (*Where to Start a Dressmaking Business*).—We doubt very much whether London will "promise great things" this year, as your friends have told you. No doubt the regular, well-known Court dressmakers will get plenty of work, and probably more than they can manage; but for the ordinary dressmaker for middle-class customers we do not think there will be much more to do than usual. Why, indeed, should there be? Not many of them are likely to want new gowns to go to see the Coronation, and for them the season otherwise will be much as usual. They will be no richer than they have been of late, when money has been notoriously scarce; and their aim will simply be to pass muster among their own friends without looking conspicuously shabby. No, we do not advocate London for a young dressmaker like yourself, although we certainly recommend you, wherever you settle, not to neglect to pay frequent visits to town. It is for want of such journeys that many dressmakers slip behind with their ideas and style. They think that for the moment they have plenty of custom, and that journeys to London are expensive, and gradually, before they are aware of it themselves, they have become out-of-date. The watering-place which someone has suggested to you would, we think, be a good choice. We know that locality well, and have long thought it poorly provided with dressmakers. Also, at Tunbridge Wells there is, or recently was, a fair opening.

MABEL (*Training for Nursing Mental Cases*).—A course of training may be obtained at the department for private patients in connection with the County Asylum, Dorchester. Lady probationers, when accepted, receive a salary which is gradually raised; and the terms offered at this institution appear to us to be superior to those of many other places where mental nurses are employed. You could obtain further particulars by applying to the Medical Superintendent, Herrison, Dorchester.

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PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

BY MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.



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THE UNWRITTEN PAGE.

CHAPTER XXIII.



THE New Year gathering was a great success, and justified Esmeralda's boast that, if given permission, she would organise an entertainment which should be both original and striking. Mademoiselle was not admitted to the secret conferences, for she was to be surprised with the other guests; but she could not shut her ears, and would not have done so if she could, for the sound of the music which rose to her ears was too melodious to lose. One and all the O'Shaughnessys possessed beautiful singing voices, and though the carols which they rehearsed were simple in themselves, they were practised with a care which made them a joy to hear. Over and over again the Major made his choir repeat a certain phrase, until the *diminuendo* or *crescendo* was rendered to his satisfaction. The opening and closing notes must sound together to the instant, and due expression be given to every mark. Music he loved, and over music would spend time and trouble which he would have grudged in almost every other way; but he rubbed his hands with satisfaction when the last rehearsal was over, and boasted gleefully that for carol-singing not many choirs could be found to beat his own.

By eight o'clock the girls were dressed and strutting up and down the hall to exhibit themselves to the gaze of their companions. Bridgie wore her coming-out dress—not so white as it had once been, but carefully chalked at the worst places, and swathed in lovely old lace round the shoulders. Esmeralda sported a pink moire dress which had once belonged to her mother, with a voluminous sash of white muslin, since nothing more elaborate had been to hand, a wreath of roses out of last summer's hat pinned over one shoulder, with all the crunched-up leaves ironed out smooth and flat, and white gloves cleaned with benzoline until you could hardly tell them from new. She was a vision of elegance, or looked so at least to the ordinary observer, for when a girl is eighteen and a beauty at that, she is bound to look charming, whatever be her clothes.

At nine o'clock the guests were asked, and the clock had barely struck the hour before they began to arrive. The sound of horses' feet was heard from without, wheels drew up before the door, and in they came, one party after another, having driven across country in the cold and the dark for five, for six, and in one instance for ten long miles, but arriving fresh and radiant for all that, and brimming over with good humour. Mademoiselle thought that she had not seen such a merry assembly since leaving her own dear land, had never heard such a babel of tongues. Everyone seemed to know everyone else, and to be on terms of closest intimacy and affection; everyone talked at once and exclaimed with rapture and admiration at the preparations for the entertainment. It was easy to amuse such a company, and dancing and games were carried on with gusto in the long drawing-room, which had been prepared for the occasion, and looked comparatively festive with great fires burning in the fireplaces at either end. Soon after eleven o'clock the different members of the O'Shaughnessy family began to slip out of the room, but almost before their absence was noted, the Major was ringing a bell to attract attention and marshalling the company to the far end of the room. At the same signal two servants entered the room, turned out the lamps, and drew aside the curtains from the stone-framed windows, through which the grounds could be seen, lying white and still in the moonlight. There was a rustle of excitement and expectation among the guests, for evidently something was about to happen, something appropriate to the day and the hour, yet what it could be, no one had the ghost of an idea. That was the best of those dear O'Shaughnessys, a smiling lady confided to Geoffrey Hilliard—no one could tell what they would be up to next! They were different from everybody else, and their ways were so much more amusing and charming than the ordinary stereotyped ways of society. Hilliard agreed with fervour, and found an additional proof of the assertion as, one by one, a picturesque band of carollers entered the room by the furthest door and took up their position in a semi-circle facing the audience. They were uniformly robed in black, with cowl-like hoods hanging loosely round the face, and each bore a stick, on the end of which waved a brilliant Japanese lantern. The lights lit up the features of the singers, and seldom indeed had "the beautiful O'Shaughnessys" appeared to greater advantage than at this moment. Jack's handsome features and commanding stature made him appear a type of young manhood, Miles for once forgot to grimace, and Pat's misleading air of innocence was even more guileless and touching than usual. As for the girls, Esmeralda looked like a picture by Rossetti, and Bridgie's halo of golden hair was more bewitching than ever in its sombre setting. No one looked at Pixie until the signal was given and the choristers burst into song, when she came in for even more than her own share of admiration, for the treble solos were without exception given to her to sing, and the piercing sweetness of the young voice moved some of the more emotional of the audience to surreptitious tears. Several carols were sung, interspersed with partsongs suitable to the occasion, and then the singers formed up in rank two and two, and at the Major's request, the guests followed their example, making a long procession in the rear. Another song was started, something slow and plaintive in tone, its subject being the dying year, with regret for all that it had brought of joy and gladness, and to its strains the procession started on a strange and charming expedition. Down one long corridor, unlit save by the cold light from without and the warm flicker of lantern ahead, along a deserted wing, where dust lay thick on the walls and the faces of departed ancestors looked down sadly from their tarnished frames, finally down the circular staircase, from which Esmeralda had had her first glimpse of Geoffrey Hilliard, and so into the great hall beneath. At the end furthest from the door the Major halted, raised one hand, and called aloud in slow, solemn tones.

"Prithee silence!" he said. That was all—"Prithee silence!" and at the sound there was another flutter of excitement among the guests. The hands of the clock pointed to four minutes to twelve, and it was evident that the last item in the charming programme was about to take place. Ladies moved about on tip-toe, mounting the first steps of the staircase or standing on stools to ensure a better view. Men moved politely to the rear. There was a minute's preoccupation, and when the general gaze was once more turned to the doorway, it

was seen that a significant change had taken place in the scene. Against a background of screens stood the figure of an old man—a very old man, it would appear, since his back was bowed and his head and beard white as the snow on the ground outside. His brown cloak hung in tatters, and he leant heavily upon his staff. A deep-toned "Ah-h!" sounded through the assembly, and showed that the onlookers were at no loss to understand the character which he was intended to represent. "The Old Year," murmured one voice after another. Then a solemn hush fell over all as the clock ticked out the last minutes, and through the opened door came a blast of icy air and a few flakes of snow, blown inwards by the wind. Only another minute, and then there it came—the slow, solemn chiming of the clock on the tower. One, two, three. Good-bye, Old Year! What if you have brought troubles in your wake, you have brought blessings too and sunny summer hours. Four, five, six—Dear old friend, we are sorrier to part with thee than we knew! We have not appreciated thee enough, made enough of thy opportunities. If we have ever reproached thee, thou hast cause to reproach us now. Seven, eight, nine. Going so soon? We were used to thee, and had been long companions, and of the new and untried there is always a dread. Good-bye, Old Year! Take with thee our blessings and our thanks, our sorrowful regrets for all wherein we have been amiss. Ten, eleven, twelve. It is here! The New Year has come, and to greet its arrival such a clashing of bells, such an outburst of strange and jangling sounds as fairly deafened the listening ears. Molly, grinning from ear to ear, was running the broom-handle up and down the row of bells outside the servants' hall. Mike was belabouring the gong as if his life depended on his exertions. The stable-boy was blowing shrilly through a tin whistle, and the fat old cook was dashing trays of empty mustard-tins on the stone floor and going off into peals of laughter between each movement. Perhaps it was owing to the stunning effect of this sudden noise that what had happened at the doorway seemed to have something of the quickness of magic to the astonished onlookers, but a good deal of the credit was still due to the castors on which the screens had been mounted, to an ingenious arrangement of strings, and to many and careful rehearsals. Certain it is that, whereas at one moment the figure of the Old Year was visible to all, at the next he had disappeared, and the sound of that last long chime had hardly died away before another figure stood in his place. No need to ask the name of the visitor. It was once more patent to the most obtuse beholder. A small, girlish figure with dark locks falling loosely over the shoulders, with a straight white gown reaching midway between the knees and the ankles, and showing little bare feet encased in sandals. A few white blossoms were held loosely in one hand, and in the other a long white scroll—the page on which was to be inscribed the history of an untried path.

Pixie's face was white and awed, for the solemnity of the occasion and the poetry of the impersonation alike appealed to her emotional nature, and there was an expression upon the plain little face which was more impressive than any mere pink and white prettiness, as more than one of the onlookers remarked with astonishment.

"Who could have believed that that child could look like that?" cried Geoffrey Hilliard to Mademoiselle, and that young lady tossed her head with an impatient movement.

"Why not, pray? If Pixie is not pretty, she is something better—she is *spirituelle!*" for it had come to this, that Mademoiselle could not endure to hear Pixie adversely criticised, and resented a depreciating remark as hotly as if it had had reference to herself.

At this point the formal programme came to an end, and the guests hurried forward to shake hands with their hosts and thank them over and over again for the entertainment which they had provided, while the choristers shed their monk-like robes (nothing after all but mackintosh cloaks with hoods cut out of black calico!) and appeared once more in evening dress. The way was led to the dining-room, where refreshments were spread out on the long table, and there was much drinking of healths and exchanging of good wishes for the New Year. Everyone was hungry and happy, and Mademoiselle's cakes and jellies were much appreciated; but Esmeralda sighed as she looked around, and ate sandwiches with such a pensive air that Hilliard demanded the reason of her depression.

"This!" she sighed, holding out the half-eaten fragment, on which was plainly circled the mark of small white teeth. "It hurts my sense of fitness. We should have had boar's head and venison, and a sheep roasted whole. We have some lovely old silver dishes which would have held them, but"—the "but" was significant, and she raised her beautiful shoulders with a shrug—"those days have departed. We have to be content with a sandwich now."

"There's no limit to one, surely," Hilliard replied gravely. "We will keep this plate to ourselves, for I am prepared to eat a very good half, and you must be hungry after your exertions. I can't tell how much I have enjoyed this evening. It will stand out in my memory as unlike any other I have ever spent. I shall often recall it when I am back in town."

"When—when are you going back?" asked Esmeralda, with an anxiety which she made no effort to conceal. "Not very soon, I hope. Jack goes to-morrow, and that is quite enough at one time. Oh, I do hate the end of the Christmas season! Everyone seems to go away. In a fortnight or so Pixie will be off, and Mademoiselle with her. It has been so delightful having a visitor in the house, and she has been so kind and useful. She made most of the things on the table to-night—all those pretty iced cakes."

"Ah, yes! Very clever, I'm sure," said Hilliard absently. It was easy to see that he had no attention to spare for Mademoiselle or her confectionery, and presently he added in a lower tone, "There is no immediate hurry for my return. I can just as well stay another three or four days, but I must be back in town before this day week. I fear there is no getting out of that."

"Glue?" queried Esmeralda saucily. They were sitting together at a little table behind most of the other guests, and she lay back in her chair looking up at him with a roguish smile. "Glue?"

"Glue principally. It is a very—er—engrossing occupation," returned Hilliard, nobly resisting the inclination to pun; "but I think it could manage without me for a few days longer, and perhaps we could have another ride together. There is a Meet somewhere near the day after to-morrow. Shall you be there?"

Esmeralda hesitated, seized with a sudden mysterious disinclination to say "No," a desperate longing to say "Yes," and yet—and yet—how could it decently be done?

"I—don't know. It's Bridgie's turn. We have only one horse between us, and I have been the last three

times. I don't like to ask her again. It seems so mean."

"But if you did ask, she would let you go. She would not mind taking her turn later on?"

"Oh, no, or not at all, for the matter of that. There's nothing Bridgie wouldn't give away if anyone else wanted it. She's an angel. It's just because she's so sweet that I'm ashamed to be selfish."

"I can understand that, but—just once! If you were to ask her very nicely to change places with you just once more because—because—er—"—Hilliard hesitated and pulled his moustache in embarrassment—"because you——"

"Yes, that's just it. What can I say? Because what?" laughed Esmeralda gaily, then suddenly met the gaze of a pair of deep blue eyes, twinkling no longer, but fixed upon her in intent, earnest scrutiny, and flushed in mysterious embarrassment.

"Because it was my last Meet, and I had asked you especially to be there. Because I had stayed on purpose to have another ride with you. That's the true reason so far as I am concerned. I am sure, if you told Miss Bridgie the truth, she wouldn't have the heart to say no."

Esmeralda looked down at the table and crumbled bread thoughtfully. She was by no means so sure. Bridgie was enough of a mother to take fright at such an open declaration of interest. She would not be so rash as to repeat the conversation verbatim, but go to that Meet she would, let Bridgie refuse ten times over, let every horse disappear from the stable. Go she would, if she had to borrow the pedlar's pony and ride bare-backed all the way. Such was the mental decision; aloud she said languidly—

"Don't know, I'm sure. Perhaps I may be too tired. I'll see when the time comes," and stretched out her hand to beckon Pixie to her side.

Hilliard smiled quietly. He had an extraordinary way of seeing through Esmeralda's pretences, and he welcomed Pixie as genially as if the *tête-à-tête* were of no consequence in his eyes.

"Well, little white New Year, are you coming to sit down beside us? Have you had no supper yet? I am sure you must be hungry after all your exertions. Let me wait upon you now in return for all the pleasure you have given me by your charming singing."

But no, Pixie refused to sit down or to eat any of the good things pressed upon her. For once in her life jellies and creams, even meringues themselves failed to tempt her appetite, for she was feasting on an even sweeter diet—that of unlimited flattery and praise. As she strolled to and fro among the guests she was greeted on every side with words of commendation for her singing, her charming impersonation of the character assigned to her, and by the more facetious members of the party implored to smile kindly upon them, to promise them her favour, and to remember their especial desires. It was not likely that she was going to sit down in a corner of the room with no one but her sister and that stupid Mr. Hilliard, who did nothing but stare at Esmeralda as if he had never seen a girl before. She shook her head as he pointed to a



"AN OUTBURST OF STRANGE SOUNDS FROM WITHOUT."

chair, but lingered a moment to allow him to examine her costume and pay the proper tribute of praise.

"It's charming—quite charming—so simple, and yet so effective. Those few loose flowers are much better than a formal bouquet, and the scroll—who made the scroll? It is most professional, and I see you have a pencil hanging by the side, white, to match the rest." He lifted it as he spoke, and made as though about to write, but at that Pixie drew back in dismay.

"No, you mustn't! Be careful—you must be careful. It won't rub out."

She walked hastily away, and the two who were left looked at each other, half sad, half smiling, for the words went home with a meaning deeper than any which the speaker had intended to convey.

"Be careful. It won't rub out," repeated Hilliard slowly. "That's a good motto for the New Year. I don't know that one could have a better. I shall remember that and the scroll all white and unmarked. I wonder what will be written there before the year is done?"

"A great deal, I hope—a great many happenings. I am tired of jogging along in the same old way. I would like a sensational headline in big print, and that as soon as possible!" cried Esmeralda recklessly.

Poor Esmeralda! The day was near at hand when she recalled her words and winced before them in sorrow and misery.

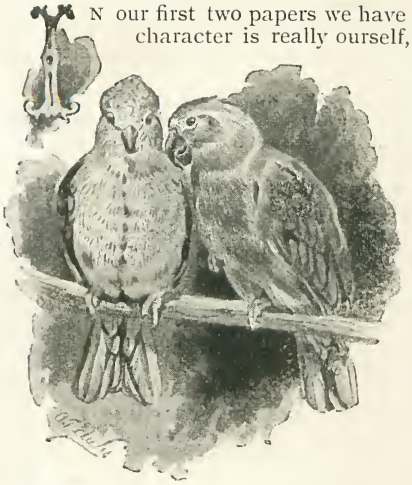
(*To be continued.*)

STUDIES IN CHARACTER.

By ALFRED T. SCHOFIELD, M.D. (*Chairman, Parents' National Educational Union*).

PART III.

CHARACTER AND HABIT.



IN our first two papers we have considered how our character is really ourself, and being alike in no two girls, is that which distinguishes us the one from the other quite as much as or more than our personal appearance. We have also seen how much of our character comes from our parents and from our early training, and how responsible we are as we grow up to perfect our character by the same means.

Education, and by this we mean self-culture, is described by Matthew Arnold as "an atmosphere, a discipline, and a life." An atmosphere is what we breathe; the discipline of character mainly consists, as we shall see, of the railroad of habit; and the life is the inspiring ideal before the mind that spurs us on.

We will now consider a little the very interesting subject of habit and what it has to do with character. We all know the saying, "Sow an act, reap a habit; sow a habit, reap a character; sow a character, reap a destiny." Habit is therefore undoubtedly a supplementary source of character, taking heredity as the mainspring.

There are one or two interesting points to notice in the formation of a habit. In the first place, the action that by repetition is to produce the habit must never be varied, but be as nearly as possible exactly the same till the habit is formed. Habits, again, are easier to form the younger we are, and habits that we like are, of course, quicker to be acquired than those we do not.

Habits of thought can be as well and truly formed as habits of action.

All the minor moralities of life may thus be made easy and habitual to the child. She may form the habits of being courteous, prompt, punctual, neat, considerate, and practise these virtues without conscious effort. We thus can modify and add to the hereditary disposition of the child until it becomes the character of the woman.

Character is thus largely the sum total of habit, and as the Alps are the sedimentary deposits of the silent seas of the past, so character is formed from the sedimentary deposits of thousands of acts and experiences in the unconscious past of our lives. These acts and repetitions arise, as we shall see, from our surroundings and our ideals. Still we must remember that bundles of habits are not in themselves character. Care in Latin pronunciation will not produce care in cycling in a careless character until, by repetition, carefulness itself has become an instinctive quality. Then it appears in all pursuits and forms a part of character. In short, there comes a period when I no longer possess a certain virtue, but it possesses me. When this is so, it is my assured property, and I can pass on to attain higher forms of virtue, and it is thus I grow into ὁ σώφρων—the perfectly-tempered being who is the product of organised habit.

The fixity of a virtuous disposition, which is the height of moral character, is the result of habit, and "the habitually honest man does what is right, not consciously because he 'ought,' but with simple satisfaction, and is ill at ease till it is done."

Morality should thus early in life be made a firm habit, for indefinite instincts soon cease in all circumstances to be reliable guides, and require raising (where of value) into definite habits.

Habits, though easy to form, often without our knowledge, when firmly fixed are very hard to break, and this fact gives them at once their value and their danger. In all good habits it is the greatest comfort to find that they produce ease in doing what is right, while with bad habits this very fact becomes an awful evil.

Of course a bad habit is a terrible thing when fixed, for the moral consciousness is soon blunted to right and wrong, so that a girl may contract such a habit of lying or deceit as almost to lose all sense of evil. Every act of sin makes the second act appear less sinful and easier to commit. Habit is thus a fearful power when enlisted on the side of wrong. Habit also lessens pleasure or pain, and when fixed almost abolishes it. We lose pleasure in games and pursuits as soon as they become fixed habits, as with professionals, and a continual sufferer soon complains less as the pain becomes deadened by continuance.

Habit may induce error, as at the beginning of a new year, when for some time the date of the old year continues to be written, or when dressing for dinner the watch is wound up as if going to bed.

From all these instances we see that habits are such great powers that a most watchful eye should be kept over their acquisition, at first by the parent, and later by the girl herself.

Keeping then in mind the importance of this formation of

habit, we can consider how it is formed. One way is by the atmosphere our spirits breathe, or, in other words, by our surroundings. When these are the same for a sufficiently long time, they stamp our spirits with their likeness.

Nothing exerts so great an influence on the character of a girl as the moral atmosphere she breathes. The composition of that atmosphere is therefore of fundamental importance, and its power is part of Nature's education.

In a certain air or environment all the weeds of character flourish; another develops all the flowers. If we cannot change our environment when it is injurious, we must definitely resist it if we are to be saved from bad habits.

We can make our environment as well as letting it make us. Our rooms, and particularly those we occupy most, represent the characteristics of their occupants.

But the family is Nature's great moral school, and real character is first formed at home. We cannot refrain from a short quotation as to this from the great German psychologist Herbart. He says: "If the life of a family is permeated by a noble piety, a sincere religious faith will take root in the heart of the children. To the child the family should be the symbol of the order in the world. From the parents we should derive the characteristics of the Deity. The child's ideas of the Heavenly Father are moulded unconsciously by the earthly one. The mother's tender care, the father's kind seriousness, the relationship of the family must exist in all purity and worthiness before the child's ingenuous eyes, because he judges only what he observes."

No girl can ever be sufficiently thankful enough for a home of such a character, and no greater blessing can be bestowed upon a child than to be trained in such surroundings. Most fortunately the good it does us is mostly received unconsciously, for if we only got what we appreciated, we fear many girls would get but little. It is when home life is done with that we learn to value it most.

Let us now see how one character affects others, for above all we are ever influencing one another, and our greatest influence is that which we exercise unconsciously. *Our minds cast shadows just like our bodies*, and daily and hourly those shadows are falling upon others for good or for evil. This one fact alone proclaims the overwhelming importance of character in social life. The reason we feel one person's presence and not another's is indeed as simple and unerring as the law of gravity. A presence is felt in exact proportion to the strength of its character.

"O Iole, how did you know Hercules was a god?" "Because I was content the moment my eyes fell on him—he conquered, whether he stood, or walked, or sat."

Character is like those bodies we call ferments, which have the power of inducing changes in other bodies without undergoing any change themselves. Ptyalin, for instance, the ferment in the saliva, changes any amount of starch into sugar without undergoing any change itself, and so certain characters have such power that in their presence all the starch in a girl disappears, and sugar takes its place. And, again, just as ferments are of two sorts, those that build up and those that decompose, so one character strengthens while another weakens and disintegrates every other with which it comes into contact. Some women are like spiritual ozone; one breathes a new life in their presence. Others, on the contrary, are like germ-laden sewer gas, not only noisome, but infectious. In short, like produces like. Those of good principles reproduce them in others, and those of evil likewise. Each multiplies after its own likeness.

"Men of character," says Emerson, "are the conscience of the society to which they belong, and to produce all this effect no word need be spoken, no deed done—the presence often suffices."

"In silent company with another," says Maeterlink, "the character is often deeply formed. The truth," he adds, "cannot often be uttered in words, but it can be learnt in silence."

Having thus considered a little the power of surroundings and of the influence we have over one another, let us look at another way of forming good habits, and that is by following ideals.

The value of an ideal is that it takes a girl's thoughts off herself in the pursuit of a worthy object, and character is much better formed in this way than by studying oneself. Facility in playing the violin well is not gained by a study of the muscles of the right arm, but by practising good music.

One's character becomes similar to those whom we love, admire and respect, simply because in trying to be like them we unconsciously form habits to resemble them.

Our instincts and character are moulded by ideals, but not by passing pleasures; indeed, our will seems fulfilled in an ideal in a way it never is by pleasure. This ideal may not be a matter of conscious choice, but may grow up with us from obscure origin. The measure of a girl is truly the measure of her vision, that is, of the ideal before her eye. "To have the eye evil," says Ruskin, "is more than being blind, just as the whole body being full of darkness is darkness in me, and is more than my being in darkness." Such is the case where corrupt ideals fill the vision. Loss of faith in ideals is also destructive of character and stops its growth; moreover, an ideal not followed is soon lost.

The substitution of an inferior ideal for a superior is the greatest moral calamity a girl can suffer. We must never lower our standards in order more easily to reach them, and, indeed, an impossible ideal or standard is always the most elevating to the character. The impossibility of reaching it preserves humility, while at the same time it ensures constant progress. Without an ideal we may exist, but cannot be said to live.

The majority of girls have an ideal self they try to realise. Harmony between this ideal self and the real self brings peace of mind, while discord brings distress and remorse.

The ideal self is a compound of the ideals before a girl's mind. Its main feature is formed by the principal object for which she lives, but in minor matters standards of perfection are set up in deportment, dress, personal habits, style, etc.

A coster may thus live for a flowered waistcoat or a donkey-barrow, a flower-girl for a picture-hat with ostrich feathers, and many of our readers up to their blue china or for proportionately higher objects.

The general ideals before girls are as various as themselves. Some indeed (outside, of course, our charmed circle) may have positively bad ideals. Others have morbid ideals, such as girls who "enjoy bad health."

Then we reach the large class with the low aims of riches and pleasures of all sorts as the goal of life.

Of all such aims the end is fixed. There are two paths for every girl to choose, the path of duty or pleasure, of self-denial or self-gratification, of self-control or licence, of right or wrong, and the one is a path of life and the other a path of death. A very curious thing about these low aims is that when we pursue them, we feel and know that we are slaves, but when we pursue loftier ideals, we feel free.

Going a little higher, we reach an insipid class of girls whose aim may be said to be a negative one. Their object is "to do no harm," or "to keep out of troubles," and with this their lives are fulfilled.

Another aim amongst men, not so common, perhaps, with girls, is magnitude, or, as we say now, "breaking the record." The ideal is to be the largest grocer or biggest draper, or the richest landowner. Akin to this class, though distinctly higher in moral aim, are those who would be best rather than biggest, quality being valued rather than quantity. The ideal may be to become the top of a school class, the highest in rank, the best dressed, or the best tennis-player, the first in her profession, and so on.

Higher still, and the first where self in some shape or form ceases to be the direct object, is the class of girls (which is increasing) whose ideal consists in social aims, in women's progress, in the greatest good for the greatest number, and in helping in all sorts of societies with this object, it being remembered that "social" includes both

duty in social morality and personal duty, while "the greatest good of the greatest number" includes personal good, family good, social good and universal good.

Higher than these again are those who seek to fulfil in the most perfect way the domestic life, who as women seek to be the head of an ideal home, and to train as carefully as may be the characters committed to their charge, and fulfil all the varied relations of wives, mothers, and mistresses in the best possible manner.

Higher, in one sense than these are those whose first ideal is the pleasing of God and the fulfilling of His will, whether in a life of self-sacrifice at home or in a life of self-sacrifice away from all its pleasures in the direct service of God.

We would not be misunderstood here. We can have noble and lofty ideals apart from Christianity, but there can be no doubt we have the highest ideals with it. A woman may be a good wife, mother and mistress without having the highest incentives of all before her, but undoubtedly all that she does and is has a different aspect when it springs from love and devotion to her God and Saviour.

We will add one word as to the connection of happiness and pleasure with ideals. Seneca said, "We *do not love* virtue because it gives us pleasure, but it gives us pleasure because we love it." The "eudaimonia" of Aristotle—the end of being—is by no means mere happiness. To pursue happiness as such is almost invariably to lose it. The most miserable girls are those wholly absorbed in pleasure, and nothing brings more discontent than making oneself in any shape an object. Nevertheless it may be said goodness and happiness go hand in hand. Happiness indeed is largely found, where the ideal is good, in the means used to attain the end in view.

One may live entirely for others without a thought of self and have the greatest happiness in so doing. One of the happiest and most contented faces I have seen is in a lady born to the brightest and highest prospects, but who, after great sorrow, has found her delight in living in the east of London and directing a community of ladies wholly given up to the love and care of others for the dear sake of her Lord and Master. Unclouded happiness, deep content, real satisfaction, perfect peace and great usefulness are actually within the reach of every reader of these pages.

(*To be continued.*)

PRACTICAL POINTS OF LAW.

By A LAWYER.

Infants.

A LEGAL infant is a person of either sex under twenty-one years of age.

An infant is only liable for the payment of necessaries.

Necessaries are goods suitable to the condition in life of the infant, and to his or her actual requirements at the time of the sale and delivery.

An infant is liable for "necessaries" supplied to his wife and children.

The term "necessaries" has now a purely technical meaning, and embraces other things than food, clothes and medicine.

For instance, a servant's livery, regimentals, carriages and horses, decent burial, and proper education, have been held to be necessaries.

Presents to a bride, who eventually becomes the infant's wife, are necessaries.

An infant is not liable for money lent to supply himself with necessaries.

Because he might have borrowed it for that purpose and spent it on something else.

An infant is not bound by his covenant.

But if an infant makes an agreement, which is for his benefit at the time, it will bind him.

Although an infant who has entered into a contract cannot be compelled to complete it, yet he cannot maintain an action to recover back a deposit. Nor can he in general recover money back when he comes of age which he has paid for goods which were not necessaries.

An infant ought to sue by his next friend, and not to wait until he is of age.

An infant is not liable to an action for breach of promise of marriage.

An infant under the age of seven cannot incur the guilt of felony.

The statement of an account by an infant is not binding on him.

But may be ratified by him after he comes of age.

An infant who is apprenticed to a tradesman may be bound, on the death of his master, to serve his widow, if she carries on the same business in the same locality.

An infant who contracts a debt during his minority, and confirms it on reaching his majority, is bound by it.

An infant may be a witness in a court of law if he understands the nature of an oath.

An infant cannot be made bankrupt by a creditor under a voidable contract.

An infant who has been dealt with as a trader is not consequently liable in respect of a trade debt.

When an infant carries on a trade, an action is not maintainable against him for work done for him in the course of that trade.

But an action may be maintained against an infant to recover the amount of such goods supplied to him to trade with, as were consumed as necessaries in his own family.

An infant may be made a Ward of the Court by filing a bill.

The payment into Court, under the Trustee Relief Act, of money belonging to an infant, renders the infant a Ward of Court.

An infant plaintiff is a Ward of Court without any order to that effect; and if she marries without the sanction of the Court, her fund in Court will not be paid out to her husband without a settlement.

It is a contempt to marry a Ward of the Court without leave, though the father of the infant be living.

Wards of Court are not to be removed out of the jurisdiction.

The clandestine removal of a Ward of Court from the custody of the person with whom the ward has been residing in a criminal contempt.

Marrying an infant Ward of Court is a contempt, though the parties had no notice that the infant was a ward.

A father who makes his children Wards of Court, and then applies to the Court to assist him in directing their religious education, does not necessarily thereby abdicate his parental authority.

An infant is to be brought up in the religion of its father.

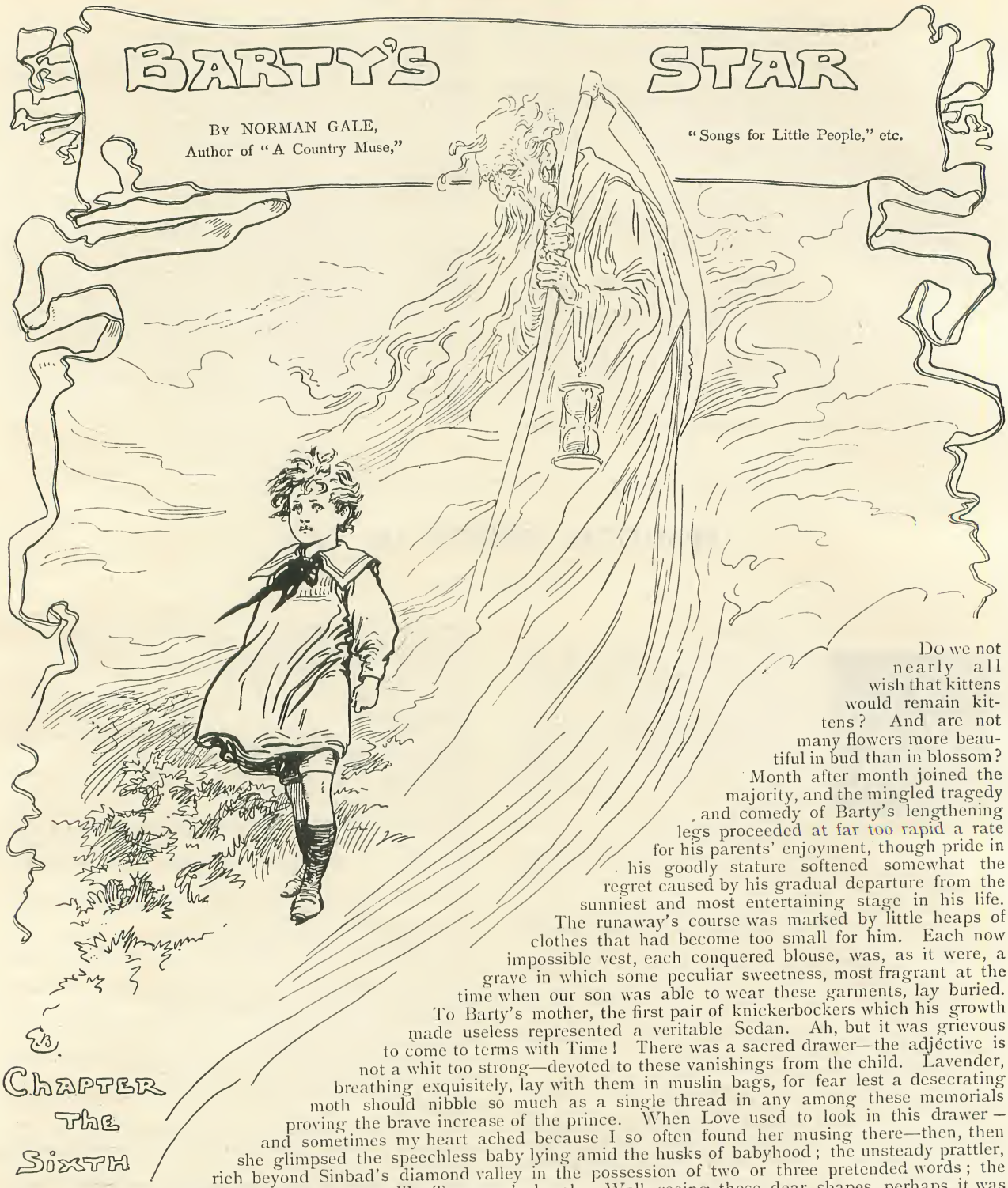
A contract entered into before marriage that the children shall be brought up in a particular religion, is not binding on the father.

A mother, being the guardian, has no right to bring up her child in a religion different from that in which her husband died.

BARTY'S STAR

By NORMAN GALE,
Author of "A Country Muse,"

"Songs for Little People," etc.



CHAPTER THE SIXTH

Do we not nearly all wish that kittens would remain kittens? And are not many flowers more beautiful in bud than in blossom? Month after month joined the majority, and the mingled tragedy and comedy of Barty's lengthening legs proceeded at far too rapid a rate for his parents' enjoyment, though pride in his goodly stature softened somewhat the regret caused by his gradual departure from the sunniest and most entertaining stage in his life. The runaway's course was marked by little heaps of clothes that had become too small for him. Each now impossible vest, each conquered blouse, was, as it were, a grave in which some peculiar sweetness, most fragrant at the time when our son was able to wear these garments, lay buried. To Barty's mother, the first pair of knickerbockers which his growth made useless represented a veritable Sedan. Ah, but it was grievous to come to terms with Time! There was a sacred drawer—the adjective is not a whit too strong—devoted to these vanishings from the child. Lavender, breathing exquisitely, lay with them in muslin bags, for fear lest a desecrating moth should nibble so much as a single thread in any among these memorials proving the brave increase of the prince. When Love used to look in this drawer—and sometimes my heart ached because I so often found her musing there—then, then she glimpsed the speechless baby lying amid the husks of babyhood; the unsteady prattler, rich beyond Sinbad's diamond valley in the possession of two or three pretended words; the chatterbox with a tongue like Tennyson's brook. Well, seeing these dear shapes, perhaps it was small wonder that her eyes were suffused with tears. Horatius on the bridge never so resolutely carved enemies for Rome as the keeper of that drawer would have battled for its contents, had the need come for her to defend the treasure. Opening it, she looked into a kaleidoscope, at the bottom of which Barty flashed and flew and blossomed during her gaze in ten thousand subtly different guises. Show me if you can a more resistless Juggernaut than Nature. She rolls on, and rolls on. We, passionately anxious not to see Barty escape from the chrysalis of childish perfection, wished to keep the boy a golden cub. Nature, on the other hand, filched brightness from his hair, and several degrees of chubbiness from his face, incessantly pushing him in the direction of the normal English schoolboy of gentle birth and cleanly nurture. When he was a few weeks past his sixth birthday, I, for the last time, examined him with regard to the sky-patch between the two elms, and watched with intentness the earnest little face as the boy looked for a bright word in the dictionary of the heavens. In vain Barty screwed up his eyes. To change the figure, what sponge, I wonder, had wiped the star from off the indigo slate on which it had sparkled so long? Who had made Barty a bankrupt?

When the boy's life-clock struck ten, it was necessary for his mother and myself to make that sacrifice which means such poignant suffering for parents to whom only one living link between earth and heaven has been granted. It is easy to manufacture prigs and milksops; it is easy to turn out complete in every objectionable detail arrogant and selfish descendants; and among the tools peculiarly effective in bringing this result to pass are to be counted fathers and mothers of a fatal pliancy, adoring servants, luxuries at beck and call, the lack of obstacles to overcome, and the want of human standards by which to measure powers of brain and muscle. Barty was strong and clever, but he was evidently in need of those tonics which only experience could administer to him. He needed to meet his match. The voice of selfish love advised us to keep our darling at our knees; and the temptation to accept the counsel was acute. But since the prevailing voice was that of reasoning love, we determined to send Barty to a preparatory school a hundred miles distant from our familiar worship, where, as we trusted, he would learn many a salutary lesson not printed between the covers of primers. The grammar of daily life as lived by pleasant and unpleasant opponents in classes and in games and in squabbles would surely prove advantageous to him, especially since he had been taught without ceasing to control his temper. The handicap, therefore, was not unfavourable. Less cruel than ordinary boys; instructed not to despise other children merely because their luck had surrounded them with poorer circumstances than his own; humanised one degree more by his deep love for flowers, Barty entered with unusual promise upon his opening campaign as a raw recruit in parts foreign from the lawns where he had so long ruled as king. Early in May our Battle of Waterloo was fought; and we underwent a reverse, if defeated hearts and eyes may be allowed to represent flags captured and batteries lost. The night before the beginning of Barty's exile, as we looked love in all bounteousness upon the sleeper who made for us the half of our bliss, his mother and I promised to bear the parting with outward resolution, not then knowing the full pangs, not knowing with exactness how fixedly this human ivy had looped itself round and round our hearts. I trembled when I watched the leave-taking between my two angels—trembled at the shock of finding them incalculably more precious than I had thought them even in my most exulting hour; and for a moment my soul was deafened by the noise of rending hopes and shattering paradises; for suddenly it was given me to understand, as in a flash, the agony sure to follow upon their loss. The more complete is human joy, the more closely it resembles a venomous snake. Asleep at the innermost core of bliss lies the serpent destined to strike. When will it awake; when rear its head; when deliver the stroke? They who dwell as gods in a lovely household must the sharplier feel the sting, since an exquisite sacrament must be redeemed by an exquisite agony when the time for severance on earth is come. Thus by the Paymaster beyond the skies has the cost been fixed. But, ah, the moments when within us the harp of that black remembrance is swept by threatening fingers! Those bitter moments!

The natural elasticity of boyhood soon asserted itself as the train rushed along between orchards white with blossoming pears and cherries. When spring and summer marry, what millions of bridesmaids go to the wedding! Before he was five miles away from his mother's face of grief, Barty had clambered into the hat-rack, where he scrutinised with great care a golden pound which one of his aunts had given him for the purchase of a cricket bat and a pair of pads. Flowers plucked from the parent stalk soon revive when put into water. In Barty's case novelty stood for water. Speaking for myself, never had the whizzing telegraph posts bothered my eyes so much. After making trial of the other hat-rack, and after having learnt his sovereign by heart, so to put the matter, Barty condescended to sit on my knee and disclose the name of the manufacturer with whom he intended to place his order for his cricketing outfit. I begged him to send me a post-card as soon as he made a century, whereupon he entered in his mental pocket-book a note of my request, too serious to suspect an ironical flavour in my words. What with Barty's queer comments upon the galloping landscape; his thousand and one references to the watch I had bought for him; his several gropings under the seats to search for the money dropped during his gloatings over the silver hunter; and his frequent bird-like pecks at my cheek, the time passed so rapidly that I was astonished when we arrived at our journey's end. A few hours later I was being carried home at express speed, beauty and love behind me, love and beauty in front. Before the point of farewell was reached, some of his schoolfellows had, with swelling pride, shown Barty the cricket pitch, and, in consequence, he was so charmed that he was able to part from me with a heroism for which I was thankful. I had been vain enough to fear a tempest. Signs of April weather were in his face, it is true, but though the boy's eyes were so full with tears that an overflow seemed inevitable, he struggled against his inclination, and at my last looking showed me a countenance that was a lovely compromise between shower and shine. He had already learned the first letter in the alphabet of manhood.

When I reached home I found the elder angel sitting on the hearthrug in my study, searching, you may be sure, among the glowing masses of coal for Barty's face; and she was cheered not a little by the history of his brave farewell, insisting upon the closest details. In presenting her with these, I had the better of the bargain, for she paid me an extravagant price in Cupid's coin of the realm, fresh from a rosy mint.

I have had some uninviting weeks in the course of my life, but I think the first two or three following the transfer of Barty from home to school, packed as they were with dull feelings of rebellion against necessity, stand supreme as regards discomfort of mind and heart. I never knew before that May could be an ugly month. My happiness was far from being increased by the knowledge that I had a companion in misfortune. Who could have believed that Barty was so terribly dear? Unless I had personally experienced the slow torture inflicted by the boy's exile, I could not have imagined the unbridgeable width of the gulf yawning between the presence and the absence of a child. And to think that all our parental love is perforce centred upon a single human flower! How the heart races when the lengthy catalogues of disease and chance are remembered! Things which did not matter in the least when Barty was a daily member of the household now changed into small annoyances; and in a hundred different ways I found myself becoming restless, exacting, and, to be quite candid, even snappish. It is a positive fact that creases in the tablecloth vexed me; and, in a moment of silly heat, I once went so far as to compel the maid to undo her work at the eleventh hour, much to her surprise, since I had never before interfered with regard to such a female concern as rumpled linen for the table. As for the pictures on the walls, all of them seemed askew, and although I went from frame to frame for the purpose of making precise adjustments, I was never wholly satisfied by the results achieved. I began to get into the vile habit of keeping a sharp look-out for defects, instead of helping the angel in the house by carrying a bright face about the passages; by humming snatches of song to cheer her; and by hoisting numberless signals of wise and sweet fellowship. Luckily I was quick to discover the invasion of the bear into my nature. I soon mended my ways, and was forgiven wellnigh before I had acknowledged my full pettiness, receiving so beautiful a pardon that I was almost thankful to have been a sinner. The apparent increase to the weight of my books was another sign of disorder due to the flying of the young bird from the nest. Had the volumes upon my shelves been cast in lead they could not well have been heavier, or so it seemed to me at this time; and it always needed a marked effort of will to resume the studies which had been so refreshing when the voice and whims and embraces of Barty had been factors of delight. Just as a bee will hover near a foxglove, uncertain at which honeyed grotto to pay his first call, so I used to hover about my desk, taking long

to settle, though when we were all three together I had never found any difficulty in making a brisk beginning with foolscap immediately after breakfast. Stilly hours of learning were not the drugs to heal me. The right medicine lay in rousing activities, an opinion in which the other sufferer manifestly agreed, for from morning to night she chased the rabbit of domesticity with all the fatal thoroughness of a weasel.

One evening about six weeks after Barty's flitting, a quick rustle of skirts crossed from the door of my study to the chair in which I was seated, and the voice of the coming angel said—"Dearest!"

I purposely made no answer, so that she might hail me again with equal emphasis. Her hand, as if it were a white dove, fluttered down upon my shoulder.—"Dearest!"

"Well?"

"I have come to say that I must, and will, have Barty home for a little holiday at half term."

"Must and will? Hoighty-toighty! Madam is in her airs."

"Besides," she proceeded, taking no notice of my remarks, "you want him just as much as I do."

"This is flat magic. Is my girl also among the prophets?"

"You know you do."

"Well, as I have never yet found you out in a fib, I suppose I must believe you to be telling the truth now."

"Goose!"

"Thank you! Take a knee, Treasure. Now we can discuss this knotty point in comfort. Don't you think it will be serviceable discipline for us to endure till the end of the term? Won't having the boy here for a day or two be like opening an old wound?"

"The wound has never closed."

"Like adding fresh width and depth to it, then?"

"His presence will be oil for the hurt. He shall come."

"Not so fast, you sweet little comet! Since when did Cæsar's wife issue Cæsar's orders? I believe I am nursing a woman who promised to obey me."

"I was a girl of nineteen then, and could not possibly answer for a mother. Be a dear thing, and give up teasing me at once. I have a secret to tell you."

"I know it already. The fishmonger has not sent the salmon for dinner. Let him be beheaded in the courtyard below."

"If you won't be serious, I shall go. I can't sit here talking nonsense all the evening, especially when you make such dreadful holes in your socks."

"Well, what is the secret? Fetch it forth."

"I have already written to Mr. Salton telling him to send Barty on Friday. He will return on Monday."

She stroked my hair as she confessed her conduct, knowing from experience the gentling effect of the treatment. Her petticoat diplomacy was full of such blandishments.

"Pardon me if I appear breathless. If it would not oppress you, I should be glad to have that statement repeated."

"It's true."

"I quite believe it, you female Guy Fawkes! How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a plotting wife! I suppose I must wire to Salton to disregard your letter——"

"Rupert!"

"And send Barty on Thursday instead of Friday."

"You dear!"

"However, I can only do this on one condition—a condition which must be rigidly observed. It will be best for us to understand each other quite clearly at the outset, so that no bickering shall take place in the future."

She turned on my knee to look into my eyes. The soul of seriousness lived upon her face.

"Bickering is a good word," she said; "a very good word. What's the condition?"

"Don't be so impetuous, child. There must be no loophole for a wriggling exit later on."

"I don't care a pin what the condition is so long as Barty may come home for a few days."

"A wise general counts the cost."

"A loving mother pays it. I shall pull your hair till you tell me your terms."

"And I shall put you in the corner till supper-time."

"Tell me, please. What is the condition?"

"This, tyrant. That Barty goes back to school on Tuesday instead of Monday. Are you happy?"

"Tremendously!"

"I suppose the whole length and breadth of England might be searched in vain for such another spoiled girl. I am preparing a rod for my own back."

"It will be pickled in love, then."

"That's right. Don't go, there's a dear."

"I really must. Holes in socks don't mend themselves automatically."

"Let a maid fetch them for you, and so kill two birds—companionship and restoration—with one stone. By the way, harking back for a moment to what we were discussing just now, there's another thing I want to mention."

"Very well."

"I object strongly to your putting damp sheets on Barty's bed. Oblige me, for once, by not doing so."

"What else, Cæsar?"

"A petal from the rose," I said, kissing her on the mouth.

So Barty came home. Before he had been five minutes in the house he requested me to feel his biceps. I did so, and was duly petrified. He also submitted for my approval a butterfly which had been tattooed on the calf of his right leg; and he evinced the liveliest pleasure when I called him a young savage. Chingachook he revered; Uncas was his idol. After he had paid a flying visit to the kitchen and also to the stables, at each of which centres he could not have been more warmly welcomed had he won the battle of Omdurman, and had greeted—a little contemptuously—his pets, he overwhelmed us with chatter of the cricket field, till our heads ached with the effort to distinguish hero from hero, Outsiders from Swells, Corkers from Yorkers. To this day his mother is not at all clear with regard to the exact difference between sneaks and tweaks. Nor can she understand even now why Butterlegs has not an equal vogue with Butterfingers. About half past seven, Barty, putting on his most emancipated air, told me he was going into the High Street in order to purchase an evening paper, for he was full of thrills caused by a struggle between two eminent counties. With the return of the boy from school there came upon me a wish to work, so I went into my study and began to frown over some astronomical calculations. I had not long been bent to this labour when I saw Barty come rushing up the garden path as if pursued by twenty bulls, or by Magua with all his tribe. Bursting into the house, he came clattering and panting into my room, evidently set upon acquainting me with an electrifying performance due to the batting or bowling virtue of some cricketing hero. I turned round to receive Barty's impact with a full front, for it was his custom sometimes to behave as an avalanche. He waved a halfpenny print round his head in triumph. It might have been the Oriflamme of Navarre. To look at him was to be infected by his enthusiasm, so superbly had delight swelled his muscles, so royally had pride coloured his cheeks with blood that for a few moments conquered the tan of summer, or rather, combined to make with it his cheeks show a pair of flags in hue partly russet, partly crimson.

"Hoo-jolly-rah!" he shouted, a barbarian in speech as in emotion. "Never mind your rotten old stars, dad! A chap who used to be at our school has knocked a century for Sussex. He carted Richardson all over the shop!"

While cutting an elaborate caper, during which he looked as if he were a windmill gone mad, he upset the ink over my figures.

Rotten old stars, indeed! The brew of the poppies had done its work only too well, and Barty had changed to a veneered savage from the child mysteriously allied by frailest ropes of memory to a star not visible in the heavens for those who had outgrown the years of fairyhood, even though the human sight asked help from a lens empowered to sack numberless starry cities in the firmament.

Barty, Barty, how hast thou fallen, son of my joy's morning!

[THE END.]

"THE WHITE HOUSE CLASS."

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

PART V.



WONDER what Mr. Ruskin meant when he spoke of cookery as meaning 'the economy of our great-grandmothers'?" So queried Lucilla Merton as she and her two younger sisters found their way into the White House one fine morning. "I have been reading a very ancient household book which mother says belonged to her grandmother, and I can find no economy in her recipes. Listen to this, Miss Benson. 'Orange or lemon pudding. Fourteen ounces of butter. Melt it to the consistence of cream. Fourteen ounces of sugar, three ounces of preserved orange, the yolks of twenty eggs. Mix all together and bake it for one hour.'"

"Certainly no economy there," assented Miss Benson. "In fact, Lucilla, I think Mr. Ruskin was talking about what he hardly understood. As a rule we in this generation are perforce far more economical than our forebears were. I have a recipe handed down for the same lemon pudding which includes nine eggs and three lemons as well as a quarter of a pound of sugar and a pint of melted butter! The richness of the thing must be indescribable!"

"Since we have been taking these lessons," said Linda, "my elder sister has done nothing but pore over old manuscripts and documents. Such queer things as she has read out to us! Do let us have that cure for a pleurisy you spoke about last night, Lucinda."

"Here it is," assented the girl. "It comes in with our talk the other day of peaches and their stones. But you never told us of their curative qualities, Miss Benson. 'A peach stone baked in an oven or dried by the fire, then pounded fine in a mortar, sifted, and the whole given to the patient with a pleurisy in any suitable vehicle is a sovereign remedy. It produces a profuse sweat, and almost infallibly gives ease. The size of the stone to be suited to the strength of the patient.' Now isn't that last direction delightfully vague?"

After a good laugh the old lady bethought her of something.

"I forgot to tell you when talking of peaches, girls, that you must be very careful how you use essence of ratafia. It is simply the expressed oil of peach stones, and is a preparation of prussic acid. I lately came across an instance in a paper of the death of a cook from tasting this essence. She only wetted her lip, and there was apparently no diminution of liquid in the bottle, but she died in a few hours, poisoned with prussic acid. Another warning I must not forget in the use of all essences and oils. This is a purely culinary one. Always drop the oil on to a lump of sugar and not straight into the pudding you wish to flavour, otherwise the essence will float on the surface and be very useless as a general flavouring medium. Peach leaves give a better flavour than any essence of ratafia. Boil a few in the milk and take out before adding other ingredients. Experience will teach the number to use. The same thing may be done with laurel leaves. You then have a taste of bitter almonds. This acrid, aromatic addition is highly esteemed. The similarity of flavouring between peach and laurel and almond leaves is great. The essential oil in each requires to be used with caution, as it possesses marked poisonous qualities. For this reason I recommend boiling the leaves instead of spending money on essences. Prussic acid is colourless, but one drop of the pure substance is sufficient to cause death. Fortunately it is very volatile, and when once opened, a bottle of it loses much of its virulent properties."

"'Death in the pot' might be your prophetical subject this morning," said Linda a little flippantly. But Miss Benson took her up seriously.

"So it shall be, my child, for much ignorance exists of the dangers lurking in our most largely-used materials. For instance, I have long wanted to tell you about some of the dangers in milk preparation. It has been the boast of mothers and housewives for many generations that they never, if sensible, stint their milk bill. One has always applauded such a statement. But now science (and Mr. Ruskin says that true cookery includes all the science of modern chemists) steps in and says we are laying a very great danger in the path of the young by our indiscriminate use of milk. We all know that milk gathers to itself more spores and germs and microbes than any other given substance. Yet we seldom take the trouble to go and look at the yards or fields in which dairy cattle are kept. I heard of a man only last week fined largely for storing the milk he was to sell in a few hours under the bed in a common sitting-room. I have myself seen cream set to ripen in such a place. Now we should know just where the cows which supply our families are kept and milked, where the milk is put before being sent out on its rounds, and what the cattle are fed upon, in fact, make ourselves conversant with the minutiæ of life going on in the farm. A meal of turnip-tops or decaying potato holms, of which cattle are fond, is enough to sicken any little child who drinks that cow's milk. The food apparently does not affect the animal itself. It only works disastrously on the little things fed by them. One such case came under my own notice. I had a tiny, delicate nephew living with me some years ago. He was suddenly seized with vomiting and purging and all the symptoms of poisoning. His own particular cow was a goat. That goat was found browsing on a heap of decaying vegetable matter left in its reach. Another time a meal of laburnum on a cow's part nearly cost him his life. So how particular we ought to be to see how the dairy from which we get our daily supply is managed! Then we English are the only nation which drink raw cow's milk. That is a fact. And we are the nation *par excellence* afflicted with that dread disease consumption. Now much of this tuberculous matter is introduced into our national frame by the employment of raw milk. In a report of the Royal Commission prepared in 1890 occurs the following sentence: 'It is a somewhat curious fact that the inhabitants of the United Kingdom stand almost alone amongst civilised nations in the habitual use of uncooked milk as food. This is the more to be regretted because, by reason of this practice, human life, especially that of infancy and childhood, is being sacrificed on a scale which, to use the mildest term, is altogether deplorable.'"

"But, Miss Benson, boiled milk is horrid. I can't take it at all"—this from Eva.

"Only a matter of habit," replied the old lady. "But anyway, the peculiar taste of boiled milk may be done away with if it be left to stand for twelve hours after being boiled."

"Then I have heard it said that boiled milk is not so nutritious as raw," interpolated Lucilla.

"It certainly loses some," answered Miss Benson, "but only a very infinitesimal quantity of its nutritive properties. Practically the slight diminution of nourishment is not to be thought of in comparison with the immense gain in immunity from infectious disease and death. Once when diphtheria was raging in this place, it was clearly noted that those families who escaped were the families where the milk was used boiled. Boiling destroys all germ life."

"But isn't there another wonderfully scientific method of treating milk?" asked Eva. "I have heard Mrs. Carter, our doctor's wife, talking about it."

"Yes, you mean sterilising. The name is the *most* scientific part of this operation, little Eva. The process itself is quite simple. There are many kinds of sterilisers

in the market. The one I prefer is that sold by Allen and Hanbury, the great chemists in London. This is a jacketed tin vessel. It contains two tins with covers. These tins contain half-a-pint a-piece. I fill them, as you see" (cook had brought forward the Pasteuriser as her mistress spoke), "put on the lids, and then fill the hollow between the two jackets with boiling water. It takes just three pints to pasteurise one pint of milk. There, that is all. The boiling water, acting through the thin tin, immediately raises the milk within to the point of heat at which no germs can survive. We leave it aside for twenty minutes, and then it is done."

"No boiling or putting on the range?" queried Lucilla and the others in great surprise.

"Not in this particular steriliser," answered Miss Benson. "It is the most simple one I have used. There are many other makes which are put on the range, but I prefer Hanbury's myself. It has, however, one drawback to its use. The largest size only sterilises one pint of milk at a time. Other makes do as much as several gallons. So for a large family my pattern Pasteuriser would be useless, but for a single body, or baby, it is by far the best make."

"You said that many cows have tubercular disease and introduce it to the human consumer. Is not that impossible where cows are the property of the consumer and properly looked after, Miss Benson?" inquired Lucilla intelligently.

"When I tell you that twenty of the late Queen's herd of precious Alderneys were slaughtered for that reason after being tested, you will see that it is impossible to guard against this terrible disease. It is quite undistinguishable in the milk, so the use of any lactometer cannot be relied upon. It is only discoverable by a laborious, expensive process of examination of the living animal. So boiling is the only way, except sterilisation, of securing immunity from contamination on this point."

The three girls all looked duly impressed by the gravity of the occasion, and I believe raw milk was never used in the Merton family after this. One more point Miss Benson enlightened them upon. They had a vague idea that a Pasteuriser must necessarily be an expensive article. She told them her Allen and Hanbury's patent cost 7s. 6d., whilst many other makes could be got for half as many shillings. Their use therefore could be general amongst even the poorest of people.

"Death in the pot being our subject this morning," went on Miss Benson when her little steriliser had been removed, "I would like to talk about the evils of indiscriminate water-drinking. No wonder you look surprised, my dears! We of the temperance band in England sing so heartily and often foolishly about the virtues of

'Water! Bright water! Pure, sparkling, and free!'

that we seldom pause to think how very dangerous water can be. Now pure water and plenty of it is essential to the health of any household, but when are we sure of getting it pure? I myself have twice suffered from diphtheria from taking 'on trust' the supply given to the houses in which I have lived. Now water should be often tested for purity. The most sparkling, bright, and clear-looking fluid is not always the safest to drink. Filtering does not do much in removing deleterious matter from our drinking-supply—that is, when filters are used unscientifically. Very few people pause to think what a filter is supposed to do. Now our object in using one is to remove poisonous matter from our tumblers and cups. This is done by causing a certain quantity to pass through a bed of charcoal or prepared substance. In passing through, it stands to common sense that the layer of charcoal must become impregnated with the poisonous matter. It in turn, and very quickly too, becomes a mass of poisonous germ particles. Yet how few folk attend to the boiling of that charcoal veil regularly! I have known filters used for weeks together without any change of filtering medium whatever. Go to your own domestics, girls, and ask them when they last put in a new charcoal pad, and I venture to say they will confess to never having done so. So, in fact, the filter becomes vastly more poisonous than the water which is passed through it. I would say 'away' to every household filter except of the very simplest pattern. A good one is made as follows, but remember it, in common with the most intricate machine, requires frequent washing, boiling, drying and replacing of its charcoal. Get a large flower-pot, just a common one as used in the garden. Cover the hole with a piece of clean flannel or bit of perforated zinc, then fill up the pot two or three inches with small clean gravel. On the top of the gravel place a layer of well-washed white sand. This also must be about three inches thick. Cover this second layer again with about two pounds of animal charcoal. This last layer will need to be as carefully washed in several hot waters as was the gravel and sand. Pour the water on the top, and let it filter through the hole at the bottom into a water-bottle or jug. It will then, if all attention has been paid to cleanliness, be fit for drinking. A much easier and after all more efficacious and much safer plan is never to drink unboiled water. Boiling destroys all germs, as I told you when talking about milk, organic and vegetable impurity as well."

"Again I must be of the opposition," broke in Linda. "I object to the taste of boiled water as well as to that of boiled milk. Is there no method of finding out if water contains organic poison, Miss Benson, so that we could do without boiling it?"

"There is one simple test by which most organic impurity may be detected," answered the old lady. "Take a cup of water when you get home, Linda. Mix with it a few drops of weak sulphuric acid, then stir into it as much permanganate of potash as will turn it to a bright purple colour. Cover the cup with a piece of glass and let it stand for awhile. If there be any organic impurity, the beautiful purple colour will soon fade away, leaving the water almost as colourless as when freshly drawn. If it retains its purple face, it can be reckoned upon as relatively pure. I say relatively because there are gases and compounds which this easy cheap test will fail to locate. Boil the water, I advise you, even if it may taste a bit 'flat.'"

"Can it not be aerated in some way after boiling?" quoth Lucilla the scientific. "I have read that pouring it rapidly from one jug to another takes away from its disagreeable taste. Is that so, Miss Benson?"

"I have read likewise, Lucilla," answered the old lady with a twinkle in her eye, "but I must confess I never found it replace the oxygen or anything else in well-boiled water. Everything printed is not necessarily gospel, my young friends; so I cannot promise immunity from flatness. But just decide for yourselves. Is it worth while to run the risks of typhoid, diphtheria, and kindred diseases rather than drink boiled water? You see you need not drink it plain. Pour it whilst bubbling on to a few slices of well-sugared lemon, and you have delicious 'ade' at once, or on to tea-leaves, and the cup that cheers is the result, or on to toast, and a refreshing drink is evolved. Plain eau-sucrée, too, is not to be despised, and is decidedly fattening."

"Is there any other form of death in the pot?" inquired Linda after the trio had examined Miss Benson's flower-pot filter, tasted her lemonade, seen the purple tint quite permanent in her goblet of freshly-drawn aquose fluid, and set aside her steriliser.

"Yes, many," was the reply. "For instance, if you don't peel that turnip thickly enough, child, you will boil poison along with its nutritious properties. You see that dark hair-like line running about half an inch from the rind? That is the line you must always eliminate with the knife. I believe it to contain distinctly deleterious constituents. The nourishing qualities all lie in the heart of the turnip. Again, peel those potatoes as thinly as possible. The skin just covers its most valuable ingredients. Scrape carrots only, for in that genus of the order 'umbelliferæ' all valuable properties are in the skin itself. In parsnips this is also the case, as it belongs to the same family as the carrot. There is no fastidiousness to be laughed at in asking that the parsley we use should be well curled. In fact, when it is necessary to buy it, this point should be insisted upon, for otherwise it is possible to eat fool's parsley by mistake. Now that variety is a virulent poison. Onions are usually divested of all their outer casings as a precautionary matter

too. The outer skin contains a very acrid, pungent, volatile oil, which is both disagreeable and injurious to the human stomach. Beetroot, on the contrary, we cook without divesting it of its cuticle. This is in order to retain its sugar. If we skinned the beet before plunging it in boiling water, we should lose its pleasant, nutritive, fattening materials as well as its beautiful colouring."

"I have often wondered at the slavish following of custom in our cookery ways," confessed Lucilla. "I now see that most of our habits are founded on strictly scientific facts and sound common sense."

"That is a point to which I am delighted to have led you," answered Miss Benson pleasantly as the cuckoo gave warning of midday. "I think one can generally find a reason why and wherefore when one looks for it. Eating apple-sauce with pork is but adding a sensible corrective to fatty matter. Vinegar with beetroot prevents surfeiting from its saccharine. Lemons with oily fish and mint-sauce with young lamb are both judicious garnishes. The one neutralises fatty particles, and the other acts as a digestant for somewhat indigestible meat. So it runs all through the gamut. Do not sneer at any long-continued custom in cookery until you have made yourself acquainted with all sides of the question. You will generally find life's pudding made with a foundation of common sense, just as the White Knights had one of blotting-paper."

AGE FORTY.

CHAPTER II.

LOST in thought, Margaret roused herself with a start as the train slowed into the station at Wellminster. Here, then, was the place where she was to prove either a failure or a success; "and if honest endeavour can win it, success it shall be!" she told herself; and calling a porter, asked him to find her luggage.

"Where for, miss?" he inquired.

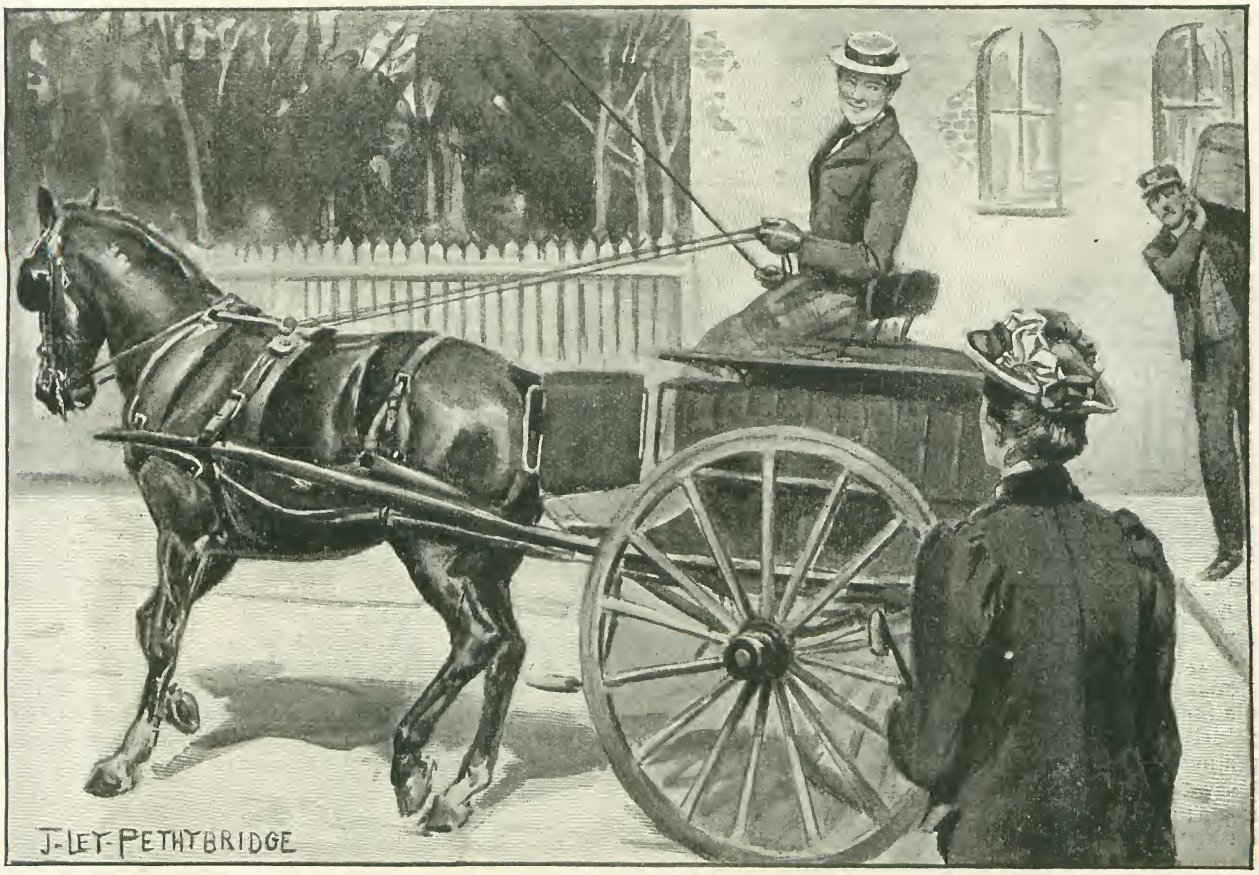
"Mrs. Wynford's, Hill Crest."

"Then the young lady's here with the pony-trap"—and piloting Margaret through the booking-office, he showed her a governess-car waiting in the station-yard.

"Are you Miss Ashton?" cried a merry-looking, tall girl who was holding in a somewhat restless pony. "Get in then, quickly, Ruby is crazy to be off. Wilson is here with the cart for your things; he can find them, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, everything has my name on it," Margaret replied, stepping lightly into the car. The pony sprang forward and trotted cheerfully up the hill, and the girl began—

"I'm awfully glad you've come, Miss Ashton. I'd better introduce myself, I suppose; my name is Eileen, and you'll find out before long that I'm the black sheep; so I may as well tell you at once that when anything dreadful happens, I'm generally to blame. My sister Lilian used to be as good at getting into a scrape as I am, till she got engaged to Geoffrey Mortimer just before he went out to Africa. And"—here the rough voice softened—"he died of enteric at Johannesburg last autumn, and since then poor Lily has been a very drooping flower. So I've been awfully lonely the last few months, longing for a kindred spirit. Tell me, are you fond of animals, and are you a good cyclist? It's very hilly about here."



"'ARE YOU MISS ASHTON?'"

"Yes, to both questions," Margaret said, as Eileen paused for breath; "I love a country life, and am a good walker. I can cycle any reasonable distance, and delight in animals; lately I have had to live in London, but before that I was a great deal in the country."

The pony was taking the long hill more gently now, and as Eileen chattered incessantly, Margaret had time to enjoy the ever-widening view of the great plain, slowly unrolling before her eyes, the fields glowing with the vivid green of spring-time, and the hedgerows full of blossom. At length, turning a corner suddenly, such a panorama of wooded hill and distant mountain burst upon their sight, that Margaret uttered an exclamation of surprise and delight.

"Awfully nice, isn't it?" said Eileen. "You'll like the view from your room, Miss Ashton; you can see the Welsh mountains on clear days. Here we are," as she turned the pony's head into a broad carriage drive, and a minute later drew rein at the hall door. "Come right up, and I'll find mother." But at the head of the stairs stood Mrs. Wynford, a tall, handsome woman with a tired and careworn face.

"I am very glad to see you, Miss Ashton. You will like tea at once, I know; it is just coming up for you; and may I come for a chat while you have it?" she said, leading the way into a sunny little room with a casement window opened wide to let in the crisp sweet air.

"Oh, how lovely!" burst from Margaret as she leaned out and gazed eagerly over the sunlit hills. "This is heavenly after London!" she exclaimed, smiling.

"I am glad you like the country. My mad-cap Eileen will be wanting to take you over hill and dale before you have been here long. But sit down and have some tea;" and Mrs. Wynford pushed a basket-chair nearer the window before she continued, "I wish I could have come to the station myself, but my husband needed me this afternoon. There are many things I should like to talk over with you, but I expect you will like to rest now."

"No, indeed," Margaret assured her; the journey had been quite easy, and the air coming up the hill so invigorating.

"Yes, we pride ourselves on our fine air. I only wish it would bring some strength to my poor Lilian"—and Mrs. Wynford sighed. "Eileen is such a chatterbox that she has probably already told you enough to show that your comfort here will depend on your power of adapting yourself to very different characters. Your letters seemed to show that you have such a power, otherwise I should have inclined to choose someone a little nearer Lily's age."

"The old story," Margaret thought, as Mrs. Wynford proceeded. "My great hope is that you may be able to rouse Lilian to some healthy interest in life; she used to be such a happy, sunshiny girl until her great trouble came last year. Did Eileen tell you?" as Margaret's face showed its sympathetic interest.

"Yes, she did, and I will do my very best to help her," she answered, and Mrs. Wynford resumed.

"We have tried everything; we took her abroad at once, and I had Eileen home from school at Brussels a year earlier than I wished, hoping her companionship would cheer Lily. The experiment has failed. She is so strong and active that she cannot understand her sister's highly sensitive nature, and though she means to be kind, she blunders terribly. I am very anxious about her too, for unless her wild spirits can be checked in some way, she will grow into a loud-voiced, ill-mannered woman. She has real musical talent, but I have great difficulty in persuading her to give time to study; she is never happy unless out of doors. And I am obliged to neglect both the girls, for my husband's health is a constant source of anxiety to me. If you find it at all possible to get on with them, I want to leave you in charge, while I take him to Germany for treatment."

Margaret could only reiterate her willingness to do her best, and Mrs. Wynford left her to rest and unpack.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ANCHORESS OF STE. MAXIME.

By M. H. CORNWALL LEGH, Author of "Gold in the Furnace," "An Incorrigible Girl," "At the Foot of the Rainbow," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

KATE HARRISON stayed several days at Ste. Maxime, during which time she drew Alison into the closest intimacy and succeeded in greatly emphasising her contempt for the secluded life to which she was condemned, bereft alike of all facilities for cultivating her natural talents and improving her mind, and from opportunities of enjoying her youth in its freshest years, as every other girl of her own age—Kate sweepingly asserted—did.

Worked up by Kate, Alison learnt to feel it a grievance that she could have no lessons in singing or painting, could never go through a course of university extension lectures, or pass a Cambridge exam.; and with much less working up she recognised it as a cruel deprivation that she should never go out to mix with people; that croquet and golf were not for her, and that she never exchanged a word with any man more interesting than the worthy *pères de famille* who, with their families, frequented the hotel.

Ever and anon Kate would hint at the only possibility that existed of escape from this dead and alive existence, though she judiciously refrained from undue hastening of Alison into a decision. The idea of revolt, she had seen, was so new to Alison's mind that it must be left some time to ripen before it could be expected to bear fruit in action. Only upon the day of her leaving Ste. Maxime did she press for something more definite.

"Have you been thinking it over?" she asked as she sat with her knees crossed on the balustrade at the foot of the hotel steps, awaiting the arrival of the omnibus that was to take her to the station.

"Thinking what over?" asked Alison, though she knew perfectly well what Kate meant.

"The crystal scheme."

Alison shook her head reluctantly.

"I have thought and thought about it, but I don't think I ever could. It isn't merely that I could not make up my mind to go and leave her." Alison always found it very hard to confess to Kate any lack of strength of mind. "I have not enough money to pay my journey to England."

"How much have you?"

"Not quite five pounds. Besides, it is part of my allowance from mother, of course, and I don't feel somehow as if I could use it to run away from her."

"Fiddle-de-dee! It was your father's money, and his child has just as much right to it as his wife. Besides, as I say, it would be as much for your mother's good as your own, your taking this step. Five pounds—why, that will do more than take you to England!"

"It wouldn't pay for my ticket second-class." Alison and her mother had always travelled first.

"Second-class—no, I suppose not. But it will take you back third."

"I didn't know one could travel third-class abroad."

"Then what do you suppose the third-class carriages are put on for? They carry you right enough. I will give you a tin of Keatings' if you are afraid of creatures that crawl and hop." She used the words in a tone which made Alison feel almost ashamed of not considering these attendants on humble society desirable acquisitions. But somehow the picturing of a journey home in the cheapest compartment of an omnibus train had a damping effect on the zeal which at times had almost glowed into flaming point.

"Then when I got there?"

"You would come straight to us, of course. And all the other relatives would be simply delighted to have you. You wouldn't have long to wait, though, before your mother was in England too. She would soon find that she couldn't live without you, and, even supposing that she collapsed again as soon as the journey was over, at least you would have got back from this exile and be amongst us all and in the centre of things. If Cousin Minnie chose to take to her bed in the Grosvenor, it wouldn't much matter. Everybody could get at you there, and directly you were in the street you would be in the midst of things."

"I know." Alison heaved a long sigh. "I wish we were there, but——"

"But there is no use wishing for anything we want to drop into our mouths when we won't take the exertion of stretching out our hand! And that you will know, my dear, when you are as old as I am—as you will that pointed shoes were only meant for snakes, and that soft *fichus* that catch in things are not the proper wear for country walks. Here's the gallant grey—so good-bye! I shall be back again for a few days if I can manage it before I leave this part of the world. Perhaps by then you will have come to a wiser frame of mind—that's if I do come back. If not, well, I think I've said everything I could to persuade you now. It is not my fault if my mission has proved a failure."

Those were her parting words, and as Alison saw the omnibus disappear down the road, a wave of reaction broke over her. She felt inclined to run after the retreating vehicle and say, "I will go!" And as at length, with slow, depressed footsteps, she turned into the house and took her way up to her mother's room, she was saying to herself—

"If Kate does come back, I believe that I really shall take her advice and go to England with her!"

(*To be continued.*)

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

AGNES asks: *Who was Guido Guinicelli? He is mentioned in the preface to Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies."*

As we hope many girls read *Sesame and Lilies*, and it is well to understand its allusions, we are glad to answer AGNES'S question. Guido Guinicelli was a nobly-born Italian judge and poet of the thirteenth century, who died in 1276. Bologna was his city, and he was closely associated with Dante, who hails him as his Master. He is first mentioned in connection with Guido Cavalcanti, "Purgatory," xi. 96—

> "Thus hath one Guido from the other snatched
> The lettered prize"

(Guido Cavalcanti is the first-named of the two). In Canto xxvi. of the "Purgatory," Dante beholds Guinicelli in the purifying flame. The spirit thus addresses him—

> "'Guinicelli I,
> Who, having truly sorrowed ere my last,
> Already cleanse me.' With such pious joy
> As the two sons upon their mother gazed
> From sad Lycurgus rescued, such my joy
> (Save that I more repressed it) when I heard
> From his own lips the name of him pronounced
> Who was a father to me, and to those
> My betters, who have ever used the sweet
> And pleasant rhymes of love. So nought I heard
> Or spake, but long time thoughtfully I went
> Gazing on him."

"A father to me." Such the great Poet terms Guido Guinicelli, and it is indeed high praise. Dante refers to him as "Maximus Guido" in his treatise on Popular Eloquence, and mentions him in Sonnet x.—

> "Love and the gentle heart are one in kind
> As the wise Master in his verses wrote,
> Nor one without the other may we find,
> As without reason reasoning soul is not."

Guido's poetry marked a fresh development in the history of Italian literature. He sang of Love, but in a different way from his predecessors. In his "Canzoni" the ideas of chivalry are associated with philosophical reflections. He looks into the world of thought rather than at earthly objects; his poetry is intellectual and spiritual rather than impassioned. "He led," says Dean Plumptre, "his readers into the region of the Unseen and Eternal."

Here is a specimen of the work of Guido Guinicelli, translated—

> "In this blind world below we prove too well
> That all mankind in grief and anguish dwell,
> While Fortune turns her wheel in ceaseless round;
> Blest is the soul which leaves the fruitless strife,
> And seeks in Heaven the true eternal life
> Where only perfect joy and peace are found."

The following lines, to one who has lost a "Lady fair, in Heaven incoronate," might pass as Dante's own—

> "Of thee she speaketh with the souls in bliss,
> And saith to them, 'While yet I lived on earth
> I had from him all honour due to worth,
> Still praising me in those famed songs of his.
> And I pray God, our Lord and Master true,
> As best may meet your wish, to comfort you.'"

Guinicelli died eleven years after Dante's birth. It is interesting to trace his influence upon the younger and greater poet who hailed him as his "Master." Doubtless our readers know that the souls in Purgatory are looked upon by Dante as happy past expression, for, through remedial suffering, they are on their way to the eternal bliss of Heaven. There is, therefore, nothing incongruous in the fact that Guinicelli is seen in the midst of the cleansing fires by the great poet of the Middle Ages, who revered him so deeply.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



FLOWERS FOR EVENING DRESS—ROSES, NARCISSI, AND VIOLETS.



TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

FIDELIA.—Your letter, with its happy news of yourself and your Correspondents, is delightfully cheering, and fills me with thankfulness. I have not heard again from the one named. So many of my dear ones have written about the helpfulness of Talks on "Thanksgiving and Praise," "Prayer," and "Faith and Trust"! How good God is to send such a speedy and blessed harvest from these little seeds of thought!

A. J. E. (British Columbia).—It is most cheering to welcome you, a missionary in such a far-away land, as one of my "Twilight daughters." I quote your bright message which others will love to read. "I am sure our Father is blessing your efforts day by day; for when one soul is won for Christ, we never know how many others may be unconsciously influenced by its means. One of my Indian women, to whom I lend the 'G. O. P.,' enjoys the Twilight Talks very much. I am so interested in your efforts to bring sisters-in-Christ together by means of Correspondence, and I trust that many sad and lonely ones may be thus cheered by intercourse with others more happily circumstanced." I shall endeavour to utilise your kind offer. If you come to England let me know. Letters are forwarded at once if addressed to "G. O. P." Office. May your labours "In His Name" be abundantly blessed; and the fruit of them become daily more evident and cheering to yourself.

DOLLIE (Jamaica).—I do agree with you, dear, that the delay named will not be time wasted, especially as you are able to say that you believe "it may be one of the Father's ways of preparing you the better for what was to follow." We do not always discern the good hand of our God in His dealings with us, but that is because we do not look for it, or our faith in His unfailing love and wisdom is too weak to enable us to grasp the comfort within our reach. You write, "I keep the Twilight Talks for Sunday, after service, and I only wish I had one for every Sunday, as I am passionately fond of reading, and it is my only free day. I am tempted to read books which, though not bad, my better self tells me should be kept for another day." You can get the volume, *In the Twilight Side by Side*, First Series, for which you ask, in two forms, paper covers, price 1s. 6d., handsomely bound, 2s. 6d., Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row, London, same address as our "G. O. P." Office. The Second Series will also be republished in due course, and the two volumes include the Talks which appeared during the first three years. They were resumed, by request, in March, 1901. I will try to find you a good Correspondent. I shall think of and pray for a blessing on you, as I do daily for all my girls. You do not give real name for use by a Correspondent. Would your *nom de plume* and address suffice? The real name would be better. In writing again quote both.

UNE DE VOS FILLES.—It was a true joy to read your letter, and to know that you and yours have been rejoicing over answered prayers. Your news about the dear missionary sister is more welcome than words can tell. Yes, I often feel as you do about the seemingly unanswered prayers, and say to myself, "What I do not know now, I shall know hereafter in God's good time." One of my great sources of joy and comfort arises from the thought that God's hand is just as discernible in the least every-day things as in the greatest, and that "He would always let us see this, if our eyes were constantly open to discern it." I love to pass on a sweet thought from you, my dear one, for no letter ever comes from you without a word of help or comfort which will suit all, so I quote again, "I'm so fond of this verse, 'Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord, for He shall pluck my feet out of the net.' It might seem our duty to watch our feet and so escape snares. But God's way is to bid us 'Keep looking to Me, and following Me, and I'll see that your feet are kept safe.' That is what the verse seems to say to me, for truly He has directed my steps times without number. The gladness this thought brings me shows me there is nothing better I can ask for you than just that He direct your voice and pen in everything." My dear, dear girl, how I thank you! Through you, from the time of your first letter, I have had only joy in and gratitude to God for our acquaintance. Would that it were a personal one! At any rate, it is a heart-to-heart friendship—ours for time, and I joyfully believe for eternity also. May the prayers and the love so freely offered for others come back with a hundredfold harvest to you, and all dear to you.

R. A. S.—Read reply to ROSE J. (No. 1156), which partly answers your letter. For the rest of it, I thank you most lovingly, and you may rely on my using any opportunity in my power for making known your admirable work. I am sure you throw your whole heart into it, and I have had ample proof of the value of such methods in my own sphere of work. I could fill a volume with the story of happy results, whilst failures have been few indeed. I like your thoughts on prayer very much. They are in full accord with my own feelings and happy experience. I welcome you, most warmly, amongst my Correspondents, and shall love to hear from you again. May God bless and prosper your labour of love "In His Name." I cannot use HOPE as a *nom de plume*. It has been chosen by too many already.

MISS H. B.—Sincere thanks for offered help to another Correspondent, whose address I have not kept because she had obtained the assistance she asked for before your letter arrived. I will look over the little pamphlet sent, and, if suitable, I will pass it on, but I cannot undertake to be the medium for offering other copies of the work even at the cost of postage only. My time is too fully occupied to allow of my doing it, and our Circle Column cannot be used in order to make the work known.

MISCELLANEOUS.

R. E. F.—The London address of the Beneficent Charity for Gentlewomen is, Secretary, Ernest Square, Esq., 7, Arundel Street, Strand, and if you write there, they will give you the address of the Secretary in Staffordshire.

ISMENA.—I should suggest a "game party" for your winter "At Home," and write "games" at the corner of your invitation card. I should divide the party, putting, say, ten on one side of the room, ten on the other, and a judge at the end between the two rows. Then choose a letter from the alphabet, and make each person give you the name of a bird beginning with that letter, the judge taking the people in turn, first on one side and then on the other. Everyone is allowed a pencil and piece of paper, and they can write down a list of birds, and the people on the same side can help each other. The judge holds a watch in his hand, and half a minute is allowed before the game is lost to the side which fails to give the name of a bird. This game can also be played with names of authors or names of books. The side who wins the best out of ten, or the best out of twenty, gains the prize. Picking up potatoes with an egg-spoon is another good game. You put twelve potatoes in two rows of six each, and then two people are chosen, one from each side, and whoever picks up the six potatoes quickest with his egg-spoon wins. Blowing a feather on a sheet is an amusing game. Say twelve people hold a sheet up to their chins, and a feather is placed in the centre, then one man tries to catch the feather, and runs all round trying to snatch it, and all the other people try to blow it away from him. When at last he does catch it, the person who was nearest to the feather, and failed to blow, has to get up and take the "catcher's" place. "Up, Jenkins" is another good game. Say ten people sit opposite to each other on the ground with a rug over their knees, or, better still, on opposite sides of a long table. One side has a coin, they all put their hands under the rug, or table, and pass it along; the other side says, "Up, Jenkins," and all their hands, doubled up, are brought on to the table. The party opposite decide together which hand they think the coin is in. One of them touches every hand they think is empty, leaving the one hand they consider holds the coin on the table. If the party opposite succeed in leaving the right hand on the table, they get the coin; if not, the party possessing it scores a point.

A. M. M.—A parrot should be taught to talk before its tail is grown. You should begin to repeat words and short sentences over and over again to it as early as possible.

LONELY WOMAN.—Yes, I know a good deal about the Y. W. C. A., and I do not think you could possibly do better than join it.



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PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

BY MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.



"ENJOYING THE PICTURESQUE SURROUNDINGS."

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CHAPTER XXIV.



E dear," said Bridgie to Mademoiselle, the next morning, showing all her dimples at once in the most mischievous of smiles, "what do you think Mr. Hilliard said to me last night before he left? He has made arrangements to stay a few days later to have another ride with the hounds. He believed it would be a very good meet on Thursday, and how wonderfully my sister did ride to be sure. It's my belief he started with the intention of asking me to let Esmeralda go in my place, but I looked so innocent at him that he hadn't the heart. 'Indeed,' I said, 'she did so, and I feared he would think I made but a poor show in comparison.' Wasn't it cruel of me now, and the poor thing looking at me speechless, with those lovely, pathetic eyes! I had to turn away and laugh in a corner, but I wouldn't relent, for, says I to myself, if I have to give up my run, I'll get some fun another way—and it is amusing, isn't it now, when a man shows you so plainly that he doesn't want you?"

"Indeed that is a form of humour I do not understand!" returned Mademoiselle, with her nose in the air. "But you will give way, of course—that goes without saying—and let Esmeralda go once again. You will not stand out to the end!"

"How could I? Suppose it was myself, and—someone I told you about. How should I feel if I had the chance of seeing him, and she would not allow me? I believe they are really beginning to care for each other, and he is a nice man. I should like him well enough."

"A week ago you were alarmed at the thought! I confess he makes on me a pleasant impression, but surely you know very little about him, and it is rather rash to accept him at once as a possible suitor. What do you know beyond that he is handsome, and appears amiable and kind?"

"His uncle was one of the Hilliards of Nanabeg. My father knew him well, and he was a fine, old-fashioned gentleman. That was what made this Mr. Geoffrey come here for the hunting. He had heard his uncle speak of Bally William, and the Trelawneys take paying guests for the hunting season, so he arranged to come to them. He is not very well off, I'm afraid, for Joan tells me that he has to make his money out of glue, poor creature! But he must be nice if he is the old squire's nephew."

Mademoiselle's eyes rolled upward with an eloquent glance. It was to her a new article of faith that a nephew must needs be exemplary because his uncle had been a popular country squire, but she held her peace and amused herself by watching the play which went on between the two sisters during the next twenty-four hours. Esmeralda was plainly anxious and ill at ease, and made tentative allusions to the coming Meet, which Bridgie received with bland obtuseness. She had not the courage to make her request in so many words, but instead brought forward a succession of gloomy prophecies calculated to dampen expectation in the mind of any but the most enthusiastic rider.

"It will be a heavy run to-morrow," she said, shaking her head dismally as she glanced out of the window on the quickly melting snow. "I wouldn't wonder if it poured with rain! It's a fine, draggled set the women will look before they get home."

"I prefer the ground soft, and, as for sunshine, it's a thing I detest—dazzling your eyes, and the poor mare's into the bargain. Dull weather and a cloudy sky is what I hope to see, and for once it looks as if I should get my wish."

"Well, it's good weather you need, to get safely over that country. Mr. O'Brien was saying only last season that it was the worst we had. There are some nasty bits of water this side of Roskillie, and they will be swollen with all this snow. Now next week over at Aughrin it really will be pleasant and comfortable."

"I'm so glad, darling! I hope you will enjoy it!" Bridgie put her head on one side, with a smile of angelic sweetness. Then, as Esmeralda flounced from the room in disgust, turned back to Mademoiselle, laughingly penitent.

"Isn't it wicked of me, now, but I do enjoy it! She must care very much to be so shy about asking, for in an ordinary way she would have blurted it out long ago. Well, I shall just wait until to-morrow, and then I'll say I am"—she paused to laugh over the word —"indisposed!"

There is many a true word spoken in jest, and Bridgie was reminded of the proverb when the next morning arrived, and her inclination for hunting or any other amusement died a sudden death through an incident which happened at the breakfast table. The Major was the only one of the party who received a letter, and when he had perused it he gave an exclamation of dismay, and leant back in his chair with an expression of bewilderment. "It can't be! It isn't possible!" he muttered to himself, and when Bridgie inquired the reason of his distress, he threw the letter across the table with an impatient movement.

"That wretched bank! They say I have overdrawn. It's impossible—there was a decent balance only a few months back. They have made some mistake. I am positive it is a mistake."

He left the room as he spoke, for breakfast had come to an end at last, after the usual long-drawn-out proceedings, and he had waited until he had finished his meal before opening the uninteresting-looking envelope, and only Bridgie was left, sitting patiently behind the urn, with Mademoiselle to keep her company. She also rose as if to go, feeling that she might be *de trop* under the circumstances, but Bridgie raised a pale face and said flatly—

"Don't run away, Thérèse, I'd rather you stayed. I knew it must come some day. It's only a little sooner than I expected."

"But, *ma chèrie*—don't look like that, Bridgie, dear! Your father says there is a mistake. He seemed surprised like yourself. If, as he says, the bank is mistaken——"

But at this Bridgie shook her head with doleful conviction.

"The bank is never wrong! Oh, I've been through this before, and every time father declares it's a mistake, but it never is! I've been disappointed so often that I can't hope any more. Poor, dear father seems to have

no idea how quickly money goes, and he is so extravagant with his horses. He bought a new hunter this autumn, and made alterations in the stables. I have tried to be careful, but, as I said before, it is so little I can do! Well, this is the last stage but one. There are a few more shares that can be sold to keep us going for a little longer, and then out we go. Poor father, he won't be able to carry out his programme at this rate. Esmeralda's duke has not come forward, and neither has my millionaire. When we leave the Castle we shall have to squeeze into a cottage, and live on potatoes and buttermilk. I am glad I am not going to the Meet. I should have been wretched all the time, but Joan need not know until she comes back."

Bridgie's pale cheeks seemed sufficient explanation of her determination to stay at home, and Esmeralda was sweetly sympathetic and concerned, but quite decided that exertion must at all costs be avoided.

"Me dear, you must not think of going! It would be madness! I'll keep father company, so don't you worry a bit, but just lie down and take it easy the whole day long," she cried gushingly, and Bridgie smiled, despite her heartache, and felt comforted by the reflection that two people would owe their happiness to her absence.

The Major looked very handsome in his "pink" coat, but his brow was clouded, and he sighed profoundly as he came into the dining-room to light his cigar, and saw his eldest daughter standing disconsolately by the window.

"So you are not coming after all, Bride? Letting Joan take your place? Well, everyone to his taste. I feel as if it would do me good to have a hard run and let off steam that way. I'll show them some riding to-day if they have never seen it before. There won't be much that will stand in my way, but you prefer to stay at home and eat your heart out in quiet. Your mother was the same; she couldn't throw it off. It's a pity for your own sake you don't take after me instead." Then suddenly, as he looked at her, his face altered, and he put his arms round her with a rare tenderness. "Poor little woman! Poor little anxious Martha, this is rough on you! I've brought about this ill day by my thoughtlessness. If I'd been as careful as you, we might have lasted out until the children were grown up, but I was like Micawber—always expecting something to 'turn up.' You must try to forgive me, Bride. You must not be hard on your old father."

Ah, and it was a lovely sight to see Bridget O'Shaughnessy's face at that moment—the sweetness of it, and the pity and tenderness, and the deep, unselfish love! Her father was touched by the sight, and lingered by her side, stroking her soft hair and murmuring fond, regretful words.

"I haven't treated you well. That minx Joan has twisted me round her finger, and you have suffered for it. You have had a hard time these last two years. Never mind, we'll make a fresh start. I'll turn over a new leaf from this day, and you shall take me in hand. Who knows but we may pull through yet?"

He went off waving his hand in adieu, and Bridgie stood watching the two riders until they disappeared from sight, and repeating his loving words with fond appreciation. Hard time! Who had had a hard time? She was a fortunate girl to have so much love and kindness, to possess such a dear, gallant, handsome father. What if they had to leave the Castle? Happiness did not depend upon the walls by which they were surrounded. So long as they were all together, they might laugh at poverty.

Meanwhile Esmeralda and her father were gently trotting along towards the park at Roskillie, from whence, in hunting parlance, they were to proceed to "draw Long Gorse," and on their way were enjoying the picturesque surroundings of a Meet in the country. Along every high road, footpath, and by-road came horses and riders of various sorts and sizes, walking or jogging along towards the central point. Schoolboys were coming on ponies to see the start, farmers on clever nags, neatly-dressed grooms riding or leading horses conspicuous for shape and beauty. Down the cross-road approached the hounds themselves, headed by their whipper-in, and surrounding the picturesque figure of the huntsman. They took up their position in the park, and presently from every point of the compass the scarlet coats came trotting forward, followed by a string of drags, dog-carts, and gigs. The Major and his daughter came in for greetings on every side, for they were among old friends, and the girl's beauty and daring had made her popular with all. There were other ladies present, but they looked colourless and insignificant beside the glowing young Amazon, and she was quite conscious of the fact and of the becoming correctness of the new habit. While yet twenty yards distant her quick eye had distinguished Geoffrey Hilliard, but she affected not to see him until he rode up to her side, his face aglow with pleasure.

"You managed it, then? You managed to get here?"

"My sister is not feeling very well. She begged to be excused," replied Esmeralda demurely, and Hilliard laughed and muttered something about "blessed Saint Bridget," which on the whole she thought it wiser not to hear. When the signal was given to move on, he kept beside her as the horsemen proceeded to cross several grassy fields, but contrary to his usual custom, her father lagged behind as though relieved to leave her to the care of another. Esmeralda turned lightly in her saddle, saw him riding at the further end of the long line, and looked wonderingly at her companion.

"Something's wrong with the Major. He was so glum all the way here, and look at him now with his head hanging forward. It's not like him to be downhearted at a Meet."

"Perhaps he is tired. He'll waken up presently when we get to business. It would only worry him if we took any notice."

"That's true. Perhaps the mare fidgets him. It's the one he bought a short time since, and she has an awkward temper. Sometimes she is a paragon and does everything that she ought, but at others she is fidgety and uncertain. Father thinks she has been badly ridden at the start, but that she is good enough to take trouble with still."

"She looks a beauty, and she has not had any time to annoy him to-day. I think it can hardly be that. Did not your brother return to town yesterday? I stayed away on purpose, because I feared that on his last day you would not care to be disturbed; but isn't it very likely that Major O'Shaughnessy is depressed at being without him?"

Esmeralda looked up with a brightening glance.

"Why, of course, I never thought of that! Father hates saying good-bye to Jack, hates him being in town at all, for he is the first O'Shaughnessy who has ever gone into business. There was a great scene when Jack was twenty because he insisted on doing something for himself. 'Have you no pride?' cries my father. 'Faith I have!' cries Jack. 'Too much of it to spend all my life starving in a ruin.' 'You will be the first of

your race to soil your hands with trade.' 'Honest work,' says Jack, 'will soil no man's hands, and, please God, I'll touch nothing that isn't honest.' 'You'll be falling into English ways and selling the old place as not fit for you to live in. I know the ways of your purse-proud English.' Then Jack went white all over his face, and he says, 'It's never a stone of Knock I'd sell if I could keep it with my own heart's blood, but it's time it had a master who could spend money on it instead of seeing it fall to pieces before his eyes.' Then it was the Major's turn to go white, and mother said softly, 'Jack dear—Jack!' You never knew my mother. Bridgie is like her, she always made peace, and after that father made no more objections. I think in a curious sort of way, he was proud of Jack because he would have his will, and he is doing well. He will retrieve our fortunes some fine day. There! there go the hounds! They are over into the covert, and see! see! there's that old shepherd holding up his hat. The fox is off! Now for it!"

Now for it indeed! From that time forth there was little chance of connected conversation, but all his life long Geoffrey Hilliard looked back upon that morning with the fond, yearning tenderness with which we recall the sunshine which precedes a storm. It was so delightful to be mounted upon a fine horse galloping lightly across country with that beautiful figure by his side, the dark eyes meeting his with a flash of understanding at every fresh incident of the run. As time wore on and the ground became more difficult, the other ladies dropped behind one by one, but Esmeralda never wearied, never flinched before any obstacle. It was the prettiest thing in the world to see her trot slowly but straightly towards gate or fence, loosen the reins, and soar like a bird over the apparently formidable obstacle, and Hilliard privately commented that it took him all his time to keep level with her. The Major still rode apart, and seemed to take pleasure in choosing the most difficult jumps that came in his way; but his mare behaved well, and no one felt any anxiety about the safety of one of the cleverest riders present. Danger was close at hand, however, in one of those nasty "bits of water" of which Esmeralda had spoken to her sister. The hounds doubled suddenly, and the huntsmen, wheeling their horses to follow, saw before them at a distance of some quarter of a mile a line of those well-known willows which to the practised eye so plainly bespeak the presence of a brook. Esmeralda pointed towards them and spoke a few warning words.

"A bad bit, swollen, I expect, after all the snow. A fence this side. There's the Master taking a view. He will tell us if it's safe. If not, we must try the meadow. Ride over here towards him."

She swerved to the side as she spoke, and a moment later was within short enough distance to hear the warning cry. The Master pointed with his whip in the direction of the meadow of which Esmeralda had spoken, and the next moment the whole hunt was galloping after him. The whole hunt, we have said, but there was one exception, for one rider refused to take warning or to turn aside from the direct line across country. The sudden change of course had left him in the rear, and so it happened that his absence was not noted by his companions, and it was only when several moments had passed that Esmeralda, looking from side to side, began to draw her delicate brows into a frown as she asked Hilliard—

"Where's father? I can't see him. He is not here."

"I don't see him either, but he was with us five minutes ago before we turned back. I saw him in the last field."

"So did I, but where is he now? He can't"—Esmeralda reined in suddenly and turned great startled eyes upon her companion—"he can't have tried that brook?"

"No, no! Certainly not." But even as he spoke, Hilliard had a prevision of the truth. Although he would not admit as much to Esmeralda, there had been something in the Major's bearing which had struck him unpleasantly since the moment of meeting, and his reckless riding had deepened the impression. "You go on," he said earnestly, "and I will ride back and see. Perhaps he took a look at the brook and then had to come round after all, which would make him late. Please go on, Miss Joan."

But Esmeralda looked him full in the eyes and turned her horse back towards the brook.

"I am going back myself. If there has been an accident, it is I who should be there. Don't hinder me, Mr. Hilliard. I must go to my father."

(*To be continued.*)



THE ART OF LEONARD BORWICK.

THE subject of this sketch, if requested to relate the chief incidents of his life, would declare with characteristic modesty that there is little to say; but those who have followed his successful artistic career to its present point know that there is much of value to the student in the narration of his years of patient toil, of triumphs honestly won, and of honours modestly borne.

Leonard Borwick was born at Walthamstow on February 26th, 1868. He belonged to a family of artistic cultivation, his father, Mr. Alfred Borwick, having surrounded his children from their nursery with every musical advantage that money and refinement could lay in their way. From a very early age the little Leonard was wisely made acquainted with classical chamber music, and laid the

foundation of his unequalled *ensemble* playing in the home trios which he formed in conjunction with his father and sister. The house of Mr. Alfred Borwick was the rendezvous of many distinguished instrumentalists who used to comment with surprise on the unusual powers of reading which the child possessed. Without being a prodigy, Leonard Borwick was musical in the deepest sense of the word, and he had, from his babyhood, the rare gift of "absolute pitch." While playing with his toys on the nursery floor he would yet answer faultlessly the name of any note struck on the piano as a test of the accuracy of his musical ear.

Yet, undoubted as were his natural gifts, there were few signs of the remarkable development of genius which was to come with matured years. Affectionate, lovable, industrious, he passed a happy, unspoilt childhood in his beautiful home near London, undreaming of the great musical future which lay beyond the boundaries of early manhood. At fifteen he was just a music-loving schoolboy, willing to practise out of school hours, learning from a good teacher, but in no way in training for an arduous professional career.

Therefore was there consternation among his friends when, a year later, he went to Frankfort to study under Madame Schumann. It was too late for serious art study; he would never be more than a mediocre piano teacher. Such were the gloomy prognostications of relatives.

And it seemed they were to be verified when letters came from the boy—letters telling of disappointments and humbled pride. He was "put back"—oh, terrible sound—to the A B C of technique, under the tutelage of Frau Schumann's daughter; and when the great lady at last consented to take him, there were incessant fault-findings and stinging sarcasm to be borne, with little or no praise to encourage the shy English lad.

But he persevered unceasingly, and slowly grew in favour with his teacher, until a day came when he was chosen of all her pupils to play Beethoven's Concerto in E, at a Museum Concert in Frankfort.

A year later (1891) he was engaged at an important concert in Vienna, where he played Brahms's Concerto in D minor, the composer being present. Brahms wrote a post-card in the concert-room to Madame Schumann announcing that her pupil was distinguishing himself. "And that post-card," says Mr. Borwick, "is my most valued possession."



LEONARD BORWICK.

He was first heard in England on May 8th, 1890, at a Philharmonic Concert, when he played Schumann's Concerto in a manner which announced that a new pianist had arrived for England.

Mr. Borwick's success was established firmly from the first, and he soon became high favourite at the Saturday and Monday "Pops," when amateurs become acquainted with that velvety touch which is one of his peculiar possessions. Some seasons later he introduced into this country the Piano and Song Recital in conjunction with Mr. Plunket Greene, and everyone knows the educative influence this form of entertainment has been throughout England.

Mr. Borwick's achievements are by no means confined to his own land. He is known and esteemed in Paris, Berlin, Meiningen, and Bonn, and has toured more than once in Holland and Scandinavia with great success. Twice has he played by command to her late Majesty the Queen at Balmoral.

He is an untiring worker, having always a large repertoire in readiness, unlike many *virtuosi* who tour through whole countries on practically one programme, and his knowledge of the great domain of chamber music is little short of marvellous. Indeed, it is in *ensemble* playing that you hear Leonard Borwick at his best; it is then that his highest qualities appear—unerring technique, abasement of self, intuition, sympathy, and earnestness of purpose.

I would particularly invite the close attention of my readers to Mr. Borwick's chord playing—always a strong point with players of the Schumann school, and in his case, assisted as it is by a clever system of pedalling, quite the most admirable feature of his art. Hear him in the march of Schumann's Carnival, or in the last movement of that composer's Etudes Symphoniques, and notice how round and full is the tone of the great chords, with never a suspicion of a hit. Alas! how many distinguished players attack these and similar passages as though they had a long-standing grudge against the music.

Then notice his many shades of tone, and see if you cannot recall some players who have a marvellous *pp* and *ff*, but little or nothing between. These points of Leonard Borwick's are not tricky effects, but achievements which are only noticeable to those who know.

Again, who can surpass him in a Brahms Andante, the slow movement in Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto, or in showing forth the artless grace of Mozart? But for Chopin in his most romantic moods we must go to Paderewski and Pachmann; for the earnest, strenuous nature of Leonard Borwick is not attracted by Chopinesque vagaries, beautiful though they be.

He sadly complains, "I cannot play Beethoven; I do not understand him!" Think of that, you girls with nimble fingers, who rattle off your Beethoven Sonatas with such satisfaction. Those who have heard Mr. Borwick in the great C minor Sonata, or in the E flat Concerto, however, can have no cause to complain of his want of sympathy with the Master's finest moods.

Although a prodigious worker, Leonard Borwick has found time for cultivating his strong love for poetry and painting, and his greatest delights are a ramble in the country, and a visit to the galleries of the Italian cities. I may also be permitted to add that he carries out the maxims of "plain living and high thinking" by being a firm believer in a fleshless diet, on which he states that he can perform his hardest work best. He is further a first-rate tennis-player, a clever amateur conjuror, and an enthusiastic cyclist and gymnast.

Dr. Joachim has the greatest admiration of the genius of Leonard Borwick, and is never happier in his playing than when associated with our English pianist in Brahms's or Schumann's chamber music. Indeed, one of our most distinguished critics has named Mr. Borwick, "The Joachim of the piano," and in his playing, more especially of Bach, he nearly reaches the dignity, the repose and the lofty purpose of the great violin player.

"Nothing could be more contrary to his nature than to take the world by storm," was said of Leonard Borwick by another writer, and all who have watched his quiet, almost self-effacing demeanour on the platform, will have no difficulty in recognising a conspicuous feature of himself and his art. Mr. Borwick is not a *virtuoso*. He is a great artist of the Classical School. An idealist, a lover of his art, who earnestly strives to place before you the spirit of the composer unmarred by any affectations, it is easily seen that Leonard Borwick is not a man to "play down to the gallery," and a cheap renown—the applause of the flippant and the ignorant—will never be his.

MABEL K. WOODS.

EASTERTIDE IN RUSSIA.

By the Rev. W. DURBAN, B.A



HE great Eastern Church, or Russo-Greek Church, called by its adherents the "Orthodox Church," is the branch of Christendom which spiritually dominates the whole of Russia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Montenegro, Servia and Greece. It thus commands the allegiance of about 130,000,000 people. Multitudes of these are passionately attached to their creed and their church. Its ceremonial is so exceedingly elaborate, and is so much more imposing than even that of the Roman Catholic system, that it is especially calculated to attract the admiration of the great masses of ignorant and simple peasants who form the overwhelming majority of the Slav race.

It is at the New Year and at Easter that the services in the Greek Church sanctuaries are celebrated with the greatest magnificence. Eastertide is the festival of culminating splendour. Indeed, throughout the world there is no religious event which can compare for mingled brilliance and pathos with the Russian Easter. Of course it takes place twelve days later than our Easter, because in Russia the almanack is still regulated by the "Old Style" calendar.

The grandest Easter observances of all are those arranged at the noble "Izaksky Sobor," or St. Isaac's Cathedral, in St. Petersburg. This edifice is dedicated to the Russian patriarch Isaac, not to the Biblical Isaac. It is a glorious building. The great dome is the most conspicuous object in the city by the River Neva. It is covered with gold leaf, and thus flashes with dazzling lustre in the bright sunshine which makes the climate of Russia so exhilarating. It is under this great cupola that the most gorgeous ceremonies of the Easter services are conducted by a whole troop of the clergy, all clad in those splendid vestments which are never missing in any of the richer Greek churches.

The Cathedral is illumined entirely by candles. Of these there are thousands in the building, of all sizes, from the little tapers carried in the hands of crowds of ardent worshippers, to the stupendous bougies twelve feet high, and of proportionate massiveness, which stand in clusters in the huge candelabra of solid silver in various places near the altars and the iconastasis, or screen holding the ikons (sacred pictures).

The effect of the vast number of candles is unspeakably weird. The grand lofty walls, the curves and spandrils of the roof, the solemn shadows that lurk in the sublime recesses of the mighty dome, all combine to produce an effect of mingled beauty and unearthliness which must solemnise even the most frivolous soul. Russia is the land of candles. The only lights used even in the Pullman cars on the long railways are candles in lanterns. The Russian Church derives an immense annual revenue from the sale of sacred tapers at the doors of the sanctuaries. Millions are thus sold daily. Every devout worshipper purchases one and takes or passes it on to the acolyte, who stands at the candelabra and lights these tapers by the handful, speedily extinguishing them and substituting for them the next lot passed up.

The whole assembly, which literally crams the vast area in a standing mass of all classes, is hushed to absolute silence as the wonderful musical service commences. There is no music in the world exactly like that heard throughout the Russian churches. Most of it is in the minor mode, as Slavonic music usually is. The plaintive mood of the Slav soul is evidenced alike in the secular and the sacred music of the land. The voices are only those of men and boys. Women are not allowed in the Greek Church choirs. No organs or instruments are permitted. But the singing is superb; and as the chants, very much like the old Gregorian strains of our early churches, send the reverberations through the great space, a thrill of ecstasy seizes the hearts of the congregation.

Presently the vast chandelier is slowly lifted. It contains many hundreds of flickering lights, and as it slowly rises in the great gloomy expanse above, it looks like some climbing constellation in the vault of heaven. But the crowning glory of the illumination is the kindling in the very centre of the space beneath the dome of an enormous cross. This fiery symbol gives the signal for a chorus of murmured ejaculations from all the host of worshippers. Hundreds prostrate themselves at full length, if it is possible to find room to do so, or at any rate on their knees, frantically crossing themselves in the Eastern style, and saying over and over again, "*Hospod pomceloi!*" (Lord, have mercy).

All through the service the priests, all differently arrayed in resplendent robes, are passing to and fro before the holy "ikons," those strange pictures, half painted and half of metal, which are the chief objects of reverence. Constantly the thurifers send forth volumes of incense fumes, the fragrant clouds ascending to surround the blazing cross like vapours creeping round the stars.

All through Russia the populace is excited beyond description by the advent of the Easter season. The Russians are the most sociable and the most kindly people on earth. They have a marvellous way of displaying their genial temperament in connection with their religious observances. At Easter all social distinctions literally disappear. Everybody is supposed to kiss everybody with the most gushing effusiveness at the moment when "Christ is risen." In many churches, especially throughout all rural districts, a long service is held on Easter Eve, which extends to midnight, and then immediately the signal is given that the Resurrection is accomplished. Out at once throngs the congregation into the open air, and the general promiscuous salutation begins. Masters and mistresses kiss not only each other, but peasants and their superiors freely exchange the pious osculations. There is no restraint, and the act is one of real religious fervour, intended to express the most charitable and loving assurances of forgiveness, friendship, and good-will, all in the name of the risen Christ and for His sake.

On the morning of Easter Sunday, notwithstanding all the effusiveness of a few hours before, on Easter Eve, the whole scene is enacted again in the name of love and kindness. Those who did not exchange with each other the holy kiss take the opportunity now as they meet. With fervent embrace, people of all ages and ranks greet one another, exclaiming, "*Christos voskress!*" (Christ is risen!) "*Veesteeno Christos voskress!*" (Indeed Christ is risen!)

Then, as the day wears on, comes out the display of the weaker side of the Slav character. The whole population, with few exceptions, will take to feasting, and by the end of Easter Sunday the great majority will be found to have lapsed into various stages of intoxication. Fortunately the Russian is good-tempered in his cups, and the women are not in general given to inebriety as are the men. But the spectacle in a Russian village on the afternoon and evening of Easter Sunday is a very singular one to a visitor. An English tourist arrived one Easter Sunday rather late in the afternoon in a *derevnya* (village). Sitting down outside the village *trakteer* (drink-shop), he presently asked a peasant sitting near him, "Why are all these people intoxicated on Sunday?" The simple rustic looked at him with unfeigned astonishment for a moment, and then said, "Why, *barin* (sir), do you not know that Christ is risen?"

As might be expected, Easter is a favourite period for marriages and christenings in Russia. The ceremonies connected with all such occasions are very peculiar. In this article I have space only to allude to the baptisms of the babies. The strange thing is, to a western mind, that the infants who are baptised are brought immediately to the Lord's Supper. The baptismal ceremonies are most elaborate, and so are those connected with the Communion which follows at once. The baby is dipped three times, once in the name of each of the Persons of the Divine Trinity. Often on an Easter Sunday a dozen infants are brought to church for this ordinance, and then at the Communion these little subjects are presented at the altar, where the priest with a golden spoon puts into the child's mouth a sop of the sacred bread and wine mixed together. The adults are obliged by law to partake of the Communion at least once a year. Those who fail to do this incur public displeasure and are not eligible for any office. They expose themselves to a sort of ban. Easter and New Year are fashionable times for crowds to make up for their delinquencies by flocking to Communion. But the newly-baptised babes must be brought to this feast every Sunday for a year. That is essential, and it is generally practised.



HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Seville oranges come in in the month of February, but I never recommend housewives to make their marmalade till March or April, as the later consignments of oranges are often both cheaper, and I have found from experience they are sweeter and more juicy.

But before commencing to make the marmalade I should like to give you a few hints about your preserving-pan. Be most careful to see that it is scrupulously clean. Preserving-pans are often made of copper, and if they are not quite clean a small deposit left in any interstice quickly turns to verdigris, and this is often the cause of much trouble from poisoning.

This is the best way of cleaning your preserving-pan. Half fill the preserving-pan with cold water, and add to the water a small piece of washing soda. Allow the water to boil quickly for about twenty minutes. This softens any grease or sugar there may be on the sides of the pan and makes it easier to clean. Empty the water away. Take a used lemon skin—this reminds me to tell you never to throw away lemon skins—dip it in a little fine sand and well scour the preserving-pan. Rinse the pan thoroughly to free it from any sand, then dry it and polish it with a clean chamois leather.

Now get out your pots and bottles from the store-room. Wash them clean, and put them to dry either in a cool oven or on the plate-rack, but be sure they are absolutely dry before using them, otherwise your marmalade will become mouldy.

Here is a recipe for orange marmalade which I have tried and found excellent.

Orange Marmalade No. 1.

Eighteen Seville oranges, nine quarts of cold water, best preserving sugar.

Method.—Cut the oranges into quarters, scoop out the inside from the peel, removing the pips, cut the peel into thin strips as finely as possible; place it all in a large basin, and pour the cold water over it. Cover the basin with a clean cloth, and allow the whole to soak for forty-eight hours. At the end of this time place the mixture in the preserving-pan. Boil the contents for two hours, or until the peel is quite tender. Then allow it to get cold. When it is quite cold weigh it, and to every pound of fruit allow one pound of sugar. Put the sugar and pulp again into the preserving-pan and boil the whole for one hour. If liked, add the juice and pulp of one lemon to the pulp, while soaking, in the proportion of one lemon to eighteen oranges.

This is another recipe for orange marmalade which is very good and does not take so long to make.

Orange Marmalade No. 2.

Equal quantities of Seville and China oranges, best crushed lump sugar.

Method.—Wash the oranges and dry them, cut the peel lengthways in four, remove the peel in quarters, place the peel in a saucepan with sufficient cold water to cover it, and boil it slowly till the peel is quite tender. Divide the oranges into their natural sections, and with a teaspoon remove all the pulp from the skin. Place the pulp in a basin, put the pips and skin (not peel) into a saucepan with sufficient cold water to cover them, and boil the whole for half an hour. Now take the cooked peel, and scrape away the pith from it, shred the peel very finely, strain off the liquid from the pips and skin, and add it to the pulp in the basin. Allow for every pound of pulp, peel, etc., all weighed together one pound of best crushed lump sugar. Boil all together for half an hour, or until the marmalade will set. Put it into the previously dried pots. Next day cover it down and store in a dry place.

I was given the following recipe by a very old friend who was a firm believer in "kitchen medicine." She assured me that it was a capital way of taking a mild tonic, and I can certify that it is a very pleasant way.

Seville Orange Jelly (A mild and pleasant tonic).

To every pound of Seville oranges allow three pints of cold water. Wash the oranges and dry them, cut them into small pieces, peel and all, remove the pips, place the cut-up oranges in a preserving-pan, and add the cold water to them. Allow the whole to boil slowly for six hours, or more, till it is reduced to one-third the quantity. At the end of that time run it through a jelly-bag, and to every pint of juice allow one pound of best loaf sugar. Place the juice and sugar in a preserving-pan, and boil the whole very slowly for twenty minutes, or until a small quantity will jelly if put on a cold plate. Keep the jelly well skimmed while it is boiling. Put it into small jelly-pots, cover them down the next day, and store in a dry cool place.

THE NEW TENERIFFE OR BRAZILIAN LACE.

By LEIRION CLIFFORD.

ONE of the most recent introductions to the furniture of a fancy work-basket is the Teneriffe Lace-Wheel, by means of which pretty circles and other shapes can be made for edging doyleys. By joining these pieces of lace entire, doyleys, collars, and other dress trimmings and fancy articles can be contrived. This kind of needle-work is closely allied to Brazilian lace, a yet more novel and elaborate handicraft, to which work on the lace-wheel may well serve as an introduction. The latter shall therefore be first described.

The Teneriffe lace-wheel is a round of brass or of imitation tortoise-shell measuring about two inches across, and pierced with two sets of holes, 52 holes near the edge and 48 holes just within that boundary. For the easiest kind of lace circles put the wheel down on a firm cushion (as seen in Fig. 1) and put in 52 pins, one through each hole of the outer row. Take about six yards of crochet cotton, No. 24, or, for fine work, No. 36, tie one end round one of the pins, then bring the thread down to the pin opposite the first pin, pass it round the head of that pin, then back and round the pin next to the first pin, down to the pin next the second pin, and so on across and across the circle until each pin has been surrounded. Thread the end of the cotton through a darning-needle, and with this darn round the centre of the circle three times, drawing the thread closely and going over and under the pairs of threads. As there is an even number of these pairs, it is necessary to miss one at the beginning of each round that those may be passed over that were passed under in the former round and *vice versâ*. Next draw the working thread along about a third of the way to the edge, and there work round again, this time knotting the pairs of threads into couples. Move another third nearer the edge and knot round in the same way, but dividing the pairs of the former round by taking two threads from each cluster together. Lastly, slip the thread along to the extreme edge, just within the pins, and there knot two threads together all round, taking one from each pin together. The pins can now be removed, and the lace circle is finished. Smaller circles are made by using the inner set of 48 holes.

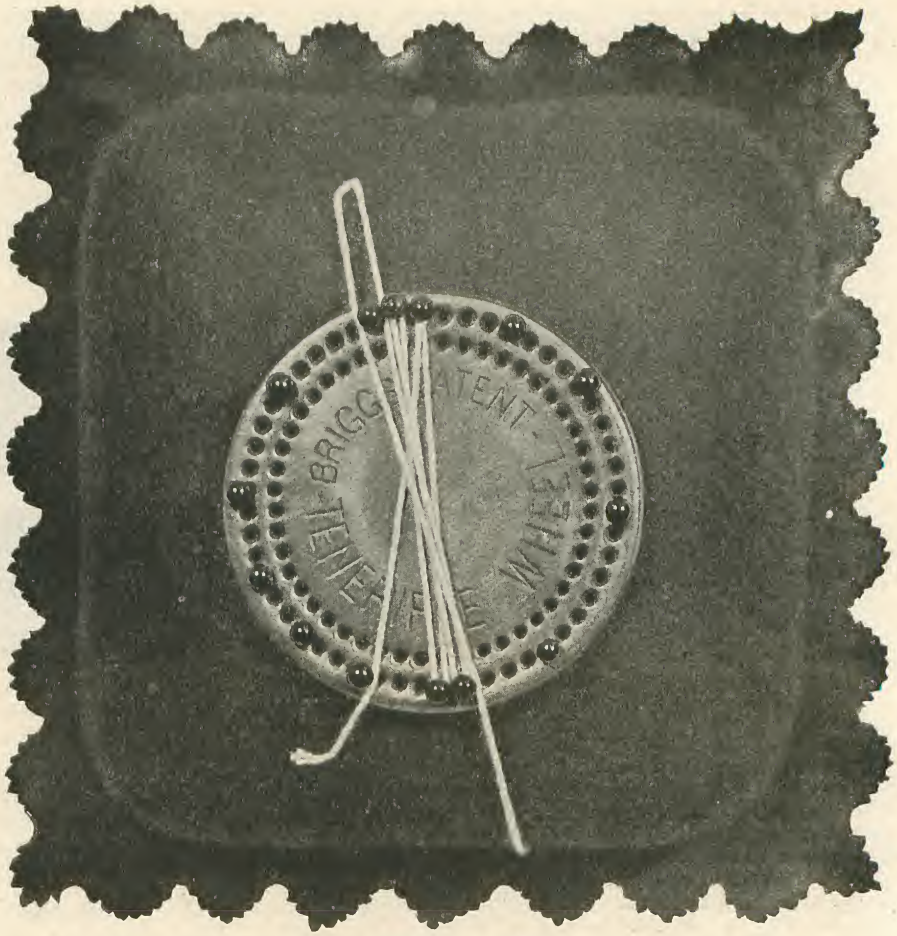


FIG. 1.—THE TENERIFFE LACE-WHEEL. (HOW THE CIRCLES ARE MADE.)

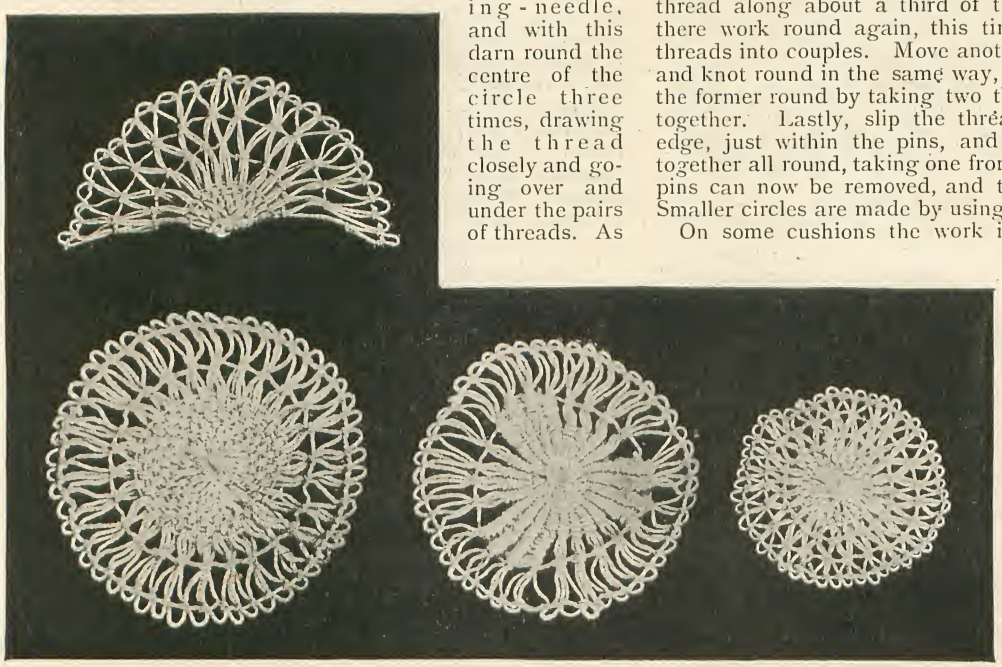


FIG. 2.

On some cushions the work is done without a wheel, circles in three sizes being printed on the material with which they are covered. The circles in Fig. 2 were worked on such a cushion and illustrate the varieties of size obtainable.

Another kind of lace-wheel is also provided that is pierced with holes for making square and pear-shaped sections as well as circles. These shapes are very effective when joined and made up.

Referring again to

Fig. 2, we here find different ways of elaborating the lace, which will suggest yet others to ingenious workers. The smallest circle is made as above described; the others are begun in the same way, but in the middle one, which is on 48 pins, after the first three rounds of darning, the thread is whipped over four strands (two pairs) for six rounds. Then three of these sets of four strands are thus whipped over six times more, but in rows, not rounds, these three darned sets being alternate with three sets left open. The whipping over is done thus: bring the threaded needle down under two sets (of four strands each), *put it back between these two sets and out again after passing under two sets, that is, under the set last passed under and under the one beyond it; repeat from *. Finish with a round of knots, each uniting two pairs of strands, and add the outer row of knots as usual.

In the largest circle darn over and under for nine instead of for three rounds only, and add two rounds of knotting as before.

For the half-circle use the cushion, not the wheel. Put in 26 pins and 1 centre pin, and wind the thread from the centre out to each pin in turn and back outside the centre pin each time. Gather all the threads together with a stout knot in the centre and darn as described for the easiest wheel, but backwards and forwards in rows instead of in rounds. These half-circles or fans make, as do also the rounds, an excellent lace for *edging linen articles* ornamented with drawn-thread work. Fig. 3 shows a doyley or pincushion-top trimmed with Teneriffe lace. The circles are sewn together and buttonholed down to the linen which is cut away beyond this edge.

Brazilian lace is somewhat similarly worked, but it has the advantage of calling for originality of design. The foundation is merely a stout card on which the worker traces and executes the lace to her own fancy. As a guide to stimulate invention I give a pattern for doyleys. Fig. 4 was worked on a circle seven inches across traced on a card, with two inner circles three-and-a-half and four-and-a-quarter inches across respectively. Round the edge 150 pins were inserted at regular intervals, and about these the working-thread was wound as usual. When all the strands were in place, the pins were replaced with stitches of black cotton, which are less in the way and also more secure. After the three rounds of darning, six rays of darning were worked extending to the inner round on the card, each ray worked thus in short rows: darn six rows backwards and forwards over 25 pairs of strands, then six rows over 23 pairs, six over 21 pairs, and so on, leaving one pair more unworked each side at each reduction until the last rows are over three pairs only.

Round the next circle marked on the card work a row of knots, taking each pair singly. Leave an eighth-of-an-inch

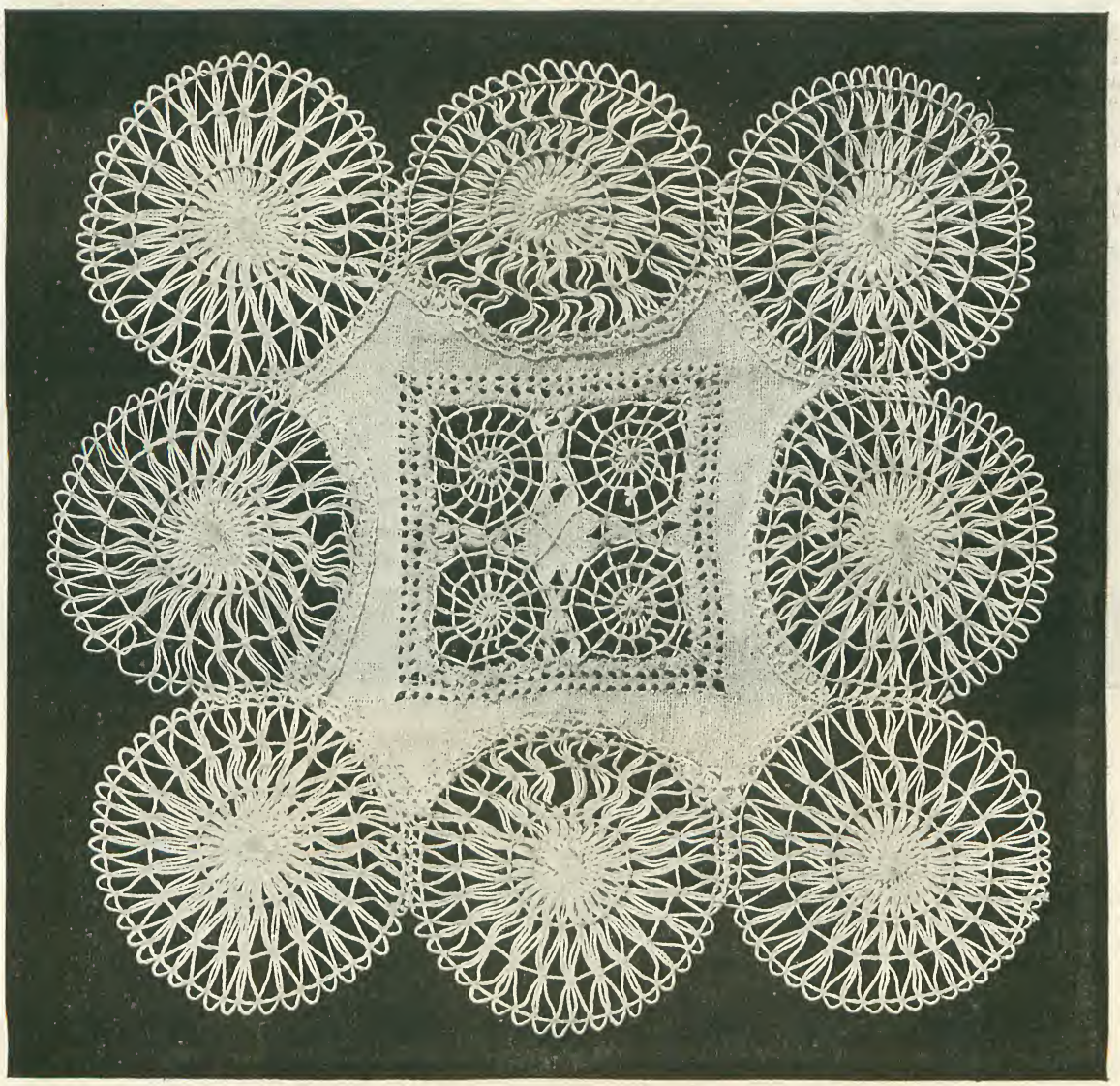


FIG. 3.

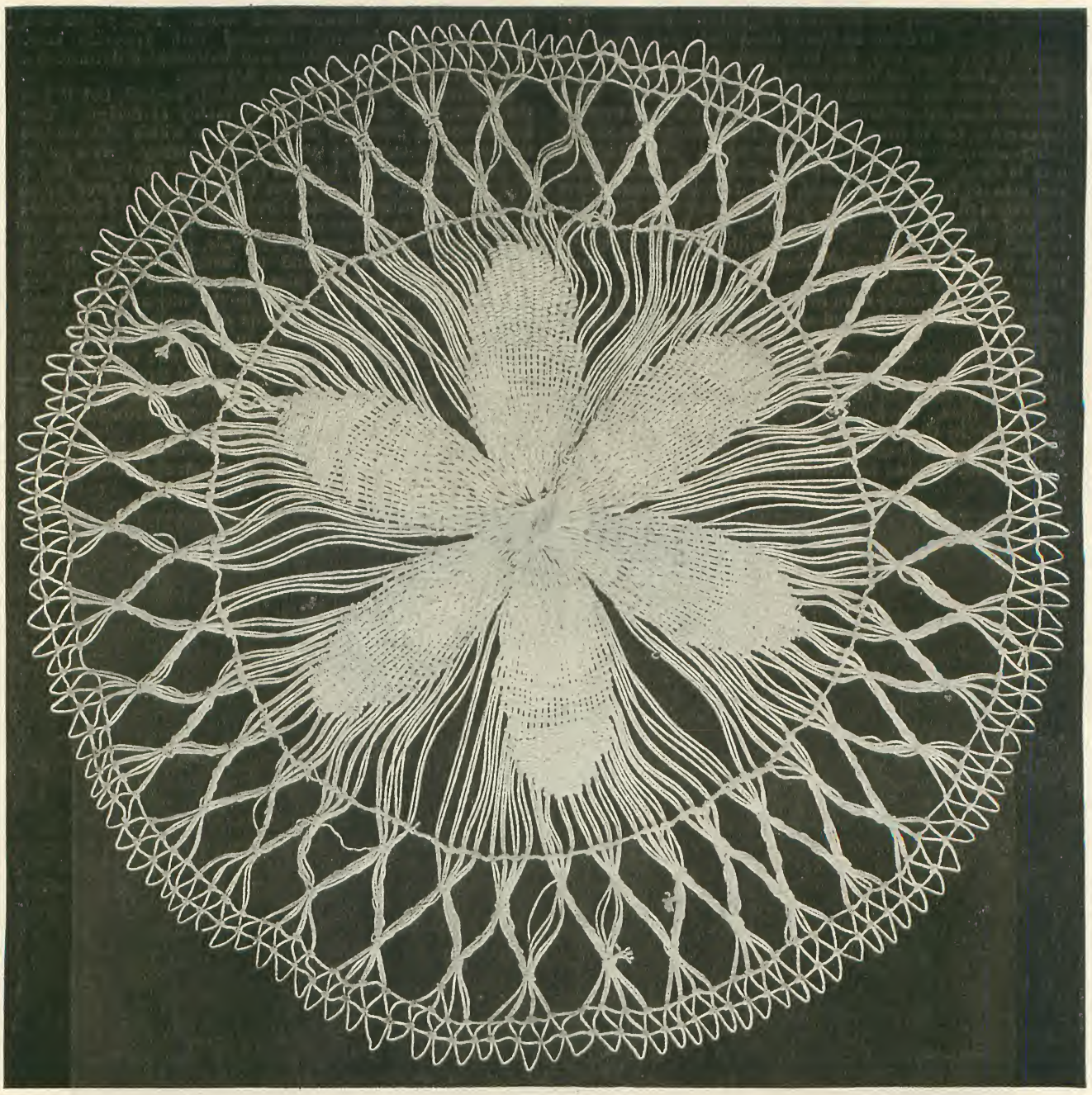


FIG. 4.

free, and beyond this knot round in groups thus: knot four pairs together, *whip round two pairs, working out half-an-inch towards the edge, knot the lower pairs (that were whipped round) in with the next two free pairs, move back to below the first knot, whipping over the lower two pairs as before, and there knot them in with the free pairs beyond, repeat from *. An eighth-of-an-inch beyond the outer knots knot the pairs again, this time singly, and beyond this again do the outer round, which as usual consists of couples dividing the pairs of the last round and those on the pins also.

These illustrations will suggest many varieties of design and stitch, especially to her who is skilful in draw-thread work. Any of the patterns here shown can be worked with silk instead of with cotton, the richer material making the lace suitable for yet more purposes.

AGE FORTY.



CHAPTER III.

EILEEN came to escort Margaret down to dinner, and as they descended the stairs, exclamations of dismay reached their ears. The evening post was in, and Mrs. Wynford, with vexation in her tones, was reading a letter which had come by it. Her husband had already given an arm to his old mother, and Lilian, with two girl-cousins stood waiting by the drawing-room door. Eileen glanced hastily round. "Didn't you hear the gong? What's the matter?" she cried.

"It is most annoying," said Mrs. Wynford. "Here is a letter from Miss Alison to say she is laid up with a bad attack of influenza, and cannot possibly come to-morrow. I can't think what we shall do."

"Do without her," said Lilian languidly.

"Get someone in her place, of course," interjected Eileen; while Mr. Wynford said decidedly—

"The first thing is to go to our neglected dinner; and we can discuss this catastrophe later. Is this Miss Ashton?" he asked, extending his hand cordially. "I am very glad to make your acquaintance, and hope you will be happy with us."

Margaret was grateful for the kind tones of the big genial man, a handsome figure, though the ravages of ill-health were plainly visible; and her heart went out instantly to the fragile old woman on his arm, with the keen intellectual features and the sad bright eyes.

The difficulty in hand was unfolded to her during dinner. There was to be an informal "At Home" on the following afternoon, with music, and as Mrs. Wynford had a rooted objection to asking any of her guests to perform the thankless task of playing accompaniments, she had engaged a professional, rather to the amusement of her husband, who thought his own daughters ought to have been equal to the occasion.

"She might at least have suggested a substitute," she said with a worried look. "How can I find one in a place like this at a minute's notice?" while Margaret debated with herself, "Dare I offer? I wonder if they want anything very elaborate!"

And no solution of the difficulty being forthcoming, she at last took a bold step, and said—

"Could I be of any help? I am a quick reader, and have done a good deal of accompanying at different times."

There was an exclamation of relief, and Mr. Wynford said heartily—

"That's right, Miss Ashton. It is quite refreshing to find someone who is not afraid to run the risk of failure. Most young people nowadays refuse to do anything at all if they can't be sure of a 'double first.'"

Margaret smiled as she thought to herself, "It's because I am *not* young that I have learned not to be so frightfully afraid of failure; besides, I don't mean to fail if I can help it!"

Eileen had given a reluctant consent to contribute a violin solo; and Margaret suggested they should try it together that evening in "The Bandbox," otherwise the pretty little sitting-room opening into the garden, which seemed to be devoted to the girls' use. The two cousins joined them, but Lilian pleaded weariness and went early to bed.

Eileen soon found she must do her best, and the "trying over" ended in an hour's hard practice, after which Margaret played them a waltz of Chopin's. Being on her mettle she did better than well, and the girls were loud in their expressions of delight.

"Mother needn't worry over to-morrow. You'll do, Miss Ashton!" Eileen exclaimed cheerfully. "Now come along and try the drawing-room piano; you'll like it better than this old crock," and dragging the unwilling Margaret by the hand, she hurried her away.

"Mother," she announced in loud tones, "Miss Ashton is quite a musical genius, so you can banish all your fears for to-morrow."

"Oh, hush, dear!" said Margaret, as old Mrs. Wynford roused herself from a nap with a start, and Mr. Wynford laid aside a magazine.

"Come then, let us have a specimen, if you will be so good, Miss Ashton," he said, opening the grand piano and motioning Margaret to the seat. Her music-loving soul rejoiced in the mellow, rich tones of the instrument, and every trace of nervousness left her as she played, first, Chopin's delicious G major Nocturne, and then, with a quick change of key, dashed into a merry Polish dance.

Mrs. Wynford's troubled brow relaxed; to-morrow, at any rate, was safe, she thought. If only Miss Ashton should prove as satisfactory in other ways, all would be well.

"Do you sing, my dear?" came in gentle tones from the old lady.

"Not well," said Margaret. "My aunt used to like to hear me sometimes, but I haven't much voice."

"Do sing to me," and Margaret, mindful only of those wistful eyes, began at once a simple old-world melody. Her voice, though not powerful, was very sweet and true, and when it ceased, Grannie Wynford rose from her chair and came across to her, saying with tears in her eyes—

"Thank you, my dear child; it reminds me of long ago. You will sing to me again some day, won't you?"

"Whenever you wish," said Margaret warmly, and drawing the old arm through hers they rejoined the group in the centre of the room.

"We are very much obliged to you," Mr. Wynford said heartily, "and now I am sure you are tired and would like to rest," and Margaret thankfully seizing the opening given her, made her adieux and went to her room. But sleep was long in coming; she lay mentally reviewing the day, from the morning's parting with her depressing companion, to the evening spent in the luxurious home, where each member of the family, with the exception of careless-hearted Eileen, seemed to need help and sympathy.

"How I should like to be a comfort to them!" she thought. "They seem such nice kind people. I ought to be very thankful to have found a home with them. If only I can do all they want, how glad I shall be!"

One of Margaret's strong points was her freedom from self-consciousness. She was now quite unmindful of any impression she might be making, and only anxious to be helpful to those about her. Although really possessed of strong individuality, her dependent life had taught her how to "waste herself for others, with no ends of her own," and this capacity was of the utmost value to her in the wear and tear of every day.

* * * * *

"My dear girl, is this Rag-fair?" Margaret exclaimed next morning, entering the girls' sitting-room, which was strewn with old clothes in all directions.

"What's the use of a band-box if not to hold rubbish?" retorted Eileen from the floor, where she was sitting, surrounded by a litter of faded chiffons, ribbons, and other trifles. "No, Miss Ashton," she continued, in a dignified tone, "this is not Rag-fair. It is my Lenten sacrifice."

"Your what?" exclaimed Margaret, greatly mystified, and Eileen explained—

"Why, I heard a sermon down at the Abbey in Lent (I do listen to sermons, though you mightn't think it) about sacrificing ourselves and doing things for other people, and all that, you know; so I thought I would send some clothes to the poor, and I collected all I could that people didn't want, and was going to make such a lovely parcel, when mother happened to see the wretched things, and she was quite horrified, and stopped the whole proceeding. I was

so disgusted at having my efforts nipped in the bud that I bundled the whole lot into that cupboard, and there they've been till this day. But now the cupboard is wanted, and I don't know where to put the horrid things. I shall ask the gardener to burn them—anything to get them out of the way!"

"Oh, no, no!" said Margaret. "There is plenty here to make a really nice parcel, with some contriving and re-making. See, these laces will wash, and those hats will clean, and, re-trimmed, will look quite pretty; and that faded skirt is probably quite fresh on the other side. You might make some nice hard-working girl very happy with some of these things altered to suit her."

"But what a business!" said Eileen. "I can't sew—I hate it."

"Wouldn't that be where the sacrifice comes in?" said Margaret gently. "There is no virtue in giving away what we don't want ourselves, but a little self-denial would work wonders here." She stopped, not liking to press the point, and then added, "We might have a working party one day and get your sister and cousins to join us."

"So we might," said Eileen, jumping up. "Are you going to turn out a dressmaker and milliner too, Miss Ashton? But you'll be doing an astonishing thing if you get Lily to join."

"Well, we shall see. Don't say anything to her yet. And now haven't you a box into which we could put all this? I'm sure your mother won't want us to touch it to-day; there is enough to do already," and Margaret began rapidly folding and sorting the heterogeneous mass into something like order.

Breakfast was ready before they had finished, and immediately it was over Eileen was for carrying Margaret off on a cycling expedition, but Mrs. Wynford interposed very decidedly—

"No, Eileen, you must not think of it. Miss Ashton will have a very tiring afternoon, and besides, I want her to drive into town with Lily, to do a little business for me."

Lilian would fain have escaped a *tête-à-tête* with a stranger; but Margaret was nothing if not tactful, and by her simple, pleasant manner and genuine delight in the beautiful country, she soon succeeded in putting the shrinking girl at ease. Many well-meaning people had hurt her by their sympathetic references to her trouble, forgetting that some natures cannot speak of their deepest sorrows, and dread nothing more than having them ruthlessly exposed to the light. But Margaret said never a word, yet in some indefinable way Lilian felt that here was a woman she could trust, and from whom she need fear no rough handling, and she found herself answering questions about the neighbourhood quite cheerfully. "Lily looks much brighter," her mother thought with relief, as the two came in with their hands full of parcels.

Margaret dressed herself with unusual care that afternoon. Her natural taste had long ago taught her to follow the two cardinal rules of good dressing—simplicity and suitability; and she had stoutly resisted the entreaties of her amiable friend to buy the newest shapes and colours for her modest outfit.

"No," she had said determinedly, "it is a great mistake for forty to dress like twenty—it only succeeds in looking like forty-five; and a pink gown I will not have, dear. Besides, I am still wearing mourning for my dear old auntie."

So on this particular afternoon, in her trailing gown of soft grey cashmere, with the big black hat trimmed with chiffon and drooping feathers, she made a very attractive picture. The pink was not wanting either, for Lilian came to her door with a bunch of primulas, saying shyly—

"Would you care for these, Miss Ashton, or would you rather have had white?" with a quick glance at the grey dress. Margaret was touched by the girl's thoughtfulness, and she drew her into the room saying heartily—

"Thank you very much, dear. I will wear them with pleasure. And now can I not help you in any way?"

"No, thank you, I'm not coming down. I can't bear seeing people."

"Do come for a little while and give me the support of your presence. You don't know how terribly frightened I am," and Margaret smiled persuasively. "The piano is in a very sheltered corner, and you needn't stay long."

"Oh, I couldn't, Miss Ashton. Besides, they have moved the piano across the room, as it is such a hot day, and opened the French windows, so that people can sit on the terrace if they like, and I should be seen by everyone."

"That makes it all the worse for me, then," Margaret said lightly, "but I mustn't worry you the first day I am here, or you will wish me away again."

"No, I sha'n't," said the girl impulsively. "I believe I could talk to you about myself some day. You look as though you would understand."

"You shall tell me anything you like, dear," said Margaret, thinking, as she went downstairs alone, "Poor child, she is indeed terribly morbid and self-centred! I wonder what can be done for her!" and in the interest of the subject her own heart-beats were forgotten.

Certainly she had need of all her courage, for the task before her was not slight. One or two of the performers, feeling secure of a good accompanist, had brought somewhat elaborate violin music, and had not Margaret been well drilled in reading at sight, she would have been in difficulties. But she acquitted herself well, and more than one thanked her for her sympathetic help. The songs were, most of them, luckily, familiar to her, and she had been taught long ago by a wise old master how to sink her own personality in that of the singer, which always made her an acceptable ally.

Eileen's violin solo came early in the afternoon, and Margaret did not see her again till she came to fetch her out to the terrace for a much-needed cup of tea. Now that the strain was nearly over she felt how great it had been, and she was thankful to lean back in a wicker chair and rest for a minute.

The glowing green of the fields under the warm spring sunshine, and the wealth of blossom everywhere made an attractive picture; but Margaret's eyes wandered out and on to the distant hills, clear to-day with an exceeding clearness, one range behind the other, ending at last in the purple peaks of the Welsh mountains. She started to find Mr. Wynford at her side.

"Come, Miss Ashton, you have been playing second fiddle all the afternoon. Won't you give us a solo?" he asked. "That is, if you are not too tired," he added kindly.

"I will with pleasure, if you wish it," Margaret answered, and, returning to the piano, she wisely selected one or two simple pieces, new to her audience, and not overtaxing to her own strength.

Eileen's too ready tongue had let slip the secret as to the identity of the pianist, and Mrs. Wynford found herself being congratulated on all sides on the acquisition to her household. When the last guest had departed, she heaved a sigh of relief, and in the quiet of her own room later on she thought with satisfaction that her new venture seemed likely to prove a success.

"It is such a good thing that grannie and the girls have taken to her," she reflected. "Now if all goes well for the next few weeks, I shall feel I can leave them with an easy mind."

(*To be continued.*)



THE ANCHORESS OF STE. MAXIME.

By M. H. CORNWALL LEGH, Author of "Gold in the Furnace," "An Incorrigible Girl," "At the Foot of the Rainbow," etc.

CHAPTER V.



WHEN Kate Harrison was gone, Alison fell into a state of restless listlessness. The books she read to her mother—new books from England, the reading of which had at one time been the exciting event of the day to both—ceased to interest her. She dropped out of the habit of collecting every particle of news for the entertainment of Mrs. Woodward. Her mind was full of fair scenes, vague projects. Ste. Maxime and her bounded, monotonous life there had become intolerable, hateful. All that had been simmering in her mind for so long had, with the fire of Kate's influence applied thereto, begun to boil fiercely, to threaten to boil over.

"What is the matter with you, child?" Mrs. Woodward asked one day, waking Alison out of the brown study into which she had fallen, with her book in her lap, and her eyes roving from point to point of the landscape. She had been giving short answers to every remark put to her and was evidently and openly out of sorts.

"I can't stand it any longer, mother, I can't indeed!" Alison answered, bursting out with sudden impetuosity, as is the way with those who have long brooded over their griefs in silence. "I can't stay on here in this little out-of-the-world French village, shut away from all the interests of life, with my youth going and none of the enjoyments or anything else of youth."

"Who has been putting these ideas into your mind?" asked Mrs. Woodward, greatly moved. "I suppose it was Kate Harrison."

"They always were in my mind, only she has shown me there is nothing unreasonable or selfish in them; that you want a change just as much as myself, mother; that it is as bad for you to be shut up here as for me! It is, really, really"—with some distress at the sight of her mother's growing agitation. "You know all the doctors say that what you want is to rouse yourself and have a change. If you were really ill and could not leave the place, of course I would cheerfully stay with you and nurse you, year after year."

"Really ill!" Mrs. Woodward almost screamed. "You mean to pretend that I am not really ill? You, who know my condition so well! I can imagine Kate Harrison, who has never seen me, making up her mind that my illness was all a sham. But that you, my own daughter, who have been with me from the beginning of my illness, can imagine such a thing——" And she burst into a flood of tears.

"I didn't say a sham. I know you think you are very ill—that you feel weak and miserable, as anyone would do who had spent three years in the same room, but if once you were to make the exertion——"

Mrs. Woodward continued to sob.

"Oh, Alison, I never could have believed—that you—would have said this to me! Very well, if you feel you cannot stay by your mother's bedside, go off to England, or anywhere else that you like. I shall not stop you. If it kills me, being left alone, what does that matter? I had better die than live to be a burden on my daughter."

She had worked herself up into a state of hysterics from which she did not recover completely for several hours. As she lay at length, breathless, exhausted, with hectic cheeks and parted lips, Alison felt herself hopelessly defeated. Remorse for having made her mother so ill swallowed up every other feeling. She could not think, in the face of her own common sense and the opinion of all the doctors, that her mother was in the right, but she felt she could never, never reduce her to such a state of agitation again.

It was in a very subdued state of mind, and with eyelids still a little pink, that Alison went down to her solitary dinner that evening. The Swiss couple were still here, and gave the English girl their usual friendly greeting from afar. The automobile party had left, but their place was taken by some more French people, equally uninteresting, who occupied the head of the table, while Alison kept her own place at the foot. Just as she sat down, another diner was given his place opposite to her. It was the artist she had seen sketching on the quay a fortnight ago! He bowed comprehensively round the table, ending with a marked salute to her, and both began to sup their soup in silence.

Now and then the artist looked across the table at her, trying to decide what was her nationality. She looked more English, somehow, in her evening attire; the way she wore her hair was undoubtedly English. Something undefinable about her ways, her movements, decided him that his opposite neighbour was a compatriot.

"I have to thank you for your kindness in giving me a sitting the other day," he said, with a frank smile. "I made a mistake, didn't I, in addressing you in French?"

"I have been long enough in France to understand the language," Alison answered, smiling.

"And to recognise an Anglo-Saxon accent, I daresay. You knew that I was English?"

He laughed, and Alison again responded.

"I thought your accent very French," she said. "But your costume struck me as Anglo-Saxon."

"No foreigner would ever make such a figure of himhimself. I always think an Englishman's way of clothing himself when he isn't in Bond Street is the surest proof of our ingrained, indomitable conceit. Don't you?"

"I have not had much opportunity of judging of the way Englishmen, of the kind that do dress like that, get themselves up," Alison replied. "I have not seen a single Englishman above the *commis voyageur* class, except one or two regular old fogeys, since we came here nearly three years ago."

"You have been all that time at Ste. Maxime? Then you live here. How delightful!" A view of the case for which Alison had no comment ready. She was not going to pour out her troubles to this stranger as she had done to her cousin, but she could not positively assent.

"I wonder lots of people don't come and build villas here," he went on. "Though, of course, you must be very glad they don't. It would spoil the place at once if it got built up, but with this air and this scenery, it won't be kept secret long. I consider it the loveliest place along the whole Riviera."

"There is nothing going on here."

He opened his eyes.

"Why, it struck me as the busiest little place, full of

life. There are amusements even. This afternoon I met an old man with flowing locks ringing a bell, and crying some grand entertainment to be given to-night. Admission two-pence: children half-price; and as he went along the quay the boys and girls all ran after him, laughing and dancing. It would have made a perfect study for the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin.' I am going to try to get them all to sit to me to-morrow."

"Do you know where it is to be held?"

"At that sort of tent set up in the Place de la Maire, isn't it? I am going to see the performance to-night. It is to be a grand historical drama, chiefly, I hear, in Provençal. Unfortunately I am not a great adept in that language yet, though I know a little, more than when I came to these parts. You understand it, of course?"

"It never occurred to me to try to learn. It is only a patois, is it?"

"Provençal a patois!" And the young artist proceeded to give Alison a discourse on the beauty and richness of the dialect of the Midi, the old distinction of the Langue d'Oc and the Langue d'Œil, and to teach her something about the poems and literature of the language she had imagined only the patois of peasants. It was really very interesting, given as brightly, as eagerly, as picturesquely as the enthusiasm of a poetical young man, over head and ears in love with the South, could make it.

"And where have you been able to get lessons in Provençal?" asked Alison, almost herself fired to set to work and acquire this little-known language, which she had been hearing spoken around her with the deaf ears of indifference for the last three years, and get hold of the life and the thought and the traditions of the people she lived amongst, as the artist said that it was impossible for anyone to do who could not talk with them in their native tongue.

"I get my lessons in all sorts of ways," he replied. "Partly from the fishermen, when they let me go out in their boats with them; partly from the children who will always gather round me and chatter, directly I begin to make a picture. They tell me the names of the things I am drawing, and I can catch the meaning of the remarks they make to each other. A criticism in Provençal is quite as intelligible to me now as one in Academic French—and much more valuable, too, as a rule," he added, laughing. "A child's one idea of a good picture is a picture that is *like*—and that is my idea of a good picture, too."

Conversation proceeded as easily and entertainingly all through the dinner. After the *entremet* a cake was handed round, of which everyone took a slice, to the accompaniment of laughter and mild excitement.

"It is the Epiphany Cake," explained Alison. "This is the Twelfth Night, you know. Somewhere in the cake there is a little doll. If a gentleman gets that he is King, and has to choose a Queen. If a lady gets it, *vice versâ*."

The slices of cake were taken and broken with mirthful care by all the recipients.

"Ah!" exclaimed Alison, holding up a minute china figure, to the applause of the company, and of Hortense and Euphrosyne, who whispered to each other apart, with sly glances at the Englishman, who had appeared so appropriately upon the scene.

Alison glanced at the couple at the corner table who were clapping their hands to her—that monsieur was already appropriated; at the French people at the end of her own table—she did not feel she could choose one of them for her king. Then she looked across the table with a pink flush, which she wished she could keep back, and the artist was most heartily glad that she could not.

"I am afraid you will not feel much flattered, considering the limited nature of my choice," she said, holding out to him the china doll. "I ask you to be *mon roi!*"

"*Votre roi et votre très humble serviteur!*" he replied, with a bow that had in it no Anglo-Saxon *gaucherie;* and there was just a tinge of added colour on his own cheek as their fingers touched across the table.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

At an Irish Funeral.

In the province of Munster in Ireland it used to be a common thing for the women who followed a funeral to join in the universal cry with all their might and main for some time and then to turn and ask, "Arrah! who is it that's dead?—who is it that we're crying for?"

Certain old women who cried particularly loud and well were in great request, and as a man once said to us, "Everyone would wish and be proud to have such at his funeral or at that of his friends."

Advice Gratis.—"The great luxury of riches," says Sir Arthur Helps, "is that they enable you to escape so much good advice. The rich are always advising the poor, but the poor seldom venture to return the compliment."

Truth.

"When at night the frogs are croaking,
Kindle but a torch's fire;
Ha! how soon they all are silent!
Thus truth silences the liar."

Unlucky.—No doubt bad luck does overtake some people, but it will usually be found that they were sitting down when they were overtaken.

Give Praise where Praise is Deserved.

Some people who appreciate their fellows never by word or look allow them to find it out. Whether they do not wish to puff up their self-esteem, or whether they fear to be thought too easily pleased, or whatever be the reason, words of praise or encouragement rarely fall from their lips, though inwardly they may acknowledge and honour what is meritorious and noble.

They make a great mistake. Where one person is made vain by honest praise, a hundred are stimulated to new and higher achievements. Where one is kept humble by never being commended, a hundred are made spiritless and dejected, and their efforts flag.

The Real Victory of Faith.—It is the easiest thing in the world to obey God when He commands us to do what we like, and to trust Him when the path is all sunshine. The real victory of faith is to trust God in the dark and through the dark.

An Epitaph Worth Noticing.—One of the most happily conceived epitaphs is the line of Ovid on the gate of Richmond for those who died in the American Civil War—"Those who lie here in honour, having died for and with their country."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

M. K. G.—I am so glad our dear Editor has sent you the "G. O. P." for a year. His "Help-One-Another Fund" is an admirable plan for aiding those who are old readers, but who are compelled by circumstances to give up the paper. I quote a little from your sweet letter, "Neither my mother nor I can go to God's house to worship Him, and we have few Christian friends to call on us, so you may guess how we looked forward to the coming of the monthly 'G. O. P.' Since my illness I had been unable to take it in. If only the Editor and the dear generous ones who contribute to the Fund could know the pleasure they have given, they would feel rewarded. It was like the return of a dear friend." I enter into the pleasure of you two dear ones—in your illness and weakness—when the welcome packet came. And, oh, how I also enter into what you write about the looking away from the sad present, with your will to be up and doing, and the absolute powerlessness to make the least effort. I wish I could quote all your letter, which evidences firm faith, humble submission, and the looking forward, with trustful hope, to the fulfilment of God's promises. Remember my girls and me from your home, and —I answer for us all—we will not forget you and your mother when we kneel at the footstool of our Divine Master.

MAORI (New Zealand).—What a bright picture you have given me of your home, its inmates and surroundings! It is sweet to read your words, "I have the best of fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, and hitherto I have known no great sorrow. We are poor, but all our real wants are supplied. I have only lately given my heart to God, but, oh, the blessedness of knowing Him!" Your whole letter is delightful reading, and I believe, with you, that a way will be opened for the self-devoting life to which you aspire. The book you love is one of my favourites. You are too young to go out into the world as a mission-worker as yet, but I know, with the love of God in your heart, that which lies nearest to your hand each day of your life will help to train you if you use your opportunities. You could get information about foreign mission-work through the chief secretary of whatever society you wish to labour under. Your father is sure to be fully informed. I return every loving wish, and with all my heart I ask a blessing on your efforts. I will inquire about the desired Correspondent.

ASPIRATIONS.—I am so glad to know all about your beautiful surroundings, and am very sensible of the kindness which prompted the words, "I wish, dear Mother-Friend, you could be in our midst." In a sense I am with you, dear "Elder-Daughter," for I love to think of you and your beloved ones reading our early Talks together on Sabbath afternoons. What a happy, useful life your husband, yourself and children must enjoy! The objects for which you labour are very dear to my heart also. I am looking quite anxiously for news of the one invalid, but hoping meanwhile that before this is in print you will all be thanking God for her restoration to health. I will gladly pass your letter on if you enclose it in one to me. It will only need addressing. I am glad the card sent by "UNE DE VOS FILLES" to me for you arrived safely. Probably its size would surprise you, but I am sure the words would appeal to you as they do to me. Love to you all.

I have to thank an unknown friend for an admirable little book by the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. I had not seen it before, hence I am the more indebted to the kind and thoughtful giver.

FIDELIA.—The account of your correspondents and the delightful intercourse which has resulted from them has given me true happiness. I knew how thoroughly you would throw your heart and the best powers you have into whatever you might undertake. I do thank you, dear. I should like to write at greater length, but for the huge pile of letters awaiting replies. I pass on your message. "I do pray for all the girls—the doubting ones as well—that God may become everything to them." Our Circle members have cause to thank Him for many answered prayers; and no words can express my own gladness at the daily proofs which reach me of blessings which have resulted from our "Talks" and correspondence.

VERONICA.—I have said all I can on the subject of "Prayer" in the "Talk" you have read. To "pray without ceasing" does not mean a constant repetition of a form of words. Such a course would be almost insulting to the common sense of human friends. Our wants are ever recurring. Our dependence on God for their supply knows no cessation, hence we should live in a prayerful spirit at all times, without using "vain repetitions," against which Christ warned His listeners in the "Sermon on the Mount." We shall not be heard for our "much speaking," but for the sake of Him who is our Mediator at the throne of grace, and who taught us the most perfect and comprehensive of all prayers in the fewest words. I have already expressed the opinion that the sphere and influence of women would hardly be greater, even were the pulpit open to them.

ROUIE.—Your letter is like a burst of sunshine, you write so brightly of your present happiness. I do join you in the prayer that you "may be kept in the light, and not lose your great joy again." You say that some day you hope to offer help to other members of our Circle, when you have learned love enough; but now you "feel like a baby taking the first steps, but too weak to be of use." The power will come in God's good time to one who longs for it and has the will to help others. I trust the correspondence will prove a real blessing to you.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

RELIC would be very grateful if anyone would tell her where to find, or send her a copy of, an old nursery song or recitation, beginning—

"Jim and his mare a journey went,
Dumble, dumble, derry, dee;
They travelled slow by joint consent,
Tweedle, tweedle, twinerie."

They were overtaken by darkness and a storm, and found refuge in a king's palace.

NEW READER is answered by EPPY, KATHLEEN HITCHFIELD, AIMÉE, CITY GIRL, WINNIE COMBS, AMY M. HENDERSON, CONSTANCE P. HALL, H. MATHYS, L. BLACKBURN, GLADYS E. HURST, MISS ELSIE WALTON. The song with the refrain she quotes is called "A Dream of Paradise." The words are by Claude Lyttleton, the music (with violin or violoncello obbligato) is by Hamilton Grey. It is published in four keys, Eb, F, G, and Ab, by J. H. Larway, 20, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W. CITY GIRL kindly offers to send NEW READER a copy of the song if she forwards her address to this column.

A. M. B.'s question is a very popular one. She has replies, enclosing the poem from EMMA LOWE, AN ENGLISH GIRL, MRS. FLETCHER, EDITH F., MABEL GOFFE, MISS E. M. MORRIS, EDITH ELLSON, BECKY, MISS E. COULTON. Three other readers offer to send her the verses on receipt of her address. They are (MISS ?) ANNIE WILSON, Calder Grove, Crigglestone, near Wakefield; MISS NELLIE CALLAWAY, Velmead, Vincent Road, Croydon, Surrey; and "RECTA," 5, Atlantic Terrace East, Weston-super-Mare. "AGNES" also replies. Our correspondents say the poem is by Mrs. Browning, but this we cannot verify, and we should like to know their authority. We print it here for the sake of A. M. B. and other readers.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

"Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy!

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Man-like you have questioned me—
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as Heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a far better thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—
I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called Home,
And a man that the maker, God,
Shall look upon as He did the first,
And say, 'It is very good.'

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek one day—
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

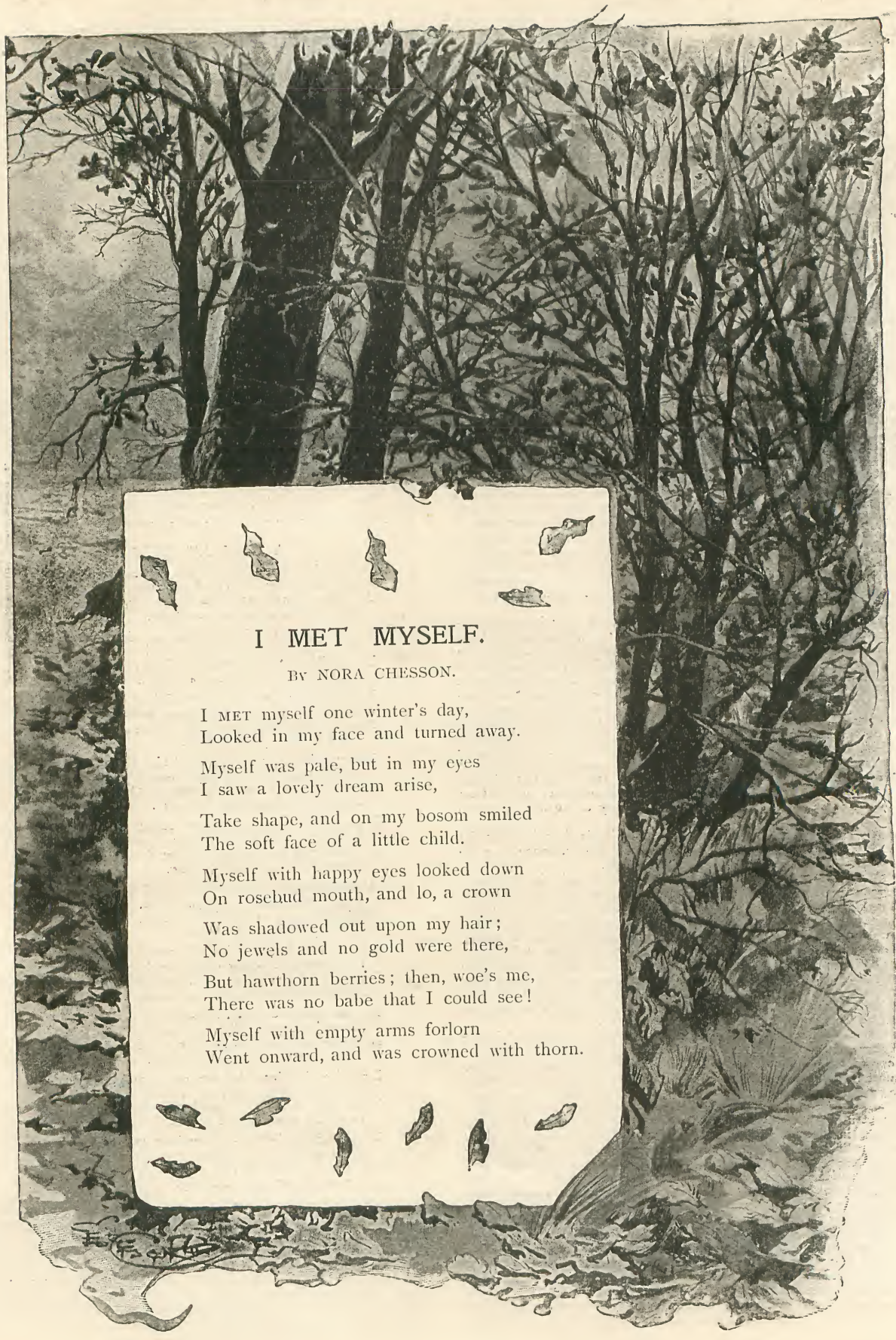
Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds Heaven or Hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this—a laundress and cook
You can hire with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way."

BOBBY has replies from M. T. LEWIS, JANET WILSON, and MISS N. BANNISTER, who say that the book, *Soldiers of the Cross*, is by Edith S. Floyer, published by Nelson and Sons. "RECTA" suggests that *Under the King's Banner: Stories of Soldiers of the Cross in All Ages*, by G. A. Jones, may be what BOBBY seeks.

L. E. G. has replies from MISS E. M. MORRIS, Mayfield, Wendover Road, Aylesbury, Bucks (offering to procure the poem "Women's Rights"); G. W. (enclosing the poem); MISS N. CALLAWAY, Velmead, Vincent Road, Croydon (offering to send the poem on receipt of address). The author is Susan Coolidge.



I MET MYSELF.

By NORA CHESSON.

I MET myself one winter's day,
Looked in my face and turned away.

Myself was pale, but in my eyes
I saw a lovely dream arise,

Take shape, and on my bosom smiled
The soft face of a little child.

Myself with happy eyes looked down
On rosebud mouth, and lo, a crown

Was shadowed out upon my hair;
No jewels and no gold were there,

But hawthorn berries; then, woe's me,
There was no babe that I could see!

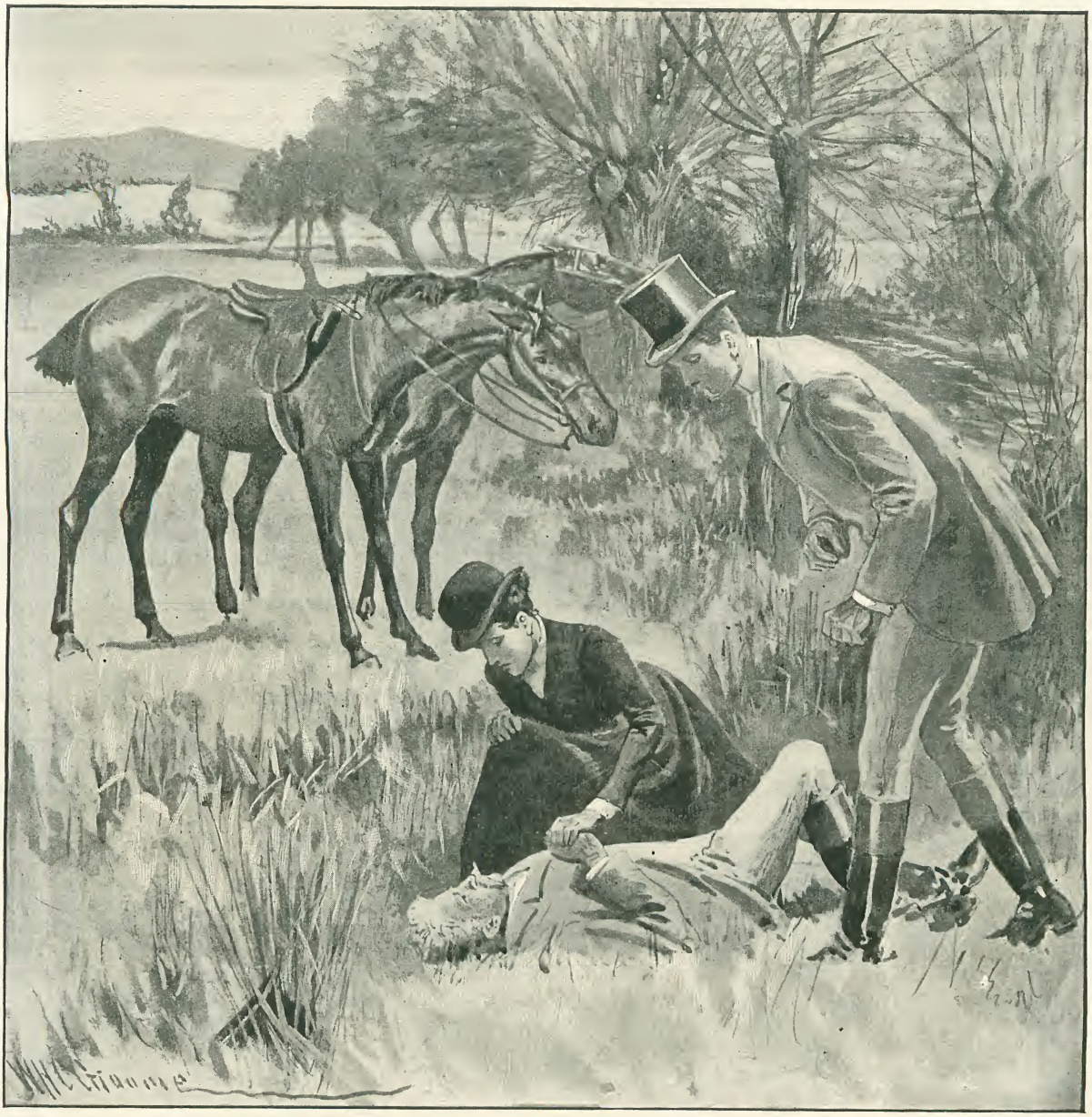
Myself with empty arms forlorn
Went onward, and was crowned with thorn.



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PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

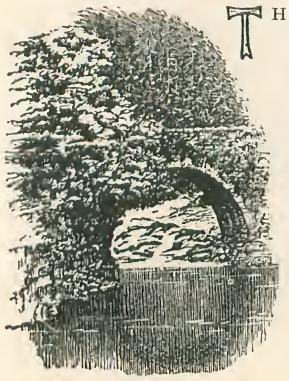
BY MRS. G. DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.



"THE MAJOR WAS LYING ON THE BANK OF THE STREAM, WHITE AND MOTIONLESS."

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CHAPTER XXV.



THE Major was lying on the bank of the stream, white and motionless, while Black Bess was pawing the air in agony a few yards away. Esmeralda slipped from her saddle and ran to his side, and he opened his eyes and smiled at her feebly.

"Joan, my girl! That's right. My—own—fault! I had no business to try it, but I was—mad, I think. That poor beast!" and he turned away his head, unable to look upon the animal's struggles. "I can't move. Get a cart—O'Brien's farm."

"I'll go! I can see the chimneys. I'll bring help at once, and here's my flask. Give him a cordial, Miss Joan, but don't try to move him. I'll bring back men with me, and we'll lift him with less pain."

Hilliard dashed off in the direction of the farm, and Joan knelt down and lifted her father's head on to her knee. He swallowed the cordial obediently, and tried to smile encouragement into the ashen face.

"It might have been worse, dear! She threw me clear of the water, and I've no pain. I shall be all right when I get home, and have a rest."

"Yes, darling, yes. Of course you will," answered Esmeralda bravely. Accidents in the hunting-field were unfortunately no new thing to her, and her heart died within her as she looked at the helpless limbs, and heard her father's words. Over and over again had she heard old huntsmen marvel at the unconsciousness of those who were most mortally injured. Absence of pain, combined with loss of power in the limbs, meant serious injury to the spine, yet it seemed as if, with the comparative comfort of the body, there must be a dulling of the mental powers, since the victim frequently congratulated himself on his escape, and seemed to forget the experiences of others!

As Esmeralda sat holding her father's head on her knee, the future stretched before her, transformed by the accident of a moment. The Major would never again ride by her side, never again mount his horse and gallop over the wide, green land; while he lived he must lie even as he lay now, still and straight, a child in the hands of his nurses! Poor father! oh, poor, poor father, what a death in life, to one of his restless, roving nature! what grief, what agony to see his sufferings! The spring would come, and the summer, and the autumn, but there would be no sunshine at Knock Castle, nothing but clouds and darkness, and dull, settled gloom. Esmeralda had been her father's darling, and had returned his love with all the fervour of a passionate Irish heart, so that the sight of him in his helplessness hurt like a physical pain, and the moments seemed endless until Hilliard returned accompanied by the farmer and three of his men.

An hour later the Major was carried upstairs to his own room in the Castle, and laid gently upon the old four-poster bed. Hilliard had ridden on in advance to prepare the young mistress, and there she stood at the doorway, white to the lips, but smiling still, a smile of almost motherly tenderness as she bent over the prostrate form.

"More trouble to ye, Bridgie!" murmured the Major faintly. "A little rest—that's all I need; but that poor beast! Tell Dennis to go and put her out of her misery." He shut his eyes and remained silent until the doctor arrived, galloping up to the door on Hilliard's horse which he had lent to save time, and tearing up the staircase to the sick-room with the unprofessional speed of an old and devoted friend.

The examination was soon over, and fortunately the patient asked no questions; he was tired and inclined for sleep, unperturbed on his own account, but greatly distressed for the noble animal for whose agony he held himself responsible. He was soothed by the assurance that everything possible should be done to cure, or, if that were impossible, to end its sufferings, and then was left to rest while the doctor returned to the morning-room to face the sisters with what courage he might. Bridgie lay back in a deep, old-fashioned chair, a slight, almost childlike figure, her hands clasped in her lap, her shoulders bowed as by too heavy a burden—the burden of all those five motherless—might it soon be also fatherless—children? Esmeralda, straight and defiant by the fireplace, her stormy eyes challenging his face.

"I—I—there is very little to say." The doctor passed his hands helplessly through his grey locks and devoutly wished himself at the other end of the county. "I didn't want to fatigue him to-day, but to-morrow we can have a better examination. Perhaps Trevor would come over in consultation. He seems quite easy—quite easy and comfortable. I think he will sleep. You must keep up your hearts, and not let him think you are anxious. A great thing to keep up the spirits!"

"Why do you talk like that? Why do you try to deceive us? My father will never get better. You know perfectly well that it is hopeless!" Esmeralda's voice sounded clear and cold as falling water, her lips did not tremble, she looked the doctor full in the face with hard, defiant eyes. "I have seen other accidents before this, and know what it means. It is useless to pretend. He has no pain because his spine is too much injured. If he suffered, there might be some hope, as it is there is none. He will lie there days, weeks, months, whichever it may be, but he will never move out of that room. He is dead already, my father, the father I love, and it will be cruel and wicked of you if you try to keep him alive!"

"Joan, Joan! Oh, darling, don't! Think what you are saying!"

Tender-hearted Bridgie burst into tears, but Esmeralda would not be restrained. She turned to her sister ablaze with righteous anger.

"What! You too? Would you keep him here, existing—merely existing—not able to do anything—he who has been so active all his life! It's cruel, I tell you—cruel and selfish. You ought not even to wish such a thing!"

"My child, the issues of life and death are not in our hands!" The voice of the old man sounded solemn and deep after the girl's heated accents, and she caught her breath as she listened. "It is not for you to decide what is best. If your father lingers in helplessness, it will be for some wise purpose, and you will see that it will be less trying than you expect. Nature herself will work in his favour, for when paralysis comes on, the brain is mercifully deadened against the worst. He will not suffer, and in all probability he will be patient and resigned. Is not that something for which to be thankful?"

Bridgie covered her face with a low heart-broken cry, for the doctor's silent assent to Esmeralda's verdict—

the undisguised conviction that the case was hopeless—came to her with a shock of surprise before which her courage wavered.

Mother dead—father dead! All those children alone in the world and no money for them, and only me—only me—— Her heart swelled with a great wave of protecting love; she held out her arms and cried brokenly, "Esmeralda, come—come to me. Darling, if we are to be alone, we must help each other, we must love each other more! Oh, Esmeralda, be brave, for I am frightened—I can't do everything alone," and at that Esmeralda gave a great cry and rushed across the room, and the old doctor groped his way downstairs, leaving the sisters sobbing in each other's arms.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CEDAR OF LEBANON.

(*Cedrus Libani.*)



SEEDLING CEDAR.

"The trees of the Lord are full of sap: the cedars of Lebanon which He hath planted" (Psa. civ. 16).

THE two ancient cedars I am proud to possess cannot, like my Scotch fir, be seen from the windows of the house, for they stand in the park at some little distance from the garden. A good view, however, of their grand proportions can be obtained from a mound, twenty-four feet high, which is sufficiently near to the trees to enable us to look down upon the great horizontal branches in a way that is not always possible.

The origin of this mound or "Cedar View," as we call it, has been a subject of much speculation. It is certainly ancient, and an antiquarian friend of mine suggested that it was a Saxon barrow, possibly containing interesting remains of a far-away time. In the light of this conjecture it was a curious coincidence that, whilst he and I were discussing this subject and examining the old mound, I happened to pick up on the spot a British hammer, that is to say, a flint stone chipped by human means in a special way, and much abraded at one end by having been used for pounding corn in the days before iron implements had been invented. This seemed to confirm the idea that the mound had an history, so, when severe weather set in, and men were wanting work, I resolved to make an opening into it to try and find the hidden remains if any existed. Accordingly tunnels were bored both vertically and horizontally, but, alas, as we only found roots of water-plants amongst the clay, we came to the conclusion that the hill was formed of the earth dug out of a deep pond near by, and so our Anglo-Saxon theory came to nothing.

Still the Cedar View has its interest, and is very picturesque, as may be seen from the sketch, showing its pleached yew-hedges, its ancient moss-grown lions, and the statue of Dick Whittington, which forms the centre of a gravelled space at the top. Trees of great size grow on and around the Cedar View, showing it has existed for at least a century of years. A sycamore, seven feet in girth, overshadows the little figure of Whittington, who looks plaintively around as if listening for the fateful bells. Two huge hollies stand near by, with tall slender stems drawn up by their position amongst other trees till they have attained the height of forty-five feet, with a girth of four feet nine inches.

This Cedar View is a delightful place on a summer's day. Sheltered from the sun, with a cool refreshing breeze from the wide stretch of open country which lies eastward, we look through and above the cedars across the park, which slopes down to the rush-fringed lakes, catching a glimpse of the Elstree Reservoir, then over wooded country to far blue distances, with the grey pile of St. Alban's Abbey on the horizon.

The cedars this year are thickly covered with their light green cones, formed twelve months ago, and needing another year or more to come to maturity. When quite ripe, they never fall off like fir-cones, but the scales become loosened, then the first high wind detaches them. In this manner the winged seeds are released and carried far and wide.

It is thought that my cedars are about a hundred and forty years old. The trunk of the largest one measures sixteen feet in girth, and, standing beneath it, and looking up at the massive branches, one is filled with reverent wonder at the growth of such a tree. Springing as it did from a tiny seed, which simply fed upon the soil and drank in the rain of heaven, in a hundred years to what a majestic growth has it attained! Such is the expansive power of vegetable life.

I believe the exact date of the introduction of the cedar



THE CEDAR OF LEBANON. (*Very greatly reduced.*)

into England is not known. Many very ancient trees of magnificent growth exist in various parks throughout our country, but they sink into insignificance when compared with those still growing on Mount Lebanon. The girth of the largest there is more than forty-one feet, the height about a hundred feet. As to the age of these specimens, estimates differ. Some travellers aver that they have probably been growing ever since the Flood, others seem to have good ground for believing that the older specimens must be over three thousand years old.

Cedars still growing in the Chelsea garden first produced cones in 1766; the seed proved fertile, and from that time the tree has been extensively planted in England, and adds dignity to many an ancient garden throughout our land.

The peculiar horizontal growth of the cedar of Lebanon is admirably described by Dr. Thompson.* "The branches are thrown out horizontally from the parent trunk. These again part into limbs, which preserve the same horizontal direction, and so on down to the minutest twigs, and even the arrangement of the clustered leaves has the same general tendency. Climb into one, and you are delighted with a succession of verdant floors spread around the trunk, and gradually narrowing as you ascend. The beautiful cones seem to stand upon, or rise out of, this green flooring."

This level method of growth renders the cedar liable to continual injury in severe winters. The softly falling snow piles up upon the branches and lays such a burden upon them that at last the strain is too great, and they break off one after another until the symmetrical beauty of the tree is ruined.

During the severe gales of March, 1899, a huge branch was broken off one of the cedars, and when examining the mutilated tree we found that this particular branch must have been slightly wrenched from the trunk some years before, although the injury was not visible to anyone standing beneath the tree. Slight as the severance was, it allowed rain-water to collect in the cavity amongst the splintered wood. The presence of this moisture inside the tree stimulated the formation of aerial roots, and these roots, in large quantities, were revealed when the limb was torn from the trunk. From the position of the long matted roots, it was seen how wonderfully they had helped to hold the ponderous branch in its almost horizontal position, and also how they had served to supply water to the injured branch, by absorbing the rain deposit, which, if left in the injured wood, would have caused decay.

* *The Land and the Book*, by W. M. Thompson, D.D.



THE CEDAR VIEW.

The female blossom, which results in the cone, is only produced at intervals of a few years, but the male pollen-bearing catkin usually appears in considerable quantities every year in late autumn.

It is not often possible to find the very young cones within reach, as they are apt to be produced more freely on the upper and inaccessible branches. I therefore had to wait fifteen years before I could obtain a specimen from which to complete my drawing of cedar flowers.

The beetle which appears in the sketch is the beautiful *Calosoma Sycophanta*, which, although rarely found in England, abounds on the Continent to such an extent that at night the fir-woods, when explored with a lantern, are found to be swarming with these beetles pursuing their beneficent work, destroying other insects which prey upon the fir-tree. The Rev. J. G. Wood says,* "It is impossible to calculate the benefits which this beautiful insect confers upon the countries in which it lives, and it is not too much to say that but for the *Calosoma* the fir-tree would be extinct in many of those places from which we derive our chief stores of timber. Both in the perfect and larval condition this beetle is carnivorous, feeding upon the destructive caterpillars of the processionary and gipsy moths and also upon the pine saw-fly, the creatures which do most harm to the forest."

I possess a specimen of the *Calosoma*, and truly it is "a thing of beauty," of a rich golden green shot with iridescent gleams of other colours as one holds it in different lights. The first recorded British specimen was captured at Aldborough by Crabbe, the poet. I may mention that the cedar-wood used for pencils is obtained from *Juniperus Virginiana*, an American tree which yields a soft, agreeably scented wood,

* *Insects at Home*, page 37.

not only suitable for pencils, but much in request for small cabinets, boxes, matches, and other purposes.

Pliny makes mention of the imperishable nature of cedar-wood. A temple of Apollo at Utica, in Northern Africa, being built of it, was found to be perfectly sound after two thousand years.

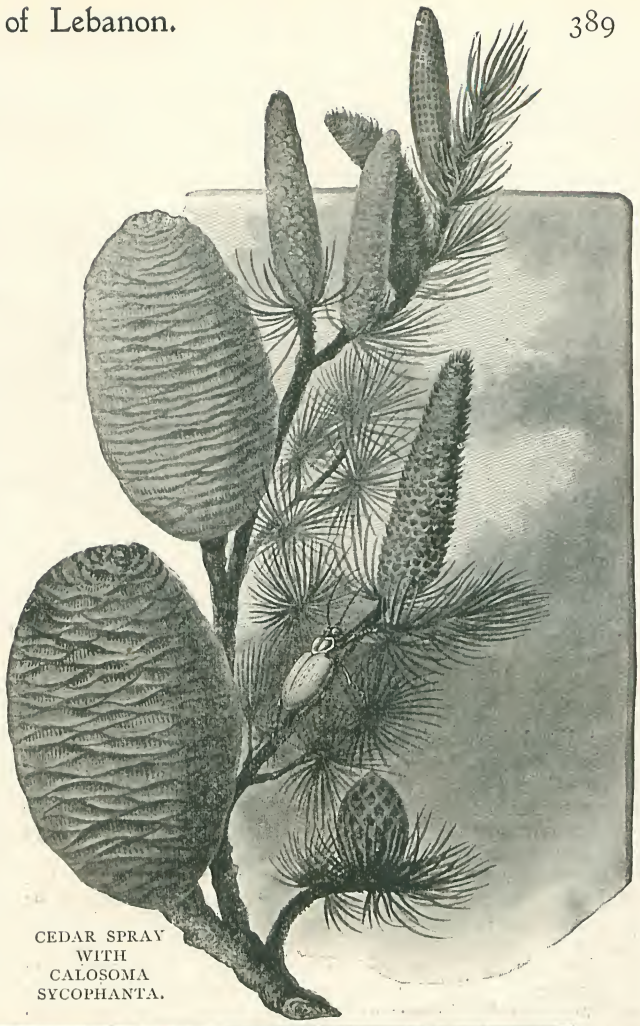
When we read in Scripture that King Solomon employed eighty thousand "hewers in the mountains," we can picture to some extent the busy scene as the huge cedars were felled and brought down from Lebanon, then formed into rafts and floated by sea to the landing-place, where the Sidonians would hew and fashion them into material for the building of the temple (1 Kings v. 6).

Many years ago there was an exhibition of a most interesting nature at the Egyptian Hall. It consisted of the articles found during excavations in underground Jerusalem at a depth of eighty feet, where Solomon's temple originally stood. Of all the remarkable things exhibited, I think I was most impressed at seeing some of the beautifully carved cedar-work of the Temple, portions of it quite perfect, and other pieces of it blackened and charred by the fire which destroyed that marvellous building.

It would be an interesting exercise for young students to gather all the Scripture references to the cedar of Lebanon, to observe how it was used as an emblem of growth (Psa. xcii. 12), of power and strength (Job xl. 17), of sweetness (Hosea xiv. 7, Lebanon being a synonym for cedar), of stability (Hosea xiv. 5), and, combined with hyssop, the wood was used in offerings for purification (Lev. xiv. 4).

The delicious balsamic odour of cedar-groves and pine-woods arises from an essential oil which permeates the leaves and timber, and exhales under the warmth of summer sunshine. This oil is said to have been used in ancient times to smear over the leaves of papyrus to prevent their destruction by insects, just as we still put cedar shavings amongst our furs to repel the destructive moths. Much more might be said about "these trees of the Lord," but space will not permit. Let us ever regard them with reverence, not only for their own intrinsic grandeur and beauty, but because they are linked in so many aspects with Bible teachings.

ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.



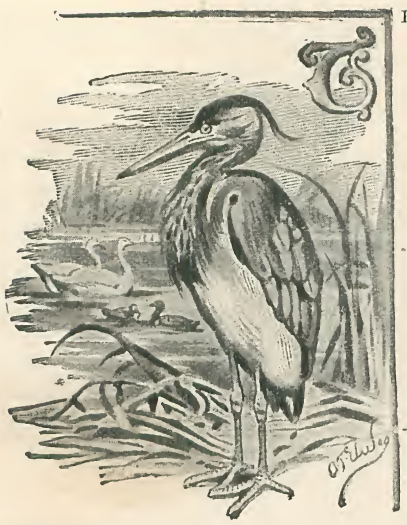
CEDAR SPRAY WITH CALOSOMA SYCOPHANTA.



EFFECT OF A MARCH GALE.

AGE FORTY.

CHAPTER IV.



THINGS did go well, for the spring sunshine was so cheering and the air so health-giving that Margaret was at her best, and each day she realised with thankfulness that the lines had fallen to her in pleasant places. True, she had very little leisure, for she was always at the beck and call of somebody, and when night came she was so tired that she fell asleep the moment her head touched the pillow. She would have liked her work a little better defined, but for the present it seemed clear that she was needed to "fill up chinks," and being a firm believer in the words, "Thou camest not to thy place by accident; it is the very place God meant for thee," she was well content to take each day as it came.

The lovely weather made everyone anxious to be out, and the presence of the two cousins made a good excuse for Eileen's neglecting anything like study. So there had been cycle rides, and drives in the pony-cart, and rambles on the hills, and Mrs. Wynford was always more at ease if Margaret made one of the party. Only once had the latter succeeded in persuading Lilian to drive her, while the others cycled, to a village church a few miles distant and well worth a visit. But Lily's first impulsive overtures had not been followed by her confidence, and she was weary and uninterested, and the gay chatter of the girls evidently worried her.

"Never mind," thought Margaret, "we must have patience. Her whole nature has received a blow that it cannot quickly recover. If I could only find some way of helping her to forget herself, even for a few minutes daily, it would be a beginning."

After nearly a fortnight of brilliant days, Margaret awoke one morning to the sound of pattering rain, and, pulling up her blind, she found her well-loved view entirely blotted out.

"Now is my chance!" she said to herself. "We'll have out Eileen's boxes of 'rubbish' this morning, and see if we can't be industrious for once," and accordingly after breakfast she unfolded her plan.

Mrs. Wynford was entirely willing, saying she should be only too glad to see Eileen with a needle in her hand, and she succeeded in enlisting the help of the two cousins, Ella and Marion, but Eileen made a face of horror.

"Oh, Miss Ashton! A whole morning shut up in the Band-box! I couldn't do it—I couldn't really! And besides, it takes me five minutes to thread a needle! Sacrifice I might endure, but penance—— No, I draw the line there!"

"What are you talking about, Eileen?" asked Lilian, coming in at the moment, seeing Margaret's disappointed face and hearing her reply—

"But, Eileen, we can't get on at all without you. The things are yours, and I have been counting on you as my right hand. I promise you, you shall not be bored beyond endurance, but do at least lend us your ideas and advice."

"I haven't any of either," she retorted. "Still as I led you into this mess, Miss Ashton, I suppose I am in honour bound to see you through. Come along, girls," and she led the way with the air of a martyr.

"What is it all about, Miss Ashton?" Lilian questioned again, as Margaret turned to follow with some inward misgivings as to the success of her scheme.

"Only a plan which Eileen made with me for helping somebody; and now she seems quite unwilling to carry it out. I suppose you wouldn't help us?" she asked doubtfully, feeling sure what the answer would be. Lilian hesitated, then, with another look at the regretful face before her, she said with a great effort—

"It's too bad of Eily. I'm afraid I'm not much use; but I'll come for a little while if you really want me."

Margaret felt like shouting for joy at this triumph, but she wisely said nothing, and the two entered the room, where Eileen had already created a wild confusion by heaping everything into the middle of the floor.

"*Regardez mes amies!*" she said as they entered. "Did you ever see a more hopeless pile of rubbish? Miss Ashton, if you can bring any order out of this muddle, you are a conjuror."

"Who made the muddle?" retorted Margaret quickly, and kneeling down, she drew out first a blue serge skirt, and held it up to her audience. "This," she said, "will look extremely well if unpicked, sponged and turned; the colour will be as good as new on the other side. Then here"—rapidly sorting as she spoke—"is a black sailor hat, somewhat green now, it is true, but a coat of gum and ink will soon remedy that, and a new ribbon will furbish it up beautifully. This other hat, with the faded flowers taken off, can be retrimmed with some of that wide blue ribbon. If those bows are unpicked and ironed out, they will make up again nicely. These lace and silk ties will wash, and out of that old cotton blouse we ought to get a very pretty shirt; the sleeves are so big we can easily cut them down to the present fashion."

"And pray, Miss Ashton, do you expect this transformation to be accomplished in one morning?" asked Eileen in a voice of dismay.

"I should deserve to be disappointed if I were so foolish; but if you will all help, we can make a very good beginning to-day. And I am sure," Margaret added earnestly, "you will be really pleased when you see the result, and still more when you get the thanks of some poor girl who hasn't the time to work for herself."

"Where would you send the things, Miss Ashton?" asked Lilian, who was still standing by the door.

"To a society I know of in London which helps respectable girls who are earning their own living, but have no money to spare for any extras of any sort. Sometimes a holiday home is found for a girl, sometimes she is helped to make a tidy appearance in a new situation by some clothes such as we should send, sometimes she gets help in illness; and in numberless ways assistance is given which brightens and sweetens life. You girls here have no conception of the hardships some of your poorer sisters go through, and they need all the help and cheer we can give them."

"Come on, then," said Eileen, her mood suddenly changing. "Set us to work immediately, Miss Ashton. I'll take the green hat; gum and ink are not so abhorrent to me as needles and pins, and Lily had better trim the other; she used to have a genius that way."

Margaret was much relieved to find things shaping themselves, and having set Ella and Marion to work on ripping the serge skirt, she herself attacked the cotton blouse which needed re-cutting.

She was quite aware that she had undertaken a big order, which would probably have to be finished by herself alone, but it was worth any amount of trouble to get Lilian interested, and if Eileen could once feel the pleasure of self-denial, a real point would have been gained.

The morning was well advanced, and the work too, when old Mrs. Wynford looked in, and finding them with so

much on hand, carried off the lace ties, which she said she would wash for them by an old and well-tried recipe of her own.

"Grannie will think you have bewitched me, Miss Ashton," Eileen said, surveying her finished and shining hat with a satisfied air, and several smudges of ink about her person. "I never thought to see myself turning 'domesticated!'"

"It's always the unexpected that happens," Margaret answered lightly, "but now, as we don't want to overdo our virtues, suppose we clear up for to-day?"

"Hadn't we better fix a day for meeting again?" asked Lilian, who had been beguiled into staying all the morning. "You can't finish this alone, Miss Ashton."

"I shall be delighted if you will," said Margaret. "Shall we say this day week?"

And so through several weeks the "trousseau" meetings, as Eileen persisted in calling them, were continued until the work was completed; and both Eileen and her sister had gained some useful knowledge, and a great respect for Margaret's resources. It was a real delight to her that Lilian's interest had steadily increased; not only had she helped industriously with the needlework, after the cousins had gone home, but in another venture of Margaret's she had proved an unexpected ally.

The wealth of spring flowers in field and garden led to a proposal to send some regularly up to London for distribution in the hospitals. Eileen, always ready for anything promising open-air exercise, readily undertook the gathering, but Lily's patient fingers helped with the tying into tiny bunches, and packing them ready for sending; and her mother saw with thankfulness that she was at last beginning to think of the needs of others and to forget herself in ministering to them.

By the time June came Mrs. Wynford felt she might safely leave the household in Margaret's care, and after a week of much packing and many instructions she and her husband departed for Homburg, where he was to undergo "the cure."

(*To be concluded.*)

VARIETIES.

His Four-footed Friends.

The following beautiful dog story comes to us from a foreign source—

The keeper of a lonely inn in Switzerland was buried in an avalanche, and only his head appeared above the snow. His two dogs had also been caught in the dreadful downfall, but the weight of snow upon them was less, and they managed to struggle out of it.

They then tried to liberate their master, but the task was too hard for them. He perceived that they acknowledged themselves beaten, and that they withdrew, apparently for consultation. He then saw them fly "like two arrows" towards the valley, where a village lay, the home of two of his brothers.

The avalanche had fallen at noon, and the dogs were in the village an hour later, although four hours was the time allowed by the mountaineers for the descent from the solitary inn above.

The dogs whined at the door of their master's brothers until someone came out. They refused alike food and caresses, and their behaviour convinced the villagers that there was something gravely amiss.

A rescue party set out, and their journey occupied seven hours. The two dogs did not wait to escort the men, who, on arrival at the inn, found them licking their owner's face.

He was unconscious when his rescuers came, but the men dug him out, and he was finally restored to life, health, and the love of his two four-footed friends.

"Then Comes I."

It was in the middle of winter, and the head of a charitable institution was examining a number of poor children as to their claims to more comfortable clothing.

She said to a little girl who was pinned up in a thin shawl—

"Have you any clothes at home?"

"No, miss."

"What have you got on?"

"Please, this is me mother's shawl, an' me dress is next, an' then comes I."

Mental philosophy was not this little girl's distinguishing walk, but she made the *ego* of her brief discourse seem a vivid reality, which is more than many able minds have succeeded in doing in a great many more words.

She Forgot Who Boaz was.—A lady was at a picture-gallery. "Ruth and Boaz" she read in the catalogue, and added, "Who was Ruth?" Whereupon her companion favoured her with a sketch of the plot of Mrs. Gaskill's *Ruth*, ending with the confession, "But I don't remember who Boaz was."

Girls Who Knew Something.

At a recent examination of girls in domestic economy some funny answers were given.

Being asked what beef is, one girl replied, "Beef is a useful article of food, obtained from different animals, such as the cow, sheep, pig, etc. The lean of beef belongs to the animal kingdom and the fat to the vegetable kingdom."

Another candidate defined lawn as "a soft stuff made from the wool of the lawn, an animal in South America;" another said it was "part of the flesh of the cow or sheep—the rib part."

According to one girl shoddy "is a drink made from a mixture of ale and sugar"; another described it as "the leather before it goes through the process of making into boots and shoes and for this reason is called shoddy"; to a third it was "the flesh near the foot of any animal."

Calico was said to be "a good heat conductor because it catches fire very soon."

Something about the Sea.

A writer with a great head for figures calculates what the sea would cost to remove, if a contractor undertook to shift it at a penny per 1,000 tons. If he performed his contract his bill would amount to 10,000 times the amount of the National Debt.

If the sea could be piled up in a round column reaching to the sun, the column would be $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles in diameter.

If you could sell the sea at a penny per 10,000 gallons, it would fetch £155,000,000,000,000; if you were to try to pump it dry at the rate of 1,000 gallons a second, it would take 12,000,000,000 years.

If you take a crown-piece as representing the surface of our planet, half-a-crown will represent the surface of the whole sea, a shilling the surface of the Pacific, and a three-penny-piece the surface of the Atlantic.

Daffodils.

"Stretching in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay,
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
* * * *
And oft when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon the inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils."

Wordsworth.

THE MOST UNPOPULAR MISTRESS AT ST. KILDA'S.

By ISABEL SUART ROBSON, Author of "The Girl Without Ambition," "Mrs. Pederson's Niece," etc.



At St. Kilda's High School student-mistresses were not popular, and Miss Lenster was the least popular of them all. She had all the qualities most abhorred by the Fourth Form and few of those which won their admiration. She was shy, very quiet, sad-eyed, slow of speech and given to dressing badly in unbecoming mourning. When she, in a fit of nervousness, misspelt a common word on the blackboard, her chances of maintaining discipline ebbed to extinction. Henceforth her entrance into the class-room of the unruly Fourth was the signal for what was known as "a slack hour," when the girls lolled lazily in their desks, giggled and whispered together, and only a mere handful paid a perfunctory attention to the information the student-mistress was struggling to impart.

Now and then Miss Lenster cherished a stormy intention of appealing to the Principal, but she feared such a proceeding might lead to her own dismissal, a thing which meant so much to her that she did not dare to contemplate it. Her relief always rivalled that of the least studious of the girls when the hands of the clock pointed to half-past one, and her duties for the day were over. She fastened on her hat and buttoned her coat, without waiting to exchange a word with anyone, and hurried away to her lodgings.

There was very little awaiting her there to excuse such haste—a small, dull room, looking out over a sea of roofs, meagrely furnished with that absence of taste which appertains to cheap lodgings. Yet it was all the home Marie Lenster possessed, and in gloomy moments, when her want of success as a teacher pressed heavily upon her, she wondered how long she should be able to retain it.

Six months ago her circumstances had been widely different. She had been the dearly cherished daughter of an artist father, in whose company she had wandered over the Continent. They had never been rich, nor able to live luxuriously, but life had always run in a free unconventional way which robbed poverty of its sting. At Perugia, her father was stricken down with fever, and though Marie nursed him devotedly, and he had the services of an English doctor who happened to be staying in the town, the illness only ran a few days, and then Marie found herself absolutely alone in the world.

One of the artist's last acts was to write to an old college friend with whom he had always kept up a correspondence, committing Marie to his charge. It was an old promise that, if either were in need, he should rely on the help of the other. Richard Lenster wrote without any doubt but that Marie's future was in kind and wise hands.

Yet after his death Marie waited day after day and no answer came to her father's letter. Her little store of money melted away, and it was soon manifest that she could not remain any longer in idleness at Perugia. She told herself that her father had, as usual, been too sanguine, and he had judged others by the light of his own generous heart. His old friend was evidently not inclined to burden himself with the responsibility of the orphan girl's future. She was seventeen, and felt old and wise enough to support herself, if she could only find some way of doing so. She consulted the doctor who had been so kind during these sad days, and to whom she clung as her only friend in a strange town. He was returning at once to England with his family, and, at his suggestion, she accompanied him, and with his help obtained the position she now held as a student-mistress at St. Kilda's High School.

She sat at the window of her tiny room on this particular afternoon, her hands folded idly in her lap, though a pile of exercise-books waited to be corrected, and her own studies had to be prepared for the morrow. It was a sultry July day, with a sun blazing down on the unshaded little square of sooty ground, called by courtesy a garden. The landlady had brought up the tea-tray and set it down among the litter of books and papers on the table. Marie turned away with disgust from the warm-looking bread-and-butter and carried her cup of weak tea to the window.

She was feeling particularly tired and disheartened. The morning had brought more than its usual crop of annoyances. The girls had been unmanageable, and, to crown her discomfort, the Principal had walked into the room at the height of the disorder and made no secret of her dissatisfaction. Later in the day, Marie had been summoned to her room to receive a firm, though kindly, warning that she must maintain better discipline for the future, and that her girls must be sent in for the coming examinations well prepared in the languages she taught.

Marie was mournfully wondering how far she would be able to fulfil these injunctions when she was roused by a tap at the door, which was manifestly not her landlady's. In answer to her "Come in," the handle turned and someone hesitated for a moment on the threshold.

Marie turned quickly, and the colour rushed to her face as she recognised Rosalys Carr, one of the most popular and also one of the most troublesome of the girls of St. Kilda's.

"My goodness, what a hole, Miss Lenster!" this young lady exclaimed airily, looking round her with frank amusement and disapprobation. "I don't wonder that you look as though you had just attended your own funeral, if this is where you spend your leisure."

Marie drew herself up haughtily and her face stiffened.

"What do you want with me, Rosalys Carr," she said coolly. "I don't think that my choice of a lodging concerns anyone but myself."

"You would get on better if you let it," Rosalys said shrewdly, as she advanced further into the room and ensconced her, uninvited, in the one shabby armchair the room boasted. Then she regarded Marie with a new expression in her grey eyes.

For the first time it occurred to Rosalys Carr that Miss Lenster was not merely a student-mistress and therefore a legitimate butt for school-girl fun and witticisms, but she was also a girl, scarcely a couple of years older than herself, with all sorts of private worries which had to be borne in surroundings, to say the least, depressing.

Whilst Rosalys made these observations, Marie was standing at the table, waiting to know her errand and evidently impatient for her departure. Poor Marie was painfully conscious of the dingy appointments of the tea-table, of the chipped ornaments on the mantelpiece, and of the not over-clean counterpane on the little bed in the corner. One of the sharpest stings of her altered circumstances was that she could no longer indulge her natural love for the delicate and refined in her belongings. In London, mere cleanliness meant an outlay she could not afford. Her cheeks flamed as she thought how Rosalys would entertain the girls on the morrow with a humorous description of the "third floor back in Maid Street."

"What is it you want, and why have you come here, Rosalys?" she repeated sharply.

"I had an awful bother to find you, Miss Lenster," the girl replied, fanning herself with a lace-edged handkerchief. "The Principal gave me your address when I showed her that my need of it was urgent. I forgot to give you my language-paper this morning and every single one is of importance, now that prize day is so near. I shall do



MISS LENSTER.

something desperate if I lose the language prize, so I hope you will be, as the poet says, to my faults a little kind. I know it's irregular to invade the mistresses' private domains, but the Principal gave me permission for once."

"Oh, if Miss Oakley says 'yes,' I have nothing to say against it," Marie replied, mechanically holding out her hand for the paper and hoping Rosalys would not notice a hole in the carpet. "I'll put it with the other papers; I have not begun to correct yet."

Rosalys was evidently expected to depart now, but she made no attempt to get up from the depths of the shabby old chair.

"I say, Miss Lenster," she said at last, "I'm afraid we've been very rude to you at St. Kilda's. We didn't guess that you lived in a place like this, and all alone too.'

Marie's lip curled.

"I've tried to do my best, and surely that would entitle even a millionaire to respect."

Rosalys flushed, and she laughed ruefully.

"How sharp you are, Miss Lenster. The girls would soon think no end of you if you took them up like that now and then. But why are you alone and in a place like this? The other mistresses and even the student-teachers are tremendous swells."

Marie smiled faintly.

"You can't imagine it is a matter of choice," she said. "I've no reason, except that I'm poor and quite alone in the world." Her voice shook a little as she spoke, and she turned away to hide some tears which had sprung to her

eyes and which she would not for worlds have allowed Rosalys to see.

Rosalys suspected them however, and struggled with a desire to say something nice and sympathetic. She had a kind heart, though she was wild and thoughtless. Unfortunately the wish to say something delightful does not always give the words or the motive-power. Rosalys hesitated a minute, and then she said "Good-bye" very quietly and slipped out of the room.

She walked home thoughtfully, and her pretty face wore a graver expression than usual. Rosalys Carr's lot in life was a very different one from Marie Lenster's. She lived in a large and comfortable house in a quiet square, and everything that taste and money can do to make a home delightful had been lavished on Rosalys'. She, like Marie, was an only child, but her parents still lived, and her happiness was the chief business of their lives.

"And a lot of good that has done me," the girl said compunctiously. "I've had the loveliest time ever since I can remember, and I've made it my business to lead the other girls on to make one wretched student-mistress more miserable than her circumstances obliged her to be. Rosalys Carr, I am ashamed of you!"

As she ran up the steps and entered her home, her father crossed the hall. He held a letter in his hand, and his face wore a troubled expression.

"Why, what can be the matter, father? You look awfully worried!" Rosalys exclaimed, slipping her hand through his arm and going with him into the library.

"I am worried, child, and not without reason," he said, holding up the letter. "I was turning out a drawer in my writing-table to-day, and I came on this. It is a letter from an old friend dated six months back, and never opened until to-day. Whose carelessness is answerable for its being swept into a drawer with a bundle of newspaper clippings is more than I can tell."

"Lots of letters do just as well to be answered six months after they are received," Rosalys said trenchantly. "I would not worry, dear."

"This happens to be something of more importance than a note of mere social or family chit-chat," Mr. Carr said in a tone of vexation. "As I said, it comes from an old college friend, Richard Lenster. We were like brothers in early days, though we never met in later life. Our ways diverged. The bank occupied me, and he became an artist and took to wandering. Only the old promise to stand by each other in any time of need held good. Six months ago Lenster wrote to me that he was on his deathbed, and begged me to come out and look after his child. Somehow I missed getting the letter. It came while I was in America, and goodness knows what has become of the child by this time."

"You must go to Perugia at once, Spencer," said Mrs. Carr, her motherly face pitiful and troubled. "Fancy if our Rosalys had been left in some strange place alone! You must go and find the child, wherever she is, and bring her home. There's room in this house for half-a-dozen orphans, and Rosalys will be glad to have a little sister."

"Yes, it would be no end of fun," assented Rosalys, throwing her arms round her mother's neck and knocking her cap awry in the exuberance of the embrace. "I believe you could mother a hundred orphans without robbing your Rosalys of a mite of love."

Next day Mr. Carr started for Italy. He was away a week, but all his efforts to find his old friend's child proved unavailing.

"Lenster died a couple of days after he wrote to me," he told Mrs. Carr and Rosalys when they asked to hear the history of his journey. "I found the house in which he lodged, and the landlady told me all there was to know about his last days. We made a mistake in thinking the orphan was a mere child. From what the landlady said she was quite a woman. It seems that she waited for three weeks, expecting to hear from me, and then left Perugia with the family of an English doctor who had attended her father in his illness. Nothing more was to be gleaned concerning her, except the fact that she managed to win the hearts of the simple folks with whom she lodged. When she left she gave the woman of the house a little portrait of herself which her father had painted. I persuaded the woman to lend it to me, thinking it might help me to find the girl, though it's a slender clue after all."

"Oh, let me see it, father!" exclaimed Rosalys. "It is not a clue to be despised, I assure you. I shall go about London staring at every girl until I find one to match the portrait."

She waited impatiently until her father unpacked his portmanteau and brought out the small canvas.

Rosalys uttered an exclamation of surprise as she took it in her hand. She stared at it for a moment, speechless with astonishment.

"Well, I never imagined such a thing!" she gasped at last.

"What is it, dear? Surely you don't know the little girl?" Mrs. Carr asked, smiling.

"Father told us she was not little nor very young," Rosalys cried excitedly, "but I never guessed that it could be our Miss Lenster, the most unpopular student-mistress at St. Kilda's. We have led her such a life too, because we hate student-mistresses, and she is always so dull and badly dressed. Last week I went to her lodgings to give her a paper I had forgotten. Oh, such a miserable place, mother, and she told me in the most heart-breaking tone that she was all alone in the world."

"Poor girl, I suppose she thought father had received the letter and did not care to answer it," Mrs. Carr said regretfully.

Mr. Carr ran his fingers through his grey hair and cleared his throat impatiently.

"Give me her address, Rosalys. I'm going to make it all right with the poor thing," he said, with an odd roughness in his voice. "She sha'n't sleep another night with the thought that her father's old friend was so disloyal to the trust placed in him."

"And I'm going with you, father!" cried Rosalys. "I wouldn't miss the sight of Miss Lenster's face when you tell her for a fortune."

With that night ended Marie Lenster's lonely days. She did not mind a whit when the Principal laughingly declared that she was free to give up her post, since she was clearly not cut out for a High School mistress. Mr. Carr had insisted on her giving up the work at the earliest possible day.

"There is room at Carr House for another daughter," he said. "You were Richard Lenster's legacy to me, and henceforth you belong to mother and Rosalys and me, and we do not mean to let you go."



IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART V.

OUTSTRETCHED HANDS (*Concluded*).

"Stretch forth thy hand"—St. Matt. xii. 13.



IN our last talk, dear girls, we considered the various lessons and aspects taught and manifested by the figure of the outstretched hands of God. Now we are going to take the human side, and see what may be accomplished by such frail hands as yours and mine; what power the weakest amongst us possesses to do work for our divine Master and, in His name, for our neighbour.

If you and I had been in the Synagogue on that eventful day when Jesus spoke the words which are to be the text of our talk this evening, we might have regarded them as a cruel mockery, knowing the condition of the man to whom the command was given. To bid one stretch out a hand that was powerless, shrunken and withered would doubtless excite many varied feelings in the minds of those who heard the command. But he, to whom the words were spoken, had no doubt as to the good will or the power of Jesus. He believed that when the great Miracle-worker gave a command, power to obey would accompany it; so he obeyed and, in the act, found his hand "restored whole as the other." The touch and the word of Jesus were equal in power, and yet it has pleased God from the early ages of man's history to use human hands to do His work, even though His word alone would suffice to carry out His purposes. It was the Divine power that brought the plagues upon Egypt, but he chose to use the hand of Moses and the rod of Aaron as its visible instruments. The one was stretched out to divide the Red Sea, and again to let loose the wall of waters on the pursuing foe. Yet it was God's hand that saved, and Moses in his triumphant song gave Him all the glory.

But I am not going to cite the many passages of Scripture which show how human hands are to be used as God's instruments in doing His work in accordance also with the example and teaching of Jesus. You remember how the loaves and fishes were multiplied by Jesus, but the disciples' hands distributed them. His word could banish human suffering in every shape, but it pleased Him to share, with His faithful disciples, the joy of giving health and ease in place of sickness and suffering. He sent them forth with this grand commission, "As ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils; freely ye have received, freely give." Power accompanied the command. The seventy who went out, two and two, returned with joy, saying, "Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through Thy name."

You and I, dear ones, have no miracle-working power. Yet in our little way we can do great things for others "in His name." If simple faith and true love for God dwell in our hearts, our lives will, though silently, "preach the Kingdom." God's great field, the world, lies before us to labour in. Our corner in it may be very limited, and our influence in proportion. But be sure of this. If "the love of Christ constraineth us," the little corner will furnish space enough to work in and harvest enough in return for our labour to satisfy us. We shall in due time kneel at the footstool of Him Who gave us our place and our work, to thank Him for blessed results, and to own that He knew best how and where to use us in His service.

If these hands of ours are to be outstretched in God's service, they should be humble copies of our Master's. They should be used from a right motive—in the right way and at the right time. They should be gentle, but not weak; strong, but not rough; willing, but not meddlesome or officious. The work of our hands should be heartily, but not ostentatiously rendered, and in the doing we should consult the feelings and wishes of those whom we desire to serve.

The secret of successful work lies in our imitation of Christ's spirit and methods. His object was ever to comfort, to strengthen, to heal, to give relief to the suffering, joy to mourners, food to the hungry; in short, to do good in every possible way to the souls and bodies of those around Him. In so doing He thought not of Himself. Picture Him as He sat, weary with a long journey on foot, by the well of Sychar. Doubtless He was faint and hungry also, but so intent was He on doing the will of the Father that the returned disciples had to implore Him to partake of the food they had been to the city to buy. Jesus had forgotten weariness and hunger in the joy of good-doing. We should strive like Him to forget self, and find our joy and reward in the very act of good-doing as His true disciples, and with no desire to be "seen of men" or praised by them. The weakest human hands may be very soothing, tender and willing. If they cannot do great things, they may render important service by doing it just when it is wanted. It is so easy to put forth great strength to accomplish great works; so difficult to adapt it to the lesser needs of the weak. It is a delightful and precious fact, however, that there is something for every willing hand to do whether it is frail or strong.

We make a great mistake if we ignore the lesser power possessed by weak hands, and we hurt those who would fain use such hands by sentencing them to inaction.

The invalid, for instance, who can do very little, does not like to be wholly set aside as useless, when in health she may have been active and helpful as mother, wife or daughter, and, to one of active habits, the hardest of all work will be the sitting with folded hands to watch others who are busy. The young ones mean to be kind when they insist on doing everything that used to be mother's work, and perhaps they wind their strong, young arms round her and with gentle insistence compel her to take the most comfortable seat.

"You must rest now and let us do all the work," they say, and seal the injunction with a tender kiss.

But is it best that hands which soon tire should therefore do nothing—never be outstretched in service to others? I say, "No. Let the frailest of human hands do something, if only for their owner's sake." Nothing intensifies either mental or bodily trouble like the constant dwelling upon it. Nothing helps us to forget our own grievances and ailments like the doing and thinking of something foreign to them, especially if it is for the benefit of those who are worse off than ourselves.

Do we not all know by experience how much the value of any service is increased in our estimation by the fact that feeble hands have rendered it? The little article made by the hands of an invalid, whose longest journey is from fireside to couch, is more precious in the sight of those who love the maker than the most costly jewellery would be from one "who has more money than she knows what to do with."

Willing hands are greatly helped by watchful eyes, quick to note the need for help, and right perception as to the method of giving it. A little incident will illustrate this.

I wanted to alight from a cab one day, but I hesitated, for the vehicle was rather far from the kerbstone, which was very low and the step was high. The cabman could not leave the horse. A working man came just abreast of the cab at the moment, and instantly stepped to my

assistance. He did not offer his hand, for that bore traces of his craft, but he had a tidy overcoat above his working garments, and he placed his shoulder ready for me to rest upon. I gladly availed myself of it and thanked him heartily. He just lifted his cap a little, and, with a pleasant look on his face, resumed his swinging stride and joined his companions.

"A slight service," you may say, but the manner of it was worthy of a belted earl. There went to the rendering a quick eye, a kindly disposition, a willing hand, or, I should say, shoulder, and truly thoughtful courtesy, all of which were well timed.

Most of us have known what it is to hesitate as to the path we should take. Standing at the meeting of cross country roads, how we have longed for an outstretched hand to indicate the path which led to our destination! How timely has been the arrival of a wayfarer to whom all the roads were alike familiar, and who, by the mere wave of a hand, has saved us from walking weary miles only to find ourselves at the end of them so much further from the haven where we would be!

There are other and far more important paths between which we all have to choose at some period of our lives, but most commonly when young.

Sometimes we welcome the outstretched hand of a wise friend who comes to us in our Lord's name as we are gazing, with fascinated eyes, at paths which lead to lives of self-indulgence, luxury, indolence and forgetfulness of Him Who has given us wealth enough to make choice possible.

If ever there is a time when the guiding hand of a faithful friend may prove invaluable, it is when the young are hesitating between taking the broad or the narrow way. Oh, what a wise head and a loving heart are needed in such cases, as well as the hand both strong and gentle, the wisdom to judge as to the right words to speak and the right time for uttering them! When all these are accompanied by honesty of purpose which carries conviction to the listener, and a tenderness that wins gratitude, the outstretched human hand is invaluable.

It may not always succeed in leading the hesitating one into the right path, but the effort will be remembered in after days, and may prove the means of bringing back to it some dear one who has wandered from it in spite of many warnings.

Some of you, my dear girl-friends, may ask, "How can such as I possess the qualities which would enable me to guide another? Mine is a weak hand at best, though it may be willing, and I lack most of the things that would give it influence."

True, and my words, as addressed to the young, are meant rather to suggest that such should allow themselves to yield to right influences and accept the help of a guiding hand, when it is outstretched by one to whom experience has come with years spent in God's service and through Divine teaching. Your influence even now is not to be underrated. The hand of the youngest girl of a family is a power for good or otherwise in the home, at school, or amongst her playfellows. A little later in the life of each the influence widens.

It is exercised by those who serve in the house; by girls over each other in the workroom; in society; as students; in short, in every rank of life and every kind of work. It grows with your growth, and only He Who bestows our talents—one, two, or five, as it may be, upon us—knows how great is the responsibility that comes with them.

What an expressive thing is an outstretched hand! It may be a friendly one—the true "right hand of fellowship," and then its action is prompt and hearty. It may evince shyness or stubbornness, like that of a child whose mother would fain encourage him to show friendliness by shaking hands with her guest. The little one is at least honest. He will not respond to the advances of a stranger. The lost, the sinful and troubled ones of this world are often sorely in need of a human hand to cling to. Yet they are something like that little child I mentioned. They must be assured that the hands are trustworthy ones before they accept their guidance.

In dealing with those who have wandered from the right way, our hands must be outstretched patiently, gently, and carefully. It is possible to cause pain whilst we are intent on doing good service to our neighbour.

Years ago we had a canary in my home—the friend and pet of the family, but more especially of the head of it. Little Dick spent more time out of his cage than in it. He dined at the table, followed his master up and down, and would alight on his head, his hand, shoulder, or the edge of the book he was reading—anywhere to be near him. One day the bird was missed. He was somewhere in the room, we knew, but it was a spacious one with much furniture and many large pictures in it. Yet the little thing was lost, and how terrified we were of injuring the bird by moving some article which hid him from our view! Pictures were gently lifted by careful hands, and at length, as one was raised, our pet fluttered from behind it, frightened but safe.

It had seemed almost absurd to think of the bird being lost in a room, but it needed long and careful seeking to discover him, and, when found, the least carelessness in moving the picture which concealed him would have caused his death.

We little know of the dangers and temptations to which some of those we love are exposed within the very narrow circle in which they move. We are apt to think that harm cannot touch them when they are so constantly within the sphere of home influence. It seems as absurd to dream of danger to them as it was for us to call our feathered pet lost, when we knew he was somewhere within the four walls of a room.

But the confidences of many of you, my dear girl-correspondents, have taught me that many of the hardest battles with evil you have had to fight have been fought almost under the eyes of those who were most anxious to shield you from temptation. Oh, what tender, careful outstretched hands are needed to restrain, to restore, to protect and guide you who need to be found and led back into the right path and the place of safety!

Sometimes the hand of a little child has a wondrous power. Its touch has stayed the tears of a sorrowing mother; it has laid hold on the strong, toil-hardened hand of a father and drawn him homeward when his steps were turned in a far different direction. The owner of the little hand has not known how great a power it possessed, both to comfort and to persuade.

I have mentioned the open hand as a type of generosity and readiness to confer benefits on others; and we speak of the sordid and niggardly as "close-fisted," but wisdom and discretion should accompany the open, outstretched hand. Otherwise generosity and benevolence might become only a lavish waste of what has been entrusted to us. Open-handedness may be combined with selfishness, if we give in order to have praise of men or to gratify ostentation.

We have all heard people say, "I should like to do more for others, but I seem to have nobody to care for. My hands are strong and willing, and I have time at my disposal, but what can I do?" Such expressions remind me of a father and mother who had one child, on whom all their thoughts were centred. From her baby days up to maidenhood everything was planned and done by them to give her pleasure. Old furniture, dear to them because associated with early married life, was put away and replaced by new to please a girl's taste. The garden had been of a strictly useful sort, but it was turned into a *parterre* glowing with beauty for her sake. The girl herself was sweet, generous and unselfish. Every addition to the beauty of her surroundings gladdened her more for the sake of others than on her own account; for she was allowed to give freely. Hence many a sick room was brightened by the flowers her hands arranged, and fevered lips were refreshed by the luscious fruit cultivated for her pleasure.

Years passed on. No other child came to share the parents' love. The girl was happy in ministering; the parents in seeing her so; but they cared nothing for those to whom she delighted to pass on a portion of the good

things lavished on herself. Their whole thoughts were centred on their one ewe lamb, but their eyes were holden whilst they noted her goings out and comings in.

There were some amongst the sick and lonely ones whom the girl visited who noticed how frail the hands looked that carried the flowers and fruit to their bedsides; but the parents only saw the face lighted with pleasure as she went on her errands of love. With moistened eyes they prayed, "God bless our darling. She always thinks of others rather than herself, and is so thankful to have nice things just that she may scatter them broadcast."

Soon other feet had to go on these errands of love, and other hands carried the gifts on behalf of the loving-hearted girl who could only send kind messages to those amongst whom she had delighted to minister. A little later still and the parents were left desolate. Amidst their sorrow there came no ray of light, and they said to each other, "Life has no interest for us now. We have no one to care for and nothing left to live for." For a time they shut themselves up with their sorrow. The mother was the worse of the two. She would see no one, listen to no word of comfort.

The father was the first to rouse himself.

"Mother," he said, "I've been thinking our darling's hands were weak and frail, but they were busy, working hands, and what loads of joy and comfort they used to carry to many a sufferer. They were open, tender, generous, loving hands—little white things beside such as mine, but so 'willing.' You and I have kept on saying, 'We've nobody to work for or care for now.' What matter if the flowers wither on their stems, or the fruit drops from over-ripeness? They were for her. We've wrung our hands in our grief, or let them hang idly down as if there were no more power in them, and all the while her work is left undone, though there are two of us who might have carried it on in a way. Those she used to help grieve with us, and I doubt they say, 'There's nobody to take her place, nobody to come with a sunny face, cheery words and full hands. Nobody to bring flowers or fruit, or little dainties, or to make us forget pain as she did when she read or sang to us.' What do you say, mother?"

The speaker looked anxiously at his wife, but not for long. That dear name "mother"—her husband's word for her ever since their only child was born—went to her heart, and she replied—

"Ours has been a selfish sorrow. Whilst we have given way to it, those she cared for might have been helped by two pairs of ministering hands instead of one. Not so tenderly perhaps, but our hands shall be willing and generous ones. How sorry she would be to think that, whilst you and I have been grieving, her work has been left undone!"

So the bereaved parents stretched out open, kind and generous hands as deputies for her who "was not." And the frail hands of the girl had not laboured in vain. They had been outstretched whilst it was "called to-day," and the memory of what they had accomplished stirred to action those other and stronger hands that had hitherto worked only through her weak ones, but never, until now, in the service of the Master she loved.

THE ANCHORESS OF STE. MAXIME.

By M. H. CORNWALL LEGH, Author of "Gold in the Furnace," "An Incorrigible Girl," "At the Foot of the Rainbow," etc.

CHAPTER VI.



PEOPLE go to bed early and rise early at Ste. Maxime. It was about seven o'clock the next morning when Alison threw open her shutters and looked over at St. Tropez, still asleep in shadow against the luminous blue haze that lay between the little town and its sheltering hills. A voice below caused her to look down on to the steps leading up to the front door, and she saw the artist making friends with a mother-goat and her black and white kids, who had ingenuously ensconced themselves there.

As a rule it took Alison a good while to dress herself and to do what required doing in the sick-room before she began her own day, but this morning it was barely eight when she came down to breakfast, her first duties for her mother accomplished, and ready for the walk with which she generally began the day. Mrs. Woodward, with more care for her daughter's physical than she had for her mental well-being, insisted on her taking enough air and exercise.

The artist was still at the table. He was just finishing his coffee as Alison took the place opposite him at the table. They greeted each other cheerfully.

"I have to apologise to you for neglecting an important commission," he said. "I have a package from Miss Harrison to be given to Miss Woodward. I ought to have identified you and delivered it last night. I promised to place it myself in your hands."

"You know my cousin then?"

"We made acquaintance at St. Tropez. She sketches too," a way of putting it that would have made the Art world smile, though Alison knew no reason the two should not be considered on a par, "so that gave us something in common, and we saw a good deal of each other."

"Isn't she clever?"

"She is very original. We made great friends in the week we were there together, and I am glad to think I shall meet her later here."

"She really is coming back, then?" asked Alison with her lips, but the question her mind was framing was, "Then you are thinking of staying here some time?" She got the gist of the inward question into her next query.

"How soon does my cousin propose coming back to Ste. Maxime? Her plans were exceedingly vague when she left."

"One day next week, I believe. And as there are several views I want to take here, my stay at Ste. Maxime is pretty sure to overlap hers."

Alison now opened the packet. It contained some photographs, also a note which Alison read with pink cheeks:

"I am sending you these photographs which I hope you will like, and a very charming young man whom I know you will. Don't be a silly little prude and give Mr. Archibald the cold shoulder, just because he is a young man. The days of such prudishness are past, though an anchoress and an anchoress's mother might not know it; besides, artists are always unconventional, and one must be unconventional with them. Hugo

Archibald is a fellow of the right sort, and I send him to you with the confidence that he will wake you up. You were still half snoring when I went away. I look for better things when I return!

"Yours affectionately,

"KATE."

"Did my cousin recommend this place to you?" asked Alison, as she folded her letter and put it securely in her pocket.

"Yes, she cried it up tremendously. It really was through hearing so much about Ste. Maxime from her that I decided to make it my headquarters for the present. I have reason to be grateful to her," he added.

Hugo Archibald, who had got through the first part of his breakfast with the sturdy rapidity with which he got through most things, took as long over his last morsel of bread as a dog who has bolted down a plate of meat in one minute takes over a fly; so it came about that he and Alison finished and rose together. Hugo took two bottles of water from the sideboard and carried them out into the porch. Here some pots of bulbs, feebly struggling to extract enough moisture from the caked earth about them to support a feeble shoot, and some evergreens, which trembled on the verge of death from thirst, had attracted his pitying eye.

"Does no one attend to these poor things?" he asked, emptying the water upon their grateful roots. Alison felt positively ashamed to answer that she really did not know, she had never noticed or thought about them.

The hotel hyacinths were no affair of hers. Why should she feel ashamed? Yet Hugo's care for these poor things had made her so!

"Are you going out for a walk?" asked Hugo, as he returned from replacing the bottles, to find Alison putting a pin through her hat. "Will you allow me to come with you?"

Alison remembered with satisfaction Kate's warning against foolish prudery, and replied in the affirmative with complete cordiality, while it flashed across her mind to wonder what Kate had said to Hugo about her. Kate had said to him—

"My little cousin is a simple child. You can treat her as a child. Do get hold of her, and talk to her about things, and put some ideas into her head. She is beginning to get covered with blue mould, for want of young companionship and something to think about."

Therefore Hugo, who was fond of children—as somebody had told him he was of everybody and of everything in the world—had come over to Ste. Maxime as much philanthropically as artistically inclined. He had met lots of blue mouldy girls in cathedral towns and country vicarages, girls his brothers could get nothing out of, and he had always contrived to get something out of them.

But, with past recollections of the class, he had not been at all prepared to meet with a particularly pretty, graceful, and attractive girl, with cheeks as fresh as a rose, which had the most delightful habit of becoming blush roses upon occasion; as free from primness as she was from boldness; and he was beginning to take to his altruistic mission with a zest he had not expected to be able to put into it when he had promised Kate he would "do his best by the young lady."

As the two passed down the steps, the hotel dog wagged an interrogatory tail.

"Yes, old fellow, come along!" said Hugo. "Good boy! Come for a walk."

"He never will go with anyone except Antoine," said Alison, with the consoling reflection that she had more than once invited Chico to accompany her.

"Into the village and back. That's not enough exercise for a young dog—he is young, look at his teeth. Let us try him with a stick."

Chico's ears went up. The stick was thrown. He deigned to run after it.

"Now again!"

"He won't come beyond the gate," Alison said, watching with interest the contest between persuasion and the deadening powers of habit, as Chico stood at the gate wagging his tail in response to Hugo's encouragements, yet casting his eyes back to the step on which he was accustomed to spend each monotonous day.

"Is there any use going on trying to persuade him?" Alison said at last, her patience having exhausted itself full five minutes before.

"It's so bad for him never to get any exercise, and if we can once get him to come, he will again. You would find him a nice companion in your walks too," he added. "And a dog of any kind is a protection, if you ever should meet with tramps."

Alison resigned herself to wait till Hugo's patience was exhausted, or Chico definitively betook himself again to his place on the step.

"Let's set off at a run," exclaimed Hugo, suiting the action to the word, while holding the stick aloft, and, uttering a succession of stimulating whoops and whistles, he tore down the lane. The vanquished Chico, carried off his head by excitement, bounded in mid-air with frantic barks and ran beside him. Alison ran too at a very good speed, considering it was the first time she had run for three years.

They were all out of breath when they stopped at last, and started at walking pace.

"I hope that wasn't too much for you," said Hugo, with that protective, proprietary air he was apt to assume towards children, and had adopted with her.

"It did me as much good as it did Chico," Alison laughed, panting a little. "Only I, too, am out of practice."

They walked on soberly now, Chico trotting beside them without any idea of return, along a pleasant lane between unclipped hedgerows, with a wooded hill rising on their left hand and the sea at a short distance on the right. Alison was telling Hugo how beautiful the country was when the cistus and the white heath and the mesembryanthemum were in blossom, and the mimosas were a mass of gold that showed no green between. She began to feel a little pride in Ste. Maxime under the influence of his enthusiasm, though when he said, "How delightful to live here the whole year round and see all the different seasons as they come!" she heaved a sigh that accorded ill with the brightness of that sunny morning.

They stopped for some minutes to exchange words with a woman quaintly esconced in a basket washing her clothes in a stream that ran across the road. Hugo wanted, of course, to paint her, and had to arrange a sitting. After this the lane began to grow wider and rockier and to curve upwards. Before long a strong odour of eucalyptus was borne to their noses from a spot ahead of them, whence a curl of grey smoke appeared above the trees.

"They are making the oil to-day," explained Alison. A few steps more brought them to a primitive wayside distillery, at which Hugo gave an exclamation of delight. A pile of newly-cut eucalyptus branches lay on the ground beside a huge caldron, into which an old man

with a good-humoured wrinkled face was thrusting the green stuff, while an old woman in kerchief, apron, and the broad straw hat tied under the chin worn by the Provençal peasants, cast pine-logs on the fire on which the caldron was to be boiled.

Hugo was all interest over the process, and was not content till he had seen the caldron upon the fire and the connecting-pipe fixed between it and the iron vessel in which the evaporations collected, till he had examined the "worm" through which the liquid flowed, and had seen the oil and the water coming out at the bottom from the two separate taps. When everything had been made perfectly clear to him, and he had set the old people laughing for the day with his persevering attempts at conversation in Provençal, the trio resumed their walk.

"Do they make a living out of that?" asked Hugo. "I wanted to ask them, but my Provençal would not run to anything so complicated, and I was too proud to speak to them in French."

"They only come here every other winter," said Alison, pleased to have a little information to bestow; for, so far, their conversation had tended to prove that Hugo could tell her more about the neighbourhood than she could tell him, "for it is only every two years that the eucalyptus trees are clipped. In the summer the old couple wander about the mountain side collecting wild lavender and rosemary and myrtle to distil."

"What a perfect life!" exclaimed Hugo.

A sense of loyalty, an innate perception of the fitness of things had held Alison back from any confidences to her new acquaintance on the subject of her dissatisfaction with her own circumscribed life, but here was a remark to which she could not oppose simply a silence.

"A perfect life! Shut away in a little corner of Provence, with intellects only half developed, with no interests outside their own narrow round of herb-gathering and distilling, with no idea of what is going on in the world—no ideas about anything! It isn't life at all: it is existence."

Kate had used this last phrase with regard to Alison's own condition.

"How would you distinguish between life and existence?" asked Hugo. "I know it is a distinction often made"—as she hesitated for an instant before getting the thing into actual words—"but I think people have different meanings. What is yours?"

"I call life an active eager thing in the midst of congenial people, and all the interests of the day, full of work and full of fun too; and existence just going on doing the same thing day after day without ever getting any further, no excitement, no interest, no change, just the same all through youth and middle age and old age."

She felt that she had put it very well.

"Forgive my saying so, but your definition is not quite satisfactory to me, because it seems to me you are only treating of a question of degree. Nobody can be interested in all the interests of the world, or have his finger on all the currents of thought and activity, or nearly all. And in every working life there is variety, though the contrasts may not be as sharply marked for a eucalyptus distiller as for a statesman. If people don't find their life full of interest, that is not because there is nothing of interest to be found in it. Why, the study of one human character is as boundless as of one square foot of meadow. There is a nice bit of Ruskin to that effect: 'Greatness of mind is shown by making small things great under its influence. He who can take no interest in what is small will take false interest in what is great. He who cannot make a bank sublime will make a mountain ridiculous.'" After his burst of enthusiasm Hugo went off into a laugh at himself. "I have never succeeded in making a bank sublime," he said.

But Alison's earnestness had been roused.

"I wish you would tell me what your distinction is between life and existence—if you have one."

He was serious again.

"I should call it life just so far as one has got oneself into sympathy with the life that is around one, of which one is part oneself—the tree in summer, if you don't mind a metaphor; and existence in so far as one is like the winter tree, not really dead, but giving out nothing, taking in nothing—perceptibly—more than a block of stone. I suppose that is a question of degree too, though. No one exists without some sympathies. And it would take one's whole power of loving, exercised at every moment of one's life, ever to become a perfect June tree."

(*To be continued.*)

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

DAIRY-WORK IN THE UNITED KINGDOM OR THE COLONIES.—*I am thirty years of age, and have for ten years acted as house-keeper to a relative in a farmhouse. Would it be wise for me to qualify myself to act as a teacher of dairy-work? I should not like to spend the money unless I could be sure of obtaining employment and a fairly good remuneration. Would emigration to Canada or elsewhere be advisable? Is there any book on butter-making in Denmark which I could obtain?*—J. M. F.

Competent authorities are agreed in saying that the market in England is over-stocked with dairy teachers. The best opening in this country is for good dairy-maids. Some of these earn excellent salaries and enjoy a fairly comfortable position. This is especially the case when the situation is in a nobleman's household. But on the whole we think the prospects of dairy-workers are precarious at home. And it is a pity it should be so; for much of the butter that is made in England is extremely bad. We do not think that teachers of dairy-work are much wanted in any of the colonies; but good butter-makers would probably find employment without difficulty in some of the colonies. In South Africa we consider there will be an excellent opening for dairy-workers as soon as the war is at an end. As our correspondent has evidently had experience of work upon a farm, we think she would be tolerably safe in spending something upon a thorough training in butter and cheese-making. She would not want for employment if she would go out as a worker and not as a teacher. Although there might be drawbacks of a social character at first, she would make her value felt, and ought to be able to rise to a good position. Among the most suitable institutions for training are the British Dairy Institute, Reading; the Dairy School in connection with the Durham College of Science, Newcastle-on-Tyne (which we mention, as our correspondent writes from the North); the Dairy Institute, Kilmarnock, Scotland; and the Glasnevin Model Farm, near Dublin.

Concerning Danish butter-making, our correspondent might read a small book by Mrs. Alec Tweedie. We do not recall the exact name, but we believe it is entitled *Danish versus English Butter Making*. It was published by Mr. Horace Cox, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

L. B.—Both your letters reached me in due course. It would be impossible to send private replies, even did the rules permit this, first, because the Column is for the help and benefit of all "G. O. P." readers, who learn by each other's experience. Secondly, because of the vast number of letters that need answering. The unavoidable delay between receipt and reply has been repeatedly explained. Now, dear girl, let me assure you of my loving sympathy. I realise your difficulty about keeping the Sabbath as you would like to do. The views of undoubtedly God-fearing people vary very much on this subject, and, I own, that even amongst the most rigid Sabbatarians, one has seen evidences of a spirit of intolerance very unlike that of our Lord and Master. If you feel that certain occupations, indulged in by those around you, are injurious to your spiritual welfare, you would be right to decline any share in them. But speak frankly and kindly to those amongst whom your lot is at present cast. We must judge by the effect of certain things upon ourselves and act in accordance with the dictates of conscience. Ask God to make the way plain for you, and resolve to do what you feel to be right in His sight at any cost to yourself.

ALICE-IN-WONDERLAND.—Your first letter is most welcome. We are old friends in the "G. O. P.," and I am truly interested in all you tell me. You are indeed happy in your surroundings, your work, your excellent pastor, above all in your firm faith and the certainty that in our glorious Triune God you have Father, Saviour, and Sanctifier. It is sweet that you can reply "Yes" with a full heart to the question, "Have you ever truly prayed the Lord's prayer?" Dear, I ask you to continue to pray for all our Circle and for me, that the right words may be given me to pass on to my girls. They and those they love are never long absent from my mind. I fully agree with your judgment about the two stories named. They impressed me in the same manner as they did yourself.

YOUR TWILIGHT DAUGHTER, B. S. D.—You have my fullest sympathy, and, as a mother who dearly loves her own children and rejoices to welcome and help every girl to whom she can be of use, I welcome you, dear "TWILIGHT DAUGHTER." Thank you so much for name of little book which has been of such service to you. I quote a few words of your own. "Your mention of 'pray without ceasing' made me think how I learned its meaning. During my mother's last illness more than twenty-four hours often passed without stated prayer on my part. It was impossible, yet God seemed ever present—close at hand, and no words were needed. Since then I have had to go straight to God, for there is no mother now, and I suppose that is where the good comes in, for many things would once have gone no further than mother." Yet, dear one, you had your mother for many years, and you both trusted and loved her. Would that all my girls—bless them—could say the same! You have blessed memories of her whom God has called home. I do indeed understand all you write about the present heart-loneliness, and if I can by word or deed prove myself a comfort, you may always count on your mother-friend for heartiest sympathy and a little warm corner in a motherly heart.

A SCOTCH GIRL.—If the fault you committed injured any other person, you ought, however late in the day, to own it and ask forgiveness. It will need courage to do this; but you can seek God's help to enable you to speak, and to over-rule your confession for the good of both. If no possible good can result to anyone from speaking of the past fault, which has evidently caused you great mental trouble, I should say, lay the matter only before God, in humble penitence, and ask Him to give you a blessed sense of pardon and strength to preserve you from yielding to any such future temptation. Should conscience whisper that you ought to speak to any human friend, you will do well to obey its dictates. That inner voice never errs when it condemns.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BETTY.—I do not think your crayon portrait of Queen Charlotte, wife of George III., is of much value, unless it is signed by a well-known artist. I should take it and ask at such a place as Henry Graves & Co., 6, Pall Mall, S.W.

LACE-MAKER.—Write to Miss A. Isham, Ingeston House, Northampton, and ask her kindly to tell you about pillow-lace, and to recommend you the best book on the subject.

NAMELESS.—The Exchange and Mart in Victoria Street, Westminster, opposite the Army and Navy Stores, might sell the fur for you; or you might advertise it in one of the newspapers; or a working furrier, like Yates in Charles Street, Edgware Road, might buy it from you.

LAUREL.—They say that if you keep a hedgehog it will eat up your blackbettles. I have known of people who, in despair, have got their sons to go down and slaughter them at night with a poker. I believe this is really the best way to exterminate them. Your writing looks stiff, as if it required plenty of practice in writing to make it more easy, and also it slants the wrong way.

E. S. H.—Mice eat grain and breadcrumbs and cheese. I should think the most likely place near you for an exhibition would be the Crystal Palace. You might inquire there about it.

DAISY.—Trustees of a settlement always keep the papers connected with it. If the money has been left to you to dispose of, of course you can leave it to anyone you like; but possibly you only have the interest of the money for your life, and when you die it may pass by the will of the person who left it to you, to someone else. I should think your brothers could inform you on this point. Your brothers, being your trustees, will have all the papers about the Consols.

PEGGIE.—You want to know the duties of an under matron, or a young matron in either a boys' or girls' school. A matron should be a good housekeeper, methodical in her way of working, she should have some business capacity, she should possess the power to organise and control, and of course she ought to have a high standard with high moral qualities, she should possess plenty of patience, and be fond of children, and take an interest in studying character.

MISS WATKINS writes that girls have written to the "G. O. P." inquiring how they should dispose of lace and crochet doyleys, etc. She asks them to communicate with her, stating conditions and prices. Address, Miss Watkins, Mission House, 35, Farquhar Street, Penang.

LENA.—It is not considered etiquette to bow or wish "good morning" to a gentleman unless he has been introduced to you. As no introduction has taken place, he could not possibly think you rude for passing without acknowledging him.

REDHEAD.—*Whitaker's Almanack* says that a house agent requires an annual licence of £2 for letting *furnished* houses at a rent above £25 a year. Apparently no licence is required for letting unfurnished houses.

MISS MUNN of 123, High Street, Colchester, writes to say that she has the number of the "G. O. P.," No. 975, September, 1898, asked for by L. OWEN in the Miscellaneous column, Part 262, Nov., 1901. Kindly communicate straight with her.

A MISTRESS.—I do not think there is any institution which would give a reward to a domestic servant after living over twenty years in one situation, unless she belonged to the society when she commenced her long term of service. Bonuses are given by the Girls' Friendly Society, Secretary, Miss Bowlby, 39, Victoria Street, S.W.; by the Y. W. C. A., 25, George Street, Hanover Square, W., and pensions are given by the Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution, 32, Sackville Street, Piccadilly. But, of course, the servant has to belong to the Society in order to partake of its money.

SOFOULA.—Bathe your hands well once or twice a day with belladonna liniment and equal parts of water. I think that you will find this will prevent their perspiring.

E. L.—October 5th, 1885, was a Monday.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

BY MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THAT afternoon and the next day passed away like a nightmare, and still the Major lay in the same helpless calm. Mr. Hilliard had gone over to Dublin on his own responsibility, and had come back late at night, bringing with him a trained nurse, at the sight of whom Bridgie shed tears of thankfulness, but during the day-time the sisters took it in turns to watch by the bedside, while Mademoiselle seemed to act the part of guardian angel to the whole household in turns. She soothed the excited servants and roused them to a sense of their duty. She cooked dainty little dishes for the nurses, and ministered to them when they were off duty. She interviewed callers, and, last and best of all, took Pixie in hand, and kept her interested and content. It was the strong wish of her brothers and sisters that Pixie should not suspect the dangerous nature of her father's illness, for they knew her excitable nature, and trembled for the effect on the invalid of one of her passionate bursts of lamentation.

"Besides, what's the use? Let her be happy as long as she can! I want her to be happy!" cried Bridgie pathetically, and Mademoiselle assented, knowing full well that the very effort of keeping up before the child would be good for the rest of the household. There was no preventing one interview, however, for the Major was as much set on seeing his piccaninny as she was determined to see him, so on the evening of the second day Bridgie led her cautiously into the room, and the sick man moved his eyes—the only part of him that seemed able to move—and looked wistfully into the eager face.

"Well, my Pixie, I've been getting into trouble, you see!"

"Does it hurt ye, father? Have you got a pain?"

"Never a bit, Pixie—I'm just numb. I feel as if I can't move!"

"I've felt the same meself. Many times!

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"BEGAN AT ONCE TO SING."

I feel it every morning at school when the gong rings and I'm made to get up. It's the same as being lazy."

The Major smiled for the first time since his return home. He never could resist Pixie's quaint speeches, and Bridgie watched with delight his brightening glance.

"Is it, piccaninny? That doesn't sound very serious. You'll have to tell the doctor to be stern with me. What have you been doing with yourself all day?"

"Fretting for you, but Mademoiselle's going to play games with me, and I enjoy them now that you're so comfortable. You've got on the very best pillow-cases, father. You do look smart! Are you tired now? Do you want to go to sleep? Will I sing to you awhile, the hymn you liked so much at church last Sunday?"

Bridgie looked dismayed at the suggestion, but it appeared that Pixie knew best what would please her father, for once more his face brightened, and the eyes flashed an assent. On Sunday evenings in winter, when the long dark walk made it difficult to get to church, the O'Shaughnessys had been accustomed to sing hymns together, not in the drawling, slipshod method in which such singing is too often done, but with at least as much care and finish as they would have bestowed on secular music, the different parts being accurately represented, and due attention given to time and expression. In this way delightful hours had been spent, and many beautiful hymns imprinted on the memory, so that in this instance Pixie had no need to consult a book. She merely leant against the bed-post, clasped her hands together, and, opening her lips, began at once to sing, with clear, full-throated sweetness,

"Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest!"

The beautiful old words seemed to take upon themselves an added significance in the shaded room, with the motionless figure lying upon the bed. The Major shut his eyes, and Bridgie turned aside with quivering face, but the flute-like voice went on without a tremor.

"'Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life!'
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife.
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long,
But He has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong."

There was a slight quickening of time in the last two lines, a clearer, stronger tone as the singer's emotional nature caught the triumph in the words, but the last verse was soft as an echo.

"'And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out.'
O welcome voice of Jesus
Which drives away our doubt;
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee!"

The Major's face was in shadow, but Bridgie saw the big tears rolling down his cheeks, and hurried the little sister from the room.

"You sang beautifully, darling. It was sweet of you to think of it, but now we must let him be quiet. I think perhaps he will go to sleep."

"Yes, he says he feels lazy! The Major was always fond of his bed!" cried Pixie, skipping blithely down the staircase; but when Bridgie went back to the sick-room her father's eyes were fixed eagerly on the doorway, and he said in urgent tones—

"Bride, I'm wanting to see O'Brien! Send down for him at once, and when he comes, let him come up alone. I want to have a talk!"

Bridgie obeyed, in fear and trembling. Had something in the sweet though solemn words of the hymn arrested the sick man's attention and given him a conviction of his own danger? She sent the faithful Dennis in search of the doctor, and in less than an hour's time the two old friends were once more face to face.

"O'Brien," said the Major clearly, "I want you to answer me a question before I sleep. Shall I ever hunt again?" And at this the doctor heaved a sigh of relief, for he had feared a more direct inquiry, and consequently one more difficult to answer.

"Not this season, my boy, you must make up your mind to that. A spill like yours takes a little time to recover. You must be easy, and make yourself happy at home."

"O'Brien, shall I ever hunt again?"

The doctor put his hand to his head in miserable embarrassment. He had known handsome Jack O'Shaughnessy since he was a boy in knickerbockers. It was more than he could stand to look him in the face and give him his death-warrant.

"Now—now—now," he cried impatiently, "it isn't like you, Major, to be worrying your head about what is going to happen next year! Keep still, and be thankful you've a comfortable bed to lie on and two of the prettiest daughters in Ireland to wait upon you! When next season comes it will answer for itself, but I'm not a prophet—I can't foretell the future."

The Major looked in his face with bright, steady eyes.

"You foolish fellow!" he cried. "You foolish fellow! You were always a bad hand at deception, and you are no cleverer than usual this evening. What are you afraid of, man? I'm not a coward! If my time's come, I can face it calmly. Back injured, eh? That's why I felt no pain, but it's difficult to realise that an injury is hopeless, when one is so comparatively comfortable. How long will it be?"

He was perfectly calm, but the doctor was trembling with emotion, and his voice was rough with tears.

"I can't say. You are very ill, old man—I won't deceive you—but while there is life there is hope. We are going to have a man from Dublin; we will try every means, and you must help us by keeping up your heart. One never knows what changes may take place." But the Major only looked at him the more steadily and repeated his question.

"How long will it be? I ought to know, so that I may do what I can for the children. I haven't been the best father to them, and the estate is in a fine muddle. And Jack! What about Jack? I'd like to see him again, but if it's not imminent, I won't bring him back just yet. The boy is doing well, but he is not his own master, and has just had a holiday. I must be unselfish in my last days, but you will promise, doctor, not to let me go without seeing Jack?"

"My dear fellow, it's not a question of days! At the worst it will be weeks, possibly months. My own opinion is two or three months, but we shall know better after Barrett has been down. I wish you had not asked me. It's the hardest work I've ever had to do, to tell you this, but for the children's sake—— If there is anything to be done, you ought not to waste time!"

"I understand!" said the Major quietly, then suddenly a light flashed across his face, and his eyes sparkled as with joy. "I shall die at Knock!" he cried. "I shall not have to turn out after all! It was that that drove me mad, O'Brien—the thought of leaving the old place where I was born and all my people before me! I had bad news from the bank, and it seemed as if the end had come at last, and all the time I was riding I was feeling desperate—driven into a corner. The poor beast tried to save me, she knew the jump was too much for her, but I was too reckless to care. I felt that I could face death sooner than leave the old place, and now it has come to that after all. I shall die at Knock! Thank God for that! Go downstairs, O'Brien, and tell the girls that I know the truth, and am quite happy. You needn't mind leaving me. I shall sleep now!"

(*To be continued.*)

HAD I BEEN THERE.

By DOROTHY BAIRD.

I often think
That had I been among the humble crowd
That listened as the Master taught,
And watched the wondrous deeds He wrought,
I had pressed through the throng right to His feet,
There down to sink
In lowliest obedience; yet proud
With Him the scorn of all to meet,
Holding than life itself more sweet
To follow Him, and all His sorrows share.
Had I been there!

I often think
Had I been there when His disciples fled
And left Him desolate to face
The whole sin-burden of the race,
That I had lingered near Him through it all;
Not once to shrink
At soldiers' taunts, but follow where He led
With glad content, if it should fall
I rendered service, howe'er small,
Or only showed what one true heart would dare.
Had I been there!

And yet I know
That when the idle social talk goes round,
I hear full many a careless word
Pouring contempt upon the Lord,
Or casting scorn on that which He held good
And all the glow
Fades sudden from my soul, and I am found
Too weak to say the words I would,
Too weak to stand where I had stood
In idle dreams; and so I side with them
Who would condemn.

And yet I know
That every day and hour that passeth by
I let some foul besetting sin,
Some little fault creep slily in,
And work its will within my heart unfought;



And so I grow
More like to those who crucified, more nigh
In heart to those who set at nought—
Knowing that every sinful thought
Adds to that awful load of grief and care
He had to bear!

AGE FORTY.

CHAPTER V.

MARGARET felt some uneasiness at having the dear old grannie left in her care. She had looked so very frail and feeble of late, but no one had appeared to notice it. The girls had never been accustomed to care for and wait on the old lady, and Mrs. Wynford had naturally enough been absorbed in her husband.

He was hoping great things from "taking the waters," and went off in good spirits, only saying as he said good-bye to Margaret—

"Take care of my mother, Miss Ashton. I don't want to lose her before I get back."

"Then he has seen how she is failing, if no one else has," Margaret thought, and she determined that no care on her part should be lacking.

She was not at all surprised when one evening, after a day of hot sun and cold east wind, symptoms of mischief appeared. Grannie was evidently feverish, and her hurried breathing and frequent cough spelled bronchitis to the initiated.

"Mrs. Wynford," Margaret said, "I can see you have taken a chill. Do let me sleep in your room to-night in case you need anything."

"Nonsense, my child," said the independent old lady. "I never trouble anyone to wait on me. I shall be all right in the morning. It is only the east wind that has made my throat husky."

"She won't be all right," Margaret thought, and seizing the first opportunity, she said to Lilian—

"Do you know, I'm afraid your grannie is in for an attack of bronchitis. What is to be done?"

"Oh, Miss Ashton, don't say so!" said the girl, staring at her with frightened eyes. "She nearly died of it last spring, and father would be frantic if anything happened to her now he is away. What shall we do? She's so determined she never admits illness until she's really bad."

"Well," Margaret said, "don't be alarmed. I know exactly how to nurse bronchitis. My aunt often had it, and I've nursed her with a nurse and by myself too, so I am not inexperienced; but there ought to be no delay in getting her to bed. How can we manage it?"

"I don't know," Lilian answered thoughtfully; "if she says there is nothing the matter with her, she'll stick to it till the doctor actually appears in the room."

"Could we get him to-night?" asked Margaret. "Do you know him well enough to ask him to pay a call on some excuse, and see for himself how she is? If she would let me nurse her, we could wait till the morning, but at her age we mustn't risk anything."

"Oh, yes," Lily said; "I'm sure he could come, it isn't nine o'clock yet. I'll take Dobson with me and run down to his house, and then I can explain. You go back to the drawing-room, Miss Ashton, and don't let grannie suspect."

Margaret was thankful when half-an-hour later Lilian slipped into the room, and a minute or two afterwards Dr. Symonds was announced.

"Well, ladies," he said in cheery tones, "this is a late call; but I just wanted to hear the last news of the travellers. How are you all? Why, Mrs. Wynford, what does that cough mean?"

"Nothing that needs your interference, doctor," said the old lady, whose gentleness always disappeared when her health was questioned.

"Indeed, I'm not so sure." And the doctor sat down by her and felt her pulse. "You'll have to submit to me this time, Mrs. Wynford. We don't want a repetition of last spring, you know. I should like you to go to bed at once, and have the steam-kettle going in your room. Now who's going to turn nurse?"

"I will with pleasure, if Mrs. Wynford will have me," Margaret replied at once.

"I couldn't have anyone better," said grannie; "but all this fuss is entirely unnecessary. It's nothing but a cold."

"Even colds mustn't be neglected at your age, Mrs. Wynford." And turning to Margaret, Dr. Symonds continued, "If you'll come with me I'll give you your orders. Ever nursed bronchitis?" he asked as they left the room.

"Oh, yes, several times," she answered.

"Well," he said, "I'm afraid she's in for a sharp attack; there's a lot of fever, and she has very little stamina. Can you do it, or shall I send in a nurse in the morning? It means a week's hard work at the best."

"If you think it better to have a nurse, as Mr. and Mrs. Wynford are away, pray do," said Margaret. "I promised Mr. Wynford to take care of his mother, and we must do our very best for her; but I am strong, and Lilian will give me help, I am sure."

"Will she?" with a shrewd glance at her. "She seems wonderfully better. What have you done to her?"

"She is stronger," said Margaret, ignoring the last sentence; "and I think she would like to help with her grandmother. May we try for a day or two, and see how we get on?"

And so it was arranged; but Dr. Symonds was right, and a very anxious time followed, for, though the mischief was subdued in a few days, it was succeeded by great exhaustion, and Margaret trembled as she thought how easily the frail life might flicker out altogether.

Dr. Symonds had sent in a nurse on the second day, as the case was too serious to be undertaken by one person only. But he was entirely satisfied with Margaret, and said once to Lilian, "I wonder if you know what a treasure you've got in Miss Ashton; she'd have made a magnificent nurse."

"She'd make a magnificent anything!" exclaimed Eileen, who was listening; "she's an all-round genius!"

"You'd better take a leaf out of her book, Miss Eily," said the doctor, who had not much faith in the capabilities of that young lady.

"I mean to," she whispered under her breath as he turned away.

Indeed, Margaret was thankful to find both the girls such willing helpers. Lily was most kind and thoughtful, and Eileen made a point of providing fresh air and restful enjoyments whenever the nurses could snatch a brief interval of leisure.

Lilian had written to her mother every day, and a telegram ready written out lay on the hall table to be sent off at any minute when things were at their worst. But when, after nearly three weeks of suspense, the blissful words "out of danger" were pronounced, the girls hugged Margaret and cried over her together.

"Oh, Miss Ashton, what should we have done without you?" Lilian exclaimed. "We should never have noticed how ill she was, and she might have died."

"And dad would never have forgotten our neglect," added Eileen.

"You will both be wiser after this experience, dears; and, indeed, I am so grateful to you for the way you have helped. Your mother will be quite proud of her two daughters when she returns. She will be able to do without me soon."

"Not quite," Eileen replied decidedly; "you're much too precious to be spared. I thought I should hate your coming; but Dr. Symonds was right when he called you a treasure."

"I can never be grateful enough for what you have done for me," said Lilian softly.

And when Margaret went to bed that night tears of thankfulness filled her tired eyes as she laid her head on the pillow. "How good of God to let me be a real help to them!" she thought. "I am so glad I came here."

* * * * *

July was well advanced before grannie was able to be

moved into another room. She had mended steadily the last week or two, but, with the unreasonableness of convalescence, could not bear Margaret out of her sight.

Margaret must sing to her, read to her, wait upon her at every turn, and the latter had not many minutes in the day to call her own. Lilian had done everything possible to ease the burden; but all were looking fagged and weary, and the July warmth, which brought new life to the old lady, was very trying to the girls. The arrival of a letter announcing the speedy return of the travellers was a great relief, and when, a week later, they reached home, both looking well and sun-browned, Margaret felt as if a heavy weight had been lifted off her.

Mr. Wynford had gained great benefit from the treatment, and three weeks spent in bracing mountain air before returning had made him look years younger.

He grasped Margaret's hand and thanked her warmly. "You have done more for me than I can tell you, Miss Ashton."

"Oh, no, indeed!" she protested. "I am only too glad to have been of use, and it has been a real pleasure to see your mother getting well in time to welcome you. But there is one thing I am sorry for, and that is, it has been quite impossible to get any time for study with the girls. I have felt you would have the right to object that I haven't done what I came here for."

"Haven't you?" he said, smiling. "I think you have taught both the girls some valuable lessons. If they learn to be unselfish, reliable women, I shall be well satisfied."

Next morning's brighter light revealed more clearly Margaret's tired face. Lilian, too, though much more cheerful in manner, looked very fragile, and Mrs. Wynford plainly saw that both of them had gone through a heavy strain. Dr. Symonds, coming in for his daily visit, confirmed her in this opinion.

"Well, Mrs. Wynford," he exclaimed, in his brusque fashion, "you have to thank Miss Ashton that your mother-in-law is alive to-day. It was her promptness that saved the old lady."

"That young woman's a trump! A thousand pities she wasn't trained as a nurse. But I tell you what," he added, turning to Mr. Wynford, who had joined them, "she's tired out. I could see how the responsibility told on her. Now, why don't you send all three of them off for a good holiday? Miss Lilian is so much better, all she wants now is a thorough change to make another woman of her. Pack them off to Switzerland for the rest of the summer, that's my advice. Good day."

"Switzerland!" echoed Mrs. Wynford. "Oh, no—that would never do!"

"Why not?" said her husband. "I think it a first-rate idea. Miss Ashton is quite equal to taking them. They have all been abroad before. And Eileen seems so devoted to her now, I believe they would get on capitally. Send them off for six weeks."

Mrs. Wynford still looked dubious, and spoke of the neglected music, etc.

"Nonsense, my dear! The holiday season is coming;



"THE GIRLS HUGGED MARGARET."

they'll never settle down now. And they will have an excellent opportunity for airing their French and German. There's nothing like travel for enlarging the mind."

And so, one by one, he broke down his wife's arguments till she at last yielded, and at luncheon he propounded his scheme.

Eileen gave a little shriek.

"Switzerland! Oh, how beautiful! Won't we have larks? How awfully jolly of you to think of it, dad!"

"Not so fast, Eily. We must hear first if Miss Ashton is willing to take charge of a madcap like yourself. There must be no tumbling down precipices, mind, or sprained ankles even. If you go, you must promise me to be prudent, and go nowhere that Miss Ashton doesn't approve."

"I'll be as meek as a lamb, really I will, father," she said; and Margaret, having expressed herself as willing to undertake the responsibility, they proceeded to discuss details.

Lilian said little, but was evidently pleased, and joined very readily in all the arrangements. She had grown to lean on Margaret as an elder sister, and the thought of having her in closer companionship than had been possible lately was very pleasant to her.

Late that evening Margaret wrote to her little straw-coloured friend.

"Am I not fortunate to get such a lovely holiday planned for me? The two girls are both so good to me now, and we get on so happily together, that I am sure we shall have a delightful time. I didn't know how tired I was till snow-mountains were mentioned; the sight of them will be most reviving."

"Some people seem to get all the good times," said the little woman, slowly folding up the letter. "I wonder why nobody ever wants me to do nice things with them?"

FRANCES E. STEVENS.



THE "GIRL'S OWN" GUILD OF SYMPATHY.

MAY we speak a few plain words as to the objects of our Guild. This month we have to thank a large number of donors of clothing, new and old, and also of flowers and books. Quite a large number ask about joining the Guild. They appear to think that some definite task must be undertaken every day. This is quite a mistaken notion. There is no age limit, and there is quite a large choice of things, in which those desiring to join can co-operate. For instance, suppose a girl is in business, she has little time and less means, and can only perhaps give away her old clothes. This very gift stands for something, and even as I write these lines, a lady, who is the niece of a well-known Christian baronet, writes to me to know if she can get some clean rags or linen, because of the amount of illness which in various forms is developing in a large portion of London at the present moment. That there is a sore, dire need in this connection the writer knows only too well, because at a meeting the other day of a local council it was stated that £200 would not replace the clothes that had been destroyed in connection with some 150 cases of illness that had occurred in a small area, and they said, "We are quite at our wits' end to know how to get clothes to cover the people." This was so startling that we personally investigated one or two cases. In one house a woman lay ill upon a bed composed of papers and rags, and the only covering was a counterpane that had once been a floor carpet. That was the downstairs room. Upstairs a mother and son were ill; they had had nothing but bread to eat for two days. The doctor had not been, and, when sent for, his order was that they must be speedily removed to more comfortable quarters. The room was practically destitute of furniture, and in more than one tenement in this row ceilings were open to the sky, and if you asked to have them repaired, you were reminded that ventilation was a good thing, and that repairs cost money, and that this means an increase in the rent.

There are many of these harrowing cases before us at the present moment. The deeper we dive into the poverty-stricken districts of London we find tragedies that are borne uncomplainingly in the majority of cases, and which by custom have so much become a second habit that nobody thinks of complaining.

We are glad to know that two of our members are visiting the paralysed family of whom we spoke, and we ourselves have visited the case again. There is no improvement.

Gifts of flowers, clothes, and cash are brightening many lives' declining days; but it will be long before the time comes of which it may be said that "At eventide there was light."

Until one sees for the first time a family deprived by ill-health of the ordinary opportunities of work, and realises what this means, it is hard to understand the sufferings of which we read so much.

Some of the members have written about making some new garments, doing needlework, and dressing dolls. These are excellent ways of helping, and we want in November any number of dressed dolls to send to Sister Grace at Bermondsey, whose excellent work for the "Guild of Poor Things" is known to most of our readers, and another poor parish in which we are interested in the north-east of London.

If any of our members desire any further information about this band, their best plan will be to write to the Editor, who will see that they receive prompt attention.

The Lent lilies in our streets remind me that the time for flowers is coming, and it would be well if a post-card precedes their arrival, so that we may be able to give details as to whom they should be sent. We have many cases to which these gifts will be acceptable, and one of our members supplements her gifts of flowers with Jersey butter, etc., and that is an excellent idea. Gifts in kind are always needed.

To join the Guild you simply pay a shilling and receive a Card, and one of the best kinds of work that you can do is to interest your friends in it. Talk about it, point out to them that we want those who can only give their mite of service as well as those who can do a great deal more. These things are all greatly needed.

EVELYN HOLMES (Dorking).—Many thanks for the parcel and the indoor clothes. These are quite as much needed as any others, and are always welcome. Glad you are interested in our paper. Some of our forthcoming papers on "Spheres of Service" may help you. Yes, join the Guild, and tell all your friends about it.

E. HARVEY (Kensington).—We thank you, and are indeed glad to hear what you say. Yes, you can communicate with us when you like. We shall ever be pleased to receive your gifts and to have you one of our sisterhood. There are plenty of poor parishes that want help. Would you be able to come and work one day a week in any part of London? There are such great openings. Do join the Guild.

E. C. B. (Folkestone).—Your parcels are most gratefully acknowledged. It is cheering to see our appeals bearing fruit, but there is so much to be done and so few to do it. Perhaps we can get some suggestions for work from the members.

E. S. OSTLER (Oxford).—Yes, we do thank you for your help, and we trust that the Guild will prosper. Shall be pleased to have more members from your district, and to hear from any desirous to join.

E. GODDARD.—Your kind wishes are sincerely reciprocated. We are glad you help a worker in a poor part of London. You are thus fulfilling to the letter the intentions of the Guild.

B. P. (Jersey).—The butter and cocoa arrived all right, and were much appreciated. The former is a great luxury, and arrived safely by parcel post. It was hard and firm. You are quite right in your choice of gifts, and nothing could be better. You are one of a band of active workers whose quiet service is very effective. May the Master bless these messages of yours, and give you every happiness.

PAT IN TATTERS.—What a funny girl you are with such a title! Would you give us your name and address privately, so that in case of need we could write to you. Are you in the Guild? We should be so pleased to have you. The Editor thanks you for the things, and hopes you will see the acknowledgment that you request.

MISS E. B. BARR (Yorkshire).—The clothing you sent was very acceptable indeed. The Guild is a body of young ladies, women and girls associated together, and pledged to show sympathy in some practical form. What we hope is to have a strong body in every important centre of population. That will take time. We welcome alike Church and Chapel. Our work appeals to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and that is what we care about most of all. Send to us when you will, and if you can persuade some friends to join our band we shall be pleased.

S. A. (Leeds).—Many thanks for your goods. Your busy district ought to give us many members. Our work is a religious one, and we do want to help the poor people. The Master's vineyard is a wide one, and there are urgent calls for helpers. Let each of us be up and doing.

A. VINCENT (Hingham).—Your letter is inexpressibly sad and delightful. "They also serve who stand and wait." Poor sufferer! An invalid yourself, yet you have much room in your large heart for others. You cannot write more than to four dear children, and you write to us by another sister's hand. Yes—you serve; and though the waiting time may be so, so long, yet the most active cannot do more real work than you are doing. We should value you as a member. Your prayers, too, help us greatly. Be cheered by the blessed knowledge that the Master is using you most blessedly. To us, who are strong and well, your letter comes as a call to more consecrated effort.

KATE E. SELL (Springcroft).—Thank you for your gifts. We are glad when our London members are able to visit. During the prevailing epidemic in North London we, however, distribute by ourselves. The need for old clothes is very real, and the Guardians of one poor district state that they are quite unable to meet the demand. You are very energetic, and we wish that others may be inspired with your enthusiasm. Regular systematic giving is very desirable, and certainly benefits the person who practises it.

B. TAYLOR and B. MEDLEY (Bonchurch).—Thank you for your lovely flowers; they were welcomed and greatly appreciated. We hope that many members of the Guild will help us in this way as the fine weather comes on.

DORINDA HINKSON (Athy).—We have not yet decided on a badge. Can you suggest an idea? Among our members, some must have some artistic ability, and we should be glad to have a design. Have you had our card of membership? Glad to hear from you, and hope that others will join from your beautiful county Kildare.

PANSY (Louth).—Your parcel arrived all right. The help you gave was most timely, and the lady who corresponds with you sees that the things are properly used. We want some members from your district.

A. F. WRIGHT (Warwick).—Thank you for your letter. Tell others, please, of the Guild. Any time you like communicate with us.

AGNES CURTIS (Crouch End).—Your letter has been answered through the post, and we hope to enrol you as a member. You choose your own work, and you know the extent of your own resources. We do not. Perhaps you have old clothes to give away; perhaps you have flowers, books, money, or toys; perhaps you can visit an invalid, or write to some lonely girl. We are glad of all; and if your all is only very little, it is the same to the Lord as the poor widow's mite. The Master lays down no definite rule. "Love the brethren! As God has blessed you, so give of that He has entrusted to your care. If little, do thy diligence of that little; if plenteously, then give in proportion." They are His rules, not ours.

E. COX (Wappenbury).—Your beautiful and useful scrap-book goes to a cripple child. We are glad that they have a warm place in your heart. We see many daily, and their lives are indeed blighted. You are right in your ideal, and one wonders in the rush for giddy pleasure. Do those who pursue it realise that the world is a sad place to many? The gay, butterfly existence has a limit. Oh, if everyone would, like you, be animated by a desire to do something for those "poorer than themselves," how much fairer the world would be! Do join our body! We should give you a very hearty welcome.

EMILY CORNWALL (Croydon).—The Editor has your gifts, and thanks you for them. You need not be sorry that you only send a small gift. He said, "She hath done what she could." Hope you will become an active member of the Guild. It is open to all, and you do just what you can.

AN ENGLISH GIRL IN CANADA.—It is nice to have a letter from you. British Columbia is far away, and it is good to hear that the "G. O. P." is read over there. Thank you for your good wishes, which we heartily reciprocate. We hope that you will try to get some more members in that far-away spot.

G. HOLTHAM (Beckenham).—Yes, you are quite right. Many will be glad of your services, and there are plenty in real need. There is no reason why you should not join the Guild.

MARIE C. BATEMAN, LISA CLARKE, and JULIA WOOD are all thanked for their help.

AMY LEES (Oldham).—We had your note with its enclosure. From your town we ought to have some members. Write when you wish, and if we can be of any assistance to you, we shall be very glad.

C. E. S.—You have given no address, but simply say, "One who wishes she had more to spare." And you add, "May God give charitable hearts to those who have plenty at their command." *To this* we say reverently, "Amen." We should be so glad if you can influence any to join our Guild, and we hope you will be a member yourself. Your offering is doubly acceptable because of the kind expressions. We thank God for every bold soldier of Christ who is out and out.

S. E. MORLEY (Clapton Park).—We hope you will both take in our paper, and also join the Guild. You say rightly the grandest work one can do is to bring some soul to Jesus Christ. We have no cases near you. Would Tottenham, Edmonton, or Whitechapel, or Southwark be too far away? Just now a great epidemic is sweeping over London, and do you think it quite wise? We hope in a few weeks that it will be over. We have both a clergyman and an experienced lady worker toiling in the infected area under proper supervision, but it is hardly wise, we think, to ask others. The Y.W.C.A. work is excellent, and we wish you all success in Hackney. Yours is indeed a great work calling for much prayer, and you will find in it ample reward both here and hereafter.

MARY HENDERSON (Germany).—Many thanks. We received your enclosure quite safely. It is delightful to hear from our Continental members.

SARA EPLINSTONE (Tulse Hill Park).—Thank you very much indeed for your letter and for your parcels. The idea of getting the draper to give you the sample pieces was excellent. The old things too were very fair, and will be very welcome. There is a very great deal of silent suffering just now, more than most people think for, but there it is. The uncomplaining ones have to be "dug out," and there they are. Most deserving cases want hunting out. It is remarkable how very chary of applying for relief some of the poor ones are.

L. W.—Yes, somebody was glad of your things, and if your gift represents all that you can spare, rest satisfied. The Editor hopes you will join the Guild, and will welcome you as a member.

C. F. M. A.—Would you care to do any plain needlework for a family? We dare not ask you to visit now while the small-pox is about. You are kind enough to say you do not mind what you do, and so we are proposing something we want done.

EFFIE M. L. ELLIOTT (Umtata, Lembuland, South Africa).—Your letter to hand. Very glad to hear from you. Yes, South African girls can join. We have no members near you. The particulars you give us of your home-life are very interesting, and knowing a couple of friends who are missionaries in Kaffraria, one has heard something of the lonely life. We will try to find you someone to correspond with. You might collect some old African stamps, and they should go to a cripple home. The information about life in the native territories would be very interesting. The servant-girl difficulty is not only an African problem; it is an English one. It will be all right about your subscription, and the information you want on that point shall be sent to you through the post. Your good wishes are heartily reciprocated, and the Editor rejoices that the "G. O. P." brightens many an hour among the dusky people. Just write to us when you like, and we shall not forget you. It would be nice to escape from the roar and bustle of Ludgate Hill and Fleet Street to Umtata sometimes. God gives us all our work to do in appointed places. May He help and bless you and yours in South Africa in these stirring times.

CATHERINE G. MACGREGOR (Fifeshire).—The jersey, toys and flowers came to hand all right. Thanks.

ANNIE R. and M. J. WALLIS.—Yours received safely. Thanks.

MURIEL CADMAN (Isle of Man).—We have read your letter with great pleasure, and shall be glad to distribute anything you send. Try to get some of your friends to join. The Guild is doing good, of that we are convinced.

M. L. GATENBY (York).—We accord you a hearty welcome as a member. Choose any line of work that suits you.

HILDA DAVIES (Finsbury Park).—Yes, join the Guild. The parcel was just what we wanted. We shall try once during the year to get our London members to meet.

D. FAVELL (Sidmouth).—Yes, everything was received quite safely. The Editor is delighted to act as almoner to his friends.

A READER OF THE "G. O. P." (Birkenhead).—Many thanks. The things were very useful, and were disposed of as you wish. There is a tremendous amount of illness everywhere now.

EVELYN HOLMES (Dorking).—Yes, our object is to encourage the members to help as you suggest, and our wish is that they shall follow the good example you have set.

To Our Members.—One or two ask, May they make suggestions with a view to extending the work and membership of the Guild? Certainly. If anyone has an idea, write to The Secretary, "Girl's Own" Guild of Sympathy, c/o The Editor, THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Wanted, Ideas and Suggestions.—One friend has thought that perhaps it might be possible to come and live and work among the poor. In Bermondsey the Rector tried the experiment, and it proved successful in every way. There is no reason why others cannot be found a sphere. But though we plead for living agents, we do not want to forget that while this is the highest service, there are many other ways in which people can help. So do not despair, but do your best. The spring is coming and flowers will be very welcome.

NEW MEMBERS.

Turner, Lilian; Bird, Edith M.

HOW A GIRL SHOULD DRESS.

By "NORMA."

I do not think that the shops have ever been more tempting than they are at the present time. Things are so dainty and fresh and spring-like. It is comforting to reflect that it is easier to be well dressed in the summer than in the winter. When one looks at the flowered muslins and the almost gauze-like delaines, one feels envious of the country girls who can afford to wear them; for the muslins are prettier than ever this season, they are so fine and soft, and even the inexpensive ones have the appearance of being hand-painted. Though April is still early to think of muslins, it is really advisable to buy them now, as one gets such a much larger choice. One charming combination I advise is plain biscuit colour trimmed with a very transparent flowered muslin on a white ground. The particular gown in my mind's eye had pink roses on the white muslin which formed the deep yoke on the tucked biscuit-coloured blouse bodice. On the skirt there were three wide bands of the flowered muslin inserted between three heavy tucks of the biscuit-coloured muslin. A dress like this which was really picturesque, as the roses looked as if they were real, could easily be made at home for thirty shillings. These flowered muslins cost about eightpence halfpenny a yard. Care should be taken to select one with clear distinct flowers. A black coarse straw hat of the new turban shape simply trimmed with black velvet would go well with this frock. A black hat always looks smartest with a light dress which has any patches of colour about it.

Whilst on the subject of hats I may mention that flowers



On the left.—A simple tailor-made gown in fawn cloth and stitched straps. *In the centre.*—Costume in pale green with braided silk revers, and a single braid in centre of strap round revers, belt, cuffs, and down skirt. *On the right.*—The new Russian coat costume, to be worn open or closed; any skirt can be worn with the coat, which is a particular feature of the coming season.

and lace will be the two features of millinery this season. In fact, it will be a very flowery season. Lace of almost any kind used in almost any manner. A pale blue satin-straw, for instance, of the plate shape which still holds its own, will have dainty application of *écru* lace stitched on to the crown and brim. A bow of soft blue ribbon mingled with tiny rosebuds completes the trimming. I would always advise a girl to buy a good straw; it requires very little trimming, and looks smart to the end. There are great contrasts in hats just now. Some straws are so rich and beautiful that they are not meant to be trimmed at all, but what will the milliners say to this? Others which are meant to be worn on the same occasions are completely composed of flowers and leaves, on moss held together with fine ruchings of chiffon. The other feature about hats is the extra-ordinary popularity of rough, almost gold-coloured straw. Hats of this particular tone are trimmed either with broad black velvet or with applications of black straw. Coarse straw hats trimmed with contrasting colours of straw are new to this season. Turbans are the most popular shape; the smartest have the crowns almost hidden by the high brim which dips down on the forehead into a boat shape. The turned-up sailor hats are still to be with us; they have quite replaced the old sailor. For early spring wear these rough straws trimmed with black velvet are most suitable; the flower hats look a little out of place until June.

The changes in the fashions of skirts and bodices are still very slight, and for this we should be thankful. In the evening, Empire gowns are certainly gaining ground, but they are not suited to quite young girls. A pretty evening gown, which I saw being packed and sent to Canada, to a charming brunette, was made of very pale fine pink spotted net over silk of the same colour. At the foot of the skirt there were some tiny frills edged with black *bébé* ribbon. From the frills to the waist the skirt was trimmed at intervals of about nine inches with two rows of *bébé* velvet set about half an inch apart. The feature of the dress was the circular black lace applications about the size of a penny which were stitched on to the black velvet



Light figure wears chinchilla grey dress, with revers, epaulettes, and flounce of point lace; strappings piped with ivory satin, vest and puffs of sleeves of same; Bolero is the new shape. Dark figure is dressed in black velvet, Directoire bodice, revers and cuffs of Irish lace, chiffon boa, primrose satin vest, and hat trimmed with primroses.

bars like notes of music, about six inches apart. The bodice was trimmed in the same way, but not with little frills. I particularly mention this as the one idea a provincial dressmaker seems to possess for trimming an evening bodice for a young girl is frills round the shoulders! The shoulder straps were of black velvet. Another dress which accompanied this one to Canada was of fine white spotted net; the numerous frills were edged with ruchings of black net, and applications of black lace butterflies were scattered all over the gown. A pale blue band made of three straps of silk elastic was to be worn with this gown.

A very charming tea-jacket, or bedroom sacque, for an invalid can be made out of accordion-pleated white Japanese silk. A demi-fitting lining should be made of white nun's veiling reaching to the waist only. The accordion pleating is stitched neatly down to a little yoke of silk and left to hang loose; the sleeves should be very full, reaching only to the elbow, where they are gathered into a fine beading. A wide sailor collar folded across the neck like a fichu of spotted net (string colour) is edged with a closely-kilted frill which is fastened to the collar with a narrow beading; the sleeves also are finished with a frill of net. A rose pink jacket made in the same style would look very charming. I did not know until the other day that there are ladies' repairing shops in London where they also do pinking, and kilting, and accordion pleating at an absurdly low price. The depth of the tea-jacket—which, of course, was sacque shape—would be just the width of the silk.

A useful front which I watched my American friend constructing out of an old blouse, is worth noting. The entire front, which was full, and long enough to bulge over the waist, was composed of little tucks with one wide box-pleat in the centre. A piece of lace, with a pointed edge, about a quarter of a yard in width, was gathered up at one end to half its width and inserted in the shoulder seam near the arm-hole. It was then sewn round the front of the arm-hole as far as the side seam where the end of the lace was inserted plain into the side seam, not gathered as it was on the shoulder seam. If my readers have gathered my meaning, they will see that a little lace zouave was thus formed. It would be well to tack the lace lightly down here and there at the points of the lace which formed the zouave. The collar was made of tucked silk and lace insertion.

I wonder if any of my readers have tried the following plan for making best summer petticoats. Make the skirt of coloured batiste and have deep flounces of white muslin and lace to button on just above the knee. These frills can easily be taken off and put on to different coloured skirts, and they can very well be washed and ironed at home. The batiste skirts should, of course, have a frill at the hem. White book muslin with black spots also makes charming under-skirts; the frills should be edged with black lace, and little knots of pink *bébé* ribbon set at intervals on the frills gives a French touch to the garment.

I have purposely left the subject of complete costumes alone, as our artist has supplied us with illustrations which are charming examples of the most popular styles.

In the tailor-made costumes we have one very simple gown of fawn cloth; the *chic* of this suit entirely depends upon the cut and the exquisite stitching of the strappings. The bodice is exceptionally neat and good style. The centre figure wears an elegant gown of pale green with braided silk revers, and a single braid in the centre of the strap round the revers, down the front of the skirt, on the narrow belt and on the cuffs. The sleeves of this costume are very fashionable. Instead of the braid on the silk revers, applications of black guipure lace might be substituted, as these light silk revers always require changing before the dress is worn out, and the braiding would not be so easily replaced. Braid, by the way, is to be one of the smartest trimmings this season; while boating flannels, and white alpaca gowns trimmed with thick white woollen braid put on like wide tucks will be very modish.

It is the Russian coat on the third figure which the artist calls our attention to. It can be worn open or closed. This smart little coat is an ideal garment for spring wear; it can be worn with any skirt. The two more elaborate toilettes, although they appear more luxurious and further from our reach, would, as all women know, not cost so much. Fathers and husbands never understand how much it costs for a woman to be tailor-made. The figure seated on the right is gowned in chinchilla grey with revers and epaulettes of lace; the strappings on the skirt—which, please observe, do not go all round, but start from the left hip where they almost lap over each other and spread out round the front of the skirt—are edged with white satin. The vests and puffs on the sleeves are also of satin. The Bolero jacket is of the new shape. Personally I avoid white satin on a day dress, or use it very sparingly. I would prefer this gown if it were all in grey, except for the lace and perhaps a grey chiffon front edged with white ribbon. The jacket should be velvet of the same tone of grey. The dark figure wears a Directoire jacket of black velvet, the revers and cuffs of point lace, a chiffon boa, a primrose satin vest and a straw hat trimmed with primroses.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

EMIGRATION TO SOUTH AFRICA.—*I should be grateful for any information you could give me upon the above subject.*—M.F.

At the moment when we write the prospects for women emigrating to South Africa are not good; but at any time, should hostilities cease, a favourable opportunity might occur for women to go out. Workers of most kinds, both men and women, are badly wanted; so badly indeed, that it is difficult for the few to begin their enterprises until the many appear to assist them. For instance, we have read recently that hotels can hardly be run because hotel servants are so scarce, and that first-rate dressmakers and tailors often find themselves at a standstill for want of assistants to do the plainer parts of the work. The chief demand for women is, of course, still for those who will act as servants. Wages are high, and much help is given by the black "boys," so that the conditions of domestic work are in many ways made both easy and remunerative. In the future women will doubtless be wanted to undertake the management of creameries and to help in the business of fruit farms; but for such undertakings the time has not yet arrived. And we feel bound to point out that women do not get away from domestic work by undertaking duties which are not in themselves domestic; for they will still find that, as servants are so scarce, they must do their own cooking, baking, and sewing on very many occasions. Turning now to the arrangements for emigration, it is necessary, so long as martial law continues in force, that every emigrant should obtain a permit enabling her to land in Cape Colony. The applicant must either possess £100, or prove that she is in a position to maintain herself in South Africa. For these permits application should be made (if possible, in person) at the Permit Office, 39, Victoria Street, London, S.W. Assisted passages are not granted to women going to Cape Colony, but to those proceeding to Natal, if they are relatives of resident colonists or domestic servants. The fare to Cape Town, third class, is from eleven to seventeen guineas. Young women wishing to go out should consult the Secretary of the United British Women's Association, Imperial Institute, Kensington, London, W., or, on landing, should apply at the new Hostel, Rosebank, near Cape Town, which has been established by the South African Immigration Association, or to the Young Women's Christian Association, Long Street, or at the Home of the Girls' Friendly Society, 55, Strand Street, Cape Town, where girls can lodge at a cost of from 17s. to 20s. a week. In our opinion, however, any girl wishing to go out to South Africa would do wisely to wait for at least a year.

THE BIRTHDAY PAGE.

APRIL.

By FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

Celebrated Concert Singer.



BLANCHE MARCHESI.
(*Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.*)

When one is fortunate enough to be the possessor of a famous name, it behoves that person to have a care to worthily uphold the traditions of it. The name of Marchesi has been famous in singing annals for many years past — in short, long before its present fair exponent was born. As far back as the latter part of the eighteenth century there was a Marchesi who had a character and quality of voice which carried the whole musical world before it. That fine old *laudator temporis acti*, Earl Mount Edgecombe, in his *Recollections*, speaks of this great singer—one of an order of singers which is gone, we suppose, for ever. To-day we have, happily, amongst us a namesake—probably a descendant of this great vocalist of past times. This is Madame Blanche Marchesi,* the deservedly famous mezzo-soprano, who in the space of a few years has made a European reputation. The daughter of Madame Mathilde Marchesi, the famous professor of singing in Paris, she was brought up under the guidance of her mother, with whom, since her birth, her life has, as she herself puts it, been one long singing-lesson. The secret of Blanche Marchesi's success is this—she has been properly educated; that is to say, she has not only been taught singing, but also other aspects of music—the violin, for instance. People who attempt to sing professionally without being good "all round" musicians make a tremendous mistake. There is no subject upon which greater misunderstanding exists, or in respect to which greater nonsense is allowed to play its part, than singing. The number of people who think they can sing is enormous. It is not too much to say that the number of people who think themselves qualified to teach singing is even greater. Almost every "professing" musician wants to teach singing, because it is the most profitable of all forms of musical drudgery. Yet how few can teach it! And why? Because they have never been taught. It cannot be too widely known that no one should be allowed to teach singing who has not made a study of the vocal and surgical aspects of the larynx and its marvellous contents. The whole sum and substance of singing is a right vocal method, coupled with high general education. The only way to obtain a right vocal method is to acquire the science of properly placing the breath upon the vocal cords. Thousands and thousands of students waste their time and ruin their voices because their teachers do not know how to guide them to shift the breath from that part of the vocal cords which nature gives us for speaking purposes—not for singing. The anterior portion of the vocal cords is intended for conversation; the posterior end should be, and with properly "produced" voices is, employed for singing. It is this right method which is at the bottom of our subject's success as a vocalist, as, of course, her exquisite style and finish are after considerations. It was comparatively quite recently (1895) that Madame Blanche Marchesi made her *début* in Berlin. She then fell seriously ill, and for a whole year was obliged to stop work. In 1897 she appeared in London and met with a grand reception. "Nothing," wrote the *Times*, "is more remarkable than the versatility which enables Madame Marchesi to adopt for French, German or Italian songs the style appropriate to each school, and to express through them all the ideal of their composers. It was not long before Marchesi became engaged for all the important concerts in Great Britain, and on several occasions she sang before our late Sovereign Queen Victoria, who presented the singer with the Diamond Jubilee medal. With thirty-five concerts in America to her account, others in Paris, at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, and an impersonation of *Walküre* in Prague, this talented vocalist has had a busy time. All going well, there is a great future before Madame Blanche Marchesi, who, apart from her charm of manner, appears to combine everything that is required in a singer. Certainly her fine musical taste, and the refinement of voice production in the heightening of interpretative effects are matters to be remembered.

* Born April 4th.

Our Widowed Princess.

Every reader will instantly recognise that our heading refers to that great favourite of the people—the Princess Beatrice—a great favourite because for so many years she remained the only unmarried child of her late Majesty Queen Victoria, preferring to remain the constant companion of her mother over the greater part of her long period of mourning and solitude after the death of the father, the Prince Consort, aptly surnamed Albert the Good. The last and ninth child of the late Sovereign, H.R.H. Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodora, was born in 1857,* and was, therefore, but little more than four years old when she lost her august father. From that day down to the time of her marriage, she was hardly ever from her mother's side; indeed, so attached were mother and daughter that a condition of the marriage was that she should continue to live with her mother. Princess Beatrice was Queen Victoria's fifth daughter, and she remained a spinster until she was in her twenty-ninth year. Then the happy choice of a husband fell upon H.R.H. Prince Henry Maurice of Battenberg, a handsome man a little more than one year her senior. They were married in 1885, and to all human appearances a long life of happiness was in store for the Royal pair. Alas! this was not to be, and, within a few short years, the late Queen's daughter was afflicted by Providence with a trial hardly less terrible than that which befell her mother. As our readers will remember, Prince Henry of Battenberg, at the call of his country, "went to the war" and died, it may be said, "a soldier's death on the field of battle." This was in January, 1896, or eleven years after his marriage. From that time Princess Beatrice has remained a widow. There are four children of the union—Alexander, Victoria, Leopold, and Maurice, who are fast growing up into useful citizens of the Empire. The Princess is a Member (First Class) of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert; a Lady of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, also of the Royal Red Cross, and Crown of Jerusalem Orders. She is also Governor and Captain of the Isle of Wight, and Governor of Carisbrooke Castle. The home of Princess Beatrice and her children is Osborne Cottage, Whippingham—a beautiful spot in the Isle of Wight.

A Power in Literature.

English literary annals and history are adorned with the names of many brilliant remarkable women, but none more notable could be instanced than that of Charlotte Brontë.† She was the first to make the warfare between man and woman the sole scheme of a novel; and, that being so, we may accept her as the originator of a school of fiction which is larger both as to the number of its products, and the

* Born April 14th.

† Born April 21st, 1816; died March 31st, 1855.

influence of its producers than any other. It was at the picturesque village of Thornton in Yorkshire, where her father, the Rev. Patrick Brontë, was rector, that the eldest of three sisters—who for literary purposes took respectively the *noms de plume*, "Currer," "Ellis," and "Acton Bell"—was born. Charlotte was an indefatigable worker at school—constantly reading and learning, picking up every scrap of information concerning the arts of painting, poetry, music and sculpture. When she was little more than nineteen years old, she essayed teaching—the usual recourse of daughters of clergymen with poor benefices—which work took Charlotte as far afield as a Brussels *pensionnat*, where she was half teacher, half pupil. In 1844 she settled in Haworth—her father's new home—where, with a few slight breaks, she spent the remainder of her life. "No one could be often in her company without feeling a strong desire of obtaining her friendship, and cherishing a hope of having obtained it." This is a brother's testimony, and the present writer feels assured that the beautiful sentiment will be fully shared by many whose only relation with one of the most individual of writers is through her books. Domestic anxieties had driven the three sisters to the pen—alas! how many have turned to it unavailingly! Each had written a tale, hoping that the three stories might be published simultaneously. Ann mothered *Wuthering Heights;* Emily was responsible for *Agnes Grey;* Charlotte for *The Professor*. The two former found a publisher—not so Charlotte's work; whereupon she settled down to another story—*Jane Eyre—An Autobiography*—which appeared in 1847 under the pseudonym of "Currer Bell," was instantly successful, and has sold from that time to this. Its freshness, raciness and vigour of mind stamped it as the work of some unknown person whose identity must be established, so hard were its assaults upon the prejudices of so-called proper people. Still more, the moral paradox that pervaded it required to be met and refuted. All sorts of rumours got afloat as to the writer of the book, and the author of *Vanity Fair* was pointed to as the original of "Rochester." But even Mr. Smith, the publisher, did not know his author! One fine morning—when the world was astir with such satirising of Thackeray—a little woman with a face far from beautiful, and wearing the simplest of Quaker costumes, called at Cornhill and asked to see the principal, Mr. Smith. She was refused, of course—by the shopman; but her insignificant appearance had something behind it She insisted, and at last the principal came into the shop, saying—

"Young woman, what can you want with me?"

"Sir," she replied, "we [Charlotte and her sisters] have come up from Yorkshire. I wish to speak to you privately. I wrote *Jane Eyre*."

"You wrote *Jane Eyre!*" exclaimed the credulous publisher.

"Yes!" and very soon the plain little woman was in the midst of a preface in which Thackeray was held up as the first social regenerator of the day. As to herself her inner life and motive enabled her to disregard all calumny and charge. *Shirley* (1849) and *Villette* (1853) were her next books. As a novelist and delineator of female character Charlotte Brontë stands very high. She perceived the value of mankind's better nature, but questioned the advisableness of always exercising it. Yield to your feelings and the chances are enormously great, she seems to say, that you are trampled upon by the selfish. Her literary style is apt to appear betimes over-vigorous, but this does not detract from her beautiful and original descriptiveness. How charmingly, for instance, she could paint inanimate nature! If she is over forcible, it must be remembered that in *Jane Eyre* she was giving thousands something of her own sorrowing experience. She needed no beautiful heroine to enthral her readers. "I will show you a heroine as plain and as small as myself, who shall be as interesting as any of yours," she said one day to her sisters. Hence the little plain creature in a Quakerish cotton dress. Mrs. Gaskell is the only authoritative writer upon Charlotte Brontë.



PRINCESS ALICE,
GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE.



CHARLOTTE BRONTË.



PRINCESS BEATRICE.
(*Photo by Hughes & Mullins.*)

Devoted unto Death.

When the story of England's nineteenth century heroines comes to be written, many noble characters and lives will rise up before the historian—some of them saints, some martyrs; some rich, some poor; some known, some unknown; but amongst them all there will be a no more beautiful, lovable personality haunting the pages than that of Princess Alice *—a name that is revered and remembered with particular affection in every home circle, not because she was an English princess, but for the reason that in her not very long life she, alike as daughter, wife and mother, was kind and gracious to all the world. The reputation she won for her love and devotion to all around her was most enviable, and her memory will not soon fade in the circle in which she immediately moved; nor, indeed, in that wider one of the world at large. Princess Alice Maud Mary was the third child and second daughter of our late Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. In July, 1862, Princess Alice married Prince Frederick William Louis, the fourth Grand Duke of Hesse. Of this union were born seven children: Victoria, Elizabeth, Irène, Ernest, Frederick,

* Born April 25th, 1843; died December 14th, 1878.

Alice and Maria, of whom the sixth, Alice, is now Empress of Russia. Few more accomplished women have ever adorned even the English Court. Quite early in life she evinced much taste for art and literature, and was able to model and paint with remarkable skill. She had a great passion for German literature, and became an intimate admirer of Strauss, the distinguished German theological writer; indeed, she permitted him to dedicate to her his *Life of Voltaire*, the great Teuton scholar having already read the book to the Princess in MS. The great glory of her life, however, was her devotion to others, her utter unselfishness, her readiness to lay down even her life (as, indeed, she did) for others. When that terrible and unwarrantable war broke out between France and Germany, she nursed the sick and wounded—Frenchmen as well as Germans—both on the battlefield and in the Darmstadt Hospital. No one was more unwearied in alleviating the sufferings of the soldiers than was this Princess. Little wonder that when the Women's Union for Nursing was subsequently founded her name was given to it. Yet it was not in her public life only that she was so rare a woman. It is remembered to this day how devotedly she nursed her father, the Prince Consort, during his fatal illness in 1861—a sacred duty which greatly endeared her to the whole British nation. Again, though married, and with all the cares of her own young family, she nursed her brother, our present King, during his long and dangerous illness in 1871. A few years later came the shock which throbbed the hearts of all right-minded people. In 1878 it was known that her husband and children were "down" with diphtheria. Needless to say the wife and mother was nursing them, not wisely, perhaps, but too well, for she contracted the disease, and on December 14th came the tragic news that she had fallen a victim to it. True wife—mother—friend. Her *Letters* (1884), edited by the Princess Christian, with a Memoir by Dr. Sell, give a charming impression of an accomplished lady, lovable, gracious and kind towards all with whom she came into contact.

THE FIDELIO CLUB.

CONDUCTED BY ELEONORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

BEETHOVEN, FANTASIE SONATE, OP. 27, NO. 2.

(Asked for by "Belle" and "Hiawatha.")

The name, "Moonlight Sonate," by which this wonderful tone-poem is known, is doubly wrong. There is no moonlight in it, and it is not strictly a Sonate.

Beethoven called it a "Fantasie Sonate," and his dedication tells the rest. It is a love-letter in music—probably the first that ever was written, certainly the most tender, the most passionate.

Countess Julie Guicciardi, to whom the love-letter was addressed, was seventeen; she lived in Vienna, and belonged to a family equally remarkable for the length of its pedigree and the brevity of its banking account. She had a pretty talent for music, and in the drawing-rooms of the Viennese aristocracy she met Ludwig von Beethoven, then a rising young musician. Beethoven was not much impressed by her piano playing; but he looked into her eyes and read there something more interesting than music. He offered to give her lessons, and his offer was accepted. He trained the pretty fingers, and the pretty fingers in return stitched linen for him. Perhaps you will wonder what this means. I did once, until I called to mind the elaborate shirt fronts that German men used to wear until quite a few years ago on festive occasions. We here are accustomed to seeing large unadorned surfaces of shining white on our gentlemen friends; but in Germany I have seen those fronts embroidered with garlands of flowers that looked like embossed note paper or valentines. Now that, I imagine, is the sort of thing that Countess Julie stitched, and I am sure her master wore those fronts with supreme satisfaction, for in those days he was a bit of a dandy.

He was very ugly, this poor Beethoven; his hair was red, his nose and mouth were any shape, he was short of stature—more than common short—and his face was deeply pitted with small-pox. That was when he first met Countess Julie; but you all know the story of the ugly knight who became handsome as soon as he succeeded in winning the love of a pure maiden. That isn't a fairy tale at all, the thing happens every day; and it happened to Beethoven.

Countess Julie did not learn music nearly so quickly as she learnt love; and when she had mastered that lesson, or it had mastered her, she saw the fire of genius burning behind those deep-set half-closed eyes, the smiles that hovered round the corners of the kind mouth transfigured the whole face, and the thick masses of red hair gleamed in her eyes like sunshine. The lovers lived in a fool's paradise and were happy. Then came the rude awakening. Count Guicciardi discovered the secret, and his proud heart was filled with anger. That a base-born musician should aspire to the hand of the Countess Julie was an affront not to be tolerated. Beethoven was dismissed with scorn, and was not even allowed to see his beloved once more.

To write to her was impossible, perhaps he would not have written to her if he could, he expressed himself badly in words; but he could compose a piece and set her name upon the title-page. To the world it would be a Sonate, to her it would be a love-letter.

Even the world found out that it was not an ordinary Sonate, and called it the "Moonlight Sonate," feeling, perhaps, as did Shelley, that "music and moonlight and feeling are one."

You who now know its story will know better what it means. The first part, with its vague movement, its plaintive melody, tells of sorrow. But nothing is defined, the spirit is still numb.

Memory brings quickening, and the second part *(allegretto)* is the lovers' farewell, repeated again and yet again. Thoughts of happy hours crowd upon his fancy, flitting phantomlike across the brain. Then again farewell. He feels like Juliet—

> "Parting is such sweet sorrow,
> That I would say good-night till it be morrow."

But for him there is no morrow. The bitterness of despair is over the last movement of the "Fantasie Sonate."

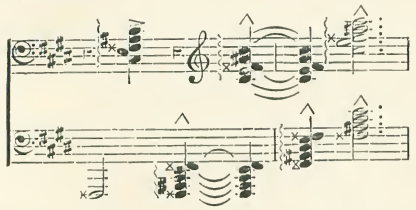
* * * * * * *

How is it to be played? Hold the soft pedal right through the first movement, and use the other pedal as directed in Cotta edition. The triplets must be absolutely even, soft and melting. The fingers should never leave the keys and should be held rather flat, so as to play with the soft part of the fingers (the tips give brilliancy, not wanted here). Try the bass notes by themselves, and listen with all your ears. They want just enough tone to carry them from one to another. The main difficulty of the piece begins at the end of bar 5. The two G's must fall exactly together, and yet the upper one must have intensity enough to last till the semiquaver G. It is impossible to describe how this is done. It must be felt, and the feeling must be like that of a loving hand laid on a throbbing brow. It should suggest strength and pity and infinite tenderness.

The second movement is *allegretto*. It is nearly always played too quickly. The time given by Bülow is ♩. = 56. (For this Sonate a better edition than Cotta is Bülow's, from his concert programmes, also published in England by Augener.) By strict attention to the phrasing the right interpretatien will be gained. It is a lover's farewell—we almost hear the words farewell, farewell! The little trio is one of those inspirations that came to Beethoven alone. The hands must glide over the piano and the tone must swell, as the heart swells when one thinks of bygone joys.

The *presto agitato* is really the easiest movement of the three to interpret rightly, and it is far more often well played than are the other two. There are here tangible technical difficulties which practice will overcome. There is no necessity to point them out. But some poetry of conception will not be out of place here either. *Presto agitato!* An eagle in a cage might feel as Beethoven felt when he wrote this music. Up it soars in mad flight, to throw itself against the iron bars which fling it back. This is the interpretation of the first two bars; it is the germ of the whole piece. The two chords at the end of the phrase should be sharp and strident, the second not quite so loud as the first, the ascending harmonic passage leading up to them *piano*, no *crescendo* whatever. From bar 9 on there are strong gradations of tone marked, and a long pause must be made on the final G sharp (minim), on which the hands should fall swiftly and firmly to ensure a good vibrating tone. The *cantabile* phrase, beginning at bar 21, is one of the so-called moonlight bits. But moonlight implies comfort, and there is no comfort in these G sharp minor harmonies, which suggest rather the abandonment of anguish. Begin the triller at bar 30 on the upper note B, and those whose hands are small can leave out the lower A sharp. I have to do so myself. At the speed at which the piece must be taken it is impossible to get in more than four notes, one to each bass note. The trillers at bars 32 and 36 the same. Lift the hands high for the chord at bar 33. Then both hands and the pedal up before beginning the *piano* scale passage following. Mind the accents in bars 47 and 48 and 53-58, a strong accent on the first and fifth quavers, a lesser one on the third and seventh, each of which is united with the next note. Seven bars after the double bar we have the *cantabile* passage again, this time in F sharp minor, and four bars later its position is very beautifully reversed, and the song comes in the bass with the fluttering accompaniment in the treble. It is much more intense and passionate in this position, and must be worked up to a frenzied agitation, which culminates at bar 23, the following *piano* passage, with its quivering movement in the bass, being the struggle to regain that composure which is only reached for a brief moment at bars 35 and 36. At bar 98, after the double bar, there are five broken chords (the diminished chord of the seventh on the leading note of G sharp minor). Play them as if written as follows, but let the

beat come on the last note of the *arpeggio*, as this must be the accented note. At the dotted minim play the bass chord with the last note of the *arpeggio* in the treble—



Play the next bar in the same way, but observe that the phrase is different in the fourth bar, where we have semiquavers instead of demi-semiquavers. Note the accents in bars 112-119. Seven bars before the end there is *cresc. e stringendo un poco* marked in Cotta edition. It is not a direction given by Beethoven, and should not be observed, as it spoils the character of the music. From Tempo 1 till five bars before the end play quite *piano*, then abruptly, without any leading up to it, let the passage in both hands crash like a thunderbolt to its close.

Mendelssohn, Andante Cantabile and Presto Agitato.

(*Asked for by "Portia" for the Higher Exam. London College of Music.*)

Little need be said about this piece, which is so simple that to describe it with any success one would have to confine oneself to words of one syllable.

"If you want to play with true feeling, you must listen to good singers," said Mendelssohn once to a pupil, and added, "You will learn far more from them than from any playing you are likely to hear."

The advice was good; in an especial degree it was good if the student happened to be studying his master's compositions. To play these two little pieces—*Andante cantabile* and *Presto agitato*—with effect, the first essential is a singing touch. The fingers must press the keys gently, but firmly. It is not enough, however, that the tone should sing, it must sing with expression. The song of the *Andante cantabile*, for instance, begins at the second half of bar 2. There are two crotchets. They must not be exactly alike. The first is the more important by a shade. The third note of the air is a dotted crotchet—it is also the first note of the bar. Give it therefore more weight than either of the preceding crotchets. Next come five quavers, quite unimportant little creatures, but as they form an ascending scale they want a slight *crescendo*. The last quaver—C sharp—must be slightly shortened in order to divide this phrase from the next one. This is a most important point. At the end of every slur, lift the hand well off the keys and begin afresh, as a singer would do after taking breath. The semiquaver accompaniment, most of which is given to the left hand, should be very smooth and flowing, like running water.

The same remarks are applicable to the *presto*, which is only *agitato* in the strictly gentlemanlike manner of Mendelssohn. Any violent emotion would be quite out of place here, and all the agitation there is is gained by reiteration. Mind the phrasing; pay attention to the marks of expression, *p*, *f*, *sf*. Play as quickly as you can without hurry or flurry, and the result will be quite satisfactory. Everyone will think your piece is much more difficult than it is.

It is only fair to Mendelssohn to add that he is not heard even at his second best in this composition, to which he attached so little importance that he gave it neither name nor opus number. It was composed on a summer day of 1838 in his garden at Berlin, where he was spending many moments of sweet content with his beautiful young bride. Perhaps it was Cécile's large dark eyes that suggested to him the Siren Song of the Erl-King's daughter (the middle part of Schubert's "Erl-König"), a reminiscence of which we hear in the *presto agitato* beginning at bar 31 with the preceding quaver. The tune pleased him so much in its new setting that he came back to it later on, putting it down in the bass in A minor. The whole composition is only an *Albumblatt;* it was written for an annual Album in which it was published in 1839. Its present form, as a separate work, is due to the speculation of a publisher or to the indiscriminate enthusiasm of an editor friend.

Next month I shall take the last two movements of Beethoven's Sonate, Op. 31, No. 2, and Schumann's "Carneval."

Rules of Membership.

Every reader of The Girl's Own Paper (boy or girl) can become a member.

1. Copy out the following in your own handwriting, and fill in the particulars; send it to the Editor, The Girl's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., with "Fidelio Club" written on the outside of your envelope at the top left-hand corner.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Age.—Under 12? Under 16? Over 16?

Pseudonym (if desired) .....

Chief musical characteristic—

Mind? Emotion? Muscle?

2. In the space marked "Mind, Emotion, Muscle," underline the quality of which you believe yourself to be possessed most, and cross out the other two, thus—

~~Mind~~ Emotion ~~Muscle~~

3. Every member may, each month, make one suggestion—that is, she (or he) may name a composer, a piece, or a style of composition to be analysed for practice.

4. Every member may also ask one question each month, and this may have reference to any piece that has already been discussed, or to any difficulty experienced in practising.

5. Such suggestion and question must always be accompanied by a "Fidelio" coupon, and will, with the answers, be published in The Girl's Own Paper.

6. Members may join at any time.

My Dear Fidelians,—With this number the Fidelio Club is six months old. There are nearly 200 members now, and I have accepted so much music for analysis that I must call a halt before inviting any more suggestions. At the end of this letter you will find a list of pieces already named, and I want you to choose from this list the pieces which you would like analysed. Those compositions which get the most votes I will take first.

So far I have only had one applicant for Bach, but Toccata (my sole Bachite) thinks that this is because the intellectual Fidelians are more reserved than the emotional ones, and do not write to me so much. Toccata has made some excellent suggestions, about which you will hear more later on, but in the meantime I should like to know how many of you would welcome a paper on fugue-playing, with analysis of a fugue by Bach. The Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue is my own suggestion.

As you will have noticed, I have already made considerable changes in my mode of conducting the club. By far the greater number of my Fidelians are over sixteen, and nearly all the music asked for has been fairly advanced. I am glad to say good taste has prevailed throughout, my only protest being against adaptations of orchestral music, to which I feel that justice cannot be done on the piano.

The coupon will henceforth be printed near the "Contents" of the magazine, so that no injury is done by detaching it. New Fidelians must write out the particulars asked for in Rule 1, and affix the coupon. Those of you who are already enrolled as members need only write your pseudonym. It does not matter which member of the household subscribes to the "G. O. P.," but every Fidelian must send a coupon with each letter.

List of Pieces from Which to Choose.

Bach.—"Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue." Fugue in E minor (2nd book of 48 Preludes and Fugues).
Beethoven.—Sonates—Appassionata. Op. 10, No. 1; Op. 14, No. 1; Op. 90; Op. 49, No. 2.
Mozart.—Fantasie D minor.
Schubert.—Impromptu, Op. 142, No. 1.
Hummel.—Rondo Villageois.
Chopin.—Nocturnes, Op. 9, No. 2; Op. 37, No. 2; Op. 55, No. 1; Op. 72, No. 1. Waltzes, Nos. 1 and 14. Sonate with Funeral March. Ballade, A flat. Berceuse; Fantasie Impromptu. Polonaise, Op. 55. Prelude No. 15.
Schumann.—"Arabesque," "Träumerei," "In der Nacht," "Nachtstücke," "Grillen."
Mendelssohn.—Fantasie F♯ minor. "Rivulet," Concerto No. 1. L. ohne W., Book 7, No. 6. Andante and Rondo Capriccioso.
Brahms.—Hungarian Dances, No. 17.
Paderewski.—Thème Varié; Nocturne.
Liszt.—"Consolation," No. 3.
Raff.—"Polka de la Reine," "Rigaudon," "Fileuse."
Grieg.—"Carneval"; "Anitra's Dance."
Scharwenka.—Polish Dance, Op. 3, No. 1; Op. 43, No. 6.
Bennett.—Rondino, Op. 28, No. 2.
Weber.—Sonate in A♭, Op. 39. Invitation to the Waltz.
Rachmaninoff.—Prelude C♯ minor.
Heller.—Tarantelle in A♭.

Answers.

"Veilchen" (Leyton). Over 16. Mind.—Play the trill in bar 23 of Beethoven's Op. 26 like this:—



Why should I tell you "of any difficulties in this Sonate" if you have not found them out for yourself? I took Chopin's Waltz, Op. 34, No. 1, in December. You should read all the back numbers. The Fidelio Club began last November.

Kornblume (Austria). 14. Mind and Emotion.—Wagner's *Tannhäuser* was not written for the piano, and a transcription is at best a poor thing, only useful to recall the impression received at the opera. Choose a piece composed for the piano from the list given this month.

"FUGUE" (Stourbridge). Over 16. Mind and Emotion.—I believe the Virgil Clavier is excellent for the muscles, and it saves many persons' nerves. I don't think I will take Beethoven's Thirty-two Variations. I'll tell you a story about them instead. An excellent pianist was practising them one day at a pianoforte warehouse in Vienna. Beethoven stood by her and listened. Presently he asked, "By whom is that?" "By you." "*I* wrote that rubbish! Oh, Beethoven, what an ass you were!" That little story is quite authentic; it pleased me greatly, for I was made learn those variations in Germany, and I hated them with an undying hatred.

"CRISP" (Hull). Under 16. Emotion and Muscle.—The Club is only for pianoforte music.

E. H. Cox (Tring). 16. Emotion and Muscle.—Your letter came too late for me to help you this time, but I hope you will have passed your exam. when you read this.

"VIOLET" (Tring). 14. Mind and Emotion.—It was impossible to take your piece this month, but I hope you will pass your exam. all the same.

"ROSEEN DHU" (T. D. Leicester). 17. Emotion.—I have changed your pseudonym, and given you one which is the poetical name of Ireland. I don't like Irish-English! But I like my "affectionate Fidelian." I think Grieg's *Lyrische Stücke* would please you. One of them, called *Erotik*, is very pretty.

"PORTIA."—I don't think your selection of pieces was a very good one, but I hope that what I have said about the Mendelssohn will help you. *Sf* is stronger than >. A note may be accented and yet be quite soft, but *sforzando* is loud. The best exercises for beginners are in Lebert and Stark's Piano School, each volume of which costs eight shillings. But they are well worth the money. Vol. I. contains five-finger exercises, duets and little pieces. You want nothing else with it. Vol. II. gives more difficult exercises, and all the major and minor scales, with a short study on each.

IOLANTHE (Rock Ferry).—You did not give your name. Fill in the coupon on the cover of this number, and I will accept you as a Fidelian.

HEIDENRÖSLEIN (North Queensferry). Over 16. Mind.—You will have seen the *Duetto* in last month's paper.

FRENCH HORN (Birkenhead). 20. Emotion.—No one is too old to join the club. Do your twenty years weigh so heavily? I have included Raff's *Rigaudon* in my list.

MADAME MARGARIDA NAVARRO (Portugal). 35. Mind and Emotion.—Many thanks, dear madame, for your charming letter. It was a great pleasure to me to hear that my analysis of Chopin's *Scherzo* had been so helpful to you. I will take the last two movements of Beethoven's D minor Sonate next month, and I have put your other pieces on my list. But you must only ask for one at a time. I cannot take Beethoven's Symphonies for the Fidelio Club, because I should want to fill a whole magazine with each symphony, and the Editor will scarcely give me so much space. Please write again.

"TINY" (Budleigh Salterton). Over 16. Emotion.—You are not at all obliged to use the fingering suggested by me, if you can find better for yourself. Most bungled playing is the result of bad fingering, and very few girls find good. Perhaps you have special genius.

BOGIE (East Prussia).—The two *ff* passages in Chopin's Prelude, No. 15, are equally loud. Beethoven's C minor Symphony is the 5th. I think it the most beautiful of all.

"DOROTHY" (Sale). Over 16. Muscle.—I have already given two of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. I have included his *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso* in my list.

EL CAPITAN (Dulwich). 18.—I think EL CAPITAN ought to know where his strong point lies! Yes, your sister can give you her coupon, and you can be a Fidelian.

"EINFACH UND ZART" (Warrington). Over 16. Mind and Emotion.—I don't think the pieces you have named are at all melancholy. I cannot advise Weber, as to me his pianoforte music always sounds vulgar. Have you played Schumann's "Fasching-Schwank" or his "Carneval"? Both of them are gay.

LORELY (Chichester). Over 16. Muscle.—*Due corde* means two strings. On a grand piano most of the keys have three strings; when you put down the soft pedal, the keyboard moves sideways, and the little hammers behind strike two strings or one string. When they strike two strings it is *due corde;* when they strike one string only, it is *una corda*. I never heard of a Sonate by Beethoven called "L'Aurore." What is its opus number?

CALVARY CLOVES (Gravesend). 18. Mind and Emotion—You will find Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C sharp on my list.

MAUDE LAND (Exeter). Over 16. Emotion.—I have already given two of Mendelssohn's "Lieder." Paderewski's Nocturne, Op. 16, No. 4, is beautiful and not difficult. Opus means work. This is the 4th number of Paderewski's 16th work. I can sympathise with your small hands. I cannot play "a too octavy piece" myself.

PIROSKA (Budapest). 16. Mind and Emotion.—You are quite right to join the Club, and I am very glad to accept you as a member. Why I said Beethoven's Sonate, Op. 27, No. 2, was foolishly called the "Moonlight Sonate," you will learn from my analysis of it this month. I told the story of Chopin's Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2, in my "Stories in Music" in the "G. O. P." for January, 1901.

WALDSTEIN.—I have put your Weber Sonate on the list. We shall have a competition at the end of the year.

MIGNONETTE (Warwick). Over 16. Emotion.—Many thanks for your appreciative letter. Your friend ANIMATO was quite right.

ALTIORA PETO (Southend). 17. Emotion and Muscle.—I am very glad my analysis of List B was so useful to you, and hope that you and all my Fidelians will pass your exams. The turn on page 25 (List B), bar 7, Händel's Gigue in A, is played F♯, E♯, F♯. It was scarcely necessary to put a ♯ in brackets, as you suggest, because the ♯ was marked on the last quaver of the preceding bar. Yes, the Grieg Sonate is very fine.

MELODIA (Eccleshall). Over 16. Mind and Emotion.—I have put Beethoven's Sonate in E minor, Op. 90, on my list. It is a very beautiful one, but not, I think, particularly easy. You must send the coupon when you write to me. It will be on the contents page, so it won't spoil your magazine to cut it out. You need only fill in your pseudonym in future, as you are now a member.

CAPRICE (Brighton). 18. Emotion.

MARRIAGE (Monkwearmouth). Over 16. Emotion.

POTTS (Broxbourne). Over 16. Emotion.

SERULIA (Blandford). Over 16. Emotion.—I have added Chopin's Nocturne II. to my list.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.—The story of Chopin's Waltz, Op. 70, No. 1, was not included in "Stories in Music." I have put it on the list.

DORA GOULDEN (Egham). 19. Emotion.—I would rather you chose a piece written for the piano instead of the "Flying Dutchman" Overture.

COUNTERPOINT (Farnboro'). Over 16. Mind.—I am glad you found the analysis of the "Sonate Pathétique" so helpful. The inverted mordente given at bar 47 is a printer's error (or perhaps my own). It should be G♭, A♭, G♭. I have put Heller's "Tarantelle" on the list, but I really do not think it requires analysis.

GOVERNOR (Dresden). 20. Mind.

MATER (Dresden). 18. Mind.—A coupon must be sent with every question asked, or suggestion made, so if you both are members you must have two magazines. You can give away one of them after removing the coupon.

A CHOPIN LOVER.—You have asked four questions! I will answer two this time. The chromatic passage at the end of the *Grave* in "Sonate Pathétique" is of the nature of a *cadenza*, and need not be strictly in time. I think the Sonate, Op. 26, is a little more difficult.

M. C. I. (Stourbridge). 17. Mind.—The coupon will now be on an advertisement page. You must always send it.

JESSAMINE (Glasgow). Over 16. Mind and Emotion.—You will find Grieg's "Anitra's Dance" on the list. The lady whom you heard lecture is my sister.

HAWTHORN (Southwold). 19. Mind.—See answer to MELODIA.

DUDLEY POPITE (Islington). 14. Mind and Emotion.—I have put Bennett's "Rondino" on the list.

LILIAN GORE.—I think the "Sonate Pathétique" would not be too difficult. I have put Chopin's Nocturne in F minor on the list.

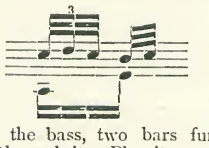
A READER OF THE "G. O. P."—Why not play some of the beautiful music written for the piano, instead of a paraphrase? You can get no idea of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" from a transcription by Sydney Smith.

NELLIE LEE (Torrington). Over 16. Emotion.—Only a few of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* are named. The names are given on old editions generally.

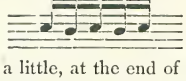
STARLIGHT (Grosmont). 16. Mind and Emotion.—It is impossible to take "The Harmonious Blacksmith" for you this month. It is the last movement of Händel's 5th Suite. He called the variations *doubles*. Play the air with perfect simplicity; pay great attention to note values; for instance, in the first bar hold down the crotchet B in the treble, and lift the E when you play G sharp. Play the shake three bars before the end of the air like this—



If there is a metronome time given in your edition, play by it; if not, you might take ♩=52—four beats in a bar. Take the variations a little more quickly. Mind the phrasing. The first bar has couplets in the right hand. In bar 2, second part, play the trill so—



The double mordente in the bass, two bars further on, is inverted, because there is a stroke through it. Play it so—



Hold back the time, just a little, at the end of each variation.

TOCCATA.—I have not space to answer you in detail to-day, but you will see from my letter to the Club that I have noted your request.

DARJEELING (India).—Please read Rules of Membership. The Club is for subscribers to the "G. O. P." only. Letters cannot be answered through the post.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.

An English Spring.



NEW CONDITIONS.

The monotony of seeing the same names in the Prize List time after time leads us to impose New Conditions in the interest of the less expert solvers.

The Prizes will all be of the same amount—HALF-A-GUINEA each. Twelve will be awarded for each puzzle, including two for Competitors living abroad. No Competitor will be allowed to take more than one of these Prizes during the year; so that for each puzzle we shall have an entirely fresh list of Prize-winners.

Two Special Prizes, TWO GUINEAS and ONE GUINEA, will be awarded at the end of the year to the two solvers, whether previous winners or not, who have secured the highest number of marks during the year. This condition is framed to induce the expert solvers to persevere after they are debarred from winning one of the monthly prizes.

Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only, and to be headed with the name and address of the sender.

Solutions must be addressed to The Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.

The last day for receiving solutions from the United Kingdom will be May 16th, 1902; from Abroad, July 16th, 1902.

This Competition is open to all, irrespective of sex or age.

*** The Editor much regrets the delay in publishing reports of several Puzzle Poem Competitions, occasioned by the lamentable illness of the genial Puzzle Editor. He hopes, however, to insert at least one in the next month's issue.

CANTATRICE (Gateacre). Over 16. Mind and Emotion.—It would be useless to insert past exam. papers. I find it impossible to help all the candidates for future examination that I should like to help. PORTIA will be glad of your kind sympathy. I hope she will be as successful with her A.L.C.M. as you were.

PIANO (Croydon). Over 16. Emotion.—Read the answer to MATER.

HOLLY BERRY (Newtown). Over 16. Emotion.—I am extremely glad that the fingering given of Jensen's "Ricordanza" was so much help to you, and hope you will pass in List A. I am sorry I cannot take Moscheles' Study for you in time to be of any use.

LOHENGRIN (Bristol). Over 16. Mind and Emotion.—Get Kullak's "Octave Studies," Book 2, and practise them carefully. Leave off the moment your wrist is tired, play something else, and go back to the octaves. You cannot force your wrist; it must be trained very gradually.

ABT VOGLER.—You played the mordente quite correctly. See answer to COUNTERPOINT. When there is a stroke through the turn thus ~~w~~, it is to be played with the lower note—not otherwise. Keep your hand quite still in the Fantasie Sonate, first movement. The thumb requires no accent.

GOOL (Nagpur, India). Over 16. Mind.—Too late for answer this month.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WHITE ROSE.—Why do you bind in the volume the supplement given with the monthly parts? We do not do so, though, of course, there is no objection to your doing so if you wish it.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—You need have no fear at all; no harm could possibly happen to you from your mistake in taking the wrong medicine so long afterwards. If it was going to give you any trouble, it would have happened months ago. You are absolutely quite safe now.

LILA.—This is a good recipe for a soap to whiten the hands. Take a wineglassful of eau-de-Cologne and another of lemon-juice; then scrape two cakes of brown Windsor soap to a powder and mix well in a mould. When hard it will be an excellent soap for whitening the hands. To constantly wear gloves in the house, as well as out of doors, and to rub glycerine and lemon-juice (mixed in equal quantities in a bottle) on the skin, all help to keep the hands white. Never eat any food or drink any wine that flushes the face. This generally comes from indigestion. Milk is very good well massaged into the face for whitening it. It is quite easy to make your face pale by living an indoor life; want of oxygen will soon whiten it; but, of course, this would be extremely bad for your general health.

LULU.—A sponge dipped in a little benzine will remove all stains without injuring the material. Your handwriting is small but very legible.

CORAL.—At the end of your Church of England Prayer Book you will find "a table of kindred and affinity wherein whosoever are related are forbidden in Scripture and our laws to marry together," and the connectionship you mention is not amongst those forbidden.

E. B.—The address of the laundry you ask about is, The Osborne Laundry, Grosvenor Road, Hanwell.

A. N.—The above answer applies to you.



"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."] EDMUND EVANS, PRINTER. [LONDON.

MENDING THE NETS.

From the Painting by FLORENCE A. SALTMER.



VOL. XXIII.—NO. 1162.] APRIL 5, 1902. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

JAPANESE HOME-GARDENING.

BY DOUGLAS SLADEN.

MY JAPANESE-CHINESE GARDEN.

THE Japanese have given the phrase "home-gardening" a new meaning for us, with their dwarf blossoming fruit trees, their lilies growing in water, and their toy Chinese gardens. I may mention at once that the Japanese always call the fascinating little gardens—like the design on a willow pattern plate which we associate with exhibitions of the Japan Society—Chinese gardens.

I made the acquaintance of toy "Chinese" gardens when, in December, 1889, I went over from Yokohama to Tokyo to see about the production of *Lester the Loyalist*, which was printed and published at the Hakubunsha, at that time the leading publishing office of Japan. The head of the firm always received me in his private apartments, and business was a long affair, because we never did any till tea and pipless oranges and sweetmeats had been brought in by a little mousmee, and there was much explaining of the various features of a Japanese house. I am not here going into all the amusing details of publishing a book in Japan, nor am I about to describe at length the one special feature of my publisher's house which fascinated me most—his toy Chinese garden; a wonderful little affair about two feet long by eighteen inches broad, which contained dwarf trees, temples, dwelling-houses, pagodas, bridges, lighthouses, votive lanterns, *torii*, bell-towers, dancing-stages, tea-houses, and I can't remember what more, with a river, and a lake and little sanded paths.

I made up my mind from that instant to have one of these gardens. Where could I buy all the little bronze ornaments for them? I asked of my publisher. He could not say—his had been in his family for generations. They were the kind of things you inherited. He really did not know where you could buy them unless it might be at the great fair in the Ginza, which would be held on the following week on the last night of the old year, which he said I certainly ought to see in any case, as it was one of the sights of Japan. The Japanese, he explained, settle all debts among themselves on the first day of the year, which they keep on our New Year's Day. Anyone who fails to do this has no more credit, so they make tremendous efforts and sacrifices to avoid being posted. The great fair in the Ginza is held to enable those who are still short of the money they owe to sell enough to supply it. Small householders will bring almost everything in their possession to see what chance thing may tempt purchasers.

But all that belongs to another story. I am not going

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THE GARDEN OF DAI-NICHI-DO.

to relate here how I spent a hundred dollars among these poor people on that memorable night, but merely to mention that it was there that I bought the little bronze ornaments for fitting out a toy Chinese garden, which have been the envy of the Japan Society itself. I bought them from an old man in a brown leather cloak, who was the very embodiment of respectable poverty. I forget what I gave for them, but more than I should have felt inclined to give if it had not been for the head of the Hakubunsha's telling me that I should only be able to buy them by chance, and that no one would part with an old set unless he was driven by great want. All the pieces I bought from him figure in the pictures, and I have added a few pieces to them, including the most important piece in the whole collection—the beautiful little Japanese farm-house with a steep-pitched thatched roof, and one of the distorted Japanese fir-trees growing up it. This is a valuable old piece of fine bronze delicately wrought, very different from the little moulded pieces of zinc-like bronze which constituted the old man's garden furniture. The rock on which this stands is really a temple washing-pool cut out of a single block, but I use it for a rock from its resemblance to the celebrated rock at Nikko carved with the device of Kobo Daishi, the canonised father of Japanese learning, which faces the Avenue of the Hundred Buddhas.



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.

The explanation of the various toy bronzes used in the garden is as follows: Fig. 1 is the farm-house mentioned above; Fig. 2 is a bell-tower such as is usual in Buddhist temples; Fig. 3, closely resembling it, is the stage used for the *kagura* dance; Fig. 4 is a tea-house built on piles as you have them built out on the side of a mountain or into a river; Fig. 5 is a little octagonal belvedere; Fig. 6 is a pier and pier-house; Fig. 7 is a *torii*, the mystic Japanese arch referred to above; Fig. 8 is an *ishi-doro*, one of the huge votive lanterns made of bronze or stone which it was customary to present in pairs to a temple when a great man was buried there. This I had to model myself from a drawing by Hokusai. I never could buy one small enough for a toy-garden. Fig. 9 is a five-storeyed pagoda. Most Japanese pagodas are five-storeyed. Fig. 10 is one of the rainbow-arc bridges so typical of Japan; Fig. 11 is a garden paling with a *torii*-pattern gate in it, and Fig. 12 is the monarch of mountains—Fujiyama, which I also modelled myself after a picture by Hokusai, because in all my ramblings among the old curio shops in Tokyo and Kyoto I was never able to come across a second-hand Fujiyama. Miss Margaret Thomas, the illustrator of this article, who took a silver medal at the Royal Academy in sculpture, very good-naturedly made a cast from this model for my garden. I did my modelling in ordinary modelling wax, and anyone with a taste for modelling will find it quite easy to model the furniture of the exact size required for a Japanese toy-garden if she goes to the South Kensington Museum and makes drawings from Hokusai's illustrations of Japanese life.

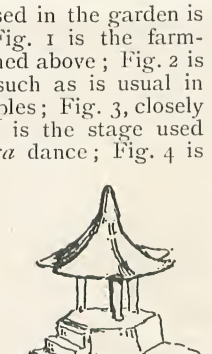


FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.

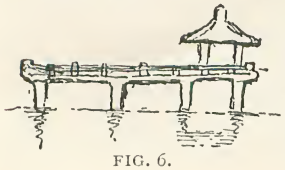


FIG. 6.



FIG. 7.

Now that I have labelled the pieces I bought from him I must explain certain features which occur in most of these gardens, and the way in which I had my garden constructed in England.

Several different kinds of ornamentation enter into these gardens. In the first place there are dwarf trees. The Japanese do not dwarf their trees on purpose for these gardens. In fact, you see them more often in choice flower-pots used as individual ornaments, but the best toy-gardens must have dwarf trees—and the trees *par excellence* for dwarfing are the Japanese firs with queer little pompons of dark green leaves which enter into so many of their pictures. Next in importance to the trees come the little bronze models of temples, houses, bridges, pagodas, lanterns and so on. Then comes the ornamental stonework. For the grounds attached to their mansions, the Japanese go to great expense in buying rare or fantastic pieces of stonework. Huge sums, for instance, are paid for huge lumps of coral. They insert the same kind of stonework on a smaller scale into their toy-gardens. But stonework forms a very important feature in their toy-gardens in another way; they choose pieces whose natural bumps and hollows make them look (and photograph) like mountains, or cliffs, or rocky hills, and with these they constitute a miniature mountain landscape (as shown in the large illustration) upon whose plateau the little buildings rise or the little inch-high figures are grouped. So essential do the Japanese consider choice stones for these toy-gardens, that the head clerk of the Hakubunsha, who acted as interpreter in my printing arrangements, and accompanied us to improve his English on any of our expeditions for which he could spare time, brought me a collection of the proper stones for such a garden in a ridiculous faded green bag which I have still. The stones, of course, constitute the rocks of my garden. His name was Mayeda San. The figures are Chinese, because the gardens are technically Chinese.



FIG. 8.



FIG. 9.

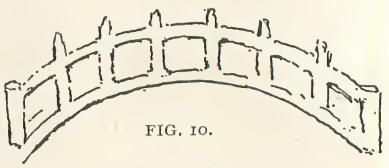


FIG. 10.

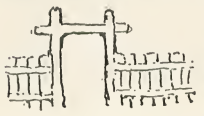


FIG. 11.

Quite as important a feature as any of the foregoing is the introduction of water into the gardens, which, to be complete, must have

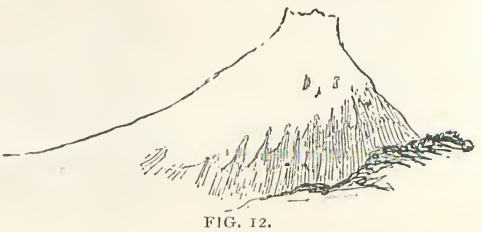


FIG. 12.

islands and bridges. The ingenious introduction of water is of great moment.

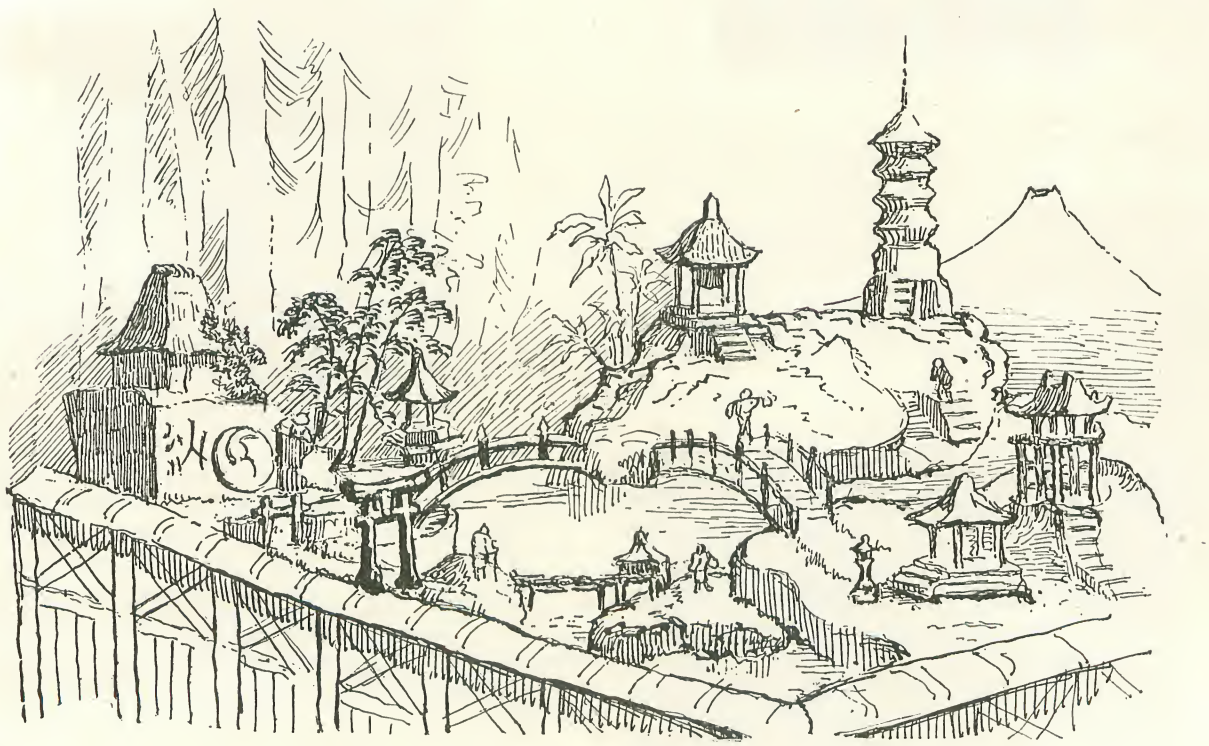
The prime object of every toy-garden is to produce a thing which, when it is photographed or drawn, looks exactly like a real landscape. I set to work on my garden knowing this first of all. I had a mahogany frame twenty inches long, sixteen inches broad, and two and a half inches deep, made with battens screwed across the bottom instead of a single piece, that it might be easier to lift the zinc out of it, if ever it should be necessary. The garden itself is constructed in a zinc basin of exactly the dimensions to fill the mahogany frame. In one corner of this zinc there is a tap for letting off the water.

The mainland of the garden is in two portions at opposite ends of the zinc, and is made by bending strips of zinc two and a half inches wide into uneven coast-lines and soldering them to the bottom so that they are watertight. These are filled with soil and covered with tough deep moss selected on account of the resemblance of its contour to a range of gentle hills. This gave me two ranges of grassy hills for erecting my little bronze buildings on. About half the space of the garden is devoted to these two pieces of mainland; the other half lying between them, rather in the shape of an hour-glass, is filled with water. In that water are introduced several pieces of stone which give the effect of rocky islands, and divide the water up into a lagoon in the front part of the garden, and two winding rivers in the back part. The longest island is connected with the two pieces of mainland by little bronze bridges.

As I found the perfectly straight line of the mahogany frame a little severe, I added a shallow tray resting on its rim behind, with fresh ranges of hills made out of moss, and a still higher platform faced with stonework and crowned with a model of Fujiyama. The frame is kept out of sight by a covering of thin split bamboo cut off a fine blind which gives exactly the effect of the split bamboo fences so common in Japan.

The attempt to introduce dwarf trees gave me a great deal of trouble, as there was no drainage to the land portion of the garden, and the moss had to be kept very wet. The trees invariably died, so I had to cast about for substitutes. Violets in their season I found very good. Perhaps the size of the buildings can best be brought out by saying that the violet leaves towered over them. I found to my surprise that the violets blossomed freely in spite of the gasiness of the room at night. I knew that the effect would be more realistic if I nipped the flowers off, but I had not the heart to do it after the violets had shown such pluck. Forget-me-nots, while they are young, make admirable miniature trees; they too are more realistic if the flowers are nipped off, but they flower so provokingly well. Finally I fell back on that indestructible vegetable, the Michaelmas daisy.

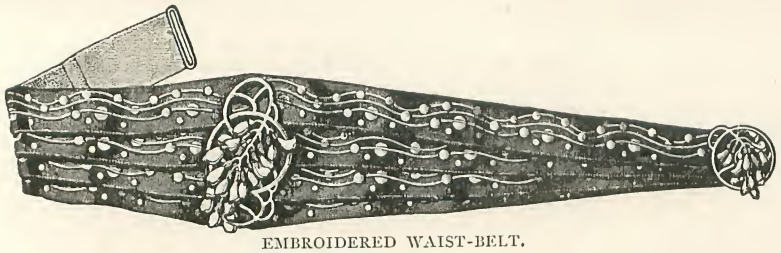
People who are constituted as I am, will not be satisfied unless they can have their mimic and miniature trees growing, but a better effect is really secured by buying little branches of evergreens of the right appearance, such as larches, from your florist, and trimming them into trees of the desired shape and size. These last a very long time. The effect of paddy-fields can be secured by sowing seeds like cress, and it is easy to introduce variety into your garden by dividing your hills and meadows of moss with paths of white sand. Obelisk-shaped pieces of coral form very appropriate ornaments on jutting capes. And always remember that allowing for the distorted drawing of native artists, you can get quite a good idea of the Chinese gardens so popular in Japan from the ordinary willow pattern plate.



MY TOY GARDEN.

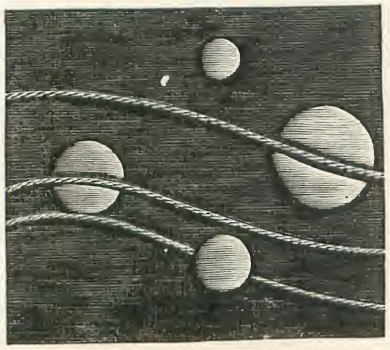
Embroidered Waist-Belt.

This is made of four silk ribbons, each two inches wide, in any colour that matches the dress. They are ornamented with gold embroidery and finished off with two



EMBROIDERED WAIST-BELT.

clasps, the one at the back being broad. The design is transferred to the ribbons, and then carried out with gold thread of two thicknesses, fine and medium. As seen in the detail, the balls are embroidered with the fine thread, and the lines with the medium one. The design must be transferred to each ribbon separately. If preferred, the embroidery could be carried out in silks.



DETAIL OF WAIST-BELT. *(Natural size.)*

Pattern of Knitting and Crochet-work Suitable for a Shawl in Fine White Shetland Wool.

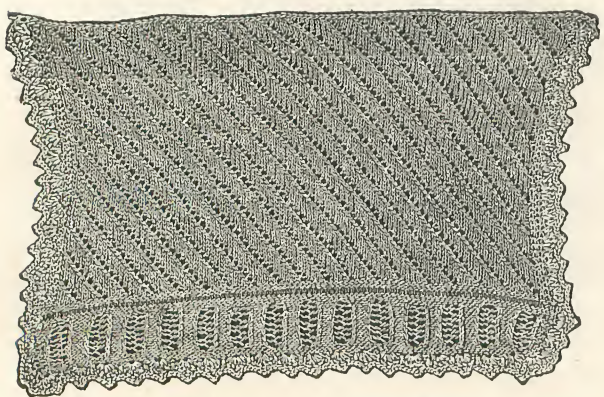
Two ivory knitting-needles, and one ivory crochet-hook. Cast on 101 stitches.

Each first and last stitch is knitted as a chain-stitch, and besides these, two stitches at the beginning and end of every row are knitted plain, so in the following directions these six stitches will not be taken into account, but the directions will begin *after* the first three stitches of each row, and end *before* the last three.

1*st Row.*—Plain.

2*nd Row.*—Purl.

3*rd Row.*— Plain.



PATTERN OF KNITTING AND CROCHET-WORK SUITABLE FOR A SHAWL.

4*th Row.*—* 2 plain, put wool over needle, slip 1, knit 1 and pass slipped stitch over, 3 purl, repeat from *.

5*th Row.*—* 2 purl, put wool over needle, slip 1, purl 1 and pass slipped stitch over, 3 plain, repeat from *.

6*th*, 8*th*, 10*th*, 12*th*, 14*th*, 16*th and* 18*th Rows* like the 4th row.

7*th*, 9*th*, 11*th*, 13*th*, 15*th and* 17*th Rows* like the 5th row.

19*th Row.*—Plain.

20*th Row.*—Purl.

21*st and* 22*nd Rows.*—Plain.

23*rd Row.*—Purl.

24*th Row.*—Plain.

25*th and* 26*th Rows.*—Purl.

27*th Row.*—Plain.

28*th Row.*—* Put wool over needle, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, 3 plain, repeat 18 times from *.

29*th Row.*—Purl.

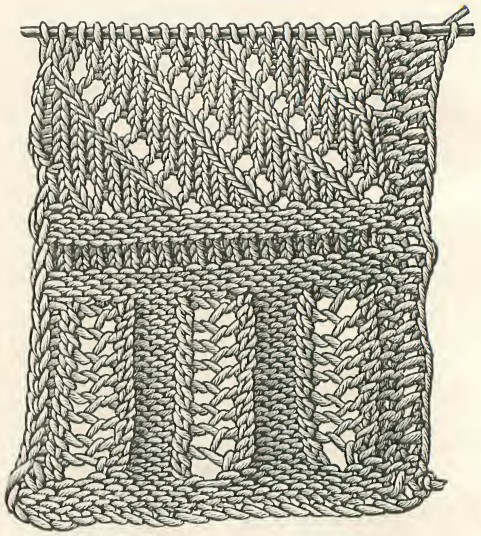
30*th Row.*—1 plain, * put wool over needle, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, 3 plain, repeat 17 times from *, then put wool over, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, 2 plain.

31*st Row.*—Purl.

32*nd Row.*—2 plain, * put wool over, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, 3 plain, repeat 17 times from *, put wool over, slip 1, 1 plain.

33*rd Row.*—Purl.

34*th Row.*—3 plain, * put wool over, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, 3 plain, repeat 17 times from *, put wool over, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over.



DETAIL OF SHAWL.

35*th Row.*—Purl.

36*th Row.*—4 plain, * put wool over, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, 3 plain, repeat 17 times from *, 1 plain.

37*th Row.*—Purl.

38*th Row.*—Like the 28th row.

40*th Row.*—Like the 30th row, and so on.

After each row of the pattern follows a row of purl.

When the shawl has reached the length of a yard and three-quarters, you finish it with a border (see Pattern) and the purl-knitted edging, as at the commencement of the work. Then cast off and add the crocheted edging all round.

1*st Row.*—1 single in an edge-stitch of the knitting, * miss a stitch, 5 in the next, miss a stitch, 1 single in the next, and so on, repeating from *.

2*nd Row.*—1 single in the first of preceding row, 3 double, miss 1, 1 single in the next but one, 3 double, 1 single in the same, 3 double, 1 single in the next but one, 1 single in the first of the next row, and so on.

PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.



The Dublin specialist came down in due course, and entirely agreed with Dr. O'Brien's diagnosis. There was no chance of the Major's recovery, and though there was no immediate danger, it was not likely that life would be prolonged for more than two or three months at most. He would not suffer physically nor mentally, for the brain power would become more and more dulled, so that he would hardly realise his condition. The thought of watching him die by inches, as it were, was an even harder trial to Esmeralda's impetuous nature than the shock of a sudden death, but Bridgie was thankful for every day as it came, every opportunity of ministering to his needs. And he was so sweet, so gentle; all his former indifference and selfishness had fallen from him like a cloak, and his one thought was for his children, his one anxiety on their behalf. When Bridgie saw how devoted he was to his piccaninny, and how she could always succeed in raising a smile, she proposed that the child should not return to school for the next term at least, but the Major would not listen to the suggestion.

"No, no! I promised Mollie that she should have her chance, and I won't have her distressed. If she stayed on she would find out—and she would cry, and I never could endure to see her cry. It would be delightful to have her, but it will count for one real, unselfish thing I've done in my life if I do without her these last weeks." So it was arranged that Pixie should return at the proper date, and Mademoiselle sat in the morning-room stitching away at the pile of shabby little garments, mending, and darning, putting in "elegant" little patches at the elbows, and turning and pressing the frayed silk cuffs. Neither of the sisters had time to help, and indeed seemed to think it unnecessary to spend so much trouble on a child's outfit, but Mademoiselle set her lips and went steadily on with her task. She knew, if they did not, that it is not too pleasant for a girl to be noticeably shabby at a fashionable school, and many a dainty piece of ribbon and lace found its way from her box to refresh hat or dress, and give an appearance of freshness to the well-worn background. When the last night came and Bridgie tried to thank her for her help, she shook her head and refused to listen.

"I was a stranger to you, and you welcomed me among you as if I had been your own. You were more than kind, you seemed to love me, and never let me feel for one moment that I was one apart. That means a great deal to a woman who is alone in a strange land, and I could not be more happy than to find something to do for you in return. What is a little sewing? Bah! I tell you, my friend, it is much more than that I intend to do for your Pixie. You say that you will not long be able to send her to school, but I can do better for her than school. At the end of this year I must go 'ome, for my sister is *fiancée*, and when she is married I must be there to look after the old father. Lend Pixie to me, and she shall learn to speak French, the proper French, not that dreadful language of Holly House, and I will take her myself to the Conservatoire—there is no better place in the world to learn music than the Conservatoire in Paris—and she shall learn to sing and make use of that lovely voice. *Voila, ma chère,* at the end of a few years she comes back to you, and you will not know her! A young woman with grace, with charm, with—what shall I say?—an air such as your English girls do not know how to possess, and everyone shall say, 'How she is accomplished, that Pixie! How she is clever and *chic!*'"

The tears had risen in Bridgie's eyes, but now she was obliged to laugh at the same time, for it was so droll to think of Pixie as a young lady "with an air!" She laid her hand on Mademoiselle's arm, with one of her pretty caressing gestures.

"You are a dear, kind Thérèse, and it all sounds too charming, but I am afraid it cannot be done. We shall be very poor, dear—father's pension will die with him, and if we cannot afford school, we could not pay you properly for all your trouble. You are a darling for thinking of it, but——" She stopped short in dismay, for Mademoiselle had straightened her back until it was as stiff as a poker, and was glaring at her with the air of an offended Fury.

"Did you ask me for money when I came here? Did you expect me to pay when you asked me to your house? Am I a pauper then, that you insult me with such an idea? It is the first time, I must say, that I have invited a guest, and been offered a payment."

"Oh! oh! oh! What will I do? Don't glare at me like that, Thérèse, or I'll expire with fright. I never offered you a payment, my dear, I said I couldn't pay. I don't know what I said, but I never meant to make you angry! If you don't forgive me this instant, I'll cry, and if I once start crying, I shall go on till to-morrow, and so I warn you! Please, Thérèse!"

She held out her hand appealingly, but Mademoiselle still tilted her head, and kept up an air of offence.

"My feelings are 'urt," she said with dignity, "and they can only be appeased if you withdraw your remarks, and promise that Pixie shall come. You can pay for the lessons she takes, and the Paris Conservatoire will not ruin you, my dear, I can tell you that; but for the rest, do you suppose Pixie will do nothing for me in return for her board? It is not too lively, a house with an invalid, and an old maid, and they may perhaps be glad to have a young thing about; to be made to laugh sometimes and have some interest beyond rheumatism and asthma! Do not disturb yourself; if you are too proud to accept help from me, be assured that I shall make the child useful. She shall work for her living."

"You are pretending to be cross, to make me say 'yes,' but you needn't keep it up any longer, dear. I'll say it with thankfulness this minute if it is indeed a pleasure to you too. I don't feel at all too proud to accept a favour from you, and besides, it seems as if Providence meant it to be so, and just the most wonderful and beautiful reason for your coming here, which seemed at first so extraordinary. If you will really let us pay for her lessons and make her as useful as if she were your own little sister, why, then, thank you a thousand times, and a thousand times more for lifting a weight off my mind. I was worrying myself about her future, and now I shall worry no more, and father will be so relieved, so happy! Are you sufficiently appeased to let me kiss you, you haughty Mademoiselle?"

"With pleasure; yes! but my feelings are still sensitive. With the slightest irritation I should have a relapse!" said Mademoiselle stiffly, for it would not do to indulge in sentiment to-day, and Bridgie's tears were dangerously near the surface.

The time for parting came at last, and the Major

nerved himself to bid *adieu* to his youngest with a composure which should leave her unsuspicious of its final nature. He was very white, but Pixie had grown accustomed to his pallor, and mingling with her grief at leaving home was a keen pleasure at the thought of returning to her school companions, of seeing Margaret, and Ethel, of hearing Flora's fat, contented chuckle, and seeing poor Lottie, and hearing how she had fared at home. It was all very interesting and exciting, and somehow or other home had been unusually dull during the last fortnight. Even Esmeralda had turned quiet and mild, and Pat abandoned practical joking, and for once been as good as he looked. The longing for some of the old mischievous days made Pixie listen to her father's precepts with a decided lack of enthusiasm.

"You will be a good child now, piccaninny, and work hard at your tasks. Remember what I say to you, that you couldn't please me more than by being good and industrious, and obedient to your teachers. I let you run wild too long, and that's made you behind other girls of your age, but you'll promise me that you will settle down, and make the most of your opportunities?"

"I don't feel as if I wanted to 'settle down.' It sounds so dull! Ye can work without being so awfully proper, can't you, father? I can be a little mischievous sometimes, can't I—especially on half holidays? I'll work all the better for it afterwards. And the girls would be so disappointed if I were proper. You wouldn't believe how I liven them up. Ye wouldn't like it yourself, now, Major, if ye never saw any more of my pranks!"

He winced at that, but smiled bravely, his eye resting longingly upon the thin little figure wriggling to and fro in the earnestness of its appeal. With the remembrance of all that her brightness had been to him, he could not bring himself to forbid it to others.

"Be as happy as you can, darling, and make other people happy too. So long as you consider their feelings, and are careful not to go too far, you will do no harm. Good-bye, my piccaninny! God bless you! Never mind if you are not clever. Go on loving and making sunshine, and you will do a great work in the world. Remember your old father when you get back among your new friends!"

"I'll think of you always!" said Pixie solemnly. "Haste and get well, Major, and come and take me out. You must be getting tired of your bed, poor creature, but I'm glad you have no pain! You won't be here long now."

"No, not long," said the Major quietly. Then he held up his lips to be kissed, murmuring the last, the very last words of farewell, "Good-bye, dearest. Thank you for being such a good, loving, little daughter!"

"Thank you, me dear, for the father you have been to me!" returned Pixie in a tone of gracious condescension which made the listener smile through his tears. That was a sweet characteristic little speech to cherish as the last! He shut his eyes in token of dismissal, and Pixie stole away, somewhat sobered and impressed, for the Major had not been given to improving an occasion, but free from the vaguest suspicion that she had bidden him her last farewell.

Downstairs Esmeralda was waiting to drive the cart to the station, and at the station itself Mr. Hilliard was standing ready to receive the travellers and make every preparation for their comfort. No one seemed in the least surprised to see him, for in Jack's absence he had quietly taken upon himself the part of an elder son, and in every emergency had stepped forward and filled the gap so efficiently and with such tact that he seemed more like a friend of years' standing than an acquaintance of a few weeks. His business in London had apparently been accomplished in a flying visit of forty-eight hours, during which time he had seen Jack and eased anxiety by a personal report of the invalid, and then here he was back again, declaring that there was no reason to keep him in town, and that if he could be of the slightest use at Bally William, there was no place in the world where he would sooner remain. Bridgie smiled to herself with quiet understanding, and Esmeralda grew thoughtful, and her white cheeks hung out a flag of welcome every time he made his appearance. To-day she made no objections to his proposal that they should walk back from the station, leaving a boy to drive the cart home during the afternoon, and they struck across the fields together, disregarding damp and mud with the callousness of true lovers of the country. The girl's face was worn and downcast, for the Castle would seem sadder and emptier than ever now that the little sister had gone and that dear, helpful Mademoiselle, and at nineteen it is hard to look forward and know for a certainty that the shadows must deepen. There were still sadder times ahead, and a loneliness such as she dared not even imagine, for Esmeralda had not Bridgie's sweet faith and trust, and hers was a stormy rebellious nature which made trouble harder to bear by useless fightings against the inevitable. Bridgie found a dozen reasons for thankfulness among all her distresses—the kindness of friends, the ceaseless attentions of the good old doctor, her father's freedom from pain, and the fact that he would be spared the dread of his lifetime—a separation from the old home. Joan saw nothing but clouds and darkness, and tortured herself with useless questionings. Why—why—why—why should all this trouble fall upon her? Why should other girls have father and mother and money and opportunity, and she be deprived of all? Why should the accident have been allowed to happen when her father's life was of such value—such inestimable value to his young family? Why should her life be darkened just at the time when she was most able to appreciate joy and gladness?

Hilliard watched the clouds flit over the beautiful face, and was at no loss to understand their meaning. During the last fortnight he had more than once been a witness to a storm of misery and rebellion, and apart from that fact he had an instinctive understanding of the girl's moods, which seemed all the more curious as his own nature of happy optimism was as great a contrast to hers as could possibly be imagined. A smile flickered over his face as he reflected on the strangeness of his present position. A month ago if anyone had described to him the O'Shaughnessy sisters, he would have declared without a moment's hesitation that Bridgie would be his favourite—that in every way her character would be more attractive to him than that of Esmeralda. Even now—even now, yes!—if the question were put plainly before him, he must still confess that "Saint Bridget" was sweeter, simpler, less wayward, more unselfish, yet in spite of all there remained the extraordinary fact that he liked Bridgie and loved Esmeralda with the whole strength of a warm and loving heart! He was not in the least blinded to her faults, but saw them clearly enough with those keen quizzical eyes, but what the sight roused in him was not so much disapproval as pity, and an immense longing to help and comfort. He loved her; he understood her; he honestly believed he could help her to rise above the weaknesses of girlhood, and become the fine large-hearted woman which Providence had intended her to

be, and the time had come when he intended to speak his mind and ask her to be his wife. The silence had lasted so long that at last Joan herself became conscious of it and roused herself to apologise for her rudeness.

"But I'm miserable," she said simply. "I can't remember to be polite. I was miserable last time when the Pixie left us, but now it is a hundred times worse. I can't bear to think of going back to that big empty place, with that dreadful shadow coming nearer and nearer every day. I am a coward, and can't face it!"

"You are a very brave girl—one of the bravest I have known. If anyone but yourself dared to call you cowardly, you would never forgive him!"

"I know. It's quite true. I am brave physically, but I've never been tried in this way before, so I didn't know how weak I was. It arises from selfishness, I suppose. It's so hard to suffer like this."

"No one can be selfish who loves another person more than himself. I have never seen two sisters so devoted to each other, as you and Miss Bridgie! You will think of her before yourself, and try to help her, simply because you will not be able to help it!"

"Darling Bridgie—yes, I do love her. Who could help it? She takes this trouble like the saint she is, and believes that it is God's will, and must be for the best. I can't feel that—I can't! It's against all reason. It's no use pretending that I do, for I should only be a hypocrite."

"You have a different nature from your sister's. It is more difficult for you to be resigned, and therefore all the more praiseworthy if you fight against your rebellious thoughts, and learn submission."

The tears rose slowly to Joan's eyes, and she looked at him with a flickering smile.

"It's no use talking to you. You won't believe how wicked I am. You make excuses for me all the time."

"Because I love you, Joan, that's why! Have you found that out for yourself? I began to love you the first night I saw you, and I've been progressing rapidly ever since. We have not known each other for long, as time goes, but so much has happened, and we have been thrown so much together, that we know each other as well as many acquaintances of years' standing. My mind is made up, at any rate; there is no other girl in the world for me! Do you think if you tried very hard, and I waited very patiently, you could possibly bring yourself to love me in return?"

Esmeralda gazed at him with her wonderful grey eyes, not shyly, not self-consciously, but with slow, solemn deliberation.

"I don't know," she said simply. "I can't tell. I like you very much; you have been very kind to us, and it does me good to talk to you, but that isn't enough, is it? I don't know if I love you, but I love you to love me. It comforts my heart, and makes me feel braver and less lonely. Sometimes this last week—just once or twice when we have been alone—I have thought perhaps you did, and I hoped I was right. I hoped I was not mistaken."

"You darling! Oh, you darling!" cried Hilliard rapturously. "You do make me happy by telling me that. That's all I want—the very best proof you could give me that you care for me too. Don't you see, my beauty, that you must care, or you would not want my love? Don't you see that you have been drawn to me, just as I have been drawn to you, and have felt the need of me, just as I have longed and wearied for you ever since we met?"

He tried to take hold of her hand as he spoke, but Esmeralda drew back, refusing to be caressed. She was trembling now, and her cheeks were flushed with the loveliest rosy blush, but there was an almost piteous appeal in her voice.

"No, no! I don't see, and I don't want to see. My father is dying—he has only a little time to live, and I don't want to think of anything but him. If it is as you say, there will be all my life after that, but I can't think of it now. I can't think of love-making and being happy just the very last weeks we shall have him with us. You mustn't be vexed; you mustn't think me ungrateful. Indeed, indeed I can't help it!"

"Vexed!" echoed Hilliard. "Ungrateful!" His glance was eloquent enough to show how far such words were from expressing his real feelings, and, indeed, if it had been possible to love Esmeralda more dearly than he did, he would have done so at this moment, when she had shown him the reality of the deep, generous nature which lay beneath her girlish extravagances. "You are absolutely and perfectly right, dearest," he said warmly, "and I promise you faithfully that I will not try in any way to absorb your attention so long as your father lives. But after that, Esmeralda (I may call you Esmeralda, mayn't I? Dear, charming, ridiculous name—I love it, it is so deliciously characteristic!), after that you must let me take my right place as your chief helper and comforter. I won't be put off any longer, and I think I shall be able to do more for you than anyone else."

"I believe you would, but"—Esmeralda looked at him underneath the troubled puckered brow—"please understand exactly what you are doing! We are dreadfully poor—we shall be poorer than ever after father's death. If I marry I shall not have a penny; for what little there is will be needed, and more than needed for Bridgie and the children. It would be rather hard on you, for, as you are not rich yourself, you ought to marry a rich wife."

"The same argument would apply to you, wouldn't it? Are you quite sure that you would not mind marrying a poor man, and that you would be willing to give up luxuries for my sake?"

"If I cared enough in other ways, it would not be money that would prevent me, but I would not like to be very poor!" returned Esmeralda honestly. "I've had a taste of it, you see, and it is so worrying to be always worrying about butchers' bills, and not be able to have nice puddings because of the eggs, and to have to turn your dresses over and over again. I've never once in my life bought a thing because I liked it best. I've always had to think that it was cheaper than the others, and I must make it do. I suppose men can't realise how hard that is, for they need so much less, and their things are so much alike, but it's hard to know for certain that you could look just twice as nice, and have to put up with the frumpy things, because you have no money to pay for the pretty ones!"

"Could you look twice as nice as you do now—really?" Hilliard laughed with happy incredulity. "Esmeralda, I don't believe it; but if you marry me you shall try! I am not so poor that I cannot afford to be a little extravagant about my wife, and I promise you faithfully that you shall never be worried about the bills. I'll protect you from that, and every other trouble, I hope, my darling!"

"It—it seems to me we are getting on very fast. I thought I said that nothing was decided. Please talk of something else!" cried Esmeralda urgently, and Hilliard laughed once more, and obediently discussed the weather until the Castle gates were reached.

(*To be continued.*)



"THE SKIES ARE BLUE ABOVE ME."

A BREATH OF SPRING.

By CLARA THWAITES.

In the mazes of the city
  A breath of Spring's sweet air
Is haply wafted to me
  From Lenten lilies fair.

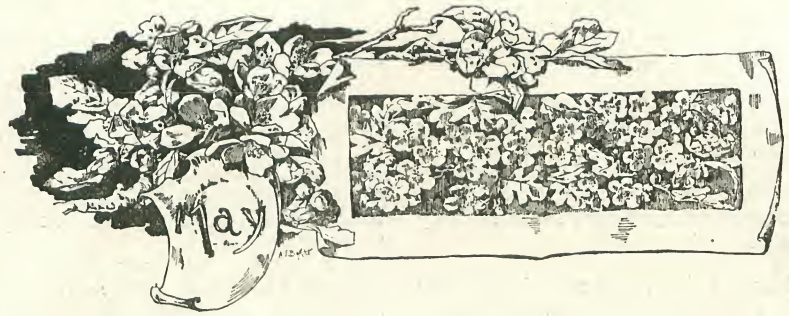
And straightway I remember
  My haunts among the hills,
And gather in the valleys
  The stately daffodils.

And once again I wander
  By primrose-haunted streams,
Again I breathe the fragrance
  Of the island of my dreams.

The skies are blue above me,
  The winds blow fresh and free,
And waft o'er hill and heather
  The murmur of the sea.

I see the white sails gleaming
  Above the city's roar!
I hear the voice of waters,
  And the surf upon the shore.

In the mazes of the city
  A talisman I hold;
What tender chimes are ringing
  From my daffodils of gold!



THE FALLING OUT.

By MARY HARTIER.

"O we fell out, I know not why,
  And kissed again with tears."

CHAPTER I.

"'Tis a goodish time us have been keepin' company," Robert Elsworthy said reflectively, after one of the long silences that were a feature of the Sunday afternoon walks when he and Leah West went courting.

"Four year come Whitsuntide," she said. "I mind how you treated me to gingerbread at the Whitsun Revels, and us walked out together the Sunday after."

"Pretty near time, idden it, my dear, to get asked in church?" He drew her closer to him as he waited for her answer.

"Don't go telling up such foolishness, Robert Elsworthy," the girl said, wriggling away from her lover with a little laugh and blush, but looking as if the foolish talk were after all rather pleasant hearing.

"I'm bound to tell about it, and what's more you'm bound to hearken," he persisted.

"Very well; hearkening isn't promising," she said saucily.

"I've been thinking upon it all the week," he went on. "Leah, you don't know how it comes over a man these days that he wants a wife."

"Why these days more'n any others?"

"I can't tell 'ee, my dear. 'Tis nature, I reckon. Every mortal thing seems to be starting fresh and new. Corn pushing up green, apple-trees budding, peaches all in blossom, birds mating and building their nests—'tis all happiness and singing. Why shouldn't us be happy 'long with 'em?"

Leah's face grew suddenly serious.

"Look, see there!" she cried, pointing to the hedge.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Why, a last year's nest. Nasty, untidy, uncomfortable old thing, all tumbling to pieces and filled with dead leaves. Now if us could have a little nest all to ourselves, cosy and soft and warm like the birds be building this spring, why then, Robert, I shouldn't mind the banns being put up so soon as ever you liked."

The man's face darkened.

"You're always casting the same thing up at me, Leah. You wouldn't have me turn mother to door, would you?"

"Well, there, now! Who ever said a word about your mother?" asked the girl with well-feigned innocence.

"I bean't quite so stoopid as not to know what you'm driving at, my dear. I only wish us could have a cottage to our own two selves. 'Tisn't only you that has thoughts of what a tidy little place 'twould be, with a wife dapping about so cheerful-like, and nobody to say a cross word."

"Why can't us have it, Robert?" and Leah clung to his arm and looked up into his face appealingly. "Think! Us could have flower-borders and roses trained up over the walls, and farewell-summers to come when the roses is over. I do like the smell of farewell-summers coming in through the window of an evening, don't you, Robert?"

"Cabbages and kidney-beans is more in my line, my dear. But you shall have your flowers and a bit of boy's-love, and sweet-smelling herbs to carry to church on Sundays."

"And a cottage all to ourselves? Oh, promise, do 'ee promise, Robert!"

She clung closer and her arms reached up and prisoned him. Her fair, flushed face was close to his, but he did not kiss her.

"You know I can't promise," he said.

She drew away from him and walked quietly by his side, while the colour went out of her cheeks and her eyes filled with tears.

The sun still shone and the birds sang blithely, but the two walked on in miserable silence.

"Why can't you put up with mother?" the man said presently. "'Tis a fair-sized cottage, and anybody would think there was plenty of room for two women to live in it without getting in one another's way."

"There isn't a house in Berraton big enough to hold your mother and me," the girl retorted with some temper.

"Liza Baker was saying the other day she thought mother was as pleasant-spoken an old body as you'd meet in a month o' Sundays," said Robert, quite unconscious of the blunder he was making.

"Then why don't 'ee ask Liza Baker to be her daughter-in-law? Don't let me stand in your light," and an angry colour dyed Leah's pale cheeks.

"That's foolish talk, Leah. There, my dear, don't 'ee let us quarrel. 'Tis bad enough without that."

"I'm not quarrelling. All I say is that I won't live with your mother, and if you'm in such a hurry to be married you'd bestways look out for somebody that will."

"There's nobody else I want, Leah. And I want 'ee terrible, my dear."

"Well, you know what you've got to do if you want me so much as all that."

"And what would you think of a man who turned his old mother out of her own home?"

"'Tisn't her home; 'tis yours. And why doesn't she go and live with one of her married daughters? That's her place as much as with you."

"Mother and Mary Ann never did get on, you know, and she can't abide Jane's husband."

"And she can't abide me neither, so we wouldn't be any better off when we got married."

Robert groaned.

"Sims to me, my dear, us don't get vore in this yer argument. Let's stop it, and not waste any more time, for us sha'n't be much longer together."

So his arm stole round her again, and she relented and let the vexed subject drop. They walked on lingeringly between the high hedges where stitchwort and red campion made a brave show, and primroses nestled in the fresh green grass and among the half-curled fronds of the unfolding ferns. Presently, as they came down the hill leading into the village, tiny white-washed cottages were dotted here and there along the lane. The lovers walked decorously apart then, keeping a still further distance between them when they saw some people talking at the gate of a cottage they were about to pass.

A little old woman in her Sunday best and black silk drawn bonnet was bidding good-bye to a buxom, dark-eyed girl who had been showing her round the garden. The best-managed and most fruitful garden in Berraton it was, and Tom Baker made a good thing of his early fruit and flowers and vegetables, which Liza took in the donkey-cart to Tawford market.

Tom, in his Sunday afternoon attire of church-going clothes, minus the coat, was edging away from his daughter and her visitor, who was no other than Mrs. Elsworthy. The old lady's requests for cuttings from all his choicest plants were a little embarrassing, for the utilitarian conviction that what he gave was no longer his to sell, was one of the secrets of his prosperity. Among the villagers, who freely gave and exchanged cuttings of their most cherished window-plants, this niggardly spirit was resented, but Tom Baker shrewdly said, "If I give my slips to everybody that asks, who's going to buy my plants when they are in flower and will fetch a good market price?" Events proved him right, for the cottagers' wives so coveted something choice to add to the blaze of colour which their tiny windows showed the summer through, that they willingly spared a few of their hardly-earned pence for a new plant.

"Hullo, Robert," the gardener shouted, as he caught sight of him over the hedge, "come in and have a look at my early peas! They'm a beautiful sight, sure enough; a proper show of blossom, and a few pods formed already."

He hurried to the gate to intercept the couple. He was not afraid Robert would demand young tomato-plants or any of his treasures—that was not a man's way—and it was a treat to have somebody to take round the garden who would appreciate the full beauty of all he saw.

Poor Leah looked miserably uncomfortable. After one glance in her direction, Mrs. Elsworthy deliberately turned her back upon her and went on talking to Liza.

"I don't want to go in there. Let's get home along," Leah whispered hurriedly to Robert, but Tom Baker already had him by the arm and was pressing him to come in.

"Now I bean't going to take 'no' for an answer. I've got a tidy lot to show 'ee, and don't tell me you want to do any more courting t'afternoon. Why, I watched 'ee pass up along afore three, and now 'tis close 'pon vive. More'n two mortal hours have 'ee had all to your own two selves, and enough's so good as a feast, so I say. Come along, Leah; you and he shall walk alongside one t'other, and 'tis bound to be pretty close walking too, for I don't waste my ground on wide paths!"

He laughed heartily at this personal joke, but Leah grew crimson.

"I can't stay, Mr. Baker," she said. "If 'tis close upon five as you say, I must hurry home to get tea."

"Well, if Leah has to go and get other folks' tea, I suppose she can't stay and have hers here," broke in Liza rather scornfully; for she looked on girls in domestic service as being on quite a different level from herself. "But there's no reason why Mrs. Elsworthy and Robert shouldn't stay. The kettle's boiling, and 'twill be ready in five minutes."

"That's all right," said Tom. "Leah, my dear, I'm sorry you can't bide a bit, but there, if you'd been here Robert wouldn't have had no eyes for my peas and potatoes."

Robert's wits were not of the quickest to take in what was being arranged, but he woke up to the fact that some speech was expected of him.

"I'm sure I thank you kindly," he said. "I'll just see Leah home first, and then I'll come in and fetch mother."

But when he looked round, Leah was already nearly out of sight, speeding along at a rate not soon to be overtaken.

"Ah, you've lost her now, young man," said Tom Baker, with a laugh. "Well, 'tis but a few doors off she has to go, and I reckon she was afraid she had overstayed her time."

"I'm glad I haven't got a mistress who expects me to be at her beck and call," said Liza, with a sneering little laugh.

"You may have a husband though some day, my dear," said her father, "and you may think yourself lucky if you don't have to work harder for him than for any missus."

"Yes, but it would be different, working for a man you cared for," she said softly, and shot a look out of her dark eyes at Robert, which rather bewildered him.

Mrs. Elsworthy noted it too, and it set her thinking. As she walked home, leaning on her son's arm, her thoughts set themselves to words.

"A fine, upstanding maid Liza Baker is, and a good wife she'll make to the man that's lucky enough to get her."

"He'll have to let her have her own way then, if he wants peace and quietness," said Robert. "I notice Tom's got to mind what he's after in the house, though he's master in the garden."

"Quite right and proper too. If a woman keeps her house looking so nice as that, and can make such light bread and tasty cakes, she should be given a free hand indoors."

"Well, mother, I don't gainsay that, and I'm sure I don't give you much trouble by interfering in your housekeeping concerns, now do I?"

"That's another matter. I was thinking of husbands and wives," she said. "And I must say, Robert, I do think you'm a poor fool to pick up with that little slip of a maid, when you might have Liza Baker for the asking. An only child too, and Tom's a warm man, you may depend. He's making money so fast as ever he can."

"That's nothing to me, mother. Liza Baker wouldn't look at me neither, even if I wasn't promised to Leah."

"Oh, wouldn't her? Sims to me, her looked at 'ee pretty considerable just now, but you men be so blind as bats where your own interest's concerned."

"But you've always been telling me I'd no business to be thinking about a wife at all, when I'd got a mother to keep house for me."

"No more you hadn't till you'd come to years to choose sensible."

"Well, sensible or not, I've made my choice, and I'll abide by it; that is, if Leah will have me. But you've shown her pretty plain you don't like her, mother, and she's too proud to go where she isn't wanted. I tell her I want her badly enough," he added, with a sigh.

"Too proud! And what's she got to be proud of, I should like to know? A fine match to make with a maid that's scarce got a second gown to her back!"

"That's no fault of hers, mother. She works hard and has always kept herself respectable. And left an orphan so early as she was, too, 'tis all the more credit to her."

"Ah, well! I reckon she'll soon be taking my place and sitting in my chair by the fire. 'Tis natural that I should feel having to turn out to make room for her."

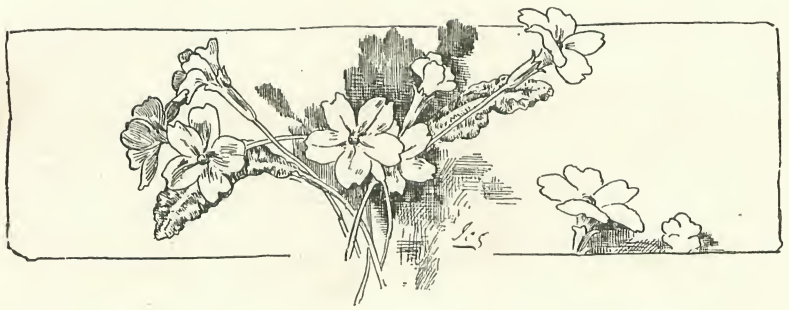
"There's no question of turning you out, mother. And how would it be any better if I married Liza Baker instead of Leah?"

But Robert had yet to learn that a woman with a grievance does not listen to reason.

"I never thought my only son, him as I've worked hard and denied myself for, would turn against me in my old age," she said, as she entered the cottage and sat down on the settle. "There, don't mind me. Go and court your young woman and leave me to get a bit of supper ready for 'ee by the time you come home from church. You'd like a few spring onions pulled, with the bit o' cold pork left from dinner, wouldn't 'ee, my dear?"

So Robert left her, telling himself that he had been a brute; he seemed to have a genius for being made to feel in the wrong.

(*To be continued.*)



GARDENING FOR GIRLS: A SPRING EULOGY.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., C.M., R.N. ("MEDICUS").

I WANT in this paper to sing of the spring, so to speak. Why shouldn't a man sing with a pen in his hand? The fact is that if one has health of body and music in his soul, one's life may be pretty much all song. All happiness, anyhow, unless one gets nervous and low from having disobeyed all the laws of health and reason.

The first gardener, we are told, was Adam, and a nice time of it he must have had in that beautiful garden of Eden, where the only afternoon callers would be angels. And no doubt Eve, still young and beautiful, would have helped him a little—and maybe hindered him a little sometimes—only there is one thing sure and certain, and that is, her presence there must have made things bright and cheerful for him. If there is any one place in which a young and innocent-minded girl looks better than another, it is in a garden on an early morning in spring.

But this is not altogether an article on beauty, but on health as well, for if a young girl of, say, sixteen or seventeen has fairly regular features, and has health and brightness of intellect, the advice I am going to give, if taken seriously, will soon bring her a good complexion without any cosmetics, bring the ready smile to her lips, and the glad sparkle to her eyes as well.

Says the poet—

"Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend,
God never made his work for man to mend."

There is a considerable amount of truth in these lines.

Exercise is a marvellous thing for scores and scores of complaints. But the girls I have in my mind's eye to-day are not to go and hunt in fields for health. I'm not sure that grumpy old Farmer Hodge might not turn you back if he found you tripping over his spring-green leas, no matter what you might be hunting for. And if he didn't, perhaps his bull might. Besides, isn't there always the chance of catching a chill even when trying to catch butterflies or gather buttercups?

I won't permit you to go to the field at any price else that nauseous draught that Dryden speaks of may become a necessity.

Delicate girls in sweet spring-time can find all the health they can desire without going beyond their own garden gates to look for it.

Now a very large number of girls languish because they do not get enough fresh air. If their bedrooms are not thoroughly ventilated all day long and the window left open at the top at night, I don't see how they can get it.

The lungs need fresh air, else the blood spread out therein is not half vivified. If it is not so I'll tell you what happens: the nerves are starved, the liver becomes inactive, you don't get good sleep at night, you become peevish, perhaps lazy and a lie-abed, then of course your complexion becomes sallow, and when you look in the glass, which most girls do about once a month perhaps, you will not feel at all on good terms with yourself.

So much for the want of fresh air.

Now cycling, long walks or drives, would bring you out into the fresh air, but these are not the kinds of exercise a girl who is delicate needs. Cycling in such a state of body is dangerous and uncertain; walking is no good unless you have a girl friend with you, and very likely she will make you walk till you are fatigued or breathless, so that although the talking and exchange of ideas may have been agreeable enough, there will be a relapse—you'll be worse than ever.

But alone in your garden, the exercise is just exactly what, if delicate, you require, because it is not fatiguing, it is pleasurable. You have your friends all around you in the shape of plants and flowers, and you are breathing oxygen all the time.

One secret of health in gardens in this: human beings inhale oxygen and exhale carbonic acid, and plants and flowers do just the reverse, so that while gardening you benefit by coming near to them, by handling them or touching them, and they benefit themselves by your presence. Indeed, you will be erring on the right side if you believe that your favourite flowers come to know you, and to feel your gentle touch. But that is going to the realms of romance.

Well, gardening exercise need never be hard. If you are a little tired, you have only to lean on your hoe or rake and look pleasant and pretty, and lo! you are all right again in a few minutes. If fatigued you can go inside and rest on the sofa, or sit in the summer-house, but this you must not do if your frock or any part of your dress seems damp with perspiration. You may perspire a good deal the first day. Don't discourage this, because sweating to a certain extent always purifies the blood. You will sweat less when the blood is purified, and after about a week of gardening, if you have taken the exercise regularly, it will exhilarate instead of tiring you.

Well, now I should like to recommend you a book that would be really handy and useful, but although there are many in the market, I think the best is Nicholson's *English Flower Gardening*. Upcott Gill, publisher of that paper, has also a large *Dictionary of Gardening*, which is wonderfully excellent and complete, and probably shilling handbooks. I want you to get nothing that will puzzle your brains, because that in itself is tiresome, but just a good useful amateur's handbook. I would not even advise you to take a paper devoted to gardening, because it would tempt you to try too much. Probably your father has a garden and a gardener too. If so, I am sure you might get a piece of ground for your own particular delectation, with little walks—gravel, of course—bordered with flints or bricks, because they are so easily kept clean, and clear from weeds. You might have a summer-house here too, with roses trailing over it, or other climbing things.

A rockery is very easily built, but however small your garden is, the rough work must all be done for you, by one who knows the best soil, and how to lay down the walks and spread the gravel. The soil must be porous, not upon clay, well manured, and not sour. A rich and happy soil. Tell the man he must be most careful about the manure, else he may put down stuff that will take a year to rot, and bring up a crop of weeds that you will have to be constantly making war upon.

Don't go in for intricately-formed flower-beds. What you do want is the flowers themselves, and most of these will grow on the borders, close to the walks, so that they may be easily gathered for a bouquet or button-hole.

I don't approve of children's gardens. I want you to have one a bit above that, a garden that will grow in beauty and sweetness every year, just like yourself, and I am very good to say so. Well, you must not expect too much the first year; just be satisfied with a few nice old-fashioned flowers which you can either buy cheaply or buy as plants. Bulbs you can't have the first year, you know, because they must be put down in November; so, too, must roses. And oh, the delight of a rose-garden, and the romance of it as well.

Let me tell you what tools you require for a simple flower-garden. (1) A spade, of course, but that you can always borrow, (2) a small push hoe, sometimes called a Dutch hoe, (3) a small garden rake with a good long handle, (4) a handy knife, (5) a trowel and (6) a gardener's small trident. It is a little fork with very short handle and three flat prongs. These will be enough for a start, only put them away every night when you are done with them. A small watering-can is "a hextra," as my landlady used to say in the days of my landladyhood. You should get a middling sized watering-can. (And here is "a hextra" which, as I give it to you gratis, won't cost you anything, but is really a good wrinkle. When, then, you have taken this garden-exercise up, and in, say, two months' time grown bonnie and healthy over it, then have your photograph taken, in that sweetly pretty gardening apron of yours, bare-headed with the watering-can in one hand and your hat or a hoe in the other.)

Well, that "hextra" is what editors call a digression, so *revenons à nos moutons*—let us go back to our flock.

Our flock are our flowers, and if you desire to have any sort of success, you must have a nice soft friable soil to plant them in. It is surprising how easily spring flowers can be transplanted if you go the right way about it, and that right way is to take them up carefully from the parent ground with plenty of their native earth about them, carry them right away to the place where they are to grow—the holes having been already dug—and place them carefully in. Do this early in the afternoon, and give a sprinkling of water. If you have an edging of flints, tiles, or brick, place your first row nine inches back from this. Have a small garden line which you can make yourself, so that the rows shall be even, and each plant, say of forget-me-not, six or nine inches apart, according to the size of the plants, and you must understand that they must be all of one size. Behind these, and at the same distance, you can have primulas, the old-fashioned double and single auriculas (most charming in perfume), etc., and behind these bigger flowers to bloom in summer.

You are a happy girl if you can have flowers given to you, but if not, you are to go to a nursery. You must have a few shillings in your pocket. But don't be rash. Buy no flowers that grow very tall, they would look ridiculous; such as hug the ground are better, and that are all about one size. Don't purchase flowers in actual bloom because they may soon begin to fade. Look more to the future—that is, to summer—than to the present, else you will have a child's garden and not the garden of a maid of sweet sixteen.

Fuchsia, geraniums, blue lobelia, feather-few, asters, etc., will do for either window-boxes or flower-beds.

A nice summer show can be had very easily from a florist, who will sell you annuals very cheaply. Get dwarfs, no long straggling creatures of a foot and over, and get them of specified colours, although a bed of mixed flowers may look pretty enough. Asters may be planted close together, and some other flowers so as to give a complete bed of colour.

As a rule, however, overcrowding is to be avoided. But sunshine is a necessity to all the most beautiful of plant-life. What, for instance, would our pansies be like if grown in a shade?

Beware of weeds. It is best to pull them up with your gloved hands when they are no bigger than a pin. Choose a day when the soil is damp for this work. Wear thick shoes if you please, but no goloshes. If you attempt to pull weeds from a dry soil you only break them, though your small push hoe would then come in serviceable.

Learn how to use a garden rake. The little clods should be broken, and the ground that is raked should be as smooth as a billiard table, not pulled together in heaps here and there as if a hen had been scraping it.

Use your little trident to keep the earth from getting hard and baked by the sun. Water frequently after sundown, but remember that summer flowers are not watercresses.

Next season you will attain to rockeries, to clinkers and creepers, to the rose garden and the window-garden.

A garden hammock is a delightful haven of rest, especially if stretched between trees, so that the sun shall not fall upon your eyes, nor upon your book or "G. O. P."

I must draw to a close somewhat sadly, because I have so much to say.

All the most beautiful thoughts come to one while alone in a garden.

In a garden you cultivate soul or mind as well as body, and together both grow beautiful.

The garden draws us nearer to Nature and Nature's God.

THE ANCHORESS OF STE. MAXIME.

By M. H. CORNWALL LEGH, Author of "Gold in the Furnace," "An Incorrigible Girl," "At the Foot of the Rainbow," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE whole of that walk proved so full of interest to Hugo that Alison was reminded of a story she had read in childhood, called *Eyes and No Eyes*. It had never struck her as a particularly interesting road. When they came to the shrine of the Virgin, placed high upon a rock in a wild, secluded spot, he was touched at the sight of a bunch of wild flowers laid at its base. When they met a boy with a basket of yellow *cèpes*, he was keen upon knowing what they were used for, and launched forth into a talk upon the many edible fungi to be found in England, if only people had the knowledge to use them; some day he meant to make the subject his study, and join the society that dines on toadstools once a year. When turning from the lane into a footpath that skirted the brow of a wooded hill, the scent of the cistus, the soughing of the pines, the scarred trunks of the cork-trees, deep crimson where their quota of bark—one-third each year—had just been removed, caught his attention in turn. The grand view to their left over the sea and, beyond one pine-clad point, to the rose-coloured Esterelles, filled him with admiration, and a little further on, where the rising ground above them shut out the distance from that side, he was not less delighted with the glimpses of the "many-twinkling smile of ocean," caught through the forest pines on the other hand, where the sea lay stretched far below at their feet, a-sparkle in the morning sun.

Nor were the sources of interest done when, after their following the forest path for some distance along the side of the slope, it descended and brought them out upon the main road that skirts the sea from Hyères to St. Raphael, and turned their faces towards Ste. Maxime. Hugo's attention was attracted by every fresh point of view looking up the bay, by the palms in a villa garden, by the process of vine-growing going on in the red-earthed fields, and the rows of beans and peas sown between the vines for economy of soil, by the curious sound the waves made at one particular point of the shore, so human, so unlike the ordinary steady beating of the sea on rocks, that he spent ten minutes examining the shore and trying to account for it. Failing to do so, he was certain it must be mermaids, who were splashing about in the water, invisible to their sophisticated eyes.

"It is so nice to find something one really and truly cannot account for, isn't it?" he said—a remark that was rather above Alison's head.



MAKING EUCALYPTUS OIL. (*See p.* 398.)

Then they came to one of the little thatched huts that stud the coast in those parts, an empty shell by daytime, at night the shelter of a gendarme, who is set to watch the approach of smugglers—Hugo preferred to call them pirates, it was so much more picturesque.

"I want to get hold of one of those men, and get him to let me spend a night with him on the look-out," Hugo said. "One would have such a glorious view of the sunrise, and I should be sure to get a lot of yarns out of him."

"Here we are below the hotel again," said Alison at last, with so distinct an accent of regret in her voice that Hugo felt it quite justifiable to suggest they should turn up the next corner instead, by the Place de la Mairie, and they walked on. At the foot of the steps leading up to the Place a group of men and boys in their shirt-sleeves were playing bowls, the game which every two males who meet, with five minutes to spare, begin playing in the streets of Ste. Maxime.

"These fellows are awfully clever at it," Hugo said, pausing for a moment to watch. "I always try my hand with them when I get the chance. It wants a lot of practice."

They mounted the steps, looking up at the bare-headed Virgin. So snowy white was she against the sky that she might have been cut out of marble.

"Let us go into the church," said Hugo, "and see the *crèche*. There is sure to be one, for the Epiphany."

As they entered the sombre building, everything seemed black after the brilliant sunshine, but in a few seconds their eyes grew accustomed to the subdued light, and they were able to examine the details of the great erection on one of the side altars, embowered in branches of myrtle and pine, which represented the Manger at Bethlehem. Alison had looked at it before with Kate, and remembered her cousin's amusement over the quaint incongruity of its elements. In the centre were figures of St. Mary, Joseph, and the Holy Child; before them knelt the Wise Men from the East, while a fine camel cut out of cardboard, and some horses of the same unsubstantial material, and Ethiopian servants, completed the train. Scattered about among the greenery were some composition sheep and lambs, a good many dolls in the costume of nineteenth century France, several china dogs, sitting bolt upright with curled tails, and the expression of self-satisfaction peculiar to that race. The buildings which nestled among the pine twigs were of mixed architecture, a Gothic castle, a French town house, and a Swiss châlet, from the window of which a fashionably-dressed young lady stretched forth her stiff arms respectively to the paper shepherd, who adored, with his head on the level of the top of an adjacent windmill, and the dog, larger than either, who was distinctly the prize figure of the collection.

Alison looked at Hugo, as his quick, perceptive eyes travelled from one point to another till they finally rested upon the central group.

"Isn't it wonderful?" he said. "So quaint, so naïve, so perfectly sincere. I wish we could have something like this for our children at home. Only I am afraid from the nursery our quick-witted boys and girls have never the simple unsophisticated soul of these people. Think what a pride these poor fishermen and wood-cutters must feel in this. They have given their best to it. That camel now—I should think he must have cost a whole day's earnings of some of these old women we met to-day picking up cones."

After examining the Manger they proceeded to make a tour of the church, and stopped once more at the foot of the great Crucifix hanging upon the wall. The unusual beauty and dignity of the Figure upon the Cross, the sacred calm upon the face, the absence of all ghastly realism of torture, had struck Alison before, but never in the same way as to-day, when she caught the look in Hugo's face, as he stood, hat in hand, his eyes fixed on the still, majestic Form, though he said not a word, as, after a few moments' silent gazing, he passed on with her.

How was it he seemed to get the soul out of everything? she wondered. It was not till afterwards, long afterwards, that she put together all the impressions, the new ideas conveyed to her that day, and took in the intimate connection, if we call it not identity, between life and love.

The glorious morning was the best of that day. As Hugo and Alison reached the hotel again, the sky was beginning to cloud over with every prospect of rain.

"You won't be able to sketch, will you?" said Alison sympathetically.

"No. So I shall be able to get through some of the letters that press on my conscience. I always have a packet of bad debts that I carry about with me for wet days," he went on. "I got sixteen of them answered last week, the weather was so gloriously hopeless. There are positively only three left now, and if that cloud makes up its mind to come down on us, I shall be able to grapple with the final trio to-day."

The cloud did come down, and spent the whole of the daylight over the process, but, after all, Hugo only got through one of his letters. When Alison came down from her mother's room in the middle of the afternoon in search of the proprietor, to whom Mrs. Woodward had some grievance to declare, she found the tables pushed on one side in the big dining-room, and Hugo on all fours in the midst of an excited group. The children belonging to the French party, and the proprietor's own five, with some little friends invited to a birthday festivity, that had been dashed by the weather, were screaming with joy and excitement over a game invented by their new friend. He was roaring like a lion, and his yellow locks had been rubbed up into a fair resemblance of a mane.

"What is the French for desert island?" Hugo asked, stopping short in the midst of an appalling growl, and raising his towzled head as Alison came in. "'*Ile desert*' sounds tame somehow, and none of these children have heard of Robinson Crusoe. Don't you feel inclined to be a mother to the flock, and protect them from my awful ravages in a cave? That's a cave over there, where the three chairs are up on end with the curtains round them, in the corner."

Alison was never sorry to be absent from the altercations between her mother and the proprietor, in which it was painfully evident to her that he, with his unfailing courtesy and consideration, appeared to much the greater advantage, and these interviews always occupied a considerable time.

Accordingly M. Sardou having been caught and sent up to his ordeal, Alison took into her charge the ugly French boy and his spoilt little sister, as she had always designated that pair, with the five young Sardous, with whom it had never occurred to her to attempt to play before, and their friends, and was soon in full zest of the game.

It was years since Alison had laughed so much, had run so quickly, or had felt so young as she did that afternoon.

"What have you been doing with yourself the last

two hours ? " exclaimed Mrs. Woodward, as her daughter joined her again.

"Two hours ! "

Alison had thought it about a quarter of the time. She explained how she had been employed and apologised for not having been with her mother, reading aloud to her, as was customary at that time of day.

" I must read to you in the evening instead," she said. But Mrs. Woodward, though forgiving, was not prepared to be recompensed.

" With this new medicine I am trying, I wish to keep perfectly quiet after dinner," she said. " In fact I was going to tell you to stay downstairs then. We were looking forward to finishing *Lavengro* to-day, weren't we ? But it doesn't matter," in a tone calculated to make Alison most keenly conscious of how much it did. " If you were enjoying yourself, I am sure I should have been very sorry to deprive you of any pleasure."

Thus it came about that when Hugo told Alison at dinner-time that Monsieur and Madame Lefèvre and he were going to the Travelling Tent that evening, and asked whether, if Mrs. Woodward could spare her, she would come with them, she accepted the invitation at once. Whatever the entertainment was like, it would be better than sitting alone in the dull little salon, or in her own room.

The rain was all over. It was a clear, sharp night, with a keen wind running to meet people round corners, and one great throbbing star taking the place of the absent moon, in casting a long reflection upon the sea.

The party were admitted to the primitive tent by a woman with a pale strained face and dark pathetic eyes. She was not pretty, but there was a certain refinement about her, Alison noticed. Would she have had the curiosity to notice anything about the woman yesterday ?

Hugo was the last to enter the tent. At the sight of him a new brightness came into the strained face ; for the moment the lines went out of it. The woman laughed back at some little joke in bad Provençal with which he greeted her, and led them to the best places *là-bas*, where they would be most out of the way of *courants d'air*. Draughts were rampant enough everywhere, however, and the manageress added to the little fire a handful of the pine-cones, which in common with bits of wood, old sails and other irrelevant rubbish, occupied the space that should have contained the orchestra. It was the best hospitality she had it in her power to offer. The back of the tent was filled with a humble audience, fisher-folk, shopkeepers and their wives, boys of all shapes and sizes. It proved that half the assembly were friends of Hugo's. He was nodding and exchanging greetings with one after another until the entertainment began.

As a theatrical representation it cannot be truthfully said that the Grand Romantic Comedy in Five Acts was worth more than the twopence demanded as entrance fee. The scenery was of the humblest, the marionettes had seen better days ; the stock having apparently been replenished somewhat at hazard, without much regard to proportion, so that the heroine, who was a simple, unmitigated wax doll, intended for five years old, had a head just twice the size of the bandit leader, who was her hero. The ventriloquial powers of the pale woman, who disappeared before the curtain rose, and her husband, were not of the highest order, and the play itself sounded very much as if it was being invented as it went along, but the audience followed with rapt attention, being especially appreciative of the gyrations of the comic man, a figure clad in a tartan suit, who kicked his feet up higher than anybody else, and spoke in Provençal. The other characters expressed themselves in the best Parisian French, in honour of the four members of the great world from the hotel, who were gracing the performance by their presence.

" It is the faces I like to watch," said Hugo, so placed that he could study the audience unnoticed, while the audience were absorbed in the piece. " They are taking it too solemnly to-night, though. I am going to get a laugh out of them." And he disappeared behind the scenes, with the result that a third voice presently took part in the ventriloquisation, and the piece was suddenly enriched by an extraordinary amount of topical gag.

The forest became peopled with wild beasts of every description, which, though not visible to the naked eye, roared and shrieked and grunted in the most alarming manner, till all the bandits fled. Blood-curdling shrieks and munchings were now heard from the background, till one small child of vivid imagination and abnormal sympathies burst into tears upon its mother's knee. Then back rushed all the characters, alive and untouched —the bandit chief, his faithful henchmen, the bad old nobleman, and the good young peasant, the serene-faced heroine, and tartan-clad Provençal—and explained how the wild beasts had set to work to devour each other while they had escaped alive.

From this time on, the audience, warmed to mirth, continued to laugh and applaud after Hugo had slipped back to his seat, and at the end of the third act it was decided that the great people might withdraw themselves.

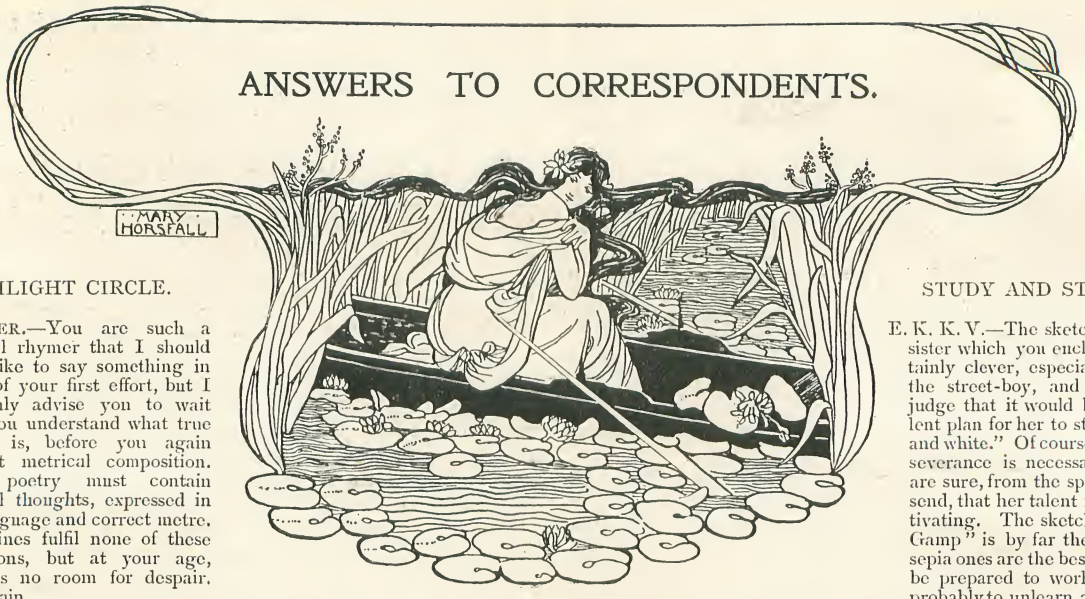
" That's such a nice woman, and she and her husband have had such a hard struggle," Hugo said to Alison, as they walked back up the windy streets to the Hotel. And he gave her an account so touching and graphic of the hardships and disappointments, varied by occasional successes, and at all times alleviated by mutual affection, and the changefulness of their picturesque lot, that Alison found the history of the manager of the Tent and his wife one of the most enthralling she had ever heard or read.

Alison did not turn into bed that night directly she had seen her mother provided with a night-light, and a candle, and a bottle of *sal volatile*, and a bottle of brandy, and a bottle of *eau-de-Cologne*, and a bottle of salts, and a glass of water, and a box of matches, and some homœopathic camphor, and three lumps of sugar, and a cake of chocolate, and an extra handkerchief, and a glass of barley-water, and two or three bottles of globules, and a few other things, without which Mrs. Woodward was never able to settle herself to sleep. She threw open her bedroom window and the shutters, and stood for some time looking out on the stars, and the lighthouse on Cap Camarat, a far distant point, as it flashed dimly, then grew dark, flashed dimly once more, and once more became invisible, and finally burst out for several seconds with a strong bright flame before it disappeared again.

She was thinking, thinking more earnestly and more deeply than anything had made her think since her arrival at Ste. Maxime. When at last she closed the shutters, after watching the bright blaze of the lighthouse out for the fifth time, and lay down in bed, it was with the feeling that her life was a very small one indeed ; not, as it had appeared after her first evening with Kate, compared with what it might have been, had circumstances been other than they were, but with what it might be now if she were such as Hugo Archibald.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

LAVENDER.—You are such a youthful rhymer that I should much like to say something in praise of your first effort, but I can only advise you to wait until you understand what true poetry is, before you again attempt metrical composition. True poetry must contain original thoughts, expressed in fine language and correct metre. Your lines fulfil none of these conditions, but at your age, there is no room for despair. Try again.

AMY MORVILLE.—You tell me you do not know what you should do without "mother" to tell your troubles to, and that you are sure I cannot realise the help and comfort I give to so many girls, especially the reserved and shy ones, like yourself, who can speak to no one—not even to their real mothers. Dear, I do so well understand the varying feelings you describe. Every child of God has such experiences. Self-devoting love for Jesus, anxiety to do everything for His dear sake at one time; then, at another, despondency and doubt whether you love Him at all, and the thought that it is useless to try, because you fail so often and your best service is so poor. It is only human to shrink from the thought of death, but we must remember Jesus died to take the sting from death and the victory from the grave. About those amusements to which you object, do, dear girl, speak frankly to your mother. Tell her if you feel that their influence over you is not good, if after sharing in them you feel less fit for communion with God in prayer, and less inclined to follow in our Master's steps. I do advise you, as you suggest, "as if you were my own little girl," and I pray that God will strengthen, bless and guide you.

F. G.—Your earlier letter escaped my notice when replying to the second. Dear girl, you must not be too anxious about your nervousness and the shyness which makes you fearful that people will construe your blushing cheeks and timid manner into signs of guilt. Believe me, that only the wilfully blind will ever mistake the one for the other. I would far rather have what you lament over, than the self-asserting, over-confident manners which spoil some otherwise lovable young people. Do not worry about the matter. Think of others, and do all in your power to increase their happiness and the blessed self-forgetfulness such occupations bring with them, will prove the best cure for your painful self-consciousness.

HAVERHOLME.—All the details of your home-life, your work and surroundings are very interesting, but they are of course between you and me. I rejoice that you are so deeply sensible of your responsibilities as a young teacher, and that your great longing is to influence your little pupils for good. You write, "I learn many a lesson from the child-life around me." In this you copy the Great Master, "Who set a little child in the midst" and made him the text, as it were, for a brief, but wondrously comprehensive sermon to His disciples and others who had gathered around to listen. You have evidently a large heart and the blessed gift of a sympathetic nature, which far more than doubles the joy of its possessor. I agree with you that every true-hearted woman is interested in a real and true love-story. I always wish for my girl-friends and readers the sacred gift of a good man's love and that God will make them worthy of it. As one who was ideally happy in married life, I sympathise with those who look forward to such a union with a full sense of the sacred duties it entails. I rejoice that you take the cares of all our members to the throne of grace, with your own, and that you ask for me the right words to be given in answer to their questions. Join with me in thanksgiving also, for, if a message has sometimes—as you tell me—brought help and comfort to you, it was because He gave the words and the blessing with them.

M. K.—*I am* interested in all you tell me. God's true servants will strive to be careful that their lives are consistent with their religious profession, so that they give no occasion for the irreligious to blame them for inconsistency. All trouble and suffering are known to God; but to say that both are *directly* inflicted by Him, would be to ignore all natural laws and the fact that certain consequences follow certain actions. We have no right to expect the miraculous removal of all "the ills that flesh is heir to," even in answer to prayer; but we may confidently look for strength to bear them with patience, and even the grace to add, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted."

STUDY AND STUDIO.

E. K. K. V.—The sketches by your sister which you enclose are certainly clever, especially that of the street-boy, and we should judge that it would be an excellent plan for her to study "black and white." Of course, great perseverance is necessary; but we are sure, from the specimens you send, that her talent is worth cultivating. The sketch of "Sarah Gamp" is by far the worst; the sepia ones are the best. She must be prepared to work hard, and probably to unlearn a great deal.

*** We have been asked to call the attention of our readers to five Prize Competitions in aid of The United Kingdom Beneficent Association for granting annuities up to £25 to persons of the upper and middle classes in reduced circumstances. Prizes 10s. 6d. to £1 1s. The Competitors write papers on General History, English Literature, and Natural History. There is a Children's Paper, consisting of questions on children's stories, etc., and a paper (for adults) of Twenty-four Quotations from Twelve Recent Works of Fiction. Entrance fee 2s. Papers of Questions 2d. each, and full particulars may be obtained from Miss F. E. Wilson, Melton Grange, Brough, Yorkshire, to whom the answers must be sent in not later than June 1, 1902. The Society to be benefited is such a useful one, we hope some of our readers may be inclined to compete.

A LOVER OF DRAWING.—The sketches you enclose show a certain amount of aptitude. We could not undertake accurately to guess your age from them; possibly you may be from fourteen to twenty. The heads of some of your figures are much too large, and the features are occasionally out of drawing. You certainly could not hope to illustrate fashion papers or magazines without being taught how to draw. Miss Prince Browne, The Studio, Artillery Mansions, Victoria Street, London, S.W., has a class that might be of use to you. Apply to her for a prospectus.

CHERRY AND IVY.—If IVY does not write too much now that she has just entered on her teens, it is very possible that when she grows up she may be able to compose verse that people will be glad to read. "Mother, what do the angels do?" is a pretty little fancy for a child of seven, and far more interesting than the pieces written at the ages of ten and twelve respectively. "Anxiety" is marred by faults of form. In verse 5 the metre changes, and lines, too many to specify, are of the wrong length and cadence. In short, the poem is begun in one metre and drifts away from it. We never think that it is wise for children to be encouraged too freely to compose verse, and certainly it should not find its way into print unless the circumstances are very unusual. Childhood is a time of study and preparation for the work of riper years, and it will frequently occur, as in this instance, that the spring of poetic impulse, if it wells forth too early, seems to diminish with time.

RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI.—"Ingleton," which we judge to be the latest of your three compositions, is by far the best. "Sunset" is the worst. You should not repeat "light" after so short an interval as an ending to a line. "A Voyage of Life" for an early fragment is very good indeed. "To what scenes art thou hastening now?" is not a very musical line, but that poem and "Ingleton" show poetical imagination, an ear for melody, and, in short, a talent which you might develop by practice, the reading of good poetry, and strict attention to the laws of form. You have evidently an intense love for the beauty of nature. We think the last two lines are the weakest of "Ingleton," and perhaps you will understand us when we say that it is better to strive as far as possible to express your own thought rather than say what you are expected to say. We should be glad to hear from you again.

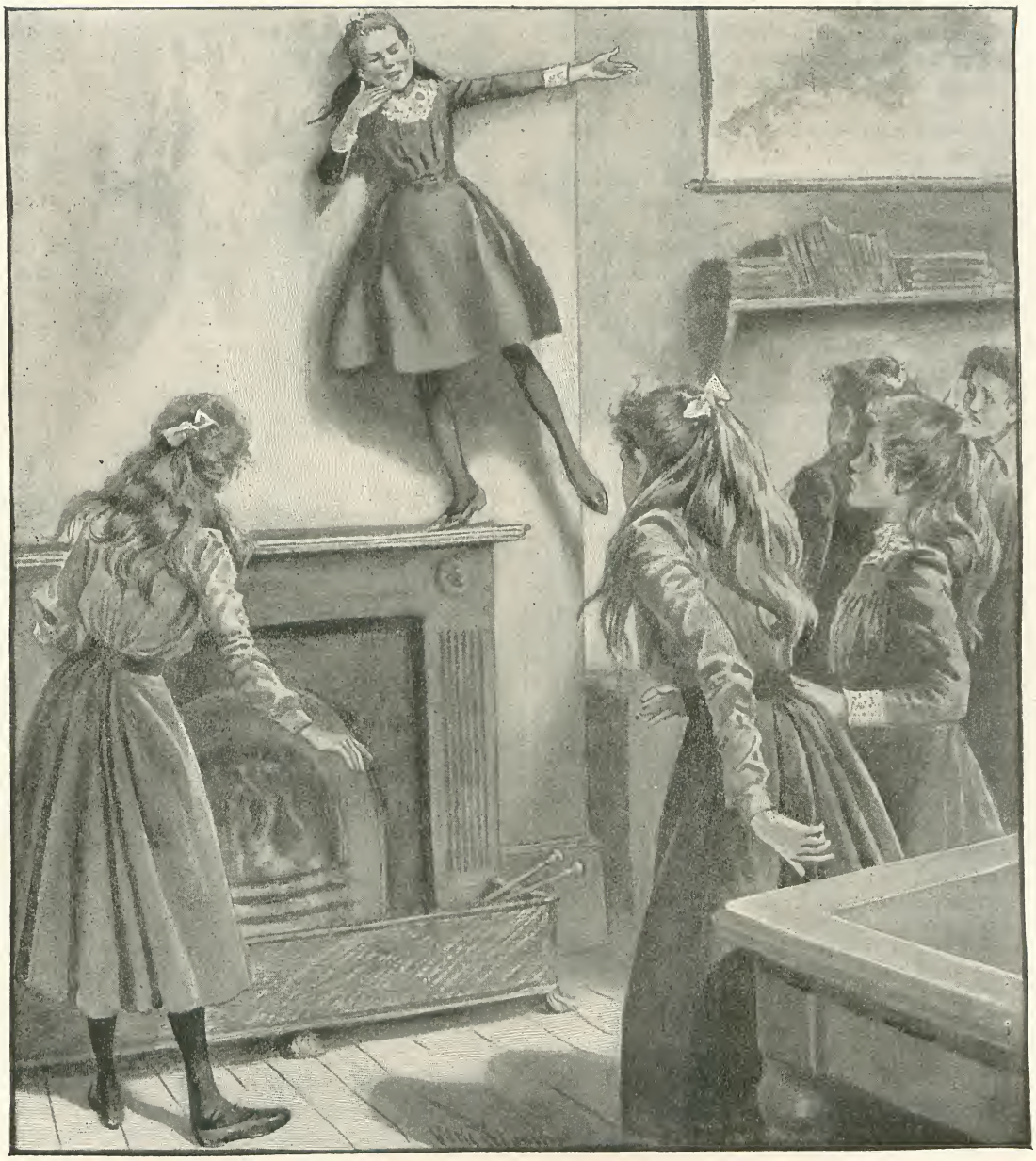
MADGE WILDFIRE.—If you apply to the Secretary of the Technical Education Board, St. Martin's Lane, London, he will tell you if there are any scholarships offered for competition in your district which would enable you to go to college. There are such scholarships to be had, and you might also write to the Secretaries of Girton and Newnham, Cambridge, and the Secretary of Holloway College, Egham, Staines. But if Girton, Newnham and Holloway are beyond your reach, try to pass the King's Scholarship Examination as well as you possibly can. You may then be able to enter Stockwell Training College, and we assure you you will lead a delightful and an inspiring life there, perhaps being allowed to remain three years, and to complete your studies in France, as some of the students do.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XXIII.—NO. 1163.] APRIL 12, 1902. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

BY MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.



"THE GASPS AND GROANS WERE MORE ENCOURAGING THAN APPLAUSE."

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

IT was six weeks later that the girls in Holly House heard a sharp, wailing cry from within the portals of Miss Phipps's private room, and looked at each other with eyes of sympathetic understanding. The knowledge that Pixie's father was seriously ill had leaked out among the elder pupils, and this afternoon, as they returned from their walk, a telegraph boy had met them in the drive, and Mademoiselle had turned pale and muttered below her breath. Miss Phipps called her aside on entering, and at tea-time there were unmistakable tear-marks round her eyes, and she was even more affectionate than usual in her manner to Pixie; poor, unconscious Pixie, who was in radiant spirits, and quite puffed up with pride because she had suddenly remembered a favourite exploit as practised at Knock Castle, and had issued invitations to the fifth form to come to the class-room before tea and play the part of spectators, while she made a circuit of the room without touching the ground.

"Without—touching—the ground! Pixie O'Shaughnessy, are you demented?" demanded Flora incredulously. "You can't fly, I suppose? Then how on earth could you get round a room without touching the floor?"

"Come with me, me dear, and you shall see," returned Pixie graciously, and forthwith led the way into the big, bare room. There was no class being held at the time, so that the performer and her friends were the only persons present; the chairs were neatly ranged beside the desks, the matches and vases of spills which usually graced the mantel-piece were placed together on a corner bracket, otherwise no article had been moved from its place. Pixie sprang lightly on to a chair near the door, kissed her hand after the manner of the lady riders at the circus, and started off on her mad career. From one chair to another, from chair number two to the shelf of the old bookcase which filled the middle space of the wall; from the bookcase, with a leap and a bound, on to the oak chest in which were stored drawing-books and copies; from the chest on to another chair, and thence with a whoop and wildly waving hands on to the end of an ordinary wooden form. Why that form did not collapse at once, and land the invader on the floor, no one of the spectators could understand! Flora gave a hollow groan and leant against the wall in palpitating nervousness; Kate shut her eyes, and Ethel pinched Margaret's arm with unconscious severity, but, after all, nothing happened! With instantaneous quickness Pixie had fallen forward on her knees, and so restored the bench to its normal position; and now she was off again with another kiss, another flourish, another whisk of those absurd short petticoats. Providentially there was a table close at hand which she could mount without difficulty and so bring herself to the completion of the first half of her task, but the harder part was still to come. It was easy enough to run along the back-board, but what about that space between it and the shelves at the other side of the fireplace? "She can't do it!" cried Ethel confidently, but Pixie had not made her boast without counting the cost. What if there was no article of furniture within reach, there was a shelf overhead to which one could cling and work slowly along hand over hand until the coal-box offered a friendly footing! Then, when one *had* been accustomed to climb trees all one's life, what could be easier than to rest the elbows on the mantel-piece, and with the aid of one foot pressed lightly on that fat, substantial bell (horrors! suppose it rang!), to wriggle upward until knees joined elbows, and a perpendicular position was once more possible! The gasps and groans from the doorway were even more encouraging than applause, and under their influence it was impossible to resist indulging in a few extravagances, such as standing poised on one leg, blowing more kisses, and bowing from side to side after the manner of that fascinating circus lady. Another bound sent her lightly on to the one substantial chair which the room possessed—Miss Phipps's seat when she came to take a class. It rocked, of course, but to balance it was child's play, compared with the really difficult feat with the form, and for the rest of the course the way was easy. Anyone could have run along the substantial dumb waiter, stepped down to the chair by its side, and so with a leap, to the one from which the start had been made. Pixie stopped, panting, gasping, and smirking at her companions, expectant of adulation, but there was more reproach than praise in store.

"You are mad!" cried Ethel shortly. "Stark staring mad! No thanks to you that every bone in your body isn't broken. I wonder what Miss Phipps would have said if she had come in while you were pirouetting on the mantel-piece! It would have been your turn to be surprised then, my young friend."

"I n-n-never did see such a sight in all my born days," stuttered Flora blankly. "You've made me feel quite ill. My heart is pumping like an engine. I thought every moment you would be killed. I call it mean and unkind to ask us to look on while you play such tricks, for you know very well we should be blamed if anything went wrong! I'll never come again, so you needn't trouble to ask me!"

"Pixie dear, it really is most dangerous! You might have sprained your ankle a dozen times over. Promise me, promise me faithfully, that you will never do it again!" pleaded Margaret gently, but Pixie shook her head in obstinate fashion.

"Me dear, don't ask me! I'll tell you no stories. I've done it a dozen times at home, and so have Bridgie and Esmeralda. It was a fine handicap we had one night, boys against girls, and Bridgie the winner, being so light on her feet. You wouldn't wish to forbid what my own family approves." She drew herself up with an air of dignity as she pronounced the last words, and skipped out of the room as the quickest way of closing the argument, but when tea-time arrived she was still abeam with complacency, and pleasantly conscious of being the object of an unusual amount of attention. The girls all looked at her and smiled so kindly when they met her eye; jam and scones were pressed upon her from half-a-dozen different quarters; Mademoiselle called her "*chèrie*," and even Miss Phipps said "dear." "Are you having a good tea, dear?" "Won't you have another cup of tea, dear?" It was all very pleasant and gratifying, and she felt convinced that the fame of her exploit had spread over the school, and that even the teachers themselves had been unable to resist it. She was strutting out of the dining-room at the conclusion of the meal, when Miss Phipps laid a hand on her shoulder and said, "Come into my room, Pixie," and a moment later she stood within the boudoir, staring around with wide, astonished eyes. Mademoiselle had followed, and was twisting her hands together, trying vainly not to cry.

Miss Phipps looked at her and made a little signal, but Mademoiselle only shook her head, and held out her hands with a helpless gesture, and then Miss Phipps began to speak herself, in such a gentle voice—a voice quite different from her usual brisk, decided accents.

"Pixie dear, I have something to tell you. God has been very kind to the dear father whom you love so much. He saw that he could never be well again—never be able to move about, nor walk, nor ride, as he had done before, and instead of leaving him to lie helpless upon his bed for long weary years, as so many poor sufferers have had to do, He took him home at once, and made him well and strong again. You must not think of your father as dead, Pixie. He is alive and happy in Heaven!"

But it was too early for the dead man's child to realise that beautiful truth, and Pixie burst into a passion of grief, and the girls without heard the long pitiful wails and nestled close to each other and sobbed in sympathy.

Miss Phipps talked on and on, saying comforting words in that new sweet voice, and Mademoiselle put her arms fondly round the little figure and said—

"You will be brave, *chèrie*. You are always brave! All the O'Shaughnessys are brave—your Bridgie told me so, and said it was the pride of the family! You will not be the first to act like a coward. No!" But the shock was too sudden to be borne with resignation.

"We haven't got any family now! How can you have a family without a father? He wouldn't have died if I had been at home. He was always cheerful when I was with him, and he said himself I was better than a doctor. Oh, Major, Major! Oh, Bridgie, Bridgie! Me heart's broken! Me heart's broken!"

Pixie wept and wailed, and presently Miss Phipps stopped trying to console, and let her weep her full, knowing well that the noisy grief is never the most lasting, and that when the first passion was exhausted, she would be more ready for comfort. She had purposely delayed telling the sad news until tea was over, and presently it would be time for bed when the sleep of childhood would drop its soothing curtain over grief. Pixie lay on the sofa, and cried until her face was swollen, and she was too exhausted to cry any longer, and Miss Phipps was just about to propose a move to bed when, to her amazement, the child suddenly put her feet to the ground, sat up, and said faintly—

"I want to see the girls!"

Well, after all, it was a natural request, for the bent of a lifetime does not change even in moments of grief, and Pixie was a sociable little creature who must needs have someone in whom to confide on every occasion. Miss Phipps realised as much, and also that companions of her own age would be more comfort than the teachers, between whom and the pupils there was naturally a great gulf fixed; so she assented at once, saying only—

"I will come for you in ten minutes. You must not stay downstairs longer than that," and Pixie feebly tottered across the hall to the room where the elder girls were sitting. She chose to join them rather than the pupils of her own age, for, as she had previously explained, she had been accustomed to "grown-ups" at home, and felt more interest in their society. The girls raised their heads with starts of surprise as she entered and came slowly forward to seat herself in a chair. They stared at her with melancholy eyes, but there was a dead silence, for no one knew what to say or how to say it, so they sat in a row facing her, and Pixie blinked and trembled, and screwed her fingers together in a tight little knot.

"I'm an orphan!" she said faintly, and five separate sobs of sympathy sounded as replies.

"Poor little kid!" said Kate gruffly.

"D—arling!" sobbed Flora.

"But we all love you, Pixie! Everyone loves you! You can't be lonely, dear, when you have so many friends," said Margaret's soft voice; and a hand stretched out and clutched hers with convulsive energy. It was Lottie's hand, and Lottie's face was trembling as if she were going to cry, and a pulse on her temple was beating up and down. Pixie looked at her curiously, and realised that, sorry as the others were, she was somehow sorriest of all and most anxious to comfort. Lottie had been much subdued and silent since the beginning of the term, and had seemed if anything to avoid the society of the girl whom she had treated so badly, but with her fine intuition Pixie had understood quite well that the avoidance arose from no lack of affection. She held Lottie's hand in a tight pressure while she continued her broken sentences.

"And I didn't know he was going to die. They never told me. Miss Phipps says they didn't want me to be unhappy, but I'd rather have known. He wasn't like other people's fathers. They are old, with grey hair; he was young—like a boy, and so handsome and gay. He always laughed, even if things went wrong, and I was the youngest, and he wouldn't have me thwarted. No one ever appreciated me like the Major. The very last words he spoke were praising me and saying what a daughter I'd been!"

"When you said 'Good-bye,' you mean. That's good to think of, isn't it, Pixie? He knew he would never see you again, and that afterwards you would remember all he said, and treasure it in your heart, and the sweetest thing of all is to know that you have been a joy and pleasure to him. It is a comfort to think that he is well again, isn't it? Quite well and happy in Heaven!"

"I want him on earth!" said Pixie, and the tears flowed down her cheeks. "We all want him. What is to become of us without our father? I feel as if I could never be happy again, but he said I must be. 'Be as happy as you can,' he said, 'and make other people happy too. Never trouble a bit about your lessons, but go on loving and making sunshine, and you'll do a great work in the world.' Those were the very last words I heard him speak."

It was a somewhat free translation so far as lessons were concerned, and the girls realised as much, being accustomed to Pixie and her ways, but they allowed that part of the story to pass without comment, and referred only to what was obviously a literal repetition.

"Well, then, of course, you must obey his last words! It would not be like a good daughter if you didn't. You must go on loving us, and making us happy, and we shall all be wretched if we see you fretting. You do make us happy, you know, Pixie! We have been ever so much livelier since you came. I think it ought to cheer anyone to know that she can make thirty-three people happy, don't you, now?"

"Can I—can I really?" Pixie inquired wistfully. "I'm glad of that, and I will try, but I can't help fretting a little first! I don't think the Major would like it if I didn't fret for him." And at this moment Miss Phipps came into the room and put an end to the conference.

"I can't let you sit up a moment longer, you weary little girl! Say 'Good night' at once, and one of the girls shall go upstairs with you, and help you to undress. Which will you have?"

Pixie looked from one to the other of her companions

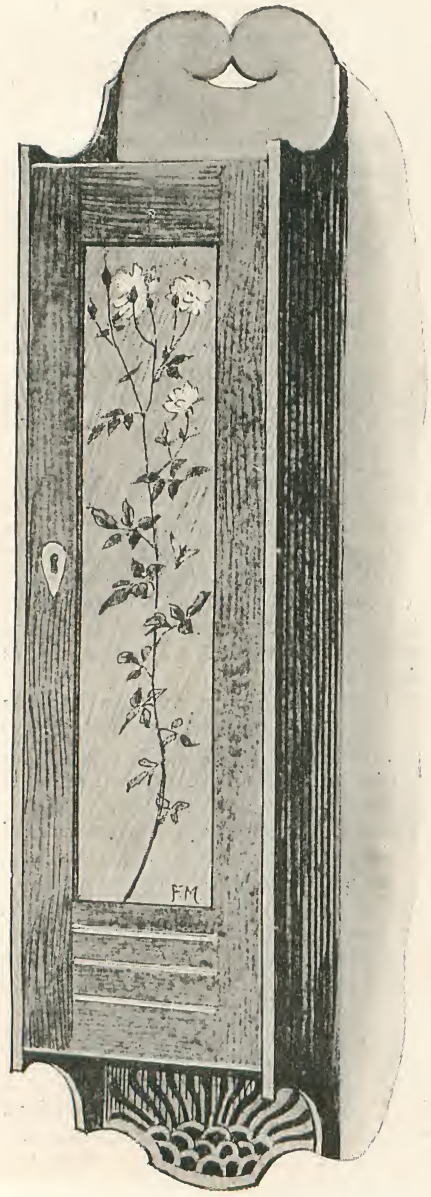
with uncertain gaze. Where everyone was so kind it was hard to choose. Ethel had not tossed her head once since she entered the room; Kate kept taking off her spectacles, and polishing them on her handkerchief; Flora looked so kind and comfortable, the "Bridgie's expression" was stronger than ever in Margaret's eyes, but there was a something in Lottie's face—a humble wistful longing which was to be found nowhere else.

"Lottie, please!" she cried quickly, and the other girls realised at once that the cure had begun, for Pixie was already forgetting herself and considering how she could make other people happy!

(*To be continued.*)

A HANGING CUPBOARD WITH DECORATED PANEL.

THE design here given was suggested by a cupboard I saw at one of the exhibitions of the Home Arts Association at the Albert Hall. Most hanging cupboards are square, more or less, but it seemed to me a pleasant innovation to make a long narrow one. The proportion of the one sketched gives a good panel for decorating, and in order to enable the reader to see the details of the design, I have drawn the panel full size, though it has had to be reduced to get it within the compass of this page. The branch of rose, which forms the motif of the panel, was sketched direct from nature, but I carefully selected a spray which came simply, so that there is no confusion or complicated foreshortening to handicap the decorator. The result is that it might be treated as an inlay (an article appeared on inlaying or marquetry in No. 1154 of the "G.O.P."), but we will here confine our attention to brush-work. If the panel be some light natural wood, then the design might be transferred to the panel, and all the drawing done with a fine long-haired brush known as a rigger, using some dark colour such as burnt sienna and lamp-black mixed with a little copal varnish and turpentine. When this is quite dry, the leaves can be coloured with transparent oil colour, using such mixtures as Prussian blue and raw sienna, gamboge and terre verte, burnt sienna and viridian. Thin with varnish only, and float on with a camel-hair brush. "Break" the colour, as artists say, that is, do not mix up a lot of colour, but just tone the blue with the yellows, and so on. Don't think of getting a natural effect, but a pleasant piece of decoration. The flowers and butterflies can be put in with flake white, and when this is quite dry, the former can be glazed with a transparent tint of rose madder and gamboge mixed with varnish, while the insects can be variously coloured. Transparent or semi-transparent colours on light wood have a very soft and pleasant appearance.



DESIGN FOR HANGING CUPBOARD WITH DECORATED PANEL AND FRET-CUT END.
(For detail of panel see other design.)

Those who use gesso (see No. 1142 of the "G.O.P.") could employ it in carrying out this design with good effect. The gesso could be used for stems and flowers, leaving the leaves to be painted except where one leaf comes against another one: the gesso can be used to accent portions of the design. If the panel is painted a dark colour, then the decoration might be in light tones of greyish green, dull yellow, or red. The leaves and stem should be put in with flake-white thinned with turpentine, and when this is quite dry the drawing can be put in in outline, as I have before suggested, and then when this too is hard, the white can be glazed with some tone of colour. If yellow be the tone, and this would go well with a dull geeen or brownish ground, then use raw sienna, golden ochre, gamboge, cadmium or middle chrome, and possibly a touch of burnt sienna and terre verte just to give variety, but keep the whole design in some one tone of colour, so as to obtain a pleasant harmony. Remember you are decorating a piece of furniture and not painting a picture or making a transcript from Nature. A certain simplicity and even severity should characterise your work.

Artists' canvas, tinted with some greyish tint made of flake white, raw umber, cobalt, with a touch of yellow ochre put on thinly, so as to leave the grain of the canvas showing, could be used to paint on. It is a good plan to put the ground colour on with a palette knife, as by this means the colour is more "broken" looking, some parts of the canvas receiving more colour than others. Don't thin the colour, but use it as it comes from the tubes. When this is dry the design can be carried out in some simple way as before suggested, decorative rather than realistic. The canvas should be cut to fit the panel exactly, and it can be stuck on with very thin glue used boiling hot. The decoration might be quite finished before the canvas is stuck on the wood.

A word as to the cupboard itself. I have shown it is a hanging cupboard, but it could be made to fit a corner with a little adaptation. If it is for painting, then make it of pine or American bass-wood. If it is for a corner, then the two sides must come to a right angle. I have suggested a simple fret-cut or pierced design at the bottom just to give a little daintiness to the article. The top could be so treated if desired. In the case of a corner cupboard the piercing must be designed to be repeated on both sides, and not as shown in sketch. A corner cupboard would be easier to make, and I am inclined to think that it would have a nicer appearance than a square one. Many of my readers may have brothers who would do the wood-work, leaving the decoration to the sisters.

Paint of various shades can be purchased ready mixed in tins, or enamel could be used as a finishing coat, but if the panel is to be painted, do not enamel it, as paint does not take kindly to enamel.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The Scullery.

A few words concerning the scullery and how to keep kitchen utensils generally may not be out of place.

Firstly, then, let us deal with the scullery sink, this bane of so many housekeepers. The sink should be cleaned thoroughly each time after washing up, and if housewives would insist upon this a great many troubles would be avoided.

Over the mouth of the waste-pipe I like a perforated brass or zinc trap, which cannot be removed; this prevents many a stoppage in the drain from an accumulation of potato-parings and odds and ends, even to knives and forks, being washed down.

If much grease has to be got rid of, or indeed very greasy pots washed, I recommend that when possible the water should not be thrown down the sink. But if this cannot be avoided then see that a kettleful of boiling water is poured down immediately afterwards. The reason why I advise this precaution is that the grease in the water in its passage down the cold pipe becomes cold and sticks to the sides of the pipe, gradually blocking the pipe up, and if not removed by the flush of boiling water it soon becomes unwholesome, and gives off bad gases which come up through the pipe into the house, and are undoubtedly the cause of much nausea and sickness, if of nothing worse.

Wooden Utensils.

All wooden utensils should be cleaned thoroughly each day after they are used. This is most necessary, as wood absorbs dirt and grease so easily, and if grease is allowed to soak in, it is most difficult to make the utensil sweet, clean and a good colour.

I deprecate the use of soda in washing wooden utensils, I find that it makes wood a bad colour.

We will suppose you are going to wash a pastry board on which pastry has been made. First scrape off the flour and any paste which may have stuck to the board, wash the board well all over with cold water. If hot water were used the flour on the board would become sticky, and would be much more difficult to remove. Now scrub the board thoroughly with hot water, using a little soap on the scrubbing brush, and sprinkling a little Calais sand over the board. Be careful to scrub the way of the grain in the wood, otherwise the board will soon have a rough woolly appearance. Swill the board thoroughly with cold water to get rid of any particles of soap and sand. Dry the board with a clean dishcloth and stand it on end where the air can purify it, but not close to a fire, for fear of warping the wood.

Knives and Forks.

Knives and forks should never be thrown into a bath of hot water with other utensils; the hot water loosens the handles. The best plan is to collect the knives and forks, then have ready a jug of hot water, to which may be added a small piece of washing soda if the knives and forks are very greasy. Now stand the knives in the jug, blade downwards, being careful that the water does not touch the handles. Allow the knives to remain in the water for ten minutes, then take them out, wipe them dry and polish them on a knife-board, being careful to see that the ferrules are bright and clean. Dust them and put them away.

If the blades of the knives are stained in any way, a raw potato cut in half, dipped in a little knife powder or powdered bath-brick and rubbed on the blade will remove the stain very quickly.

Mary Skene.

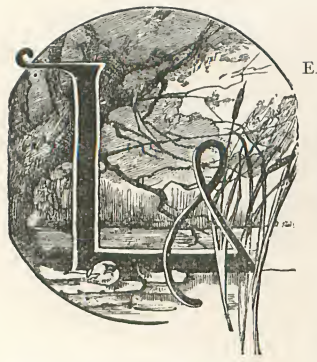


PANEL OF HANGING CUPBOARD, ABOUT HALF SCALE, TREATED WITH SPRAY OF ROSE.

(It was drawn direct from Nature, though the forms were simplified. For method of reproduction refer to article.)

THE FALLING OUT.

By MARY HARTIER.



CHAPTER II.

LEAH was a miserable girl that evening. She felt she had been slighted by Robert's friends and forsaken by Robert himself, for she did not know he had been prepared to see her home. She decided she would not go to church, for she felt she could not bear it if Robert had stayed with the Bakers so long that he should fail to meet her, and she told herself she was so angry with him that she did not want to see him.

After the six o'clock service Robert wandered up and down the path by the stream leading to the church, which was always their Sunday evening trysting place. He leaned over the ivy-covered wall of the little bridge and watched some grey wagtails darting up and down the stream, their graceful flight and lovely colouring of grey-blue and bright yellow, yet another reminder that—

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

The last stragglers passed along, and distant strains of the organ reached him, for the organist had kept the choir for a practice, but still Leah did not come. Evidently she was not able to leave home, so he walked to the lane at the back of the house in which she lived. The kitchen window looked on to this lane, and he thought if she saw him she would come out.

He passed several times; then he went boldly to the back door and knocked. Such a white-faced, red-eyed Leah opened it that he was startled.

"What's the matter, Leah? Won't the missus let you out to-night?"

"I was too tired," she said shortly.

"You're put out about something, I can see. Get your hat and come for a walk and tell me all about it."

"I'd rather bide home. I don't want to meet folks."

"There's not many about, and us won't walk if you'm tired, but just go up on the Beacon and sit for a bit."

So she fetched her hat and toiled wearily by his side up the steep, rugged path that led to one of the hills which shut in the village. It nestled below them embowered in apple-orchards not yet in bloom, though pear-trees and cherry-blossom made patches of white amidst the soft spring green. Beyond the village, on the only level side, cornfields and meadow-land stretched to the marshes, and on the west the blue waters of the bay darkened under the lowering sun.

The lovers sat with all this fair pageant of spring spread before them, but their own little story was so full of interest that they were not conscious of their surroundings.

"Now, Leah, tell me what it is all about. You look as if somebody had angered 'ee."

"And haven't I a right to be angered?" she cried, her colour rising and her tear-dimmed eyes growing bright again. "Who would stand being set on one side as I was this afternoon, treated like dirt, and left to go home by myself, while you went dancing after that bold hussy who doesn't take no pains to hide how she's after 'ee?"

Robert's breath was taken away by this sudden onslaught.

"Why, 'twas you ran away from me!" he said. "You was off like a shot afore I could so much as look round."

"You'd only got eyes for Liza Baker, so 'twasn't much wonder you couldn't see what I was doing. Why didn't you stay and take her to church? I'll be bound that's what you both wanted."

A dark flush came over Robert's face. The girl glanced up and took it for a sign of guilt. Really he was feeling in his slow way that he was being treated unjustly, and yet his mother's words and Liza Baker's looks prevented him from feeling quite easy in his mind about his doings. He spoke with some resentment.

"I'll tell 'ee what 'tis, Leah: you'm not treating me fair. I've never so much as given a second look to another maid all the time I've been keepin' company with you, and you've no call to be jealous. Only this afternoon I begged 'ee to let me put up the banns, and who wasn't willing to give in to that?"

"I was willing enough if you would promise me one thing."

"I couldn't do that, Leah, and you know you wouldn't respect me if I did."

"And do you think it's likely I'm going to live with a woman who turns her back on me and won't speak to me—who treats me like the dirt under her feet? I'm not sunk quite so low as that."

"Mother's trying, I know. But then her's old and must be made allowances for. Her was an old maid when her was married, and her old-maidish notions have stuck to her, so I've heard the neighbours tell. If once us was husband and wife her'd come round, I do believe. And her's got a good heart, Leah. A hard time 'twas for her when father died and us was children. Her's denied herself and slaved to give me a good start in life, and it isn't for me to forget that now."

Leah was silent, but her face was hard and unrelenting. Robert was slow of tongue, and it was not often he accomplished such a long sentence. He was disappointed that his eloquence had no result.

"Let's make it up, my dear, and agree to get married right away."

"Not if I've got to live with her," the girl said obstinately.

"Do you know what that means, Leah?"

"Yes, I suppose it means everything's over between us," she said in a hard dry voice.

"A fine lot you must have cared for me all these years to let me go at a word like this," he said bitterly.

"I don't want to keep anybody that's tired of waiting for me."

"A man can't wait for ever when he wants a wife," he said gloomily.

"Well, better go and get one right away. Who's to hinder 'ee? There's one at any rate ready enough to jump into your arms. One in a better station than me, too, and better-looking some folks think, and a tidy little sum of money to go 'long with her. That's all you men think about," she added as she rose to leave him.

He rose also. He was hurt and angry at her words.

"You know that's not true," he said.

"Well, time will show, and I reckon us sha'n't have to wait long to see what us shall see," she went on recklessly.

He stood looking straight at her out of his serious steadfast eyes.

"Leah West, you know I'd rather have you as you stand there without a penny to your name than any other woman in the world."

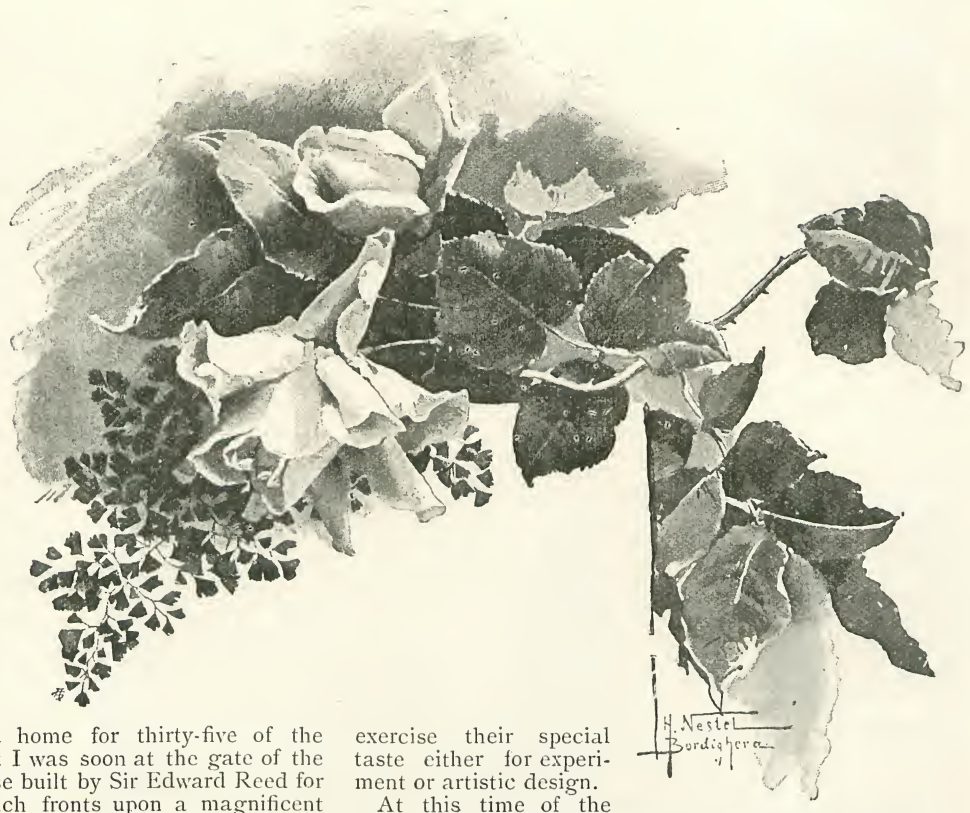
Her breath came fast and her heart gave a great bound. She had almost flung herself weeping into his arms.

"But whether I marry or not, and the chances are I shall, for it isn't in a man's nature to stay single all his days, it won't be for such reasons as you put down to me."

Then he turned and left her.

(*To be concluded.*)

A VISIT TO SWANLEY COLLEGE.



SWANLEY COLLEGE OF HORTICULTURE was the pioneer in providing instruction in gardening for women, and in the last six years has progressed and developed by leaps and bounds, for from one female student its numbers have increased to sixty, and now applications are received from all parts of the country for head gardeners of the softer sex.

Having a strong desire to see the surroundings of these lady horticulturists and to watch them at their work, I took the train to Swanley Junction, seventeen and a half miles from London, and then found that a mile and a half of country lay between me and the object of my visit. Nothing daunted I trudged along an inhospitable road which provided no footpath for the determined pedestrian, and arrived at the residence of the Lady Superintendent, who furnishes a home for thirty-five of the students. Under her escort I was soon at the gate of the College—a fine country house built by Sir Edward Reed for his own residence and which fronts upon a magnificent avenue of limes. Here M. Eason Wilkinson, B.A., the Principal of the College, resides with twenty male students and the Professors of botany and chemistry.

The lecture hall has a most interesting history, for originally it formed the saloon of the Bessamer steamer which was designed by Sir Edward Reed and was expected to be so steady as to make sea-sickness impossible; unfortunately it did not prove a success, therefore the saloon, with its finely-painted panels and its white and gold decorations, was placed in the house intact, and used as the ball-room. Now, as lecture hall, it communicates with a thoroughly equipped and commodious chemical laboratory, where the analyses of soils and experiments, etc., are made.

I saw ladies pruning fruit-trees with such formidable knives as to suggest cuts and abrasions to fingers as well as trees; others were busy in the conservatories, where there was a fine show of chrysanthemums, and three were hard at work removing barrow-loads of soil from a flower-bed which had been condemned as a detrimental, and although this was undoubtedly a stiff job, yet the ladies appeared to be enjoying the exercise and to accomplish it without undue strain. All looked bright, rosy, healthy, and contented, and their short cloth skirts, two inches above the tops of their strong boots, suggested practical common-sense and utility.

The College grounds are forty-four acres in extent, and include vegetable plots, fruit orchards, a rose garden designed by Dean Hole, a large amount of glass, both for fruit and flowers, several vineries, and, what particularly interested me, the individual plots belonging to each student, measuring about thirty feet square, where they exercise their special taste either for experiment or artistic design.

At this time of the year some of the students are at work in the glass houses at 8 A.M., but the majority do not begin until 9 A.M. There is a recess from 1 to 2.30 P.M. for the midday meal, and then work is resumed until 5 P.M., with lectures in the evening. In summer the students are busily at work in the gardens at 6.30 A.M., revelling, no doubt, in the delicious freshness of the morning air.

Besides the cultivation of fruit and flowers, trees and shrubs, the two years' course of study includes practical instruction in bee-keeping, poultry-rearing, and dairy-work as far as milking and making butter.

I was informed that past lady students at the College are now holding positions as gardeners at Lady Henry Somerset's Temperance Home for Women, at Duxhurst, in Surrey, at the Clapham and Wycombe Abbey High Schools, where horticulture forms part of the curriculum, at the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, Edinburgh and Dublin, and at a great number of private residences, and the salaries average £60 per annum with board and residence.

At the commencement of this year a similar College of Horticulture was opened near Edinburgh by two former students at Swanley, the Misses Barker and Morrison. It is in connection with the Shiells Park Nursery, Inveresk, where the students will have the privilege of working in one hundred and forty-one acres of market garden ground, and where they will have exceptional opportunities of studying outdoor vegetable culture with a thorough insight into the latest methods of growing and packing market produce.

This will be the first college of the kind in the North.

F. R. HORNER.

THE WELLINGTONIA.

Sequoia Gigantea.

A WELL-GROWN specimen of the Wellingtonia, one of the largest species of tree in the world, stands on my lawn, and being a youthful scion of a giant tree, it has given rise to many conjectures as to its age.

This question has lately been solved by my arriving at the fact that the Wellingtonia was only introduced into England by Mr. Wm. Lobb in 1853, and thus, even if my tree was one of the specimens earliest planted, it has only had forty-eight years in which to produce its solid trunk now forty-three feet in height. The base is of bulky size, showing that preparation is made in early years for the weight it will have eventually to support.

Thus at the ground level it measures exactly eleven feet ten inches in girth, whilst three feet higher the girth is reduced to seven feet ten inches.* It is difficult to convey to my readers any definite impression of the amazing height of the Sequoia of the Sierra Nevada valleys.

Two of the largest of these trees have been destroyed; they are said to have been four hundred feet high. Now if we remember that the Monument in London is only two hundred and two feet, and St. Paul's Cathedral, from its base to the top of the cross, is four hundred and two feet, we may in some measure grasp an idea of the colossal altitude attained by these pre-historic trees.

There are still remaining many grand specimens in the Calaveras and other groves, ranging from two to three hundred and sixty feet in height, but it is grievous to learn that these noble trees are being ruthlessly felled for timber. Unless some check is put to the devastation of the lumbermen, they must in a short time become extinct.

The *Sequoia Gigantea* is only to be found in small "groves" scattered along the western slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Of the larger trees only about five hundred specimens now remain.



YOUNG WELLINGTONIA AT THE GROVE, STANMORE.

Many years ago the bark of one of these great trees was stripped off for about one-third of its height (130 feet), cut into sections which were so numbered and arranged that they were able to be brought to England and rebuilt up in the form of a hollow tree. This was placed in the tropical portion of the Crystal Palace, where it reached up to the glass roof. I well remember seeing it there and marvelling at its amazing size. These bark sections were two feet thick and enclosed sufficient space to accommodate fifteen persons who could be comfortably seated inside the tree.

At San Francisco a piano was placed and a ball given to more than twenty persons on the stump of a Wellingtonia which had been brought thither.

It seemed a grievous pity that when, in 1866, the tropical portion of the Sydenham Palace was destroyed by fire, this relic of the great tree should have perished.

I will quote some interesting particulars about these huge trees from a pamphlet issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. Mr. Muir says, "Their great size is hidden from the inexperienced observer as long as they are seen at a distance in one harmonious view. When, however, you approach them and walk round them, you begin to wonder at their colossal size, and seek a measuring rod. These giants bulge considerably at the base, but not more than is required for beauty and safety; and the

* I have some notes of another specimen of Wellingtonia planted in 1861 in better soil and in a more sunny situation. This tree has now attained a girth of thirteen feet near the ground, and is in height about sixty feet. It grows in an open field, and its branches, resting upon the ground, cover an area of ninety feet.

only reason that this bulging seems in some cases excessive is that only a comparatively small section of the shaft is seen at once in near views.

"One that I measured in the King's River Forest was twenty-five feet in diameter at the ground and ten feet in diameter two hundred feet above the ground, showing that the taper of the trunk as a whole is charmingly fine. When you stand back far enough to see the massive columns from the swelling instep to the lofty summit, dissolving in a dome of verdure, you rejoice in the unrivalled display of combined grandeur and beauty.

"About one hundred feet or more of the trunk is usually branchless, but its massive simplicity is relieved by the bark furrows which, instead of making an irregular network, run evenly parallel like the fluting of an architectural column, and to some extent by tufts of slender sprays that wave lightly in the wind and cast flecks of shade, seeming to have been pinned on here and there for the sake of beauty only."

The wood of this tree when first cut is white, but it soon turns to a dark mahogany colour.

The cone, for a tree of such amazing size, is remarkably small, not even so large as that of the Scotch fir. An inch in width, and an inch and a half in length is about its usual dimension. Each cone is said to contain from two to three hundred seeds, and, on a single branch of only two inches diameter, four hundred and eighty cones have been counted. The tree is monœcious, and bears its male flowers terminally. Like the cones, they are extremely small and inconspicuous; in fact, I have not been able to examine either blossom on my own tree, although I know it must have flowered on some of the higher branches, as I occasionally find a cone lying beneath the tree in autumn.

When imported into other countries, Wellingtonias contrive to live and grow, but they do not seem to flourish in any climate but their own.

I believe the largest specimen even in America, which is at Rochester, New York, has only attained a height of thirty-five feet, and may possibly be about the girth of my own tree.

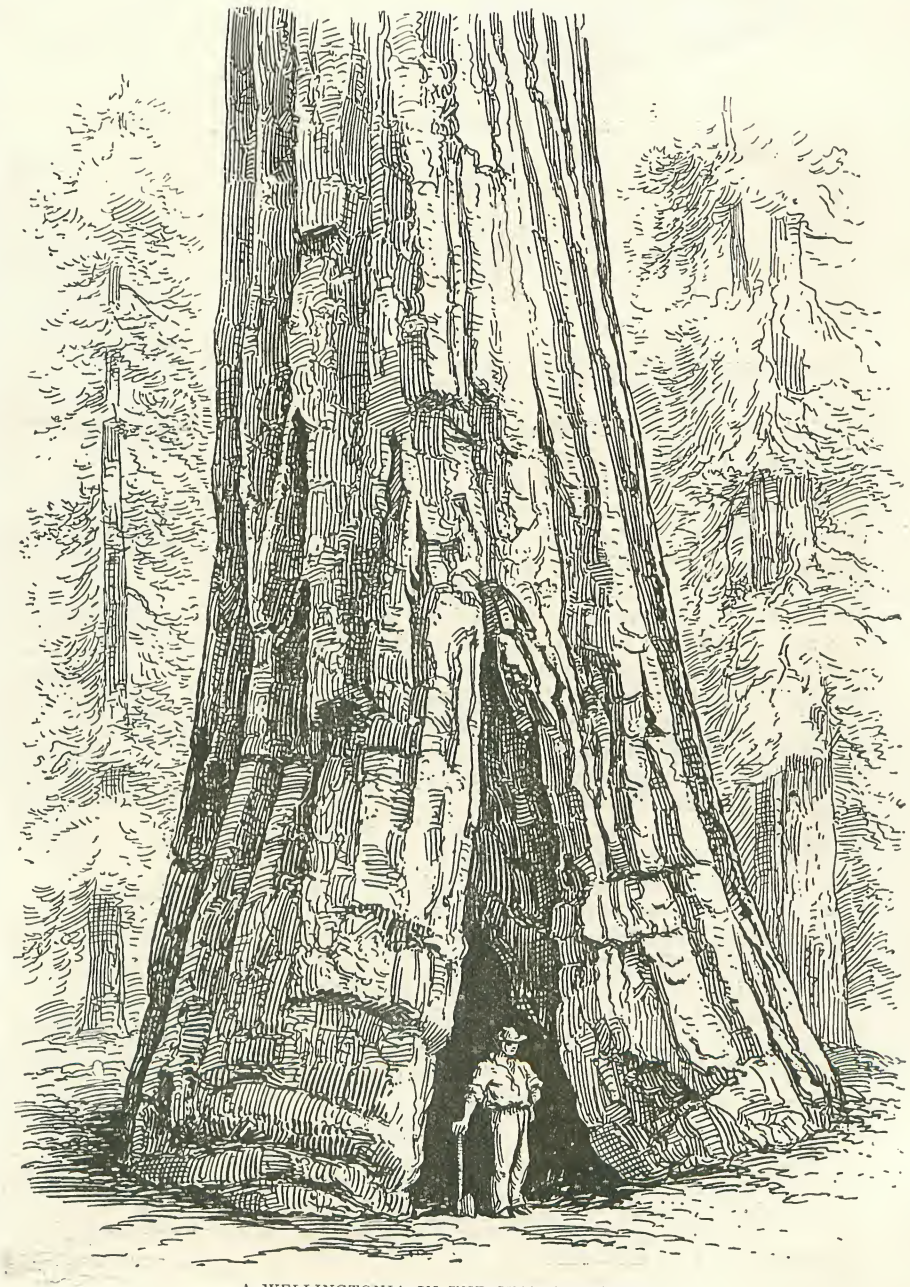
English botanists named the *Sequoia* "Wellingtonia" after our own great General, but in the United States it is known as *Sequoia Washingtonia*.

There is a marked difference in the mode of growth of a young Wellingtonia and an aged specimen as may be observed in the drawings.

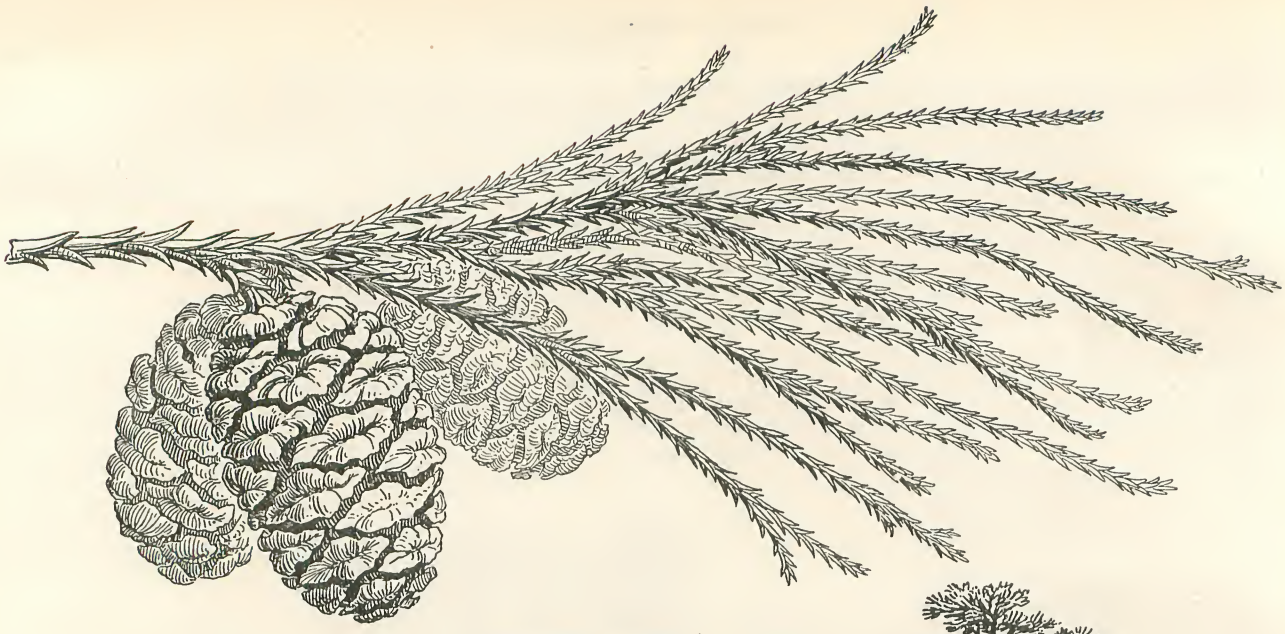
The photograph of one of my own trees shows that the branches rest upon the ground, and the whole outline from the base to the apex is that of a cone This is its mode of growth when so placed as to have plenty of space, air and light on all sides, but if the tree is growing in a wood where light only reaches it from above, and space and air are limited, then, as is the case with other trees, the lower branches are starved; they become feeble, and die off, leaving a bare stem of a height greater or less according to the age and size of the surrounding trees.

In a small wood of spruce firs adjoining this garden, the effect of overcrowding is strikingly evident. The slender stems rise without a branch for seventy or eighty feet, crowned by a very small head of greenery at the top. In a high wind these feeble trees sway to and fro like so many hop-poles, and if it were not for the protection afforded by the belt of sturdy oaks and Scotch firs which surrounds this place, some winter's storm would have long ago levelled them with the ground.

ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.



A WELLINGTONIA IN THE STANISLAUS GROVE.
(*The hollow base was used for years as a hunter's cabin.*)



FOLIAGE AND CONES OF WELLINGTONIA (SEQUOIA) GIGANTEA.
(Natural size.)

SOME VIOLIN MUSIC.

"A Modern School for the Violin," by August Wilhelmj and James Brown. London (Novello). A further advance in the teaching of the violin is made by the publication of a series of pieces carefully selected, and designed to illustrate at various stages of the learner's progress through the "Technical Practice" and "Study" books the beauties which may be attained, and the effects which may be produced, as the rewards of careful practice. The short history of the composer of each piece given in the preliminary notes is an admirable feature, and is designed to arouse an intelligent interest in the work to be performed. The bowing and fingering are indicated with the very greatest care, and all points of special danger and difficulty are emphasised. The printing and general appearance of the little works are in excellent taste.

"Romance in G." Violin and Pianoforte by S. Coleridge-Taylor (Novello). This work can only be attempted by a violinist and pianist of very considerable attainments, as it bristles with difficulties for both instruments: the passages in sixths for the violin will give special trouble. The Romance is well worth all the hard work which must be bestowed upon it, for it is a work of singular distinction and beauty—attributes which we have come to look for in all this composer's efforts. The printing is beautifully done, but there is a mistake in bar 4 of page 5 in the violin part, which should be printed an octave higher.



HUNTER'S CABIN IN WELLINGTONIA.

SOME CONTINENTAL RECIPES FOR EGGS.



ONSIDERING the size of the egg, it contains more nourishment than any other food, and its use in soups, puddings, vegetables, etc., is invaluable. In France, Italy, and Switzerland, where eggs are so numerous, they are introduced largely into the *cuisine*, not only for the inevitable omelette or custard, but also for thickening gravies, flavouring soups, or giving a dainty colouring to blancmange, etc. In one Swiss hotel, where I studied cooking, I noticed that soup was never sent to table without being first poured over one or two raw, beaten-up eggs, and the practice of beating a new-laid egg into one's coffee or chocolate is not uncommon. In families where it is not customary to have two meat-meals daily, the egg plays a conspicuous *rôle*, and many a dainty and inexpensive dish may be prepared from it.

Vogelheu (*Eggs and Bread*).

Ingredients.—Two rolls, half a cupful of milk, two ounces of butter, four eggs, salt.

Cut the rolls into thin pieces, damp the pieces in milk, and fry in the butter. Whisk up the eggs with half a cupful of milk and a little salt, and pour over the fried bread in the pan. Stir all together until the eggs are set and serve at once.

Eierkuchen mit Sauce.

Ingredients.—Four eggs, a cupful of broth, salt, and chopped parsley.

Beat up the eggs with about two tablespoonfuls of broth, and add the salt and a handful of chopped parsley. Cook in the same way as an omelette.

Make a brown sauce in the following manner:—Stir a tablespoonful of flour into an ounce of steaming butter until it is of a light brown colour, add a cupful of broth and a little Harvey sauce or ketchup. Pour this sauce over the omelette and serve at once.

Œufs au Gratin.

Ingredients.—Four eggs, parsley, bread-crumbs, two ounces of grated cheese, butter, pepper and salt.

Take four patty-pans, butter them well and break an egg into each, taking care not to break the yolks, put over them a little grated cheese, chopped parsley, bread-crumbs and a small lump of butter, pepper and salt. Bake in an oven for about five minutes.

Œufs à la Maître d'Hotel.

Ingredients.—Two ounces of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, a cupful of milk, minced parsley, four eggs.

Heat the butter and stir in the flour, add the parsley and milk, pepper and salt, and simmer for five minutes. Boil the eggs hard. Cut into halves amd pour over the sauce. A little lemon juice or vinegar makes the sauce piquant.

Piquantes Butterbrod.

Ingredients.—The yolk of an egg, a teaspoonful of mustard, a small lump of butter.

Beat all the ingredients well together and send to table, spread on thin slices of white or brown bread.

Pannequets.

Ingredients.—Two spoonfuls of flour, five eggs, one teaspoonful of sugar, one pint of milk, two ounces of butter, salt.

Make a paste with the flour, yolks of three eggs, and two whole eggs, sugar, milk, a pinch of salt, and the butter, which must be melted. Make a small omelette-pan warm and grease it with a little butter. Put one tablespoonful of the paste in the pan at a time and make thin pancakes. Spread jam or jelly over the pancakes and roll. Send to table with a sprinkling of powdered sugar.

Eggs in Milk Sauce.

Ingredients.—Two ounces of butter, four eggs, half a pint of milk, one tablespoonful of flour, pepper and salt.

Stir the flour into the butter in a frying-pan, and add by degrees the milk, and pepper and salt to taste. When the sauce boils, add the four eggs, taking care not to break the yolks. Let the eggs cook in the sauce until the whites are set. Take the eggs out, lay them on buttered toast, and cover with the milk sauce.

Braune Eier (*Brown Eggs*).

Ingredients.—Raspings of crusts, butter and eggs.

Butter some little tin pans and cover with raspings. Into each pan break an egg and bake in a moderate oven or, better, on the hot plate until the whites are set. Turn the eggs out on a hot dish.

Œufs aux Champignons.

Ingredients.—One Spanish onion, half a pound of mushrooms, five eggs, pepper, salt, a cupful of broth or gravy, a small lump of butter.

Cut up the mushrooms and onions and fry in butter. Boil the eggs hard. Slice them and add to the mushrooms and onions. Simmer all together in the gravy and serve very hot.

Deutscher Omelette mit Fruchten (*German omelette with fruit*).

Ingredients.— Four tablespoonfuls of flour, half a pint of milk, four eggs, two ounces of butter. Any sort of fruit.

Make a stiff and smooth paste with the flour and milk, and then add the eggs one by one, and half a teaspoonful of salt until the paste is the consistency of cream. Heat the butter in the pan and cook as an ordinary omelette, a nice brown on both sides. Serve the omelette with cooked apples, pears, cherries or plums. In the case of stoned fruits it is better to remove the stones.

Plattenmus.

Ingredients.—Three eggs, two ounces of flour, one pint of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt.

Mix all the ingredients well together and lay in a well-buttered pan. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty to thirty minutes.

The same can be placed in cups or a basin, and boiled in water for half an hour.

Eier als Gemuse-Garnitur (*Eggs as Vegetable Garnish*).

Ingredients.—One tablespconful of flour, two eggs, a pinch of salt, two tablespoonfuls of milk.

Make a firm paste with the flour and milk, beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately and add also. Put a piece of butter the size of a walnut in the pan, and when quite hot, add the above mixture (about two tablespoonfuls at a time), and make very thin pancakes. Roll these and cut them into pieces two inches in length and garnish round spinach, beans, peas, etc.

Nudeln (*Home-made Macaroni*).

Ingredients.—Four eggs, half a cupful of milk, half a pound of flour.

Mix the above ingredients together until a stiff paste is formed. Knead well on a paste-board and roll out over and over again until as thin as the blade of a knife. Hang up the paste for about an hour to dry. When dry, cut the paste up to four or five pieces, lay them one on top of the other, roll and cut into fine strips. Boil till tender in boiling and salted water, and serve up either with gravy, butter and grated cheese, fried onions or stewed fruit. Nudeln, thus prepared, have a much finer flavour than macaroni. They can be kept for several weeks.

Œufs au Four.

Ingredients.—Six eggs, three ounces of butter, half a pound of cheese, minced chives or parsley, pepper and salt.

Smear a baking-tin thickly with butter, and lay half the cheese cut in thin slices over it. Break the six eggs carefully, and over each egg grate some cheese, put a teaspoonful of minced chives or parsley and a lump of butter. Bake in the oven for ten minutes.

Œufs au Béchamel.

Ingredients.—Ten eggs, parsley, two cloves, one bay-leaf, savoury herbs, flour, salt, a few mushrooms (if possible), half a cupful of cream or milk, white stock.

Put the stock into a pan with the cloves, bay-leaf, a tablespoonful of savoury herbs, the mushrooms and half a teaspoonful of salt. Let it boil for an hour, strain it and thicken with flour. Cook the eggs hard, peel them, take out the yolks and thinly slice the whites. Pile the yolks up in the middle of a hot dish, place the slices of white round and cover all with the white sauce and a sprinkling of chopped parsley.

Ouovi e Pomedoro (*Eggs and Tomatoes*).

Ingredients.—One Spanish onion, half a pound of tomatoes, water or broth, pepper and salt, butter, three eggs.

Chop the onion fine and fry in butter until brown, add the tomatoes, also cut up, flavour with pepper and salt, add half a cupful of broth or water, and simmer for a quarter of an hour. Have ready three hard-boiled eggs, shell them and cut them in quarters lengthwise. Lay them on a hot dish and cover with the tomato sauce. A few *croûtons* or slices of toast should be served round the dish.

Egg Sauce.

Ingredients.—Three eggs, half a pint of melted butter, a little minced parsley.

Boil the eggs hard and chop into small pieces. When the butter is hot, stir in the eggs and add a sprinkling of parsley.

A good sauce for fish, such as cod, etc., is made by adding the chopped eggs into an ordinary thick white sauce and flavouring with a little lemon juice.

Poulet aux Œufs.

Ingredients.—A chicken, one Spanish onion, two tomatoes, broth or water and meat extract, pepper, salt, two eggs, butter.

Cut the chicken into joints. Chop up the onion and fry in an ounce of butter, add the tomatoes, and, after five minutes, add the pieces of chicken. Let all cook together for five minutes more, and then add half a pint of water or broth, pepper and salt. After about half an hour, add two beaten-up eggs to thicken the sauce, and serve.

This is a most dainty way of serving chicken. An old fowl cooked this way loses its toughness, but then a longer time must be allowed for the cooking.

Any kinds of meat or bird or even fish prepared in this way will be found appetising. In Italy cod and hake are generally treated in this manner.

Spiegeleir mit Schinken (*Eggs and Ham*).

Ingredients.—Thin slices of ham, two ounces of butter, two eggs, pepper and salt.

Fry the ham lightly and lay it on a warm plate, beat up the eggs with pepper and salt, fry lightly, cover the ham with them and serve.



THE ANCHORESS OF STE. MAXIME.

By M. H. CORNWALL LEGH, Author of "Gold in the Furnace," "An Incorrigible Girl," "At the Foot of the Rainbow," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

From this time Hugo and Alison were established as friends—as intimate friends, would hardly be putting it too strongly. The intercourse between them was singularly frank, simple and unrestrained. As Hugo had put himself on cordial terms with everyone in the hotel before he had been at Ste. Maxime twenty-four hours, no chaperoning difficulties presented themselves. It was in company with the Swiss couple as well as Hugo that Alison spent the day at Fréjus. They ate their luncheon in the Roman amphitheatre, explored the town with its quaint old cathedral afterwards, and finally made tea at the foot of one of the broken arches of the viaduct.

Hugo and Alison took the little Delplanques with them when they picnicked at La Foux, and an old English clergyman and his wife, over for a few days from Hyères, were pressed into the service the day Hugo and Alison went to Cap Camarat by boat and carriage, and visited the lighthouse she had never seen save from afar.

In making these all-day expeditions Alison acted on Mrs. Woodward's repeated asservations that she would be very sorry to stand in the way of her daughter's enjoyment, or for her own ease and pleasure to keep her at her bedside, though she was uncomfortably conscious of a residuum of aggrieved feeling at the bottom of Mrs. Woodward's tone that would have led her to the sacrifice of her outings had she never come under the influence of Kate.

It was only for a little while, she said to herself. Very soon Mr. Archibald would be gone, and then she would have plenty of time for sitting beside her

mother's couch. She heaved a long sigh at the thought how short a time of happiness was before her; then, acting on some words of Hugo's, wisely determined to enjoy the present while she had it, and lay in stores of pleasant memories for the bare days to come.

After Hugo had been at Ste. Maxime a week, and when the time of his departure was drawing distractingly near, Kate Harrison appeared once more, suddenly and unexpectedly, as was her way of doing things.

"It is my rule not to make any plans," she explained. "Plans are as bad as pie-crust. I have never made up my mind to do anything without something turning up afterwards to show that it was the very last thing in the world which would be desirable, so what is the use of wasting one's energies and postage-stamps on engaging rooms and then writing to say you don't want them? How can anyone possibly tell what they will want the week after next?" addressing Hugo, in response to his laughter.

"I have no difficulty in knowing what I shall want a week or a year hence," he said, "because it is always the thing I'm wanting now. My difficulty is in getting it."

"What are you wanting at the present moment?" asked Kate, looking straight into his eyes in that direct way of hers.

"Several things—first and foremost to induce Russell to put off going South for another month. But he is obdurate. He wants to pick up some friends of his at Naples a fortnight hence, and tells me my leave is up on Thursday."

"You have only one more day here, then?" said Kate. "What shall we do with it?"

"We were talking of Grimaud," said Hugo, "but nobody seemed very keen on the expedition, except ourselves."

Kate did not fail to mark the last word and draw her own conclusions thence, and her eyes gave a private twinkle.

"I am very keen over it," she said. "Ruined castles have always been a passion with me. Go and engage the old grey horse at once," as M. Sardou appeared in the background.

"Well, and how do you like my young artist?" asked Kate, when Hugo had gone out of earshot.

"I like him very much indeed," replied Alison properly.

"Yes, he's not a bad fellow if he wasn't quite so fond of quoting Ruskin and didn't wear his hair so long. He says he hasn't time to have it cut oftener, but I would insist upon it, if I were you."

Alison discreetly ignored this last sentence.

"You have had a good time this last week, then?" Kate proceeded. "That is what you ought always to be having, and would, if only you were once out of the net."

"One couldn't always be having a week like this," Alison answered rather slowly and in rather an undertone.

Again Kate's eyes twinkled quietly.

"There are heaps of other young men as attractive as Mr. Archibald," she said, "and more so. He dresses abominably, and is full of fads and nonsense, besides not caring a rap about social functions such as young women love, and doing the fashionable thing. If once you went out into society, you would find a dozen men you liked better than him."

"Never!" was forced out of Alison's lips before she had time to think what she was confessing. The next moment Kate was kissing a crimson cheek. "You ought not to have made me tell you that," Alison whispered. "For of course I don't know that he cares for me. I don't suppose he has any idea of—of—falling in love at all, and if he did it would be with one of the other myriads of girls he knows. He has lots and lots of women friends that he tells me about. I am only one among a hundred."

"I daresay that is something the way he would put it if one could get him to speak confidentially," Kate answered. "Only I shouldn't be surprised if he said you were one girl in a thousand."

Next morning, on a bright clear day with a fresh breeze blowing, the old white horse was in the shafts of the hotel carriage, and Hugo, Alison, and Kate on their way to Grimaud. Every foot of the way was interesting to-day; how could Alison ever have thought it a dull, flat road? To begin with, there were the ever-changing, always beautiful effects of light and shade over land and water, and there were a succession of little events, interesting to Hugo, and, through his eyes, to her. As they went slowly down the rough steep street from the hotel, the town crier was met, ringing his bell. They pulled up to hear what he had to announce. A sale of shoes, of umbrellas, of linen, of pottery, and a variety of other wares, was to take place that day in the Place de la Marché.

"Let's go round and see what they have," said Hugo. "It won't be much out of the way."

It was in a tiny square, beneath the leafless boughs of a row of plane-trees, that the booths were set out. Most of the wares were commonplace enough, but at one end was a collection of earthenware pots and jugs of an artistic blue that caught Hugo's eye at once.

"Fifteen centimes each! That is too extravagant!" he said, laughing.

If Monsieur took the two that he held in his hand he might have them for twenty-five. In serene disregard of how his uncompromising purchases were to be packed Hugo forthwith bought half a dozen, covering the vendor's face with smiles of gratitude by bestowing on him a franc for the lot.

When they got outside the town, a gipsy encampment, very wide awake now, caused Hugo to beg once more that the grey horse might be stopped.

"I haven't spoken Romany for a twelvemonth," he said. "I love the gipsies; some day I'm going to write a book about them. You don't mind waiting five minutes, do you?"

He leapt down from the box and joined the certainly picturesque, but as distinctly disreputable-looking, group at the camp-fire in front of the caravans. It was ten minutes before he was released by them, and returned to the carriage full of interesting histories of this particular family of nomads, and regrets that he would not have the opportunity of visiting them another day.

"Really, we must have you blindfolded!" said Kate, "or it is certain we shall never get to Grimaud."

Hugo promised that nothing again should tempt him from the path of rectitude, though he nearly broke his promise by picking up a child trudging wearily along beside its mother and seating it on his knee.

"I was promised one stoppage to sketch, wasn't I?" he said. "At that shrine we saw the photograph of, the other day. We will give the little thing back to its mother there."

When the legitimate halting-place was reached and Hugo took out his drawing materials, Alison proposed to take the child. Nothing, however, would induce it to come to "*ces dames*." Seating itself on the ground by

Hugo's side, it held firmly on to the flap of his pocket with intent to cling thereto as long as life remained, should any attempt be made to dislodge it.

The sketch was just completed when the mother came up to them, and little Josephine was carried off with a new fifty centime bit folded in her hand as an antidote to a threatened burst of tears.

"I feel I have forfeited my right to stop again," said Hugo, as they reached a point where there appeared a fine view of the mount on which the old town of Grimaud is built, and the Castle at the top. Alison opened her mouth to be merciful, but Kate was severely just.

"Quite so. My cousin and I are nearly fainting with hunger. Besides, all these views you get upon the way are nothing to the one we shall have from the top."

The road wound slowly round and up between vineyards and olive-yards till the post-house was reached. Here the horse was to be baited, and the trio made their way through the narrow picturesque streets to the castle on foot.

The old stronghold of the Grimaldi was "very much like all other castles," Kate remarked, but when they reached the topmost point of the height it crowned, she asked Hugo to acknowledge that the view which stretched so far out to sea, so far in to land, was finer than any of those he had yearned to stop and sketch on his way thither.

"Much finer," he agreed. "But these panoramic views are of no use for sketching. One little bit of Nature that we can see and understand is what one wants for a picture. More than that mystifies and distracts one, as if an author were to try to get the whole life of the century into a single novel."

"We should like a further discourse on this subject after luncheon," said Kate, throwing so marked an emphasis on the last words that Hugo laughed and Alison felt inclined to be offended.

The cold ham, the bread and cheese, the hard-boiled eggs, the oranges, seemed to Alison the most delicious viands she had ever tasted; the grapes were not sour, the figs were not shrivelled and tasteless.

"How I wish we could bring back everything as it was two hundred years ago and live the life as it was then just for a week, to know what it really was like!" she said, as, luncheon over, she set light to the pieces of paper and eggshells which they had decided decorously to burn.

Hugo assented.

"A week of it would be too much," said Kate. "What an appalling existence it must have been; for the women especially! Shut up within the precincts of a castle—for I don't suppose they were allowed to go out picnicking—with their tiny round of ideas and interests. If I were shut up in one place now, even under nineteenth century conditions, it would kill me."

"I don't think I agree with you about the misery of a circumscribed life," said Hugo, drawing in the lines of a bit of ruin in his sketch-book. "It would help one through what seems to me the crowning difficulty of life, as of Art—what to leave out."

"Ruskin," murmured Kate softly. Alison pinched her.

"Of course in the narrowest life," he went on, "there would be so many possible things one might go in for, that one would have to choose among them, but the task would be a good deal simplified, wouldn't it?"

"This is the continuation of your discourse upon the panorama. It promises to be very interesting and most improving, but I leave Alison to form your audience. I want to explore a little," said Kate, "and see if the turret you are going to do doesn't make a better sketch from the other side."

When she had wandered off, silence fell upon Hugo and Alison. It was broken by the latter.

"Mr. Archibald," she said, and the solemnity of the address caused him to leave off his sketching, "I want you to advise me, please. What would you do if you were in my case? What would you make out of my life?"

He laid his pencil on the grass and set himself to the knotty question placed before him.

"You say that in the narrowest life there must be so many possible subjects of interest. Which do you advise me to turn my mind to?"

"Well—there are so many. What are your own natural tastes?"

"I love music, but what's the good of that, with only the cracked old piano in the *salon* to practise on? Besides, it was singing I liked, not playing. I can't draw, you know!"

"Have you thought of any branch of science—geology or botany, for instance? There are books by which one can teach oneself a lot. Besides, you can always get correspondence lessons."

Alison's budding energies shrivelled a little before the thought of correspondence lessons. But Hugo was not at the end of his tether yet; nearly the whole range of knowledge, as it lies open to those who have learnt to read, suggested itself to his mind.

"But anything one gets out of books is so dry, somehow," sighed Alison, ignoring possible researches among plants, rocks, or insects.

"It is," agreed Hugo emphatically. "It is human beings that are the real, the absorbing study. Try and get to know the peasants and the fisher-folk; they are some of the dearest people in the world. I should get hold of the children; that puts you in touch with the mothers and the fathers too. Couldn't you teach them something—to sing?"—with an inspiration. "And Kindergarten games? You don't know the system? I will send you some books about it. The whole idea is so beautiful. The child ought to expand like a flower that stretches out its little petals to the sun."

"Quoting again!" exclaimed Kate, rejoining them at that moment.

"Not from Ruskin this time, please notice," laughed Hugo.

It was time now to return to the carriage. With a regretful glance at the view they were leaving, Alison rose to her feet.

"Our next picnic ought to be on Vesuvius," remarked Kate. "Perhaps it will be. I am probably going to Castellamare from here."

Alison gave a slight start and fixed her eyes on her cousin. The speech then had its intended effect. Two things rushed into Alison's mind, the first that Kate must have taken it as final that she would not be induced to leave her mother and go back to England—with the reactionary result on which Kate had calculated—the second, how very, very delightful it would be to go to Castellamare.

"Then we are sure to meet," responded Hugo. "Russell intends cruising about in the Bay of Naples for the rest of the winter, and all those places are close together."

And Alison, catching his eye as he looked over at her, felt the thought that was passing through his mind, and knew it the same as her own.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

HOPELESS.—To you, my troubled and penitent, but weak one, I say, "You must change your signature. There must be no hopeless ones amongst any of us." I believe that one great mistake made by you and others is that, having prayed for help, you look for a miracle in return. You expect perhaps that the old temptation will have no power in future, and that you need make no effort. Do you remember how Jesus said to the man with the withered hand, "Stretch forth thine hand," and to the palsied, helpless man who had been lowered through the roof and lay powerless at His feet, "Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house"? Did either of these afflicted ones plead inability, even with the certainty of personal powerlessness? No. Each believed that Jesus would not mock him with such a command without bestowing the power to obey. Faith and action went together. The withered arm was outstretched, and the heretofore palsied limbs received strength. Through an amazed concourse of bystanders the man went forth carrying his bed, whilst those who saw "glorified God, saying, We never saw it on this fashion." Learn your lesson from this, dear, hopeless one. Take God at His word. Put forth the strength He will give you in answer to prayer. Do your part in faith in order that, along with your will, God's power will be exerted, and then you will no longer be hopeless, but ready to glorify God, for what He has wrought in you.

DÉSESPERÉE.—Your sorrowful letter is in its tone and acknowledgment of persistent wrongdoing almost the same in substance as that of HOPELESS. Let me beg of you to read what I have written to her; to take it to heart and pray over it, that God may make the advice helpful both to her and you. I can only point my troubled girls to the One Source of strength, pardon and blessing, and assure them that the words of Jesus are as true to-day as they were when they first fell from His gracious lips: "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out"; "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance"; "to save that which was lost." Dear girl, just read those wonderful parables, St. Matthew xviii. 12, 13, and St. Luke xv. You cannot read them and doubt God's willingness to receive and forgive you if you come to Him in faith and cast yourself on His mercy, pleading what Christ has done for you. Your longing after pardon and holiness is wrought in you by the Holy Spirit. The abounding blessings that surround you should help you "to realise the love of God"! You wonder He gives so much. Can you wonder when you think that He gave His only beloved Son, and that whilst we were yet sinners Christ died for us?

MARIE F.—You write that you have spent many happy hours over the Circle answers and been much helped by them. I trust your firm resolve to serve Christ will know no weakening, and I pray that you "may have strength to live to God's glory and never be ashamed to confess Him in your life." Thanks for kind offer of correspondence which I hope to utilise.

NELLIE B.—ROSE offered to correspond in Braille writing with anyone who cared for it. She did not offer to teach the system. The address of a lady willing to help learners was given by permission a few weeks ago. I repeat it for your benefit. J. M. Ruddle, 19 Pendlestone Road, Walthamstow.

PATRICK.—I always advise my girls to make an effort to break down any barrier that seems to be growing up between them and others of the family—parents above all. You say your mother loves you very much, and your father is very good to you. Have you given your parents cause to think you hard-hearted and discontented? We are so apt, the best of us, to look only at our own side and forget to examine ourselves as to whether those on the other side may not have cause to complain. Look into your heart, my dear one. Is there not a little jealousy of your brother? If so, try to fight against it, and win the love and approval of all around you, by thought for them and forgetfulness of self. I am sorry you are without girl-companions. About the friend to whom you have become attached, and of whose affection for yourself you think there is no doubt, I should say it is for him to make you acquainted with his new address in a perfectly open manner. Any advance on your part, especially if it were without the knowledge of your parents, would be a mistake, to say the least, and its object would respect you less for making it. Dear, I do pray that you may be rightly guided, and that the future may bring you true happiness.

YOUR LOVING LITTLE ONE.—I am rejoiced that you are so happy in your present position and are remaining in it. Before your kind offer—a truly self-denying one—arrived, I had made arrangements which rendered it unnecessary. I warmly appreciate your affection for myself, and, I hope, years hence, if I live, to be glad and proud that I have taken an interest in you.

LILIAS.—Love and best thanks, dear. I shall so rejoice if your hard work wins the reward for which you are striving. I shall look hopefully forward, and, be sure, I shall not forget your request.

JESSIE B.—Yours is a delightful letter, and I am convinced your far-away Correspondent is now rejoicing at having heard from you. I am full of hope about you both, and everything I know points to a happy and growing bond of union between you. You tell me, "In years to come many a one will date the beginning of the Christian life and efforts to fight the good fight of faith to the dear words spoken or written by our 'Mother-Friend.'" The added prayer for me is very precious following such words.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAY.—There are so many common errors respecting the care of the hair, that I think a few hints may be useful to you. It is a popular idea that the more often a head is bathed and washed the better. This is a great error. Water swells up and rots the hair. Daily washing of the head is very bad. Men should wet and wash their heads weekly; women once in four weeks. When the hair is washed, the best thing to use is a little quillia bark and warm water; for fair hair a little carbonate of ammonia may be added; for dark hair the yolk of an egg and a little borax is very good. The cooler a head can be kept the better for the hair; therefore, a heavy and hot hat is very injurious. All tight twisting or plaiting of the hair is bad. It should be undone at night. Hair should not be tied with a harsh ribbon or in any way pulled. A change of the manner in which the hair is dressed is good, and here we have a real advantage in fashions. The hair-brush should have long bristles. Remember you cannot brush the scalp too much or the hair too little. Pointed combs are bad, and are likely to irritate the skin and produce scurf. The comb should be blunt. There is a natural oil supplied to the root of each hair, which by careful brushing of the scalp can be drawn all its length so as to give the hair polish and lustre. Should, however, anything else be needed, a drop or two of the finest olive oil carefully brushed in, or a little cocoanut oil, is the best addition to Nature. The hair should be cut if it splits at the ends. Massage is very good for the hair, well kneading the scalp all over. I hope these hints may help to prevent your hair falling out. For your hands, wash them in hot water, and while still wet, rub in lemon-juice and glycerine in equal quantities. You can mix the two together yourself and keep it in a bottle.

POOR BET.—I said in my answer to POOR BET that "the idea of becoming moonstruck is quite exploded." A lady writes to say that she knows a girl whose face was paralysed by having the moon's rays direct on her face from an attic window over her bed, and in Palestine where the moon is more powerful, the men who sleep out of doors in the summer always draw their camel's hair cloak over their heads to keep off the moon's rays, and in the Tropics they are considered seriously injurious." I am afraid that I must still hold to my answer that in this country the idea of moonbeams being injurious is an exploded one. Although the special influence of the moon on persons of weak or wavering reason is preserved in our words *lunatic* and *moonstruck*, and is still an article of popular belief, I do not doubt that the girl who slept in the attic had her face paralysed, but I do doubt the paralysis being caused by moonbeams. When you consider that the brilliancy of the moon arises solely from the light of the sun, which falls on the dark or not self-luminant substance of the moon, I think you will agree with me. The sun pours its light into all space, and the moon intercepts a little, and of that little reflects a small fraction to illuminate the earth. If we had 600,000 full moons shining at once, their collective brilliancy would be equal to that of the sun. So when you consider how comparatively little harm the rays of the sun do to human beings in this country, the reflected light of the moon can hardly be held responsible for much injury.

MAX.—Inlaid work is the insertion of any material differing in colour or texture from the groundwork in which it is inserted. Inlaying in wood is generally called marquetry; in metals, damascening; and in marble and precious stones, mosaic. The origin of inlaying can be traced to Eastern countries. In the fifteenth century it was very much taken up in Venice and in Florence. In the seventeenth century it was greatly elaborated in France, Germany, and Holland. In France an artist called Charles André Boule started a new development—using inlaid veneers of tortoiseshell and brass, now known as Buhl-work. A very mild imitation of marquetry is done by getting a plain piece of wood, or any of the made-up plain wooden articles now sold at Whiteley's and other shops, tracing a pattern on it, then painting the rest of the wood with a dark stain, and if you like you can colour the flowers and leaves of the design with ordinary water-colour paint. When dry, varnish the whole. Two or three ordinary small water-colour brushes, a bottle of stain, a paint-box and some varnish are the only materials required. The varnishing is the most difficult part, the other work only requires neatness of hand. You ought first to size your work, and then paint on several coats of copal varnish very thinly laid on.

W. E. B.—There is "The Meath Home of Comfort" for epileptic women and girls ages 2 to 35, at Godalming, Surrey. G. F. S. members can be taken for 10s. 6d., non-members 12s. 6d. Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Leonard Burrows, Godalming Vicarage. Then there is the epileptic colony at Chalfont St. Peters. Terms, 10s. a week. Apply, Secretary, 12, Buckingham Street, Strand.

BERRY.—I am sorry I cannot find a recipe for curing mountain ash berries. I cannot help thinking, if it were possible, one would have seen them in the London shops. I remember long ago at the market in Lucerne, they had some way of preserving fresh flowers arranged in baskets by steeping them in a strong solution of alum. You might try this for your berries.

CHRISSIE.—Crystoleum painting is the painting of a silver print photograph which has been pasted face downwards on a concave glass, and rendered transparent with clearine. It is painted with oil colours on the back, and the painter has only to follow the outlines and form of the photograph. Write to Alston (Burnley) for catalogue.



PRIMROSE GATHERERS.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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THE CORONATION OF EDWARD I.

TO those who love the records of the past, the coronation of Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra rouses curiosity as to the pageants and events when earlier Edwards began their reigns. It would be fortunate indeed if some chance should bring to light details of the crowning of Saxon Edwards, but such details cannot but be few and spare, whilst the great king who has always been called the first Edward belongs to an age of which some authentic records are extant.

There are many parallel circumstances in the coronations of the First and the Seventh Edwards.

The eager interest with which we await the coming solemnity is increased by the fact that sixty-four years have passed away since Archbishop Howley set the crown upon the head of the young Queen Victoria. The length of the reign of Henry III. is second only to that of George III. in the history of England, for fifty-six years intervened between the tumultuous crowning of the nine-year-old child Henry in Gloucester Cathedral, and that of his crusading son Edward on an August Sunday in Westminster Abbey.

Important as has been England's growth during the reign of Queen Victoria, the reign of Henry III. saw equally important stages in the nation's history. The constitution in which we take such pride was brought to maturity in Simon de Montfort's parliament at Westminster in 1265, to which were summoned representatives of the shires, cities, and boroughs. The great Abbey in which the King and Queen will be crowned in June was brought in this reign to its highest perfection. It is but fitting that when the coronation music rises to the lovely roof of the highest church in England some grateful thoughts should pass to the early Henry who spent so many years of his reign in rearing this marvellous shrine of English kings, and saints, and heroes. Edward I. and Eleanor were the first king and queen jointly

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CORONATION OF EDWARD I.
(*From an old print.*)

crowned in the Abbey as we now see it. The nave of the Confessor, in its bare severity, still stood to bring out by contrast the richness of the lofty Early English work, but in its main features the building we now see was there to delight the eyes of the Londoners, and the knights and burghers gathered from every corner of England.

But it was not only in the constitution and the architecture of the country that the long reign of Henry III. had seen great changes. When the boy-king was crowned at Gloucester in 1216 the nation had not grown the united England which hailed Edward as its king at the coronation of 1274. The reason why Gloucester and not Westminster saw Henry crowned, was that London was at that time besieged by the French prince Louis, whose wife was King John's niece, for the atrocities of the Angevin John had made many English barons prefer an unknown foreigner to the foreigner John, whose malice towards England was evident to all parties.

It is always darkest before the dawn, and after John Lackland lost his French dominions, the English barons stayed in their own island, and during the fifty-six years of Henry III.'s reign Saxon and Norman were welded into one. Just as a constant irritation develops the pearl in the oyster-shell, so the weak devotion of the young Henry to a succession of foreigners helped on the growth of English patriotism and solidarity. First it is his Bréton friends who win place and power from the boy-king. Then he showers benefits on the Savoyard relatives of his young wife Eleanor of Provence, and lastly the five Lusignan half-brothers, who grew up in the second home of the widowed Queen Isabella, roused the English nobles to the Barons' War by their insolence and greed.

It was across a sea of troubles that Edward I. had found his way to that August Sunday when a troop of loving citizens made holiday around him in Tothill Fields. In his youth the ferocity and malignity of the Angevins bid fair to drown the softer strains of culture and insight which he inherited from his Provençal mother. But the culture which in Eleanor was robbed of its charm by a selfish love of luxury, blended the character of her son to a rare mixture of strength and wisdom.

It was but ten years before the coronation that Prince Edward had pursued the Londoners under Thomas de Piwelesdun over the downs of Lewes, in revenge for the insults they had hurled at his mother when they called her witch, and flung mud and stones at her barge on its way through London Bridge.

In that fierce pursuit Prince Edward worked off the heavy grudge he bore the city, and in the ten years since the Battle of Lewes he had shown by many acts of valour and wisdom that he meant to make it his life's task to enrich England with what he had learned from the great-uncle Simon de Montfort whom he had defeated so completely in the Battle of Evesham.

We have known and loved Queen Alexandra for thirty-nine years, and in the same way the England of that day had loved the Castilian Eleanor for twenty years since the August day in 1254 when Prince Edward had married her in her childhood in the great cathedral of Burgos.

Then, as now, the Londoners delighted in courage and heroism, and we may fancy their enthusiasm over their new King and Queen who were fresh from the Crusade, where Edward had been stabbed by the emissaries of the Sultan Bibars. According to Professor Röhricht, the latest German authority on the Crusades, Eleanor did really suck the poison from the wound and so saved the life of her husband. These romantic circumstances must greatly have added to the enthusiasm for the young rulers on whom so many troubles had fallen since the last happy meeting in October, 1269, when the old King Henry had opened the great church over the shrine of the Confessor in the presence of his family, not forgetting to feast the London citizens who arrayed themselves for the event in silk and scarlet.

Of the guests assembled then many had passed away before the coronation in 1274. The old King Henry had doubtless felt as a heavy weight the guidance of his turbulent subjects during the absence on crusade of his sons Edward and Edmund. In an ancient history of the city of London,* we read how he wrote to the citizens commanding them to watch the gates of the city by day and by night, and to allow no citizen to possess a horse worth more than five pounds. Careful scrutiny was to be made so as to make sure that all citizens banished for their share in the Barons' War had not crept back to their old haunts, and in every way danger was to be averted. Yet, spite of these precautions, the eager burghers continued to quarrel as fiercely as ever about their rights and their liberties, and the last hours of the dying King were disturbed by tumultuous crowds of citizens who penetrated to Westminster Hall itself, shouting that they would not have William le Taylor as Mayor. "We are the commons of the State," they cried, "and we will have Walter Hervey." After King Henry was dead, the strong Earl Gilbert of Gloucester, who had himself once led the citizens in an armed rebellion, succeeded in restoring order and removing the turbulent demagogue Walter Hervey before the home-return of his cousin King Edward.

Besides the loss of his beloved father, King Edward had heard whilst in Sicily of the death of his eldest boy, the five-year-old Prince John. Small comfort, one fears, can have come to Queen Eleanor from her new-born son, Prince Alphonso, when the news was brought to her that she would never again see the John whom she had left behind. Moreover the brave old Crusading Uncle Richard, King of the Romans, in whose care the Prince had left his father, died in 1272, stricken to the ground by the frightful murder of his son, Henry of Almaine, who had been slaughtered by his cousin, Guy de Montfort, as he was praying in a church at Viterbo. The heart of the young Prince Henry had been brought to Westminster Abbey, and we cannot doubt that the thoughts of the King must have dwelt on this sad calamity as he passed through the long hours of the solemn services. Dante meets the soul of the murderer in Hell, and writes of him—

"Colui fesse in grembo a Dio,
Lo cor che 'n sul Tamigi ancor si cola."

which is, being interpreted—

"He in God's bosom smote the heart,
Which yet is honour'd on the bank of Thames."

Yet sad as is this list of bereavements, they were to be followed by others as sad. By December King Edward's second boy, the little child Prince Henry, was buried also, in spite of the sheepskins that had been applied to keep him warm, and the images of him in wax which had been burnt at many shrines to propitiate the saints. Before the spring of 1275 was over Edward's sister Queen Margaret of Scotland and his other sister Princess Beatrice of Bretagne had both died. Perhaps the hardships of the Crusade and the journey home through Greece had been too much for the Princess Beatrice, for we read in six-hundred-year-old family letters that she was *embonpoint*, and may have suffered in burning Eastern climates and on many a choppy sea voyage.

But we have examined the royal party with some minuteness, and will turn from the Spanish mother and her ten-year-old daughter Eleanora to try to collect some details concerning the crowds of knights and monks and citizens who are thronging the entries to the great white Abbey on this burning August Sunday. Merry we may depend upon it they are, for the conduit in Cheap has been running red and white wine all day, and though the country walk from Temple Bar has perhaps steadied the spirits of the crowd, yet generous hospitality awaits them, and no doubt the revelry runs high. We read in the old city history, written in the year of the coronation, that all the bare space near Westminster Palace was covered with handsome erections for the entertainment of gentle and simple, whilst tables were planted in the ground which groaned for fifteen days with delicacies lavished gratis on the poor as well as the rich. In the enclosure of the palace mighty kitchens were built, and outside the kitchens were great leaden coppers in which could be boiled the seethed flesh beloved of our

* *Liber de Antiquis Legibus.*

ancestors. The old book tells us that there was no roof at all to the kitchen where the tribes of feathered fowl were turned on the spit, so that all unpleasant smoke might rise up and disperse of itself. We may fancy the troops of kitchen boys turning the long spits so familiar in the old MSS. illuminations, and the vituperations of the chefs busy over the exceedingly complicated cooking of those days. The old scribe tells us that no head would avail to count the casks of wine provided, and that both the great and little hall at Westminster were freshly whitewashed and painted with bright new frescoes.

Our ancestors did not fail to enter life fully through the five gates of the senses, and rejoiced in the music and fancy of countless minstrels, who fed them with literature through the ear. The young city of London abounded in cunning craftsmen who could paint a fresco which rolled out literature before the eye, or who could fashion wonders of design in gold, such as the lately finished shrine of the Confessor, or finely-tempered iron-work, such as the grill over Queen Eleanor's tomb, capable of resisting the wear and tear of London mobs through more than six centuries.

We may judge of the wealth of these London citizens in their fair houses, lying in gardens and orchards, by the fine of twenty thousand marks which they had offered to pay so as to wipe from Henry III.'s mind their offences at the time of the Barons' War. Moreover the constant entries in the history of the city concerning the wills of wealthy citizens gives a striking impression of the growing treasures of London.

The charm of the lively crowd consists perhaps mainly in its motley character. Here is Bertrand de Croysores, a merchant living in London, but coming from Paris. We might cull from the Patent Rolls the old-world names of a hundred such, but a short search will tell us that merchants from Cologne such as John de Stesnete have settled in London through the influence of Henry III.'s brother Richard, King of the Romans, and merchants from Spain such as Nicholas de Garsie through the influence of the Spanish Eleanor, while Flanders, Normandy, Florence, Lucca, and many another far-off spot have rewarded England for her gift of freedom by bringing numberless delicate arts and crafts to enrich the sturdy capacities of her own native merchants, such as William Poxe, Geoffrey Monkey and William Frescheved.

King Edward himself and his young wife have just returned from a distant tour not unlike that of our own Prince of Wales. The wise head of the King is full of legal knowledge gained in a winter spent in Sicily in that court of Charles of Anjou, where French tyranny has not wholly eradicated the legal system of Frederick II., whom his contemporaries called "stupor mundi," the wonder of the world. Before starting for the crusade Prince Edward had conferred in Paris with the saintly Louis IX., and is said to have had intercourse with the great French jurist Philippe de Beaumanoir. After leaving Palestine Edward made a long stay in Rome, and had intercourse with Francesco Accursi, the great lawyer of Bologna. Last but not of least importance we may mention his visit to his wife's brother, Alfonso the Wise King of Castille, who had made it his life's work to enrich Spain with the "Siete Partidas," a code of laws almost too valuable to be appreciated by that age.

Need we wonder that Edward's great city of London, composed as it was of such conflicting elements, forgot the trials it had suffered from the caprice of Henry III., and welcomed with enthusiasm the king who knew how to think as well as how to fight.

Four of the good citizens we may fancy as priding themselves on some intimacy with the royal party, for the King had written a gracious letter in April from Bordeaux expressing satisfaction at the preparations the citizens were making for the coronation, and asking them to send four of their discreetest members to meet him at Paris. We gather from the Patent Rolls that Edward had excellent pecuniary reasons for the invitation, but to this the good citizens were well accustomed, and no doubt felt the honour in no way lessened by it. Luke de Lucca, the King's merchant, was to take two thousand pounds of the taxes levied on Jews to meet the King's wants in Paris. The four citizens chosen by the Londoners in the Guildhall were Henry le Waleis, the Mayor, Gregory de Rokesle, John Horn and Luke de Batencourt. Henry de Waleis had shown such zeal in preparing for the King that he had got into some trouble with the populace. The stalls of the butchers and the fishmongers in Westcheap appeared to him as ugly as the open butchers' shops in Aldgate High Street appear to us to-day. With a high hand he issued an order that they should all be swept away before the coming coronation, thereby entangling himself in a *verbosa contentio*, or lengthy slanging match with that daring champion of the people, the ex-Mayor Walter Hervey. But those troubled days are over, Walter is banished from his aldermanry, and is perhaps stirring up troubles in that old centre of disaffection, the island of Ely, where boats had to be sunk and ambushes laid, because rebels were said secretly to be gathering there in May last.

To-day all is happy festivity. The dark times of 1267 are passed, if not forgotten—the days when Gilbert the Red, Earl of Gloucester, held London for the disinherited and a white sea of tents covered an army hostile to Henry III. in Southwark and the ground between Aldgate and the Tower. The old history book tells us that all the chairs and furniture in Westminster Palace have been mended since those April days, when irrepressible bands left the camp round Southwark and went in boats to do damage to the King's dwelling. Before Richard King of the Romans died in his Berkhamsted castle he made a lasting friendship between his turbulent step-grandson Gilbert and his nephew Edward, and doubtless dangers shared abroad have cemented that alliance. Little does King Edward think now that in sixteen years he will be marrying to this headstrong subject his baby Joan of Acres, whom he has just left behind under the blue skies of Castile to be reared up by her Spanish grandmother Joanna of Ponthieu.

Yet out of no less conflicting elements did Edward make a lasting marriage between his two kingdoms of England and Wales.

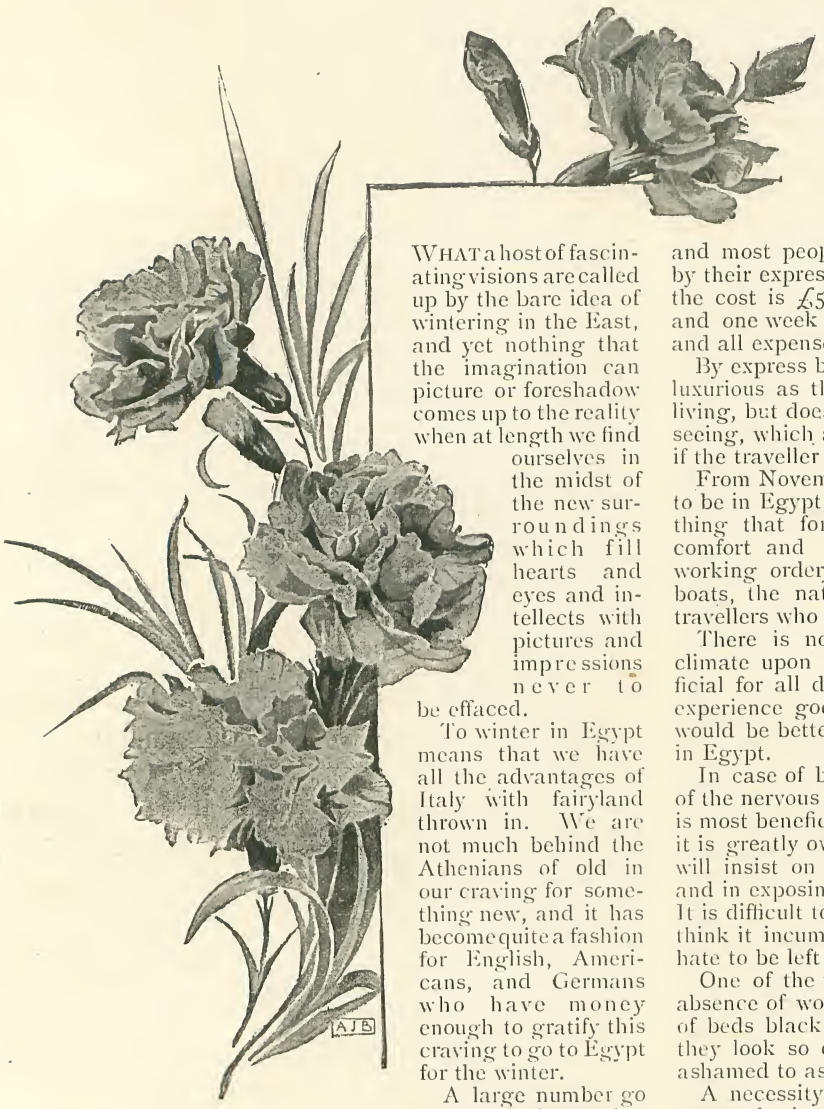
We will not attempt to describe the complicated ceremonial of the coronation, but as the most interesting part of a pageant is the character of the great people who figure in it, it is worth while to glance at Robert Kilwardby, the Dominican Archbishop of Canterbury, whose mind was overflowing with all the deep scholastic thought of the day. His will be the most interesting figure to the Oxford scholars, rich and poor, who are to be seen probably in great numbers, since the frequent visits of the Court to the King's palace in Beaumont Fields has made the Royal Family an object of interest to the University.

To the great Hall of Westminster the people have free access, and minstrels, jugglers, monks, nuns and citizens may gaze to heart's content at the good fare provided. The wealthy Sir Robert Aguilun holds the manor of Addington in Surrey by the service of making "hastias" or hasty puddings for the coronation banquet, or else of furnishing a cook to make a mess of meat, which when stuffed is called, "Malpigernoun." Sir Robert is probably sitting at the High Table on the daïs, for his wife is Margaret de Redvers, widow of the great Earl of Devon and aunt of old Queen Eleanor. Yet though the guests are of such high rank there is little gravity or decorum observed. The great hall-gate stands wide open. Alexander King of Scotland rides in on horseback with one hundred knights. He is followed by Edmund Earl of Cornwall, the King's cousin, and other magnates; they leap from their horses and loosing the bridle abandon their steeds to the eager crowd with the cry of "Catch who can!" Yet spite of the scuffling among the rushes, you must fancy a scene of great splendour. Alard Lupi had sold the King one hundred pounds' worth of furs for the coronation as he passed through Bruges on the homeward journey, and the ladies' robes were heavy with the golden buttons used to adorn the long trains of the period. As we look our last at this scene of ancient revelry, I will remind you that the holiday-making was doubly grateful to the crowd, as they had been restricted this year in their favourite amusement of tournaments.

CLOTILDA MARSON.

WINTERING IN THE EAST.

By EMMA BREWER.



WHAT a host of fascinating visions are called up by the bare idea of wintering in the East, and yet nothing that the imagination can picture or foreshadow comes up to the reality when at length we find ourselves in the midst of the new surroundings which fill hearts and eyes and intellects with pictures and impressions never to be effaced.

To winter in Egypt means that we have all the advantages of Italy with fairyland thrown in. We are not much behind the Athenians of old in our craving for something new, and it has become quite a fashion for English, Americans, and Germans who have money enough to gratify this craving to go to Egypt for the winter.

A large number go in search of health or to ward off threatened disease, but the majority make their way thither for a new life full of change, fascination, and pleasure—in fact, to live over again the *Arabian Nights*.

Perhaps the reason why books and exhibitions have failed to bring home to us the actual life in Egypt is because they could not by any possibility convey to us the climate, the soil, and the ever-changing population, which render it so different from any other place. So wonderful is our first experience of it that we are overwhelmed with delight and surprise.

The great aim and object of all visitors is to get to Cairo as quickly as possible. Many never care to go beyond, for it is a city that attracts and fascinates the world, and contains enough within itself and surroundings to occupy visitors not only one winter but many. For example, there are the bazaars, the mosques, the Pyramids, the Sphinx, with its grand solemn face looking out over the Lybian Desert as if watching for someone; Heliopolis; the ostrich-farm; the howling Dervishes; the dancing Dervishes, and a hundred other attractions, both outside and inside the hotels.

The people, however, who really go to Egypt for health do not remain in Cairo very long, but make their way either to Helouan, Luxor, or Assouan, living quietly there for the winter; or, if rich enough, they hire a dahabeah or house-boat for the season, and live on the Nile. As a rule an English clergyman, doctor, trained nurse and housekeeper live in the hotels of these health resorts on the Nile, and in case of sickness, beef-tea, arrowroot, and suchlike food can be had quite as good as at home.

There is a railway from Cairo to Luxor and Assouan, but it is a long weary journey, and most people prefer to go by Cook's big Nile boats or by their express boats. For the return journey by the first the cost is £50, which includes a fortnight on the Nile, and one week on land, food (not wine or mineral waters), and all expenses connected with sight-seeing.

By express boats, which are very comfortable, but not so luxurious as the big ones, the cost is £21 for journey and living, but does not include expenses connected with sight-seeing, which are considerable, but need not be undertaken if the traveller does not wish to join in the excursions.

From November to the middle of March is the best time to be in Egypt, not only for the climate but because everything that forethought and money can arrange for the comfort and convenience of travellers is then in full working order—the bazaars, the hotels, the gardens, the boats, the natives, are all ready and expectant for the travellers who come in their thousands.

There is no doubt about the wonderful effect of the climate upon sick and delicate people. It is most beneficial for all diseases except heart trouble. As far as my experience goes and that of many others, I should say it would be better for people with heart-disease *not* to winter in Egypt.

In case of bronchitis, rheumatism, cough, or breakdown of the nervous system, the effect of spending a winter there is most beneficial; and if the death-rate is somewhat high, it is greatly owing to the recklessness of the visitors, who will insist on doing too much in the way of sight-seeing and in exposing themselves to the intense heat of the sun. It is difficult to keep them within bounds; sick or well they think it incumbent upon them to see everything, and they hate to be left behind when an excursion is on foot.

One of the things which strike visitors as strange is the absence of women-servants in Egypt; even for the making of beds black or bronze chamber-men are employed, and they look so dignified and prince-like that one is almost ashamed to ask them for such a trivial thing as hot water.

A necessity for travellers in Egypt is a dragoman, who, as a rule, is very faithful to his employers, and certainly will not allow anyone else to cheat them. He should not, however, be chosen haphazard from the crowd outside the hotels, but on the recommendation of Thos. Cook and Son, or the porter of the hotel in which the travellers are staying. It is well to have an understanding with them, before accepting their services, as to time and money. Their fee is generally five shillings a day and all expenses paid.

People so frequently ask us what sort of clothes they should take with them to Egypt. Those made of thin, soft materials of wool or silk are best. Nothing heavy should be worn, and, if possible, neither linen nor muslin dresses, as the expense of laundry is very great, and the way the clothes are washed is most destructive. One or two smart blouses and one best dress for evenings should be taken, as everyone dresses a good deal for *table d'hôte*. Heavy outdoor wraps are not necessary, but thin woollen and Shetland shawls are very useful, both on the boats and on the verandahs. A light straw hat with broad brim is almost a necessity, together with a blue gauze veil.

By all means take an old riding skirt for donkey-riding—any blouse will do if you have a skirt. Very thin cashmere stockings are better than silk, which draw the feet in hot climates, and certainly open worked ones should not be

worn, as the gnats and mosquitoes get in and cause a good deal of pain.

Formerly it was difficult to buy any English goods in Cairo. There is now a very good shop kept by Bryan Davis and Co. where you can buy all that is wanted, but at a higher cost than at home. There are very good chemists also at which prescriptions can be made up.

There are one or two ways of reaching Cairo from London. One is to go by P. and O. boat or North German Lloyd to Port Said or Alexandria direct and thence by rail to Cairo. The other is to take express train to Brindisi, and then boat to Alexandria. For those who are not good sailors the latter is perhaps the best; it certainly is the shortest sea passage, and the rail from Alexandria to Cairo is very much shorter than that between Port Said and Cairo.

On our first visit to Egypt, some ten years ago, we took the Brindisi and Alexandria route, and we shall never forget the morning we approached Alexandria. We were all on deck at four o'clock, watching the superb sunrise on the African coast, and as we drew near the low flat shore, with its date-palms, mud huts, and one-storeyed houses, we saw a crowd of men—black, brown, and yellow, in red, white, and green gowns, red fez and turbans, who formed a picture such as we had never seen before. We passed Pharos, where the first lighthouse ever built once stood, and in due time we landed, were packed in an omnibus, our luggage passed, and in a few minutes were having our breakfast in the Abbat Hotel. As soon as we had finished the dragoman came for us to show us all that could be seen in the one day, for we were off to Cairo next morning. It was here we gained our first experience of Oriental life. We walked through bazaars, drove along avenues of date-palms and sand-heaps, eating sugar cane and mandarin oranges, till we came to a Bedouin encampment, with its tiny babies and camels, and then along the Nile to Pompey's Pillar. And the next day we reached Cairo after a journey of one hundred and fifty miles, during which we caught a first view of the Pyramids!

Settled in the verandah of Shepheard's Hotel, drinking tea after the journey, one wants nothing more, at all events for the time being.

PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.



CHAPTER XXIX.

PIXIE did not go home for the Easter holidays, for everything at the Castle was so sad and unsettled that Bridgie felt it advisable that the little sister should stay away a little longer, and an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Vane came as a happy alternative. On the whole she spent a happy three weeks, thoroughly enjoying the luxury of her surroundings, and the attention lavished upon her by every member of the household. Mr. Vane still remained grey and serious, but he was unfailingly kind; while his wife belonged to the type designated by schoolgirls as "simple darlings," and seemed to find no greater pleasure in life than in making young people happy. It was evident that they were both devoted to their only remaining child, though there was a reserve in their manner which seemed to Irish Pixie perilously allied to coldness. She was all unconscious that her own fearless intimacy of manner made a precedent for little demonstrations of affection which had hitherto been unknown in the household; but so it was, and her host and hostess felt that they owed her a second debt of gratitude, whenever Lottie volunteered a caress, or added a second kiss to the morning greeting. Perhaps, in their determination to overcome their daughter's faults, they had erred on the side of firmness, and so brought about another temptation in the girl's terror of discovery, and if this were so, what better instrument could have been found to draw them together than fearless, loving, audacious Pixie? When the time came to return to school, she received many pressing invitations to return to a home where she would always be welcome, and was able truthfully to assure the girls at Holly House that Lottie had been "an angel" to her throughout the holidays.

After that the ordinary routine went on for a few weeks, broken by nothing more exciting than the weekly letters from home, then came an episode of thrilling interest, when Geoffrey Hilliard was shown into the drawing-room, and Miss O'Shaughnessy summoned from her class and sent upstairs to brush her hair, before going to interview him. He was leaning against the mantel-piece as she entered, looking very tall and handsome in his long frock coat, and he was smiling to himself with a curious shiny look in his eyes which at once arrested Pixie's attention.

"How are you, Pixie? How are you, dear little girl?" he cried gushingly.

Pixie remarked that she was in excellent health, privately not a little taken aback by his fervour. "He seems to be mighty fond of me, all of a sudden. Over at Bally William he didn't care half so much. I suppose he missed me, after I'd gone." She smiled at him encouragingly. "And you are looking very well yourself. I'm pleased to see you!"

"I am very well, Pixie. Happiness agrees with me. I'm very happy—the happiest man in the world! Do you know why? I am going to be married. I came on purpose to tell you. Can you guess who 'She' is?"

"How could I guess? I don't know your friends. There's no one at all that it could be, unless perhaps——" Pixie stopped short suddenly, as certain memories darted into her mind. The extraordinary manner in which Mr. Hilliard was always appearing at Knock Castle during the Christmas holidays; his interest in everything Esmeralda did and said; the fixity of his gaze upon the beautiful face. She gasped and blinked with surprise. "Not—not Esmeralda?"

"Yes, yes, yes! Esmeralda, of course! Clever girl to guess so well! It was settled only last Wednesday, and she sent me across to tell you first thing, and ask your consent, as she couldn't be properly engaged without it. You see this is an important matter for me, so you really must be kind, for I can't *give up* Esmeralda, after waiting for her so long. Will you have

me for another brother, and let me do all I can to make you happy?"

"I'm glad it isn't Bridgie," sighed Pixie irrelevantly; then, fearing that she had failed in politeness, "But Esmeralda is nice, too," she added quickly. "She can't help having a temper, and she won't show it to you, like she did to her brothers and sisters. And she is beautiful. I've seen photographs of people they call beautiful here, and they are frights compared with her. I suppose I can have her room after she's married! It's got one of the turret windows, and I always wanted it because of the view. I hope you will be happy, Mr. Hilliard. It was very kind of you to come and tell me. I'll write and ask Esmeralda if I may be a bridesmaid."

Hilliard laughed, and muttered something about "sisterly candour." He did not seem in the least alarmed at the thought of Esmeralda's temper, and settled the bridesmaid question there and then with the utmost confidence.

"Of course you shall be bridesmaid. The wedding will be in the summer holidays, but you will see your sisters before then. You knew of course they were trying to let the Castle for a few years, until Jack makes his fortune, and goes back to live there himself. Well, I am glad to say a tenant has been found through a lawyer, and that everything is satisfactorily arranged. He takes possession on the first of September, and Bridgie is coming to live in London with Jack and the boys, in a nice little flat, where you can spend your holidays. She said I was to tell you that, and to say that you were not to fret for the Castle, for you would see much more of each other than if she had remained over there. She is coming to town in summer to look for the flat, and Esmeralda is coming too, to buy fineries for the wedding, and then we will all return to Ireland and have a quiet little wedding and you shall keep Bridgie company when I carry Esmeralda away. That's the summer programme. I hope you approve!"

"I hate the man who's coming to Knock," said Pixie sadly. "But I am glad Bridgie will be near, and it will be lovely on holidays. It must feel strange to live in a flat; like being in a cage. I am sorry for the people beneath when the boys get romping round. If I were Bridgie, I'd take a house, and then we could make as much noise as we liked. It's no use pretending that we are a quiet family, because we're not. You might think it was an army, to hear us tramp downstairs!"

"I—I think myself that a house would be more suitable!" said Hilliard, smiling his humorous twisted smile, then he asked to see Mademoiselle, and when he said to her in her turn that he had a piece of news to impart, she nodded her head gaily, and cried, "So, so! I 'ope you will be very 'appy!" and could not be induced to say that she was in the least surprised. Pixie hoped that none of the girls would ask about the new brother's business; for, after boasting of possible dukes, it was really rather humiliating to come down to glue! What a comfort that Lottie had turned over a new leaf, and abandoned her snobbish inquisitive questionings!

After that it was a case of counting the days until the arrival of the sisters, and Pixie's companions were almost as excited as herself, at the prospect of seeing the much-talked-of Bridgie and Esmeralda in the flesh. Miss Joan announced her intention of taking advantage of the July sales to buy her *trousseau*—a delightful arrangement, for by the time that dressmakers had done their work, the holidays would begin, so that the girls could be present at the great breaking-up festival, and afterwards act as companions on the journey home. Pixie's elastic spirits went up with a bound, and every week they grew higher and higher until at last it became a question of days, and Bridgie's letter must needs be addressed to Jack's lodgings instead of Knock Castle, for by the time it was delivered, the dear visitors would have arrived in town.

"Please come to see me soon," ran the letter, "and be sure to look your nicest, because of the girls! They all want to see you, and I've told them such lots about you. Please ask Miss Phipps to let me come out often. Wednesday is the best day, because it's half holiday, only I should like other days better, because then I should get off prep. Please wear your best clothes!"

The two sisters laughed heartily over this missive, but Pixie's word was law, and as usual they obeyed her instructions to the letter. A telegram was sent off next morning to announce the hour in the afternoon at which they hoped to call, and the morning was spent to such good purpose that two most elegant and fashionable-looking young ladies drove up to Holly House shortly before four o'clock. The third form girls were, to a man, peeping through the curtains of their class-room; Ethel had left her music in the drawing-room, and rushed downstairs to reclaim it the moment the door-bell rang; Kate suddenly felt it impossible to live without a clean handkerchief, and on her way upstairs waited round the corner of the hall until she could meet the visitors face to face; Flora peeped through the banisters, and snored so loudly in her excitement that she was in instant danger of discovery; Pixie rushed like a whirlwind from the top of the house and flung herself into Bridgie's arms.

They hugged and kissed, and kissed and hugged again, and fell apart to gaze with eyes that suddenly brimmed with tears. No need to ask the cause! The remembrance of the Major was in each heart, but Bridgie dried her eyes, and said as if answering the unspoken lament—

"But we have so much to be thankful for! Such a splendid let for the Castle, and Jack so good, trying to find work for the boys, and Geoffrey like another brother, and Esmeralda so happy."

No question about that! Esmeralda was radiant, more beautiful than ever, and astonishingly grand. So was Bridgie! The little sister gazed from one to the other with kindling eyes. Black dresses with tails to them; fluffy gauze boas with ends floating to the knees, hats that were not hats, but crinkled, brimless things like the Surbiton ladies wore in the afternoons, and so light and gauzy that they might have been blown away with a breath.

"You are fine!" she gasped, and the girls laughed and cried merrily.

"We had our instructions, you see! We dared not come down until we had bought new hats and gloves; and we put on our very best clothes for the girls' benefit."

"And jewellery!" added Esmeralda, and Pixie looked at her with an even more critical scrutiny. There was a little diamond brooch sparkling among the laces at her throat. "Geoffrey gave me that!" There was a gold bangle round her wrist, with a heart-shaped locket dangling from the clasp. "Geoffrey gave me that!" There was a dainty little watch pinned on to her dress. "Geoffrey gave me that!"

"Deary me," quoth Pixie at last, "it must be rather nice being engaged."

"It is, my dear. Quite nice! And he gave us these

boas too, insisted upon buying them when he came shopping with us this morning. He said boas were the fashionable thing, and he really dared not allow us to face 'the girls' without them. He is very extravagant, but he says he will only be engaged once, and after we are married he will be as careful as I like. It was through his lawyer that we found our tenant. Geoffrey told him about the place, and it seemed that it was just exactly what a client had been wanting. We have not seen him yet, but he is tremendously interested in old places, and is going to spend a lot of money putting things into repair, which, of course, is a very good thing for us. He has taken it for ten years, and by the end of the lease Jack hopes he may be able to go back himself, for part of the year, at any rate. It is hard to leave Knock, but not so hard as we expected, for I am to be married, and the rest of you will be together, and able to enjoy seeing the sights, and all the fun and bustle of town life."

"And it will be so good for the boys. They were idling away their time, but now they will have to set to work in earnest to make their way in the world. It will be the making of them, so even if we do feel homesick at times it will be a light price to pay for their good," said Bridgie hastily, for the tears were beginning to rise again in Pixie's eyes at the thought of leaving the dear old home. "Dear me, I am longing to see 'the girls'! Aren't we going to see 'the girls'? What is the use of our dressing up like this if we are not to see 'the girls'?"

"Come along! Come along! Miss Phipps said I was to take you round before she came in to give you tea. Come along, and see them now," cried Pixie, prancing to the door with eager steps, and forgetting everything else in the excitement of the coming introduction, as it had been intended that she should do. Bridgie and Joan followed close behind, smiling in anticipation, but it was rather an embarrassing occasion when the door of the big class-room was thrown open, and fifteen girls rose to their feet and stood staring with unblinking eyes, while Fräulein smiled and bowed from the end of the long table. Bridgie wanted to say something graceful and appropriate, but could only blush, and smile, and stammer feebly. "Oh-h! How do you do? I—is there anyone here that I know by name? Flora—Margaret—Kate? Are any of your special friends here, Pixie? Please introduce me."

"That's Flora," said Pixie, pointing barefacedly across the room, "the fat one. Kate is next to Fräulein—with specs! Margaret is having her music lesson. That's Ethel in the middle, with the frizzy hair. This is my sister Bridgie that I've told you about."

The faces of the girls thus singled out for special notice were wooden in stolidity. Not a flicker of animation lit up their features; they stood like pokers staring blankly before them, as if they had heard no word of what was passing, and poor Bridgie murmured more disconnected nothings, while Esmeralda looked from one to the other with her haughty, patronising smile. It was quite a relief when the door was shut, and the presence of Mademoiselle in class room number two insured one listener at least who would speak in reply. The greeting was a warm one on both sides, but conversation was deferred until tea-time, when Mademoiselle had been asked to join the party in the drawing-room, and after just a minute's wait a move was made upstairs to the room where Pixie slept. Here there were photographs to exhibit and a number of tiny ornaments which had been gifts from other girls.

"Ethel gave me that the day that I was ill. Fanny bought me that when she went out for the day. It cost threepence. Wasn't it dear? Dora Ellis and Vera Knowles clubbed together and bought me that at the bazaar. It's supposed to be for matches. I am going to give it to Jack at Christmas. That's Ethel's mother. She is really awfully nice, though you wouldn't think so. That's Flora's little brother. Isn't he like Mellin's Food? Ethel has silver brushes. I wish I might have silver things. She is awfully proud of her dressing-table. If I stand on my pillow I can just see over the curtain between our beds. I painted eyes on my forehead one night, and tied my hair round it. It looked lovely, just like a monkey, and then I crept up quietly, and put it over for Ethel to see. She did howl! Shall we go downstairs now? You'll have a scrumptious tea. Visitors always do. That's one reason why it's so nice having them coming to see you."

Miss Phipps and Mademoiselle were waiting in the drawing-room, and, to the amusement of her sisters, Pixie became a model of decorum the moment she entered their presence, and handed about cake and tea in the most staid and deliberate fashion. To see her stand with her heels drawn neatly together in the first position; to hear her demure "Yes, Miss Phipps!" "No, Miss Phipps!" was almost too much for Esmeralda's composure, and she was glad to leave the house with the promise of having Pixie to spend a long day in town at the beginning of the following week, while that young lady herself was so eager to return to her companions and hear their criticisms on her visitors that she bore the parting with wonderful resignation.

Fortunately for all, approval was unanimous, and the girls declared in a breath that never, no never, had they seen anyone so "simply sweet" as Bridgie, so "frightfully pretty" as Esmeralda. Bridgie was a darling; her eyes looked so kind and loving and sorry for you, and didn't she look an angel when she smiled? Esmeralda was like a queen; they could quite imagine that she had a temper, but when she laughed she had the sweetest dimples! Did her hair curl naturally? Fancy! She was really and truly like a picture, and not a bit like a person who was alive. Didn't they look ducks together—one so fair, one so dark? So on, and so on, until Pixie was one big beam of joy and contentment.

During the next fortnight Pixie spent no less than three days with her sisters, and had the felicity of helping to choose the little house in which they were to begin the new life. After an inspection of various flats Bridgie was quite of one mind with her youngest sister in believing that either they themselves or every other tenant in the building would have to give notice within a week of their arrival. It was so preposterous to think of creeping on tip-toe in consideration for your neighbours below, and speaking in hushed tones because of your neighbours above, while, in spite of high rents, the passages seemed so cramped, oh, so painfully cramped and narrow! Even a little house was a castle, comparatively speaking, and in due time one was found which promised to be healthy and convenient, and was put in the hands of painters and paper-hangers to be ready for the removal in autumn.

(*To be concluded.*)

AN ANCIENT BIRD LEGEND.

By JEAN A. OWEN.



Birds had not always wings; there was a time
When they but crept and ran from tree to tree.
No beast of prey was there—no raider bold
To pounce on fledgeling fresh from parent wing.
When changes came, then the Great Spirit saw
His feathered children could not hold their own.

* * * * *

One morning, as the flush of early dawn
Came stealing o'er the hills and tree-tops tall,
And fluttering, cheeping things were wakened all,
Each little bird saw standing by his side
An uncouth, awkward, double-fashioned form,
Which filled his little heart with strange alarm:
He durst not move for fear. Then came a voice—
"A pair for each! Take these upon your backs!"
Fearful, each bird now clung to Mother Earth.
They were so small, so frail for such a task.
More clearly came the voice—"Ye must obey!"
Trembling, each little creature raised his load.
When lo! the dreaded burden bore him up,
Far o'er the plain, far above rocks and trees.
Then song burst forth, glad notes of joy and praise.

* * * * *

An ancient legend this, still told to show
How burdens bravely borne will bear men high.

THE MIGHTY DEEP.

"Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,"

sings, perchance, with a sense of joyful proprietorship, many an English voice; but how few among us ever pause, when gazing o'er the surface of the blue and glittering sea which encircles our native shores, to contemplate or conjecture what strange mysteries lurk below, what wondrous events take place in those depths, black with abyssmal darkness, silent with the silence of ages, of whose very existence we have but recently become aware!

Thirty or forty years ago we knew nothing, or next to nothing, of that nether world with its teeming myriads of living creatures, all subject to hereditary laws, all pursuing their appointed ends.

The under-ocean was to us either a vague fairyland of possible mermaids—familiar acquaintances of our old friend Captain Kittridge—or a waste region of death; but now, while the scientist may study and investigate for himself, and the cultured thinker peruse learned tomes upon the subject, all who care to learn in simpler phraseology some of those amazing facts and truths stranger than fiction with which ocean life abounds, may well turn to a book which has just appeared, *The Mighty Deep*, by Agnes Giberne—a book which appeals no less to that love of the marvellous and the sublime inherent in nearly every human breast, than to that need for simplicity and brevity which is begotten of our present-day lives. Many of us have no leisure for the ardent pursuit of any study, however engrossing. Here is a book for the busy. Here is also a book within the comprehension of all. Open it where you will, and the eye is caught by some stupendous announcement, or fascinated by some vivid and picturesque narration. For instance, we all know, or think we know, something about the Gulf Stream, that beneficent influence we daily have cause to bless for our equable climate—but what do we know of that other vast current, the "Kuro Sivo" or Black Stream, which flows outside Japan, carrying such stores of tropic warmth to North America that the little humming-bird is found there at a latitude which on the other side of the continent means walruses among the ice-floes? What of the "Equatorial Current," four thousand miles long, whose majestic volume slowly rolls from east to west beneath the breath of the fiery Trade Winds? What of the "Sargasso Sea," with its weird and terrible collection of relics, its welded mass of wreckage culled "from ships dismasted that were hailed, and gave no answer back again"? A wonderful chapter is that on "Ocean Rivers" in *The Mighty Deep*.

But Miss Giberne has thrilling tales as well as awe-inspiring records for us. She takes us down "to the dark, the utter dark, where the blind white sea-snakes are," and bids us view the monsters at play. In their deadly revels and fierce enjoyments they occasionally over-reach themselves, as, for instance, the Black Swallower, "who," says our author, "accomplishes at least every now and then the rare feat of swallowing a morsel many times larger than itself." Here is how it does so. The Black Swallower is a creature of slender proportions, but after such a meal the slenderness disappears. "It seizes upon a fish six or eight times its own size, and *gradually climbs over it with its jaws!*" Mouth and stomach stretch elastically during the process, till the whole of the large fish has passed inside the little fish, and a vast pouch hangs out below, which pouch is the distended stomach. Nemesis, however, is swift, and death the penalty. As the "mouthful" decomposes, it fills the bag with gases like an inflated balloon, which balloon bears the unhappy victim to the surface, where it floats wrong way up! Even the astute statesman who essayed to make the punishment fit the crime, could not have devised a more appropriate ending.

Of the terrible octopus, familiarly termed the "Squid," Miss Giberne gives us fresh and gruesome details. One variety, when not hungry, will playfully kill for the pure fun of killing. Another has been found with a body thirteen feet long and arms thirty-seven feet; another has suckers



PLAYING BOWLS IN THE OLDEN TIME. [*Copyright* 1894 *by Franz Hanfstaengl, Munich.*

supplied with claws as powerful as those of a tiger, "yet neither strength, nor speed, nor clinging suckers, nor tiger-like claws, nor parrot-like beak, can protect the cuttlefish from its supreme foe, the sperm whale." A tremendous midnight conflict was once witnessed between these dread antogonists by Mr. Frank Bullen, whose description in *The Cruise of the Cachelot* our author quotes: "The whale's head was a perfect network of writhing arms; and by its side appeared the head of the great 'Squid,' as awful an object as could well be imagined in a fevered dream, with eyes a foot in diameter! As the titanic struggle went on, the whale, in a business-like, methodical fashion, munched away at his huge enemy, and eventually overcame all resistance." A scene to make one shudder! And cold, indeed, must run the blood of the unfortunate human being who occasionally finds himself the object of a hideous embrace, differing in method from but similar in intent to that of the ferocious octopus. The pearl-divers of Panama are liable at any moment to be enfolded in the "wings" of the Eagle-ray, a peculiarly vicious species of sea-devil, whose procedure is to glide over its prey, settle down upon it, hold it fast by the grip of a broad and heavy body, and then luxuriously tear it bit from bit!

To the famous cruise of the good ship *Challenger* in 1872, we owe the most of such information as we now possess regarding the "great grey level plains of ooze" at the bottom of the ocean. For nearly three and a half years the *Challenger* cruised about the world; dipping her instruments, measuring depths, studying temperature, and bringing up from the ocean bed, materials whereby to judge of the state of that nether world which the eye of man has never seen, which the foot of man has never trod, and which, except in death, the hand of man has never touched. Three and a half years of steady work, hundreds upon hundreds of soundings, thousands upon thousands of miles traversed, days, weeks, and months of patient, unremitting study of specimens—this is what the *Challenger* expedition meant.

No wonder we owe it a debt of undying gratitude, even though we learn that there are still tens of thousands of square miles, north and south and east and west, which yet remain untouched.

A few words more. The specimens of animal life hauled up by the *Challenger's* dredgers at depths of two and three miles "were known by sure tokens to have lived near the bottom." But where is the bottom—the deepest bottom, we should say? Have we yet reached it? Three hundred years ago a famous navigator fancied he had when he made a sounding which went below two hundred fathoms—that is, about as much below the surface of the shore as Beechy Head rises above it. We have now found a "deep" in the Pacific Ocean which sinks lower than the highest mountain peak in the world towers above sea-level! Mount Everest in the Himalayas is twenty-nine thousand feet high; this stupendous chasm is thirty-one thousand feet deep. One almost draws a breath of relief that it is so far away, and that no similar horror lurks at our own door. The "Silver Streak," useful as an appendage, is a poor thing by way of an abyss. Indeed, were the whole surface of the ocean to be lowered six hundred feet—a paltry nothing—there would be a hue and cry. At once the British Isles would be joined to the continent of Europe by dry land; Asia and North America would be united at the Behring Straits; Ceylon would find itself a part of India—with many lesser additions and subtractions. Only six hundred feet—think of it!

Space forbids us to linger longer—to dwell on submarine forests of floating weed, whose fronds rival the growths of tropic palms, on the ceaseless rain of dropping shells which for centuries has pursued its unremitting task of formation on the ocean bed; on the countless myriads of beauteous as well as of awful living creatures whose home is in the mighty deep, and whose ways are alone known to Him Who set them there; but we would close by asking our readers a single question, Can any thoughtful seeker after truth doubt, after perusing some such work as that before us, so replete with facts of solemn magnitude, that overshadowing all this marvel and mystery, upholding, directing, and controlling all from the noblest to the least, is a Mind Supreme, that of its Maker and Creator, that of the One Eternal, Immortal, Invisible God? L. B. WALFORD.

THE FALLING OUT.

BY MARY HARTIER.

CHAPTER III.



IT was full summer, and the days had gone by with leaden feet for Leah since that spring evening when she and Robert Elsworthy had parted in anger. Over and over again in her loneliness had she repented of her obstinacy. It was partly jealousy, and the rankling feeling of her own lowly social position compared with that of her rival which had made her so bitterly opposed to Robert's wish. She had almost persuaded herself that he wanted an excuse to be rid of her.

The hedges were a tangle of wild roses and honeysuckle, but she had no rambles through the lanes now on Sunday afternoons. All her girl friends had their own companions, and the youths who were attracted by her bright eyes found she would have nothing to say to them.

She seldom saw Robert Elsworthy, for she kept away from the places where she would be likely to meet him. In church she looked out anxiously for his appearance, and held her breath when Liza Baker, in all her summer finery, went up the aisle, lest he should be in attendance. But he always came in alone and sat in the men's block of benches. Evidently the courting had not entered on even that initial stage, and no rumours on the subject reached her, but Leah tortured herself with the thought that it might be going on unknown to her.

One evening when she was returning home after doing an errand in the village for her mistress, she met Tom Baker.

"Have 'ee heard the news, Leah?" he said with some excitement. "Old Mis' Elsworthy's been took with a seizure, and I don't believe her'll last till morning."

The colour left Leah's face. Her first thought was one of shame and compunction that she had spoken hardly of Robert's mother. Why had she not borne with her ill-temper and given in to his wish to propitiate her? She would then have had the right to go to her help.

"Liza's up with her now," Tom went on, and Leah's heart died within her at the words, for it must mean that affairs were settled between her and Robert.

"Can't her daughters be with her?" she asked.

"No; Jane's bad abed, and Mary Ann's youngest has the measles. The poor old soul's left without anybody to look after her. 'Tis most unfortunate it should have happened while Robert is away."

"Where is he?" asked the girl.

"Aw, I forgot you and he wasn't on quite the terms you once was. Why, he's away up-country to the Royal Show with a mare his master's showing. Can't be home for days neither, as it only began yesterday, and a telegram comed to say the mare had took first prize. Couldn't leave a valuable animal like that, however bad his old mother might be."

"He'll be in a terrible way," said Leah. "He was always one to think a deal of his mother."

"My Liza's written to-day to tell him she'll give her the best of tendance, and will look after her as if she was her own mother. I'm thinking she wouldn't be sorry to call her that, neither; no offence to you, my dear, and I'm sure I hope you'll soon pick up wi' another young man so good as he."

Leah shrank into herself and tried to move away, but Tom Baker was too full of his news to let her go without hearing the whole.

"Poor dear soul! 'Tis a weist sight her is, sure enough, lying there taking no notice of anybody and spaking never a word. Not but what her looked a bit knowledgable now and again, and I spoke to her on the chance of her taking it in. 'Mis' Elsworthy,' I says, 'I can see death in yer face. Poor dear, you've a-spoke yer last word, and you'll never rise up from that there bed again.' I thought it would comfort her like to know us realised how bad her was."

"I hope she'll last till Robert comes home," said Leah, as she slipped away.

The next morning she heard the patient had recovered consciousness and that the immediate danger had passed. In the evening she was much astonished to have a visit from the daughter, Mary Ann.

"Could 'ee possibly come up and see mother?" she said. "All day long her's been calling out for 'ee and us can't pacify her nohow."

"But isn't Liza Baker there?"

"No; doctor sent her packing, for mother got so excited when she was in the room that he said he wouldn't answer for the consequences if she stayed. They must have had words in the night when mother comed to, but I can't get out of Liza what 'twas all about, and poor mother's rambling half her time, and you can't make head or tail of her meaning, except that she keeps on calling out, 'Bring Leah West; I want her to sit up with me to-night.'"

"I must ask missus if she'll spare me," said the bewildered girl, "but I'd be glad to come and do what I can for Mrs. Elsworthy."

Leah hurried off when she had got leave of absence for the night, and was soon in the sick-room. The patient was quieter and had fallen into intermittent slumber. When she roused and looked at the girl sitting by her bedside, she seemed contented and did not speak. The doctor came and gave his instructions, and Leah was left alone to her night of watching.

It seemed so strange to be there in the silent little room with Robert's mother, a woman who had never said a kind word to her. But as she looked at the worn, lined face on the pillow, with an expression on it so like her son's, a wave of tenderness came over the girl and she stooped and kissed her.

The sick woman opened her eyes.

"You'm a better maid than t'other after all," she said, and dropped off to sleep again.

There was no sound but the ticking of the tall clock in the kitchen underneath, and the churring of a night-jar which flew round and round the beacon just above them. Leah busied herself every hour preparing nourishment for the invalid, and the short night passed more quickly than she had thought possible.

The night-jar had not long ceased when the first lark began his jubilant song. Then thrushes and blackbirds, finches and warblers joined in, and the full chorus lasted until the sun was high. It lessened then, for the first spring ecstasy was over when the birds would sing without a pause from dawn till nightfall. The song and dalliance of the "sweet o' the year" were giving place to the cares of tending their young and the incessant search for food, and only now and again, when the joy of life must find expression, would the full-throated melodies sound.

It was the quietest time, just before the village would awake and the field labourers go forth to their work, when the old woman roused herself and began to talk to Leah.

"I reckon you'm fond of my Robert still, bean't 'ee?" she asked.

The girl's head bent lower, but she made no answer.

"Well, my dear, if you can get him to come after 'ee again, you'm welcome to. I won't make no obstacles this time."

"I'm not going to lift my finger to make any man come after me," said Leah proudly.

"Dear, dear! If that isn't just the contrary way of maidens, and men, too, for the matter of that! As like as not Robert will want that minx Liza Baker now, just because I've come to a different opinion about her. And I sha'n't rest in my grave——"

She broke off suddenly with a distracted, wandering look.

"Oh, I can't—I can't—speak—proper," she said with difficulty, and sank back exhausted.

Leah put her arm round her and revived her with milk.

"You must keep quiet, Mrs. Elsworthy. Try to go to sleep again and don't talk."

"I can't rest with it on my mind. I want to tell 'ee, Leah, what that maid was up to last night."

She had recovered from the slight difficulty of speech, and Leah bent over to listen, finding it quieted her, and contradiction would only make her more excited.

"First thing I can call to mind was a light in my eyes," said the old woman. "I thought the house was afire, and I tried to get up and call out, but I found I couldn't move nor spake. Then I made sure it was robbers, for I could hear drawers pulled in and out, and presently I saw a woman rummaging here, there and everywhere, looking over all my things and turning everything upside down. I reckon I groaned, for all to once her clapped to the drawers and comed over to the bed.

"'Dear Mis' Elsworthy,' her said, 'do 'ee feel better?' and I saw 'twas Liza Baker.

"I couldn't make head nor tail of what I'd a-seen. I felt all maze-headed, so I swallered what her gave me and went off again. When I comed to, it was just getting light, and her was in Robert's room hunting about, and presently I heard her down in the kitchen. Her must have ransacked the house from top to bottom, the audacious hussy! I was in a pretty way, I can tell 'ee, and somehow when her comed in again and sat down by the bed, I couldn't make her understand what I thought of her doings, and that made me in a worse passion than ever. Words wouldn't come out like, and her treated me same as if I was an infant or a poor half-saved crittur. But I'd got my thoughts even if I couldn't spake. And presently her went off to sleep, and slept sound and snored like a pig till Mary Ann comed in."

"She'd no business to do that when she had promised to look after you," said Leah.

"A nice lot of looking after, sure enough! I should have been thankful for a drop of tea, but I never got a chance of it. And then it comed into my mind whatever should I do if I was bed-ridden and she was missus here! I can't rest easy thinking on it. Leah, you won't bear malice, will 'ee, my dear, and give Robert the go-by if he wants a wife now he won't have me to do for him?"

"Don't trouble about it, Mrs. Elsworthy," said the girl, anxious to soothe her. "When Robert comes home he will look after you and take care of you until you are about again."

"Why doesn't he come?" she wailed. "Leah, go to door and look if you can see him."

The girl did as she was told, just to satisfy the old woman. She stood in the porch and looked down on the village where the smoke from a cottage chimney rose here and there, a quivering column in the clear morning air, showing that the day's work would soon begin. Then she turned and looked across the marshes to the sea shimmering under a sky of pearl. Then nearer home, down the steep track between high hedges which led to the cottage. A yellow-hammer's monotonous song made her feel sleepy after her night of watching. She passed her hand across her aching brow and stifled a little yawn.

What made her eyes grow suddenly bright and the swift colour fly to her face? A man was swinging up the hill, bare-headed and carrying his coat on his arm.

The girl stood there with the morning sun full upon her,

shading her eyes with her hand, gazing, gazing as if in a dream.

The man's pace quickened and broke into a run until he reached her and took her in his arms.

"Little Leah! Dear little maid! Have 'ee come home at last?" he said.

* * * * *

It was a September morning, and Mrs. Elsworthy sat in her porch again. The orchards below were laden with red and golden fruit, and the cornfields lay swept and garnished, a flat expanse of stubble, in place of the waving wheat and barley. From the church in the valley a peal of bells suddenly rang out.

"There, they'm man and wife now, sure enough," the old woman said to Tom Baker, who was standing by her with a bunch of flowers he had brought to deck the table for the modest wedding-feast. Liza had reproached him for his extravagance, and had seemed rather cross that he should so honour a ceremony to which she had not been invited, but the flowers wanted picking, he told her, and wouldn't last till market-day.

"Ah well," he said, "neither old nor young can come between 'em now and spoil the marriage. And I should think you'm pretty well reconciled by this time, Mis' Elsworthy, with your right hand and arm helpless, to have somebody about that can tend 'ee and do for Robert."

"Well, things might be worse, I shouldn't wonder. And anyways I've proved 'ee a false prophet, Tom Baker. Aw, they've told me time and again how you stood there so solemn like and said, 'You won't never rise out of your bed no more, nor spake another word.' You may depend 'tisn't safe to go counting on a woman's tongue having stopped till her's clapped under ground once for all."

"Nobody's more glad than I be myself that I was mistook, Mis' Elsworthy. I know when a plant's goin' home for certain, but I'll make no more prophecies about human critturs."

Presently the wedding-party came in sight. Robert was radiant, with Leah on his arm looking her fairest in her simple white frock and shady hat. They were a few yards ahead of the others.

"You'm happy, Leah?" he asked a little anxiously, when they caught sight of the bent old woman in the porch.

She understood.

"She doesn't dislike me now, Robert. But I'd be happy along with you even if she did," she said, clinging closer to his arm.

[THE END.]

THE ANCHORESS OF STE. MAXIME.

By M. H. CORNWALL LEGH, Author of "Gold in the Furnace," "An Incorrigible Girl," "At the Foot of the Rainbow," etc.

CHAPTER IX.



ARE you really going to Castellamare?" Alison asked, when Kate and she were alone in each other's company that evening.

"Yes, really, if a certain young lady will accompany me."

"Oh, Kate!"

"I have cousins there who have been trying to persuade me to run down and look them up before I go back to England, and as the weather seems to be abominable at home, I am in no hurry to return."

"But it was with the idea of my going with you that you made up your mind to this. Oh, Kate, you are good to me! But——"

"But you think you can't leave your mother. Now I know that you can. It only wants a little courage, and if love doesn't give a woman courage enough for that——" There was a fine accent of scorn in Kate's voice and the flick of her finger as she added what she would not give for the woman.

"It isn't exactly courage, though——"

"Yes, it is!" broke in Kate.

"Well, perhaps I am a coward," said Alison humbly, "but it is not only that I am afraid to take my fate in my hands like this—I feel I couldn't send mother into the state she got into last time I threatened to leave her."

"Then don't. There is no reason whatever you should tell her you are going; in fact, every reason not to. It would simply drive her into hysterics again, which will be entirely obviated if you write a letter and leave it for her. I have talked the whole thing over with Dr. Le Brun, and he says there would not be the slightest difficulty in getting a nurse for your mother, who would take her down to Castellamare, and though he seemed to think there might be some risk in her going over to England at this season, he was morally sure the journey to Naples would not hurt her, and that the climate would suit her as well as this. I asked him if he did not consider the thing she wanted was something to rouse her, and he said 'Yes.' He had known cases of the same kind where a sudden shock had dispelled the *maladie imaginaire*, acted, in fact, as a cure."

"Fancy you seeing him and arranging everything without telling me!"

"My dear child, if one were to wait till one had consulted with all the vacillating people who won't go into the water till they have learnt to swim, and don't know their own minds from one half-hour to another"—she patted Alison affectionately on the shoulder—"one wouldn't get much done in this world. You have too much of your mother's blood in you, my dear," she added. "The people who care for you have to make up your mind for you; you will never have the strength of purpose to act for yourself."

"Then you have quite settled that I am to go with you?"

"Yes. We start on Friday morning by the early train before your mother is awake. Within a week we shall see her and her nurse appear at Castellamare."

"If she wouldn't come I could come back to her."

"You are not to suggest that in the letter!"

"No, of course not! I should implore her to come after me. Couldn't I offer to come back and take her?"

Kate seized Alison by both shoulders and positively shook her.

"My dear child, whoever marries you will want the patience of Job! Tell her you will come back! What's the use then of going away at all? You are breaking up this life of hers here; that is the whole point and object of your going. If she thinks you will ever come back to her budge she won't! We shall find a telegram waiting for you at Castellamare saying that your mother is on the point of dying if you don't return instantly to make her her beef-tea. You must write very firmly. Let her feel that at last you have mastered her. Then she will give in. Muster all your firmness and the victory is yours. Fail now and you and your mother are done for. I don't see anything that is ever to save you."

* * * * *

"Russell isn't going to sail till the afternoon. Won't you come over to St. Tropez and have luncheon with me as a wind-up festivity?" Hugo asked, as he greeted Kate and Alison the following morning. "There is a good breeze for crossing the bay either way to-day, and if the wind should die down you can always come back by the train."

Kate accepted for them both, and an hour later the *Trois Frères* was carrying them all across the bay. There was a crisp breeze blowing, and the boat danced and curveted about; every now and then a handful of spray threw itself playfully upon the shoulders of the passengers, but, enveloped by the good-natured boatman in an orange-coloured sail, Kate and Alison laughed at the little douches.

"My cousin has just promised to come down to Castellamare with me," said Kate. Alison's heart gave a great throb at the sudden lighting up of Hugo's face, and his change from the least to the greatest cheerfulness she had ever known in him.

"Kate has almost persuaded me to come," she said. "I did not know that I had quite made up my mind."

"I did it for you," said Kate.

"*C'est magnifique!*" exclaimed Hugo. "But how will Mrs. Woodward be able to spare you?"

Alison coloured, not the less because Hugo's question was put in all innocence, possibly with the suggestion of a compliment. Kate explained matters for her.

"The separation won't be for long, and Mrs. Woodward is to have a nurse to look after her while Alison is away. It will be as good for her as for her daughter to have a little variety, and they will both value each other more when they meet again. It isn't good for two women always to be shut up together," she laughed.

Then Hugo was eager to hear all about Kate's plans, singularly more so than he had been the day before. They must go up Vesuvius together; they must see Pompeii together; they must do the Blue Grotto at Capri together; they must—— How long was Miss Woodward going to be down there? Every inconvenient question of this kind Kate answered with precision and decision, till, by the time St. Tropez was reached, Alison felt that her cousin had in very truth cast the die and settled her action for her. There was no drawing back now.

With a feeling of excitement, of exhilaration, such as she had never known before, Alison realised that she was on the point of life, of freedom. All her hesitation had been but foolish, childish cowardice. Farewell now to that, and ho! for new scenes, for the breaking of the tyranny of circumstance!

With this strange glamour upon her, Alison went through all the scenes of that day. As they arrived at St. Tropez an hour before it was time for lunch, Hugo proposed that they should visit the Citadel, and they climbed up the grass-grown height to the stern old building at the top. A smiling-faced girl admitted them and showed them over the fortress. As they stood at the top, holding their hats and looking down on the view that spread away for an incalculable number of miles, Alison's eyes rested longest on Ste. Maxime. There it lay, the other side of the bay, the little town which had been her home for three long years, the gaunt hotel above it that she had learnt to look on as her prison. Somehow a wave of affection for the place surged over Alison's soul for a moment, a touch of something, almost regret, at the thought that she was about to leave it for ever. She remembered the ideas that had run through her mind as she listened to Hugo's suggestions for a new life of interest there, ideas speedily to be extinguished, with Kate's divulging of her scheme. Ah well! the released convict does not regret the prison library!

As they returned through the picturesque old town, Hugo found that he was leaving St. Tropez without having made half the sketches that he might have made. That street of arches now, why had he not done that? And the fine old gateway? And that dear old woman selling live snails?

"I had more than half a mind yesterday to tell Russell he was to go out without me, and I would meet him south later on," he said. "I really think I should have decided to do it if—I hadn't heard about this delightful plan."

Alison's lips opened, but she shut them again, realising for herself the impossibility of saying what rushed to them. A great pang of regret for her—or, more accurately speaking, Kate's—decision seized her heart for a moment; before she had time to remember that it was for her mother's sake, to rouse her from her fatal state of nerves, that she was going to leave Ste. Maxime.

"It would be a great waste of time to stay any longer here," said Kate promptly. "If you find this beautiful, what will you think of Capri and Amalfi? Much better to spend every day you have in the Naples neighbourhood. You will not find you have an hour too much."

"I never do—anywhere," responded Hugo. "Do you know I have left it to the last moment to sketch that dear, delightful dog and cock in the boat with St. Tropez? Do you mind coming into the church?"

"Well, I will come in to oblige," said Kate. "But I am not fond of visiting churches, particularly Roman Catholic ones. The contact with 'piety when clothed in rags' is a thing I avoid when I can. Even if there isn't a service going on, there is the accumulated breath of bygone generations, which can't be healthy."

"Ah, but microbes were not invented in those days," responded Hugo, as he held back the leathern curtain at the door, for them to enter.

"Do you know the legend of St. Tropez?" asked Alison. "He was a Roman soldier, martyred in Italy, somewhere about the first century. They beheaded him and put his body in a boat with a cock and a dog, and it was washed ashore at this place. They have a festival here in his honour in May, called *La Bravade*. There is a grand service in the church, and then a procession through the town carrying his image."

The two were now standing in front of an enshrined bust of the martyr decked with artificial flowers and a big yellow ribbon bow, and almost covered with medals of the Legion of Honour, little guns and metal hearts. Alison went on: "There is a Captain of La Bravade chosen each year, and the procession is partly military. That is to say, men march one on each side of the

Saint dressed in wonderful mediæval costumes, firing off a most extraordinary kind of gun, hundreds of years old. When the religious part of the festival is over, the people get themselves up in all sorts of odd costumes and dance in the streets. It goes on for days. Some French people who were at the hotel took me over to see it last year. You ought to have been there," addressing herself to Hugo.

Of course Hugo longed to see a Bravade, and wanted to hear a great deal more about it and St. Tropez than Alison was able to tell.

"You had better do your sketch now," said Kate, cutting into the conversation which experience told her was likely to outlast the limit of time she cared to spend in an unventilated building. "I hope you will find your subject inspiring," as she cast her twinkling eyes on a queerly-built model of a boat containing the headless image of the saint, with a curly-tailed dog of colossal proportions on one side of him, and a cock the same size, not relatively, but in actuality, at the other.

"What stuff people do believe!" exclaimed Kate, a remark which set Hugo on to demonstrating the possibility, nearly extending to probability, of the legend. Why should St. Tropez be put in a boat? Why not? It was the most natural thing in the world that the dog should keep close to his master's body whatever was done with it, and there was no reason there should not have happened to be a fowl in the boat. Why invent the incident if untrue? Supposing the boat sent afloat, why should not the currents wash it hither? Wreckage sunk off the Channel Islands had been found on the coasts of Norway.

By the time he had completely convinced Alison, and as completely failed to convince Kate, Hugo had made a pencil sketch of St. Tropez, his companions, and the boat that contained them. Then they all went to the hotel and had luncheon, Hugo acting as host, and talked gaily of their next merry meeting.

The ladies must come on board the *Phantom*, Hugo said, and be introduced to his friends, of whom he hoped they would see more at Castellamare. The rivets of Alison's resolution were fixed more firmly than ever as Colonel Russell and his sons were told of her plans, and mutual schemes were concocted for future pleasurings.

Before they left the yacht, after tea, following rather incontinently on the heels of luncheon, Hugo insisted on Kate and Alison each choosing one of his sketches as a remembrance of their time together.

"Tell me which you want," Kate whispered to her cousin. "I've no room for packing these things, and I know you'd like two."

So Alison came away possessed of a sunset with a flock of brown sheep and small black lambs, led by a brown-coated shepherd in the foreground, and of an old woman leading a donkey laden with heath up a path among the cork-trees; proud enough of having some of Hugo's work, though with very small idea of the real value of her possessions.

The *Phantom* and the *Trois Frères* sailed out of the little port together, the former hoisting the flags which, it had just been explained to the un-nautical Kate and Alison, signalled 'Good-bye and good luck to you,' to which they replied with waving handkerchiefs.

Alison was very silent all the way back to Ste. Maxime, though, whenever her eyes met Kate's, she smiled, and once or twice her hand stole over to her cousin's and pressed it. There was no doubt about it, Kate was exceedingly good to her.

All through the evening Alison was in a state of suppressed, but ever-growing, excitement. She had the feeling that she ought to be with her mother a great deal during this, their last day together, but it was painful to her to look into her mother's eyes, to hear her mother's voice, conscious the while of her own hidden purpose. She was thankful when dinner-time came and Mrs. Woodward told her that she did not wish for her company through the evening.

"You and Kate will like to be together, as she is going off to-morrow," Mrs. Woodward said, giving such a sharp twinge to her daughter's heart that Alison had to repeat to herself for the hundredth time, "It is for mother's own sake more than mine, that it is good to leave her," as she ran down to the dining-room.

Alison spent her evening, not in parting converse with her cousin, but in packing. Kate insisted that she should take everything she had with her, as an evidence of the finality of her move. She also insisted on reading the letter Alison was leaving for her mother, and made her write it again, when the first edition struck her as too mild and vacillating.

"Will that do?" asked Alison, after she had re-written it. Kate read:

"Darling Mother,—I hope you will forgive me for the step I have taken, and understand it is for your sake as much as mine that I have done it. By the time you read this, I shall be on my way to Castellamare with Kate. I should have told you beforehand, only I knew that any altercation on the subject would upset you, and I had quite made up my mind to go. Dr. Le Brun says that it would not do you the least harm in the world to follow me there, in the care of a nurse whom he is going to engage for you. We shall have a room ready for you at the Hotel Quisisana, and I will come and meet you at Naples directly I hear when you are going to arrive. But do not ask me to come back to you at Ste. Maxime, for that I can never, never do. I feel that the life we have been living there is so terribly bad for us both that it must be broken up by any means. It is only because I feel there is no other way open to me of moving you that I am leaving you thus.

"Hoping to see you with us very soon, dearest Mother,

"I am, Your loving, penitent

"Alison."

"Scratch out 'penitent,'" said Kate with a frown.

"But I feel so. I can't help it. It is horrid to do something that will hurt one's mother horribly, even knowing it is for her good."

"Well, I suppose that must pass then. I am going to leave a note for her too, telling her that it was entirely by my advice you decided on this step—and a few more things," she added under her breath.

By ten o'clock, all Alison's packing was done, and she and Kate parted for the night, which would be but a short one, as they had to leave the hotel in the morning at half-past five. The two letters were given in charge to Euphrosyne, to be delivered to Mrs. Woodward when her coffee was taken to her at eight.

And now Alison must wish her mother good night. She stood for a few seconds with her hand on the door-handle, looking back on the two neat boxes covered and strapped, and the hold-all, ready except for the night-things to be thrust into it in the morning.

Her heart was beating so fast! But that was silly of her. She must steady it. Five minutes, and the ordeal would be over. Perhaps her mother would be asleep. How achingly Alison hoped that she might be!

No; that was her voice. "Alison?"

"Yes, mother." She opened the door and went in.

(*To be continued.*)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

TELEPHONE WORK.—*I am an assistant in a stationery shop where a public telephone is used; and I should now like to become an operator in one of the offices of the National Telephone Company. How ought I to proceed?*—ANXIOUS.

The head office of the National Telephone Company is at Telephone House, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C. Girls are employed as operators. Their age on entry must be between seventeen and nineteen, and their height not less than 5 feet 3 inches. They must produce a certificate of birth, a doctor's certificate and two letters of recommendation. Good education and a good English pronunciation are also insisted upon. Operators are received at first on probation at a small wage for half time. Full time is eight hours a day. The payment is 9s. per week, rising by one shilling weekly to 15s. Operators become Supervisors in order of seniority, if suitable, and wages for these are from 16s. to 18s. a week. Clerks in charge of an exchange receive from 20s. to 30s. according to the size of the exchange.

THE WORK OF AN OFFICE CLERK.—*What is the actual nature of the work of a clerk who does typewriting and shorthand? I should be glad to have as complete a description as you can give me of the work that has to be done by girls in this position from day to day.*—DRIFTWEED.

We are glad that our correspondent has put the above question. It is not always easy to describe the duties of a clerk very definitely, because the business of offices varies so greatly. For this reason we see with regret girls going from one office to another, apparently quite indifferent to the class of work which they will have to do. We think that clerks would have more chance of getting on and of rising to be something better than clerks if they would enter offices in the general business of which they feel some interest. But trying, as far as we can do, to generalise and to describe the duties which are likely to be common to clerks in all offices, we may say that the day's work is somewhat as follows—

The clerk will arrive at the office about nine o'clock, and will (if she is the chief in command and has been so directed) open all letters not addressed to the head of the firm personally or to individuals, and lay these letters, neatly arranged, upon the desk of her employer. If any business has been left over from the previous day, she will go on with this until her employer arrives, which will probably be about ten o'clock. The employer, after reading his correspondence, will most likely summon the clerk to bring her note-book and to take down in shorthand, from his dictation, answers to some of the letters. During the rest of the day she will be chiefly occupied in typing these letters, using a typing ribbon or pad from which one or more copies can be taken. And here we may say comes the opportunity for a clever girl to make her value felt. Many employers in replying to correspondence which is not of great importance, dictate to a clerk in very colloquial language or only give her the gist of what they wish to be said. The mechanical clerk takes it down verbatim; and the result is often far from being a courteous or satisfactory letter. On the other hand some employers dictate extremely well, and wish to have a letter reproduced in their own language. There are dangers therefore in the way of the over-intelligent clerk at some offices; but the wish of the employer in this matter should soon be learnt and obediently followed. An hour or two before closing-time the clerk should present all the letters to her employer to receive his approval and signature; after which she will proceed to copy them, by means of a copying-press or otherwise, into the letter-book. She will also index the letter-book with the names of the persons to whom the letters are addressed, and the page numbers of the volume in which these letters are to be found. In many offices, notably those of public societies, a diary is kept of the day's work, the number of callers, the number of letters received and sent out, and other particulars. Stamps also must be accounted for. In every office, therefore, there is a good deal of petty account-keeping to be done; but actual book-keeping by double entry is not very often required of girl-clerks. Many strangers call daily at an office, and in dealing with these the ability of a clerk is often put to the proof. A clerk who is always civil to strangers, and yet can get rid of bores and impostors, and one who also remembers the faces of callers and the circumstances attending their visits, is certain to be valued, and an employer will not lightly part with her. Want of common sense stands much in the way of a clerk; and so, too, does levity of manner. It is extremely important in city offices, where the callers and even the employer himself are not always gentlemen, for a girl to maintain a quiet, well-bred manner. With regard to other arrangements, we may say that a clerk is usually allowed about an hour in the middle of the day for lunch; but for tea, she will probably have to wait till closing time, which in most offices is at six o'clock.

NURSING THE POOR.—*I wish to be trained for mission work among the poor, and should like to be trained as a nurse, because I think if one is able to heal the body, one is helped to reach the hearts of the people. I am just nineteen, and should like to begin my course of training when I am twenty-one. Ought I to enter a hospital? I wish to pay all my expenses myself out of my earnings: how can this be done? Are there any books which I could study meanwhile?*—MIRIEE.

MIRIEE should seek to become a Queen Victoria Jubilee Nurse. She will find the life a most serviceable and rewarding one. The work, though hard, is full of interest, and it gives to a nurse the sense that she is not only helping to heal her patients of the special diseases from which they are suffering, or at least, of mitigating their miseries, but also that she is introducing into untidy and disorderly homes a feeling for the advantages of cleanliness and duty-doing. But the trouble is that MIRIEE is still several years too young to begin her training. Most of the large general hospitals will not accept probationers under twenty-two or twenty-three, and sometimes the minimum age is fixed as high as twenty-five. Here and there are large general infirmaries, however, which will take probationers at twenty-one; and it is possible that MIRIEE could comply with the regulations of the Institute by going to one of these. The rules of the Institute demand that a Queen's nurse, offering herself for town work, should have had (a) training at some approved general hospital or infirmary for two years, and (b) approved training in district nursing for not less than six months, including the nursing of mothers and infants after childbirth. Having undergone this training, a nurse may apply to join the Institute. In some cases, however, the Institute is willing to defray the training expenses of a nurse; and it appears from the question of our correspondent that help of this kind would be necessary in her case. Accordingly we would recommend her to wait until she is twenty-one, and then lay her case before the General Superintendent of the Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses, St. Katherine's Precincts, Regent's Park, N.W. Not much can be done at present to advance our inquirer's knowledge of nursing. If there are any ambulance classes held in her neighbourhood, we would advise her to attend them. She should also improve her general education by study, and she might with advantage read some of the cheap pamphlets on social and philanthropic work published by the National Union of Women Workers, 59, Berners Street, London, W. If she can find opportunities to help in district visiting or similar work, it would be well to take them. Books which our correspondent might usefully study are *Sick Nursing*, by Christabel Osborn (London: Walter Scott, Ltd., Paternoster Square), and *Practical Hints on District Nursing*, by Miss Amy Hughes, late Superintendent of the Metropolitan and National Nursing Association (London: the Scientific Press, Ltd., 28, Southampton Street, Strand). Each of these books only costs one shilling.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

A KING'S DAUGHTER (Australia).—Your news of yourself and the happy results of your correspondence is most welcome. My girls can never know how much I value their prayers, their loving messages, and their gratitude for any help that God enables me to give them. Several texts tell of men giving their own names to the portions allotted to them in the Promised Land by Moses. See Numbers xxxii. The text you want is, I believe, Psalm xlix. 11—"Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever; their dwelling places to all generations; they call their lands after their own names." The explanation of the other passages which puzzle you is not difficult, but I have not space to give you the words of a profound scholar and theologian, as I should like to do. On no account harass yourself by dwelling on them, or pray less earnestly; only remember we must trust God to answer in His way. It is sure to be the best.

DISAPPOINTED.—I treat your letter in strictest confidence as you wish. Long as it is, every portion of it stirred me to deepest sympathy and admiration. How you can have done, and continue to do, so much work, despite the terrible physical disability under which you suffer, is marvellous to me! May God bless you and cheer you in the seasons of depression which might well be more numerous. Your brother is in the wrong to increase your hours of labour and the household expenditure in the way named. You were compelled to act for the sake of your mother; but try, dear, to lay the matter before him in the most kindly way possible, and plead for tender thought for your mother. As to the other matter, do not worry about it, or trouble him by saying much, seeing that even your mother does not disapprove. We cannot always judge for others, and, assuredly, grown-up brothers will not be driven. Wait patiently and trust.

YENIAM.—It is a pity you always "freeze up" when you long to speak to a friend who could help you. You ask, "How can I get faith?" I wrote on "Faith and Trust" in No. 1130, August 24th, 1901. Read that Talk again, dear girl, and imagine that you and I are really "side by side," and that you have the arm of your mother-friend round you. Do not be disheartened by failures and wish to die, because you sometimes find it hard to work and trust, even with all God's gracious promises to cheer you. Read 1 Kings xviii. The story in it stirs one so. It tells how God honoured His trusting servant with miracle-working power. Read the following chapter, and you see Elijah a fugitive, hiding in terror and wishing to die because of a wicked woman's threat! Is it a strange thing that you, a girl, get disheartened sometimes? The God of Elijah is our God, and we know more than the prophet did, for has not Christ been manifest in the flesh and lived and died for us? Will our Father forget His weak children, for whom He gave His only and beloved Son? God's true servants rejoice that He knows their every thought. He sees your failures, but He also reads your longings after holiness and self-dedication. They are true prayers, though unuttered, and will not be in vain. Never again go to the Lord's Table merely lest your pastor should notice your absence. Go in penitence for sin and faith in God's willingness to forgive. Expect His presence Who said, "Do this in remembrance of Me," and "Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst."

ANON asks for prayer that she may love and serve God more, and that grace may be given to overcome unjust and morbid thoughts which harass her life of absolute loneliness. She will have the sympathy of many who read this brief appeal. The writer gives no address for the return of her enclosure if it should not be used.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.—There is no reason why a girl who began as a student teacher in a private boarding-school should not "rise to anything," but, of course, much depends upon the school—and the girl! Some private boarding-schools are exceedingly bad, others are good. The London B.A. is an excellent qualification for a teacher. You would first have to matriculate, then pass the Intermediate, then the final B.A., and you would take three years at least for these examinations. You could be prepared for them in any way most convenient. Of course it would be a great advantage to go to Newnham, Girton, or Holloway, and for each college there are scholarships. Apply for full information to the secretary of each. There are also scholarships at University College, London; Bedford College, York Place, Baker Street, S.W.; Westfield College, Finchley Road, Hampstead, N.W.; King's College (Ladies' Department), 13, Kensington Square, W.; and Queen's College, 43, Harley Street, W. You can obtain the fullest particulars of scholarships, etc., by writing to each of these colleges.

EDUCATION.—We are interested by your letter, and perhaps you will find some useful information in the preceding answer. Holloway College would, we should judge, be specially suitable for your daughter, and by writing to the Royal Holloway College, Egham, you would obtain full particulars. Scholarships, of which comparatively little seems to be known, are offered by the Technical Education Board. The organising Director of Technical Education for Kent is F. W. Crook, Esq., 53, Parliament Street, S.W., who would doubtless answer any inquiries. The position of women teachers in elementary schools is rapidly improving. How would you like your daughter to sit for the King's Scholarship Examination, and then enter a training college, where the fee for two years' board and education is really nominal? The life at such a college, for instance, as Stockwell is most delightful; the education is admirable. Alfred S. Bourne, Esq., British and Foreign School Society, Temple Chambers, London, E.C., would give you all information if you like this suggestion.

GRACIE and others.—We have been obliged to discontinue printing requests for correspondents, cards, etc., in this column. Those already on hand were printed on the inside of the cover of the weekly parts. You will see our notice on the subject. Want of space for the ever-increasing flood of such inquiries was our reason for the change. You can now, however, ask for a correspondent on the usual terms of advertisement.

BEGINNER, HILLSBOROUGH, and W. E. G.—We have pleasure in recommending to you the National Home Reading Union; Secretary, Miss Mondy, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London. This society prescribes courses of systematic reading, issues lists of books, publishes monthly magazines, and in every way provides help for those who have the ambition to attain self-culture by means of literature. There is no reading society definitely connected with THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, but we always recommend the National Home Reading Union. Amateur societies, for which we assume no responsibility, are from time to time mentioned in this column at the request of their promoters.

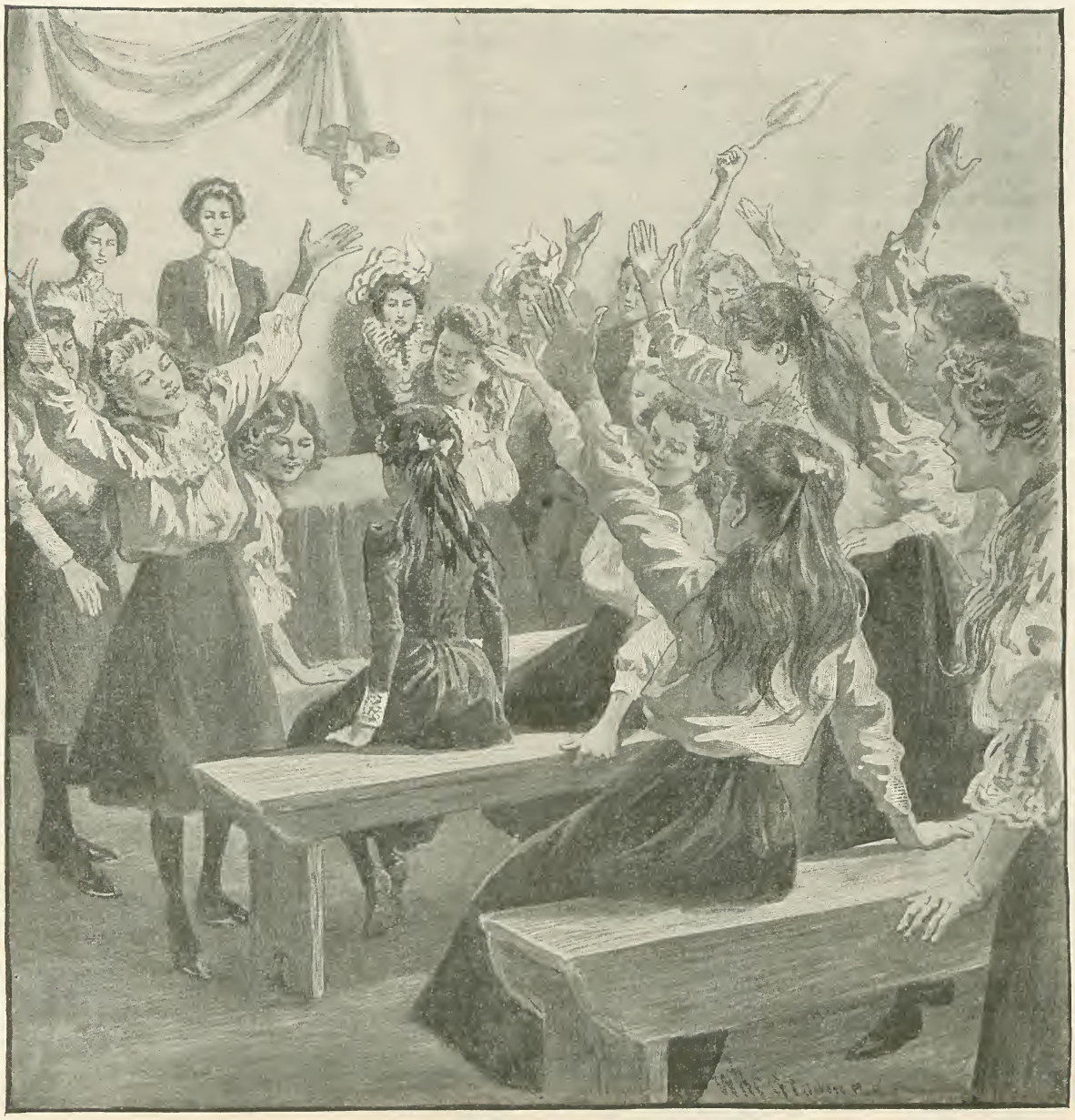
C. SINGLETON.—We advise you to procure *What Shall I Read?* by Lily Watson, published at 1s. 6d. by the Sunday School Union, Ludgate Hill. This book exactly answers your question, and there are schemes of reading at the end. The National Home Reading Union, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London, supplies lists of books.



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PIXIE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

BY MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "More About Peggy," etc.



All rights reserved.] "'BRAVO, PIXIE! THREE CHEERS FOR PIXIE!'"

CHAPTER XXX.



WHEN the breaking-up gathering was held, Pixie was proud indeed, for if other girls had fathers and mothers present, she had two sisters and Jack and Geoffrey Hilliard into the bargain, and there was no doubt that they were the handsomest and most attractive of all the guests. There was only one drawback to her happiness, and that was that there was no chance of being called forward to receive a prize, and so cover herself with glory. She devoutly hoped that the class lists might not be read aloud to betray how very, very near the bottom she was to be found, and heaved a deep sigh of relief when little Beatrice Ferrars marched up to receive her certificate, and so end the list of honours. But it appeared that it was not quite finished, for Miss Phipps rose to her feet and began to speak amid a general murmur of excitement.

"We now come to perhaps the most interesting item on our programme—the bestowal of a prize by the girls themselves instead of by the teachers. For the benefit of those who have not been present at one of these gatherings before, I must briefly explain that this prize consists of five pounds to be expended in books, and is the gift of the father of one of the pupils. Its object is to encourage among the girls a spirit of kindliness and consideration, a readiness to hold out a helping hand, to assist another to overcome a weakness, and, in short, to be friends in the best sense of the word. The prize is awarded once a year at the end of the summer term, and, as I have said, is awarded by the vote of the girls themselves. As they have the best opportunity of judging, it is only right that they should decide the award, and it is pleasant to know that this year at least there is absolute unanimity among them. I have gone over your voting papers, girls, and have pleasure in telling you that with the natural exception of the winner herself the same name was given by all. There is one girl who, whatever may be her faults and shortcomings, has never failed to show the most generous and unselfish friendship, one girl who has put her own interests aside and been content to suffer for the sake of others, one girl who has ever been on the watch to do a kindly act or speak a loving word, a girl whom everyone loves, who counts every member of the household among her admirers, and that girl's name is——"

She paused and looked smilingly at her pupils, and on the instant came the loud answering cry. The girls waved their hands in the air, they drummed on the ground with their feet. "Pixie!" they cried, "Pixie O'Shaughnessy!" and "Pixie!" once again, "Bravo, Pixie!" "Three cheers for Pixie!" until they were hoarse with shouting, and Miss Phipps held up her hand for silence. It was really a most exciting scene. Every eye was riveted on Pixie herself, who had applauded as violently as her companions when Miss Phipps first asked her question, and whose shrill cry of "Margaret! Margaret!" had been frozen on her lips by the sound of her own name. There she sat with her mouth agape, too much overcome by surprise to have any thought for appearances, and there sat Bridgie looking on and crying copiously with happiness, and Esmeralda blinking the tears away and laughing furtively at Jack, who was grunting to himself, "Silly fuss! Silly fuss!" and putting on a great appearance of boredom to detract attention from the tears on his eyelashes. There sat Mr. and Mrs. Vane, too, beaming with pleasure that their prize should have gone to Pixie of all people, and Lottie rubbing her hands and growing hysterical in delight. Then Pixie was marched up to the desk to be presented with the envelope containing the crisp new note, and when she had taken it she must needs turn round and face the audience, instead of scuttling back to her seat in abashed self-conscious fashion like other girls, and even address a word of acknowledgment for the applause bestowed upon her. "I'm very much obliged to ye!" she said in the broadest of Irish accents, and all the fathers and mothers lay back in their chairs and laughed until they were tired, and clapped so enthusiastically that it was a marvel that their beautiful light kid gloves did not split in halves.

In the drawing-room afterwards Pixie was quite the heroine of the occasion, and was greeted on all sides, and warmly congratulated on her success. Mr. and Mrs. Vane asked especially to be introduced to Bridgie and her party, and eventually sat down in the same corner to partake of tea. Pixie could not hear all that they said, but they looked at her as they spoke, and their faces were very kindly, so she was pleasantly conscious that she was the subject of conversation. Then Mrs. Vane began to speak of the contemplated removal to town, and made many kind offers of help and hospitality, while her husband put in a word about the dear old Castle.

"Your sister showed me some photographs when she was with us, and I was much impressed by them. It is a fine old place, and I can understand your attachment to it. You are fortunate to have secured such a good tenant. Curiously enough I was mentioning your name to my lawyer, who was dining with me the other night, and he told me he had just negotiated the lease for your new tenant. The young fellow is able to pay for his hobbies, and is evidently keen on putting the place in repair. It is not every day that a millionaire comes to the rescue just when he is wanted, but this Mr. Hilliard certainly seems the right man in the right place. Wonderful what glue can accomplish, isn't it, Miss O'Shaughnessy? It makes one almost wish to be in trade oneself!"

Jack was wont to say in later years that he had never admired Bridgie more than at this moment of surprise and shock. She turned white, it was true, but her voice was as calm as usual, and the manner in which she replied so full of quiet dignity, that neither then, nor at any other time, had Mr. Vane the slightest idea of the sensation which he had created.

As for Esmeralda, she did not know the meaning of control; what she felt she was obliged to show, and that forthwith, so within two minutes of Mr. Vane's disclosure, she became suddenly overcome with heat, and demanded Geoffrey's escort to the hall without. There they stood and faced each other, he all downcast and abashed, as who should say, "Please forgive me for not being poor!" she, flashing with indignation, which said as plainly, "How dare you be a millionaire!" There was silence for a minute, then she asked imperiously, "Is this true?" and he made a gesture of impatience.

"I wish that chattering old fellow was at the bottom of the sea. Yes, it's true, darling. I'm your tenant. I have more money than I know what to do with, and we are going to live at Knock half the year, you and I, and amuse ourselves putting it in repair, and have Bridgie and the rest over to stay with us, whenever you like. Don't be angry with me, please. I meant it all so well!"

Esmeralda drew a quick breath, and pressed her hands tightly together. Oh, dear old home, oh, dear old Castle, was it possible that it need not be left after all? need never pass into the hands of strangers? Was it really, really possible that she herself was to reign as Lady Bountiful, and see order replace disorder, beauty restored where ruin had walked barefaced? It was an effort to preserve an appearance of severity, but she would not give in so soon, so held her head erect, and demanded haughtily—

"Why was this kept from me? Why was I never told?"

"Jack knew," said Hilliard humbly. "Your father knew. I told him before his death. But, Esmeralda darling, I have been run after for my money all my life, it was so sweet to me to think that you believed me poor, and would still marry me for my own sake, that I could not bear to put an end to the delusion. Then I thought I would wait until we were married, and give you the lease of the Castle as a wedding-present. I meant it to be such a happy surprise, and that grey man has spoiled it all! What a comfort it would be if people would mind their own business! Do you remember pitying me for being dependent on glue, and taking for granted I must be poor? How I did enjoy that walk, and our talk together! But you see, darling, it is a more valuable commodity than you thought. My old uncle made a fortune by it, and I make a fresh fortune every year. You said once that you would like to be rich, but I haven't found it altogether a bed of roses. I need your help at least as much as if I were a poor man, and we will try together to use our money so as to make other people happier and better. First of all come your own brothers. I can help them on, and Bridgie and Pixie will be like my own sisters. You are pleased, Esmeralda, I can see it in your face. You are not angry with me any more? What are you thinking of, darling, with that far-away gaze?"

"I am thinking of father," said Esmeralda softly. "How happy he would be! There will still be an O'Shaughnessy at dear Knock Castle."

[THE END.]

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

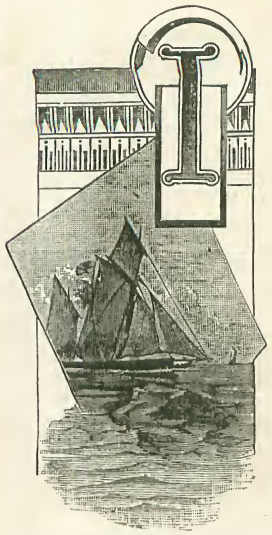
By RUTH LAMB.

PART VI.

PROVIDENCE OR GOD?

"O Lord our God, all this store . . . cometh of Thine hand."—1 Chron. xxix. 16.

"By the good hand of our God upon us."—Ezra viii. 18.



I WONDER if you, my dear girl-friends, have noticed the frequent use of the word "Providence" instead of God. Some minds limit their conceptions of the Godhead to that lesser part of the Divine nature which manifests itself as a provider for the temporal wants of His needy creatures.

I have an old friend who always speaks of God as "Providence." If some unhoped-for brightness comes into her life of poverty, and eases for a little while the struggle for bare bread, she will say, "Providence has been very good to me." When downcast and depressed by the endless battle she has to fight, the words come with an almost despairing sigh, "I must try to cheer up and look to Providence. I keep on working and doing my best to trust to Providence." When using her favourite word she is looking up with childlike faith, and striving to discern the Divine hand that scatters the necessaries of life amongst toilers who, like herself, are ever battling for a share of them. Or it may be, that in using the word she deemed it a more humble and reverent mode of alluding to the Giver of all good.

It is a fact that, often as we use the word "Providence" in the sense I have named, the actual word only occurs once in the Bible, and then in reference to the Roman Governor Felix, before whom Paul was arraigned. The orator Tertullus, when accusing Paul, went a little out of his way to compliment Felix by saying, "Very worthy deeds are done unto this nation by thy providence."

Though we never find the word used in the Bible as synonymous with God, we all rejoice to know that He is a God of providence, and that from His bounteous hand come the supplies which sustain all His creatures, from the least to the greatest.

Do you ask, "Why are we going to talk about this word 'providence'?" Because I want us all, whilst acknowledging God's temporal gifts, to see in them only the reflection of still better things, and to look from the gifts to the Giver. My old friend always acknowledges with thankfulness the bounty of an unseen hand, all-powerful to furnish the means of sustaining the life and breath He has given. In this she has reached a platform to which many persons, far richer and better taught than herself, never seem to attain.

Let us look round in imagination on our kinsfolk, neighbours, and acquaintances. Are there none amongst them who never give a thought as to the source of the good things they enjoy in unstinted measure, and with no dread lest the supply should fail? Who never dream of saying so much as, "Providence has been very good to me," because they, having never lacked anything, hardly note the continuous flow of the good things they possess?

Perchance you ask, "Is it for us to look round and judge our neighbours in this matter? Are we to decide that those who do not utter such acknowledgments in our hearing, or speak openly of God's bounty, are necessarily unthankful, and live as though each said mentally, 'My power and the might of mine hand hath gained me this wealth'?"

Far from it. Our part is not to condemn others as if we could read their thoughts. But the outer evidences of forgetfulness of God, as a consequence of the very blessings bestowed by His hand, are often overwhelmingly strong, and the consciousness of this fact should make us more anxious to examine ourselves, lest we "fall into condemnation" also.

Let us each, you and I alike, ask ourselves some direct questions. "Do I take the unceasing providential gifts of God as though they were matters of course, my right by heritage and custom as a member of the great human family? Or do I humbly acknowledge that they come from the good hand of God, without any merit on my part?"

There is a great difference between this and saying, "How providentially such a thing happened for me! If I had said or done this, or gone to such a place at a different time, how I should have regretted it! I look upon it as quite providential that I was prevented." Such expressions are a vague acknowledgment that a higher Power cares for us, watches over us, and interferes for our good. Yet probably such a remark as I have quoted is the only acknowledgment of the debt we owe to God in regard to such matters. It is one thing to make a grateful allusion to an abstract influence called "Providence," and another to go straight to the Fountain of all blessings and say with a full heart, "God has been very good to me. He has ordered my goings. His hand, though invisible, has led me, guarded me from evil, supplied all my needs and—not the least proof of His love—chastened me when I was too self-confident, and so brought me back to His footstool to acknowledge my helplessness and dependence."

Is there not in many of us a cowardly spirit, a sort of false shame which inclines us to shrink from owning our belief in the intervention of the good hand of our God in human affairs? There are plenty of people who do not believe in it. The more need then for all of us who profess and call ourselves Christians, to be bold to own our God, and "ready always to give an answer to every one who asks us a reason of the hope that is in us, with meekness and fear." These two words, "meekness and fear," indicate the spirit in which we should speak of holy things. As an old writer beautifully expresses it, "Do not permit your readiness to answer, or the confidence you have in the goodness of your cause, to lead you to answer pertly or superciliously to any person. Defend the truth with all possible gentleness and fear, lest, while you are doing it, you should forget His presence Whose cause you maintain, or say anything unbecoming the dignity and the holiness of the religion you have espoused, or inconsistent with that heavenly temper which the Spirit of your indwelling Lord must infallibly produce."

"Having a good conscience." "The testimony of God in your own soul, that in simplicity and godly sincerity you have your conversation in the world."

Do you not think, my dear girls, that the words I have quoted depict, very simply and beautifully, the Spirit which should animate us in acknowledging our faith in God, and our recognition of the over-ruling power and wisdom manifested in the doings of His "good hand."

I wonder whether you habitually look for manifestations of God's hand in the incidents of your daily lives. We need not only to see results, but to trace them back to causes. It is not enough to offer prayer. It is alike our duty and privilege to look for and expect an answer. Ay, and to look for it in various directions, for "God's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts," hence the response to our petition may come from a quarter whence we least expect it.

In like manner, it is not enough to accept and enjoy providential gifts, but we should go back to the source of them. Were we to do this, we should say less about providence and more about God's hand as a real, though in one sense an unseen, influence in our every-day lives and surroundings. It is good for us to note how God's servants of old did this. By searching for them you will find many instances in which they joyfully acknowledge the direct interposition of God's hand on their behalf. In the Psalms especially they abound. I quote just one instance that combines prayer and acknowledgment. "Help me, O Lord my God: O save me according to Thy mercy: that they may see that this is Thy hand: that Thou, Lord, hast done it."

In 1 Chronicles xxix. 10–26 we have a beautiful example. In the presence of the vast congregation David thanked God for the costly gifts made towards the building and furnishing of the temple that was to be erected by Solomon. After an outburst of thanksgiving and praise, he asked, "But who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? for all things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee." "O Lord our God, all this store that we have prepared to build Thee an house for Thine holy Name cometh of Thine hand, and is all Thine own."

Ezra, when he had come up to Jerusalem from Babylon, sent messengers to seek fitting ministers for the house of God. He tells the result: "And by the good hand of our God upon us they brought us a man of understanding." In the previous chapter—vii. verse 6—it is told of Ezra that "he was a ready scribe in the law of Moses, which the Lord God of Israel had given: and the king" (Artaxerxes) "granted him all his request, according to the hand of the Lord his God upon him."

What a far-reaching power is indicated by this good hand of God! It supplies the needs, spiritual and temporal, of the vast universe, it cares for the individual necessities of the humblest human being. It is mentioned as the influence which stirred men to offer great gifts, as the motive power inciting the mind of a powerful monarch, and as having been used to bring to Ezra, "the man of understanding," of whose help he was in sore need. And how that scribe of old leaned upon the good hand of his God! Ezra proclaimed a fast in order, he says, to seek from God, "a right way for us, and for our little ones, and for all our substance. For I was ashamed to require of the king a band of soldiers and horsemen to help us against the enemy in the way: because we had spoken to the king, saying, The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek Him. So we fasted and besought our God for this: and He was intreated for us."

What beautiful lessons we get from these verses! A tale of God's providential care, his guiding and protecting hand, on the one side. On the other, of simple faith in His promises—a faith that made Ezra bold to look to God's hand for defence, and to ask for it in humiliation and prayer. And what encouragement to many weak, doubting ones, who kneel and pray often in a feeble fashion, hardly hoping to be heard, is conveyed in the simple words, "And He was intreated of us." The longer I live the more I feel convinced that the influence of the good hand of our God may be constantly traced in what happens to us, if we only look for it.

As an instance of this, I am impelled to tell you the true story of our sittings and talks "In the Twilight Side by Side." When you have heard this, I believe not one of you will fail to acknowledge that the good hand of our God brought us into touch with each other, or to thank Him for so doing.

You all know that hand and thought do not always work together; that whilst the one is occupied after a mere mechanical fashion, the other is often busied with matters foreign to our surroundings.

It was whilst I was going about in my home, or "walk-by the way" alone, that one after another of the subjects for our "Talks" came to my mind. I well remember that the first of them, "On knowing God" was suggested by the sight of a friend with whom I had been long acquainted, but whom I had only recently learned to value as a friend.

Another day one very dear to me made use of the expression, "Better to wear out than rust out." A greeting and kind inquiry from a friend at the church door, and the idea for "At present" came into my mind. As a rule, suggestions for books or papers have come to me instantaneously and suggested a train of thought. The title has been jotted down with perhaps half a dozen lines, which would always bring back those first thoughts to my mind. By degrees these little paragraphs I have named, always on subjects of a religious character, grew into columns and pages, and, whilst busied about other literary work, I said to myself, from time to time, "As soon as I can I will write a series of papers on these subjects which lie near my heart, and are constantly recurring to mind." But I had never dreamed of writing them for my friends of the dear "G.O.P."

One morning a letter came to me from its Editor, and in it were these words, "I want you to sit 'In the Twilight Side by Side,' with the girls and talk to them. You will know what I mean."

You see, our Editor's confidence was founded on long acquaintance, for it began with the first number of the "G.O.P.," and the links then forged have never been weakened or broken.

I was asked to send suggestions for a few subjects and a few lines with each, indicating the manner in which I should treat it. You can imagine my feelings of pleasure and deep thankfulness when I read those few words. Can you not also divine from what I have already said to you this evening, that I at once saw the "good hand of my God," in connection with this matter?

First, and from time to time, during a whole year, the suggestions for papers had come unbidden to my mind, but had never been permitted to pass away unheeded. And now, just at the moment when I was free to begin the work, came the inquiry for it, and I could only thank God for the manifest leading of His hand.

I sent in a few paragraphs to our Editor with titles and suggestions, and he replied at once that I thoroughly understood what he wanted. I wish I dare express here what I feel about our dear mutual friend as an editor; but you, my dear ones, cannot read the "G.O.P." without realising how he thinks and plans for your good in every way, and how up-to-date our favourite paper is. You, as readers only, can never know an editor as his old contributors do. It is one thing to send in papers, or to arrange for the writing of them after submitting suggestions, and another to deal with an editor who not only passes judgment on your accomplished work, but gauges your powers in unerring fashion, and draws out by his suggestions the best that is in you.

Well, first of all, I thank God for the joy and blessing which have come to us all—you and me, dear girls of the Twilight Circle, through the institution of our "Talks." Do you not also see God's hand guiding us all from the beginning—preparing my mind, sending the inquiry for the work, inclining you to listen and giving a world-wide influence to and blessing upon very simple words?

Simple indeed! But since they have been owned and blessed by God, is it too much to claim that only by the aid of the Holy Spirit could such results have followed?

Did not our blessed Lord say, "If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him"?

Need I tell you, dear ones, that not only I, but the majority amongst yourselves who have in imagination sat with me "In the Twilight," have offered heart-felt prayers for the teaching and guidance of the Holy Spirit and His presence and influence in our midst. Is it then presumption to believe that God has been, and is, faithful to His promise? Can we not trace His good hand, and feel also that only through the influence of His Spirit could such results have followed? What think you?

It will be six years in October since we had our first "Twilight Talk," and very early in our gatherings letters began to come in connection with the subjects treated. We had one or two "open evenings" at which some of these letters were read, and we all gained new strength and courage to open our minds to each other from the manifest interest shown by the writers. At first it was only intended to have a year's sittings in the Twilight, but so many letters came begging for their continuance that it was impossible to refuse.

So through a second and then through a third year our gatherings went on, and ever with increasing numbers as well as a vast deepening of the interest manifested. Then they were discontinued for a time, and I can truly say that, whilst it was in a sense my own fault, the cessation made a great blank in my own life.

The letters from my "Twilight girls," as some of you call yourselves, came faster than ever, and then again our good friend and editor suggested a solution, "Let us have a correspondence column," he wrote, and added the kindest words to show that this might be made a channel for good to the readers for whose benefit he was ever planning. Thus again you, my world-wide friends, and I were brought into the closest touch possible, without personal intercourse, through his suggestion which culminated in the "Twilight Circle" Column.

I was very nearly asking the question, "Is it possible to satisfy my girls?" At any rate, whilst giving the warmest, most appreciative welcome to the "Circle Column," they began to ask for the Talks to be resumed, and so, after sixteen months, they began again in February, 1901. Many who had asked for them added, "But please do not give up the Column. It is such a help and comfort to us." So the two have gone on together ever since.

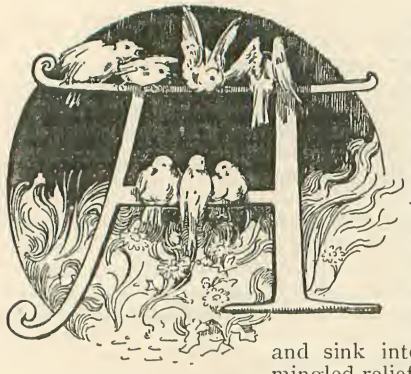
I should not have said so much about this happy work only I want every one of my dear girl-friends and correspondents to discern and recognise, as I desire to do, the guiding hand of God in bringing us together. I want each and all to join with me in heart-felt thanks for the constant help, strength, and blessing bestowed upon us in no stinted measure during quite a number of years.

There is another reason for my saying so much about our "Talks" and "Column." New readers are constantly being added to the "G. O. P." Many cannot look back to former "Talks," and they write for information about them and the "Circle" Column. From this time they will know all that can be told, and will be spared the trouble of writing for information.

When we meet again I am going to tell you something about the "Twilight Circle" and its Correspondents, but in announcing this I must tell all my dear girl-friends, and those older ones who form a large contingent, that none need fear the betrayal of their trust, and that I expect what I have to impart will stir in them a still greater feeling of interest in the work and thankfulness to God for it.



A SILENT LOVE.



RED sunset—that means a fine morning," mused the old man as he looked from his window and saw the windows on the other side of the street glowing like jewels in the reflected light. He was bent, and very feeble, and it was with some difficulty that he managed to reach his arm-chair, and sink into it with a sigh of mingled relief and fatigue.

"A red sunset," he repeated softly; "ay, it's the sunset of life too, with me. God grant it may be reflecting His glory as those windows are opposite; and that after the last sleep has fallen on me, there may be a fine day in the to-morrow of Heaven.

"It's strange how in the eventide of life one's thoughts stray readiest into the 'long, long days' of youth! How it all comes back—those dear childish days! The room seems empty no longer, but peopled with the brothers and sisters who have long since died; the tones of my dear father and tender mother seem echoing once more in my ears. Ah, it's a sweet delusion—a sweet delusion!

"And then the noonday of life, with its splendour of health, and strength, and—best gift of all—love."

There was silence in the quiet room, complete silence, save for the regular tick of the grandfather's clock in the corner by the fireplace. The old man's refined gentle face seemed to have regained some of the health hue of younger days, as the refracted glow swept across it. He was lying back in his chair, and his eyes were closed, but his musings were evidently sweet, for a wondrously tender smile illuminated his features. At last he threw up his head with a gesture that recalled his youthful energy, opened his eyes, and gazing, as though at something very far away from the homely but comfortable surroundings of the room, continued his low-voiced memories.

"Shall I ever forget her, as I first saw her? It was in the Holy Land—in a flowery valley near Mount Carmel—and she was the sweetest flower there. A tiny creature, for whom the tenderest diminutives came unbidden to one's lips, yet possessed of a gracious dignity that made her a queen among her fellows. She was on horseback, her long riding-skirt floating in the gentle breeze as she cantered towards me, and her *petite* flower-like face aglow with the exercise. Erect as a dart, her slender figure picturesquely attired in a soft silken bodice half concealed by a small black velvet zouave, while her fair curls escaped from beneath a tiny velvet cap. Her father accompanied her, and several others. I found that he was not unknown to me, he had been a senior boy at the school when I was a junior, and in that distant land we quickly renewed the old acquaintanceship. He introduced me to his daughter, his 'Mayflower,' as he lovingly called her, and easily persuaded me to continue my own travels, which were purely those of pleasure, in their company. I was always a quiet, rather melancholy fellow, and found it very difficult to express my feelings, and with her, this difficulty increased tenfold.

"Not that she was ever *difficile*, far from it. She was the merriest, brightest companion any man could have desired. Her tender heart was quick to sympathise with his joys or sorrows, while her well-stored mind and wonderfully active brain made her able fully to hold her own, ay, more, in intellectual matters. No, it was the very depth and intensity of my admiration for her that made me tongue-tied in her presence.

"If I ever had ventured, what would have been her verdict? I sometimes have tried to picture what our home would have been like, but it is a mad thought, and only leads to madness. How could she, young and gay as she was, have even for one moment fancied that such a dull grave fellow as I was, could have made her happy? No, I was man enough to keep my madness to myself, and—she never knew.

"I often wonder which of the many who paid her homage in those days of long ago, won her. Whether it was the big handsome Greek, or the dark passionate Italian, or yet again, one of the young Englishmen who were travelling with us. God grant, whichever it was, she may be happy!

"I seemed to grow old very quickly after that year. I left them rather suddenly at the last, for I feared I should betray my secret if I lingered longer. She wished me 'Good-bye,' but said she preferred the old form, and so whispered 'God be with you.' She looked pale that morning I thought, and her tiny hands trembled in my earnest clasp. I wondered whether the Italian had spoken, and had frightened her by his vehement love-making; he had looked desperate the night before, but—I never heard the sequel. I went to India for some years after that, to try to lose myself in the excitement of big game shooting, but it was a hopeless task, and I gave it up at last and settled down in quiet here for the rest of my solitary life.

"She seems somehow nearer to me to-night than she has ever been before, and my thoughts circle and circle round her. Perhaps, in the next world, we may meet once more, and she may understand it all without my speaking.

"It wasn't the difficulty of telling her though—it was the fear that I should be tempted by her gentleness to begin, and not be strong enough to check the burning words that yearned to be uttered.

"I would have given ten years of my life to have heard her just once call me 'Sidney,' and to have called her 'May.'

"The light is fading now—and the room seems getting strangely cold. I will ring for——"

* * * * *

The roseate glow of the sinking sun was shining full into a pretty room, and illuminating everything in it with a glorious radiance.

There were two occupants, a tiny little old lady whose abundant white hair clustered in silvery curls round her small peaceful face, lying dying in bed, and her niece, who was nursing her.

"A red sunset," murmured the old lady softly; "it reminds me of that summer long ago—in Palestine—of Mount Carmel—bathed in just such a rosy glory. It was a red sunset—the day I first—met him."

"Who was that, dear auntie?"

"He was one—I met during that summer, who—became very dear—to me. I have never spoken—of it to anyone—all these long years, but to-night it all comes back—so vividly—so vividly. He was older than I—but I never thought of that—except to wonder at his giving so much of his time to amuse and interest a young girl—as I was then, dear. There were others too, but he was so much wiser and nobler—and altogether different from them—I never gave them a thought after—he came."

"Drink this, auntie dearest, you are getting faint."

"Thank you, my dear—it revives me. I thought—I was a foolish little thing—but I almost felt sure—one day, that he—loved me, and I never slept all that night—for joy, such joy! But I was mistaken, I suppose—for early the next morning—he came to say—good-bye—he was obliged to return to England at once. I thought I should have died—I wanted to. But God knew best, dear, and it is only now—when I am sixty-one, that He is calling me home. You mustn't grieve, my dearie—your old auntie is so glad to go. There are so many dear ones who have gone before—and it may be I shall see—Sidney Graham there—and all will be clear, no more heart-aches, or misunderstandings!"

"Dear auntie, and you have been so brave and sweet! Not a murmur of complaint during all these weeks of

weakness and pain! I think God will have some beautiful surprise perhaps waiting for you—there."

"I am in His hands, dearie, and He does everything well."

"You are tired now, and must rest."

"I feel sleepy, and the glory of the sunset is fading from the room—so—I will sleep."

* * * * *

The following announcements appeared side by side in the *Times* two days later—

"ELLERSLIE.—On the 16th, at her residence, Sunnyside, Fernhill; May, only daughter of the late George Ellerslie, in her 62nd year. Deeply mourned."

"GRAHAM.—On the 16th, at his residence, Holly Villa, Torquay, of heart disease, Sidney Graham, aged 79. Indian papers please copy."

So the red sunset proved true, and the morning dawned golden for them both.

THE "GIRL'S OWN" GUILD OF SYMPATHY.

R. H. MOORE (Longsight).—Thank you very much for your letter. You tell me your girls wish to know something about our objects. The only fee is 1s. per year, and that is for membership. There is no age limit at all; certainly girls from ten to thirteen can join, and we have already several members of that age. Our girls receive a card of membership, and we do our very best to interest them in the objects of our association. The members promise to extend their loving sympathy to all those with whom they come into contact, and more especially to minister to the aged, the weak, and the helpless, and to show care, pity, and compassion for animals and birds. Thus, for instance, there is also a morning prayer and an evening prayer. What can they do? Many things. They can always pray, and in that way secure us many blessings. But more than that, there are many things that they can do. They might let us have their old clothes or their old toys for some poorer brothers and sisters in this great London, to which vast Manchester is only a large town. Perhaps they can do some needlework, make some articles of clothing. These are always useful. Perhaps they would like to save up their pocket-money and send some little boy or girl into the country for two or three weeks during the summer, or they might like to dress dolls for distribution at Christmas, or, if they have a garden, they might like to send some flowers to cheer some sick one in the hospital or sick-room. I think in some of these ways they might find some opportunity of being of service. Certain we are that the habit and the seed sown now will bear fruit, and we should be very glad indeed to enrol these members. They can write to us when they like, and we are always very glad to receive their letters.

TO A MEMBER.—On March 5th a member of the Guild enclosed 1s. for her year's subscription, and adds that she is very sorry not to have done so before. Will she kindly let us have her name and address, in order that we may send her a receipt? If our accounts may be kept right, it is absolutely necessary that we should be able to identify our members.

LADY NANCIE.—We are very glad to have your subscription, and are giving effect to your request. We do not forget that in your district you have a rapidly-growing population, and it is one of the terrible features of life to-day that in nearly every part of England near our large towns there are large suburbs which are always poor. There was a time when the conditions of life, pure air, ventilation, and plenty of room, allowed rich and poor to live side by side, but the modern system of town life, sadly enough, seems to have altered all that, and the result is that huge masses of people are gathered together with insufficient room to live. Their lives are very monotonous and dull, and what is wanted is a real and great invasion by those who have leisure to come and work among these people. We wish you success in your work, and being ourselves interested in one of the poorest districts in the world, we sympathise with you, and hope that every blessing may rest upon every effort that you make to try to brighten the lives and lighten the burdens of others.

A WILLING ONE.—Your letter to us is a peculiarly interesting one, and your title is certainly appropriate. It is very kind of you to say that our paper is one of the few pleasures of your life, and we are glad to know that in it you have found a friend and a companion for many a dull hour. There are some people who seem to have peculiarly hard duties to discharge. Your case is one of these, but remember that those who have disagreeable obligations, and who cheerfully try to carry them out, may, we are sure, comfort themselves with the blessed assurance that they are the twentieth century successors of those of whom our Saviour said, "Ye are the salt of the earth." When there are no thorns upon the path, and when the road is beautifully made up and summer reigns supreme in all its beauty in the sylvan glades of the Peak district and the Cumberland lakes, life is bright, and it is easy to be happy; but it is vastly different to do so in some great modern city, where relations are far away, where there are nothing but houses all around, and narrow streets and dark alleys, and a limited income and hard work, with not a friend to cheer us or to speak a word of sympathy. Then it is that the soul gets "driven back," as one so beautifully expresses it, "upon its Maker." We have received your subscription, and earnestly assure you of our sympathy. The fact that you are so enthusiastic about our paper will help us very much indeed. Write to us whenever you feel inclined to do so, and we shall always be pleased to answer your letters and to try to make the way a bit plainer.

E. E. OSTLER (Newland, Whitney).—We received your parcel of clothing safely, and it was very useful indeed. You modestly hoped that the things would be of a little use. Do you know at the present moment we are literally overwhelmed with applications for clothing?

SINE CERE (Derby).—We shall hope in a few days to give you the answer that you want, and meanwhile we have made you a member of the Guild. Your letter is indeed a pathetic one, and there are many whom we know who seem content to suffer alone. We do hope that such, who seem so grateful for a little help, may meet with the necessary sympathy in the hard struggle for existence. We are certain that in this England of ours there are many who, though they do not respond to ordinary calls, are only too ready to help any deserving cases. Give us your prayers; that will be a great help, and we earnestly hope that things may be brighter and better for you in the coming summer.

M. W. (East Finchley).—We are very glad indeed to know that you have gone to a convalescent home. Many of your fellow members in the Guild will probably pay you a visit.

JESSIE ROBINSON (Upper Tulse Hill).—You are a new member of the Guild, and very earnestly do we hope that you will do all you can to help.

E. M. A. (Sutton, Surrey).—We are not quite sure but that your letter has been overlooked in dealing with our correspondence. The family of whom you speak have their wants, I think, satisfied for the present. But there is no doubt whatever that there are plenty more who need help. Indeed, as we go about from day to day, we see in all directions signs of suffering and distress, and the amount of it is absolutely appalling.

E. DAVIS (Alton, Hants).—We should be very glad indeed to hear from you as to whether you are in communication with the old people that the lady wrote to you about. Your letter contained a request which certainly we shall answer, and we could wish that everyone would seek, as you are desirous of doing, the best way of brightening lives. May we repeat that nothing would be any trouble to us, and that we should be very glad to forward your suggestion in any direction we can. After all, it is work for the Master, and most certainly everybody is benefited by our action.

M. ELLIOTT (Earlsfield).—We are very glad to have your letter, and shall be very pleased to have anything that you care to send. It is very nice to know that your mother is interested in our Guild, and that you both try to do any little thing that lies in your power. You say you are occupied in business every day, and have not time to do as much as you would like. Surely it is the case with a large number of us. But the little that we do we know will be accepted. We hope to hear from you sometimes, and scrap-books are always useful, and any little thing is useful.

E. W. (Welshpool).—We hope you have safely received the information which you asked for. The gifts of flowers would be particularly acceptable. One of the girls has just gone away to a convalescent home for a month, but there are two or three others that will be home at the end of a few weeks. Their sufferings during the summer are indeed hard to bear.

B. P. PHILLIPS (Uxbridge.)—Thank you very much for your letter and gift of shirts, which were received quite safely and which gave great comfort to four needy little ones. We are not quite sure from your letter as to whether you know anything about our Guild of Sympathy. Month by month, if you watch our columns, you will notice that we write something about it, and we should be very glad to enrol you as a member.

A. V.—We received your gifts, and they were distributed, as you asked us, to someone who was in need, and if you had only seen the mother's face brighten up you would have been amply rewarded. We hope that you will keep fairly well, and shall not forget that you are an invalid. There can scarcely be any brighter sight on earth than to see one stricken one helping another.

L. B.—Will you kindly let us have your address? We received the postal order for one shilling, but your letter had no address, and beyond the initials we have no clue. Your remarks tempt us to say that in any poor neighbourhood there is great need for enthusiasm, and the expressions of workers in poor neighbourhoods must be backed up by the certainty that to help in times of need and to educate is to give life, and there is no simpler way. It is the trifling things that are wanted. Sometimes through lack of food and sometimes through lack of teaching many workers are listless, not because life is dull, but because they cannot grasp its interests and are not inspired with high ideals. The lives of young men and women are wrecked, but the fault is not only in the temptation, but through the lack of some thing to look up to. As Canon Barnett says, "What is needed for many of these districts is high-minded and high-living men and women to make friends with those around them. In this day of hard work one must look matters fairly in the face and recognise that the people are brothers and sisters."

HOW A GIRL SHOULD DRESS.

By "NORMA."

THE choosing of one's new spring and summer gowns this year is indeed perplexing; there are such innumerable tempting materials and such a vast range of colours. The only thing to do is to fix in your mind pretty definitely what manner of garment you most require, and what colour is most becoming to you, and to stick to it. Then look about for the most charming material and prettiest shade. If you do not determine on the colour or on the nature of the material, but just go out to seek a new frock, the chances are that you will purchase some charming, but extravagant and wholly unsuitable material, for the light dainty fabrics this year are most tempting, and for the time being it is easy to persuade yourself into the belief that a snow-flaked mauve voile with applications of lace, embroidered with the palest pink, will suit your purpose just as well as a biscuit-coloured hopsack.

In our climate it is almost impossible to get through the late spring and summer months without a smart tweed suit of some sort. I should therefore advise the purchase of one of the new grey snow-flaked tweeds, and let the bolero jacket be faced down the fronts (which should be made to wear open or closed) with cream satin, with applications of cream lace and pink flowers. Pink and grey and cream are becoming colours to most people. This tweed gown need not cost more than four guineas, if the dainty applications are bought with care and put on at home after the gown is made. The tweed will clean well and will serve for a winter gown with a black fur boa and muff. Have it made large enough to allow a warm blouse to be worn with it. There is one comfort at least in the fashions of to-day that nothing is considered *chic* if it fits the figure very closely except at the hips.

I should also advise the girls whom it will suit, to choose for their smart summer gown a deep rose voile frock made very simply, the over-skirt tucked in groups of threes about two inches apart, the tucks running down from the waist to the hem. These shaped flounces finish the bottom of the under-skirt. The loose bodice should also be tucked in the same manner, and with it should be worn a waist-belt of black and white satin striped ribbon with narrow but distinct stripes, pulled through a deep pointed buckle at the back; a collar of Irish crochet gives a charming finish to the costume; the rose-pink voile skirt could be worn with a pink chiffon evening blouse. You see I am adhering to my scheme of keeping as much as possible to one colour, for this pink bodice could be worn with the grey coat and skirt. Then I should choose for a summer high-necked evening gown, a spotted net blouse with a deep yoke of coarse lace, and a completely tucked net skirt. This spotted net is very inexpensive, a shilling a yard, I think, double width, and it washes beautifully. You can buy net blouses ready made for almost as little as you can make them at home, but it is



First figure (on the left).—Russian coat of dark grey frieze, with stitched belt, cuffs, basque and revers, which are edged with a broad band of white cloth, strapped black *bébé*-velvet, with tiny enamel buttons. *Second figure.*—Soft purple hopsack coat, with large revers and cuffs of Irish crochet. *Third figure.*—A coat of soft blue cloth, all stitched, with antique paste buttons. *Fourth figure.*—A coat of brown box-cloth, trimmed with black silk guipure with satin on the revers, and large *l'Art Nouveau* buttons. *Fifth figure.*—A coat of pale green zibeline, with double basques; revers of darker green, overlaid with silk appliqué continued on the cuffs.

not always easy to match the tone of the cream net for the skirt. Besides, a blouse made well at home always fits better than an inexpensive one ready made. The tucks should be put on to the skirt in the nature of inch and a half folds overlapping each other, as it is almost impossible to tuck trained skirts much above the knee and wider than half-inch tucks. Have the under-slip made of cream; do not be tempted to wear the net over a colour. A *chou* of pink or blue silk fastened on to the blouse just at the edge of the deep yoke gives a *chic* appearance to this very simple but modish frock. One decided touch of colour on a dress is so much more effective than snippets here and there. These three gowns ought to carry a girl well through the spring and summer months with the addition of home-made muslin blouses and the skirts she has on hand. The present fashion of trimming flannel blouses elaborately with lace is very absurd. Surely flannel was invented for warmth. This being the case we rob it of all its purpose by giving the blouses transparent lace yokes and insertions on the sleeves. But we must own that dress is not sensible at the present time, and it is very difficult to make it both fashionable and serviceable. Long lace sashes are going to be very popular on light voile and crepon and silk gowns; they are not to be tied in bows or even to go round the waist, but merely to hang as long streamers from the under waist-band to the hem of the skirt behind. A pale blue silk *crêpe de chine* trimmed with deeply-pointed insertions of cream lace, a lace yoke, and lace sash, made a pretty bridesmaid's dress I saw at a fashionable wedding. A large black picture hat was worn with it, and a huge bouquet of white stocks and double pink tulips.

It is difficult to say which colour is the most fashionable this season; for the moment I think aloe-green. I wonder if my readers know this particularly delicate green. It has a white bloom over it, such as one sees on hot-house grapes. It is not reseda green. I saw a sweet gown made of voile in this cool colour, with a deep pointed waist-belt of the very tint of a copper beech leaf. The effect was novel and most charming.

I must try to describe very carefully a black chiffon blouse, which was unpacked just as it arrived from Paris for my special benefit. The under-slip of black silk was tight, and cut very low round the shoulders; this was covered with black accordion-pleated chiffon; over this about an inch apart were straps of black ribbon velvet, left loose, merely stitched at the waist and at the top. The very thick lace yoke which came down in deep points on the shoulders, and fell over the full elbow sleeves, was stitched on to the top of the blouse just at the edge, allowing about one and a half inches of the lace to hang over the chiffon. Close round the throat the lace was cut in a tiny square, which was edged with narrow black velvet ribbon. The novel effect of the blouse lay in the loose velvet straps and the deep close-fitting transparent yoke sloping off the shoulders in deep points. These lace yokes and collars of almost every design and colour, and pointed waist-belts can be bought all ready to fix on to blouses. Also complete sets of lace for trimming dresses.

For the wealthy, cut cloth gowns are to be the thing this season. They are quite senseless and woefully extravagant, but really beautiful. I saw one in putty-coloured cloth cut to look like lace right up to the waist in front and half-way up to the long train; it was really a wonderful piece of work. Lattice-work also is one of the most fashionable trimmings; *écru* lace gowns and blouses trimmed with insertions of pale blue velvet lattice-work are most exquisite, but these things are for the luxurious, or for the clever-fingered girls who do not mind bestowing both time and brains on their garments. One charming white silk blouse, which would suit a dark-haired girl, had scarlet



Principal figure wears steel grey dress of soft woollen material. Front and wrist puffs of tucked silk of opal shade. Frillings of bolero lined with same. Hat of grey lace straw with ostrich feathers to match.—Second figure wears primrose and white lace hat trimmed with flowers of same shade embedded in chiffon. Maize colour bolero and white lace front.

silk laid below the transparent applications of cream lace which were scattered between the narrow tucks on the front of the blouse and on the cuffs. This could be very easily done at home.

Hats are getting more and more flower-bedecked and fairy-like in structure. What time and patience must have been expended by someone upon the making of some of the most elaborate! Sometimes it seems as if bees and not human hands had built these fashionable headgears. They are not so pretty really as some simpler hat, with bolder lines and more definite trimming, but they are fashionable because certain people like to wear things which look expensive. These chiffon and moss and flower hats mean, to the most ignorant eye, "money," for such wonderful work could only be done by capable hands.

Our tailor artist has sketched for us this month a number of bolero coats. The first one, beginning on the left side of the group, is particularly smart and very fashionable. It is a Russian coat of dark grey frieze with stitched belt, cuffs, basque, and revers, which are edged with broad bands of white cloth, strapped with black *bébé* velvet, with tiny enamel buttons. Coat No. 2 is made of purple hopsack with large revers and cuffs of Irish crochet. No. 3 is of soft blue cloth, all stitched, with antique paste buttons. No. 4 is of brown box cloth, trimmed with black silk guipure, with satin on the revers, and large *l'Art Nouveau* buttons. No 5. is of pale green zibeline with double basques; revers of a darker shade of green overlaid with silk *appliqué*. The same style of trimming is continued on the cuffs. In the two calling costumes the principal figure wears a steel grey dress of a soft woollen material, the front and wrist-puffs are of tucked silk of opal shade, the bolero is lined and trimmed with the same silk. The hat is made of grey straw trimmed with cream lace and ostrich feathers to match the straw. The quarter-length figure wears a primrose and white lace hat, trimmed with flowers of the same shade embedded in chiffon, the dainty little bolero is of maize colour outlined with white and black.

THE FIDELIO CLUB.

CONDUCTED BY ELEONORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

BEETHOVEN, SONATE IN D MINOR, OP. 31, NO. 2.
(*Asked for by Madame Navarro and "Marie Ailande."*)

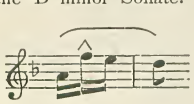
THE first part of this beautiful Sonate was analysed in the second paper of the Fidelio Club (December No. "G. O. P."), and I want all my Fidelians to read again what I said there about the conception of the Sonate as a whole before beginning the study of the last two movements.

We found that the principal characteristic of the first *allegro* is agitation. The *adagio* opens with a long-drawn arpeggio in B flat major, which seems at first to promise peace; but after a struggle so intense peace must be reached gradually. The shuddering triplets beginning at bar 17 tell of pain. It is only at bar 32, with the modulation into F major, that consolation is near. And now observe how exquisitely Beethoven prepares the way for this song of comfort. Laying a gentle hand on his triplets (bar 28), he smooths them into even notes, changes the sad minor for C major, and then leads in his song.

But sorrow still lingers within call. At bar 39 the shuddering triplets in the bass are again heard, and this time they are not soothed away. At bar 52 the wailing first motive appears in a new form, accompanied by a mournful figure which, starting in the treble high over the melody, creeps slowly down. Hope would ascend: this passage means despair. At bar 74 we again feel the gentle influence of the song of comfort, now in B flat major. Its preparation is the same as before; the triplets are smoothed into even notes. These are only passing rays of sunshine; the tone of the *adagio* on the whole is sad, and the little coda which begins six bars before the end, though it leads to B flat major, has only resignation, not joy, to tell of. It is as if the sufferer had fallen asleep with the tears yet wet on his eyelashes. What led him back to life? What roused him from the contemplation of his infinite sorrow? The answer is given in the last movement, this bright *allegretto* which puzzles so many players.

At the open window of his room, overlooking the high road that led to the little village of Heiligenstadt, sat Beethoven, listening to those harmonies which existed for him only in the phantom-like creations of his brain. Think for one moment what this means. Fancy this wealth of tone heard only in imagination, all round the silence of death.

A light breaks in upon his darkness. The canter of a horse is heard—an actual, audible sound. The deaf man starts up and looks from his window, but he closes his eyes. He does not want to see the horseman passing by; he wants to revel in the music of sound heard—sound which had opened for him the gates of hearing and let in the gladdest music earth had to offer. The ecstasy of that moment is enshrined in the *allegretto* which closes the D minor Sonate. This is the galloping horse—



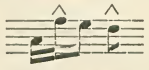
The story was told by Beethoven himself. I have only pictured the scene as it must have happened. His deafness at this time was intermittent. It was in one of those rare moments which united him—the most sociable of men—with the outer world that he conceived this burst of gaiety which forms so pathetic a close to the soul-portrait given us in the D minor Sonate.

Now a few words of advice as to the execution of these movements. The time for the *adagio* is ♩=50 (three beats in a bar). The first arpeggio is a long, slow one beginning with the lowest bass note alone, the six notes following one another without any break (see answer to "Lynette.") The little phrase



must be played with great delicacy, like a sigh. The crotchet chord ending bar 2 is held for its full value, but well separated from the minim. Play the notes of all chords exactly together—they are not arpeggios. The demisemiquaver triplets beginning at bar 17 must be as soft as a sob. Hold the hand quite flat—they should sound mysterious. They come like Wotan's ravens, to foretell disaster. Let the soothing influence of the smooth couplet be felt at bar 28, and play the melody at bar 32 with a full, rich tone, soft, yet luscious. The only real difficulty in the movement is in the accompaniment beginning at bar 52. This needs practising separately, for it must be so perfect as to call no attention to itself. All the mind should be filled with the song which floats above it. The change of fingering given in Cotta's edition to the octaves six bars before the end is, of course, utter foolishness. The adoption of it would make the breaks between the upper notes horribly apparent. The passage can only be played correctly by dragging the hand from one octave to the next, as in *glissando* movement, and by a very careful use of the pedal. The two B flats at the end of the movement should be so light as to suggest that they have floated into space. Realise here that moment of silence which preceded the awakening tramp of the galloping horse.

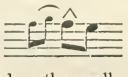
The time for the *allegretto* is ♩.=80 (one beat in a bar), but count three quavers, and on no account let the rhythm degenerate into two triplets. The accentuation throughout the piece is



Let the motion be light and springy. At bar 30 the position of the parts is reversed, the treble takes the accompaniment, and the galloping motive is in the bass—



At bar 43 there begins an episode. Play the mordentes so—



Sixteen bars after the double bar the galloping motive is again in the bass. At bar 24 the treble has it. At bar 32 it reverts to the bass. At bar 40 it is in the treble. Whichever hand plays this theme must be brought well forward, the other keeping discreetly in the background.

SCHUMANN, CARNEVAL, OP. 9.
(*Asked for by "Sapho."*)

This brilliant and witty composition is called "Scènes mignonnes sur quatre notes" (little scenes on four notes). To understand the story it is necessary to give the notes their German names, as these combined

spell the word *Asch*. It can be spelt in two ways. I give here the notes with their German names—



Asch is the name of a small town in Bohemia in which lived once a certain young lady called Ernestine von Fricken, about whom Robert Schumann wrote to his mother as follows:—

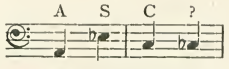
"She is the daughter of the rich Bohemian, Baron von Fricken; her mother was Countess Zettwitz. She has a delightfully pure, childlike mind, is delicate and thoughtful, deeply attached to me and everything artistic, and uncommonly musical—in short, just such a girl as I might wish to have for a wife. And I will whisper it in your ear, my good mother, if the future were to ask me whom I would choose, I would answer unhesitatingly, 'This one.'"

Well, as we know, the Future did not ask him so indiscreet a question and he did not marry "this one." The lady who ultimately became his wife was a girl of fifteen at this time, and Robert himself was only twenty-four. He was very much in love, and as you can imagine it was not easy for an obscure young musician to propose marriage to so brilliant a damsel as Ernestine. But Love always finds out a way, and a very charming way this was. It had the desired effect too, for Ernestine accepted him and they were engaged for a year.

Schumann's "Carneval," like Beethoven's "Fantasie Sonate," is a love-letter in music. It is a love-letter in verses, each verse beginning with the word Asch—a sort of musical acrostic. In this way the figures of the ball flit past, each one making obeisance to the fair lady who had honoured the little Bohemian town by being born there.

First there is a *Préambule*, or Introduction, in mock heroic style, which prepares us for the festive scene. But Asch is not mentioned yet.

Pierrot steps in, and blunders at once like the foolish fellow he is.



The notes of course are the same, but C flat in German is called Ces, not H. However you cannot expect a Pierrot to know how to spell! There is a delightfully childish simplicity about this little piece, and, at the end, where he runs away, we almost see his silly face looking back from the door.

With glittering wand, the madcap *Arlequin* bursts on the scene. "Asch," he cries, and turns a somersault on the second note.



A *Valse Noble* is in progress. Among the high-born knights and dames the lover seeks his fair one, and as the dancers fly past, he hears confused mention of Asch.



And now we see the hero of the tale. Readers of my "Stories in Music" will remember Florestan and Eusebius, whose portraits are given in Schumann's first Novellette. Schumann was a very variable youth; he had fits of shyness and poetical reserve, and on such occasions he called himself Eusebius. At other times he was self-confident, enthusiastic and demonstrative, and then he was Florestan. Note now how in the "Carneval" the dreamy *Eusebius* glides across the scene, in an aimless way. He is much too shy to mention Asch, but he clasps his hands ecstatically (at the *più lento*) and thinks his tender thoughts.

Not so *Florestan*. "Asch" is his cry as he rushes passionately to seek his beloved.

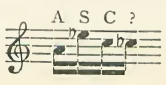


He is only stopped by the *Coquette* who, tripping daintily, lures him to follow her by pretending that she can give him news of Asch.



His *Replique* is polite, and very much in her own bantering style. But like the gentleman he is, he does not talk of his lady-love. He breathes no word of Asch.

A swarm of *Papillons* flit by, and on their shining wings he reads



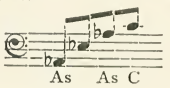
The *Lettres Dansantes* next dazzle him—A S C H S C H A. The last four are the musical letters in the name Schumann. These are the dancing letters—



Chiarina is little Clara (Clara Wieck, who years later was Madame Schumann). It seems funny to find her in the train of the brilliant Ernestine, but it was at her father's house that Schumann met the lady of Asch. Chiarina now sings the usual song in her own petulant way.



Next, *Chopin*. How inimitably he is taken off! We might imagine it was the vague Pole himself who dreams two notes of Asch and then wanders off to something else.



Estrella is the fair Ernestine, found at last.



I think she is rather noisy and self-important. But perhaps the music is intended to portray the lover's turbulent feelings and not the lady's.

Reconnaissance is delightfully gay and light. Which is it—Florestan or Estrella—that speaks two words to the other's one?

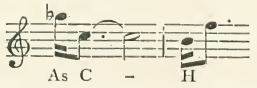


Pantalon et Colombine trip by



whispering together.

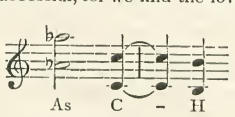
Valse Allemande—a giddy German waltz



is broken by an *Intermezzo* in which *Paganini* performs some of his astonishing feats. Then the waltz is resumed. But the lovers wander away, and Florestan makes his *Aveu*.



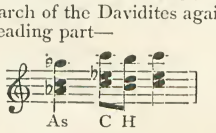
There is some natural hesitation, as you see, but the declaration is very charming and wholly successful, for we find the lovers taking a moonlight *Promenade*—



The small notes (bars 4, 5) are of course the pretty things that Florestan whispers in Estrella's ear. They must be very discreetly played.

The *Pause* is of so precipitous a nature that I can only imagine it to represent the interval in which a rush is made to supper!

The wind-up is the march of the Davidites against the Philistines, and of course Asch plays a leading part—



Schumann considered it his mission in life to lead a crusade against the philistinism which prevailed in music at his time, and the *Davidsbündler*, or Davidites, were the imaginary members of a society existing only in his brain, who preached and fought in the pages of *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, a musical paper of which Schumann was founder, proprietor, editor, and entire staff. The tune in this march, beginning with the modulation into C minor (bar 28) is an old German air called *Der Grossvatertanz*, and great part of the fun consists in hustling the "grandfather's dance," as this enthusiastic young reformer would have liked to hustle the compositions of his antiquated and conventional contemporaries.

Rules of Membership.

Every reader of The Girl's Own Paper (boy or girl) can become a member.

1. Copy out the following in your own handwriting, and fill in the particulars; send it to the Editor, The Girl's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., with "Fidelio Club" written on the outside of your envelope at the top left-hand corner.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Age.—Under 12? Under 16? Over 16?

Pseudonym (if desired) .....

Chief musical characteristic—

Mind? Emotion? Muscle?

2. In the space marked "Mind, Emotion, Muscle," underline the quality of which you believe yourself to be possessed most, and cross out the other two, thus—

~~Mind~~ Emotion ~~Muscle~~

3. Every member may, each month, make one suggestion—that is, she (or he) may name a composer, a piece, or a style of composition to be analysed for practice.

4. Every member may also ask one question each month, and this may have reference to any piece that has already been discussed, or to any difficulty experienced in practising.

5. Such suggestion and question must always be accompanied by a "G. O. P." coupon (to be found near the Contents of the magazine), and will, with the answers, be published in The Girl's Own Paper.

6. Members may join at any time.

Answers.

Wild Rose.—The right time for the second movement of Beethoven's "Sonate Appassionata" is ♪=100 (4 beats in a bar). The second variation may be taken an idea faster; the third variation can be ♪=108. Practise the demisemiquaver passages with each hand separately. Nearly all of those in the bass fall naturally into groups of eight notes. You should take them in handfuls; that is, place your fingers over the notes of each group, and then strike them without moving the hand. Practise quite slowly, and repeat several times. It will soon come right. I note what a lot you are "longing for." I am delighted the Club is proving an incentive to work.

Alice Mary Harris (Tunbridge Wells). Over 16. Mind and Emotion.—You will have seen in last month's paper that I cannot take any more suggestions just now, but in any case "Andante in F," by Beethoven, is too vague a designation. You must always give the opus number of any piece you want.

Fusa (Workington). 17. Mind and Emotion.—I believe the "Virgil Clavier" is an excellent assistant to the piano. I should use it for practising difficult passages and finger and wrist exercises; but I should not use it for whole pieces, as I think it tends to destroy the imagination.

Prince Charlie (Lockerbie). 20. Emotion and Mind.—You can be a member of the Club if the other girls with whom you take the paper do not object to your cutting out the coupon which must be sent with every letter. But I think every Fidelian should take the "G. O. P." for him or herself. It is sometimes necessary, and is always helpful, to refer to back numbers.

Anstice.—You don't read your rules, dear Anstice! You must only ask for one piece.

Pink Daisies.—Thanks for your nice little letter.

Win (New Brompton). Over 16. Mind and Emotion.—Your "long letter" was charming. I am very glad to accept you. You will know more music by-and-by. Yes, I think some of Mendelssohn's pianoforte compositions are lovely; but you get his best work at your Choral Society.

Pianoforte (Ashbourne). 16. Mind.—I am glad to have another Bachite. Poor Toccata will not be so lonely now. But I should have taken "Clavichord" as my pseudonym had I been you. In Bach's time the piano was a sort of new monster, and he did not like it. I am afraid I cannot take Schubert's "Impromptu in B flat" in time to help you at you exam. But tell me of any difficulty you experience, and I may be able to suggest a way out of it.

Denyse Marie (Paris). Over 16. Mind.—You ask me, "Is it true that Chopin's pieces are to be played properly but by those who have suffered, and that a girl should always avoid practising his sad music too much?" I think, dear Denyse, that the right answer to both questions is Yes. There are a great many young people whose sufferings are, as, in the main, Chopin's were, imaginary, and these are the ones who play him best. But this state of mind is morbid, and a girl is wise who avoids cultivating it. On the other hand, all Chopin's music is not sad, though most of it is melancholy. A little melancholy will do you no harm; I think it enlarges one's sympathies. Only don't practise Chopin too much. Beethoven is really much sadder; but he is strong, while Chopin is weak.

Lynette.—I am sorry your first letter did not reach me. I don't think my inference was so surprising. You gave Mind as your chief musical characteristic, and yet you asked for modern music. Now, I do not think you can have already played all the best classical music, and if Mind were really your strong point, you would rather play Bach or Beethoven or Schumann than any modern trash. In *arpeggio* chords for both hands you start in treble and bass simultaneously when there are two wavy lines, thus: The Introduction to Mendelssohn's Capriccio in B minor, Op. 22, is played like this. The *arpeggios* are short ones and both hands strike together. The *arpeggio* beginning the slow movement of the Sonate analysed in this number is preceded by one continuous long wavy line, and whenever this is the case you begin in the bass, and the right hand joins on where the left leaves off.



Gool (India).—Your interesting letter arrived too late for me to answer it last month. I hope you will be as successful in passing the Trinity College Exam. for the Associate Degree as you were in the Senior Division. I shall always be glad to help you, if you let me know of your difficulties. In the Fugue by Bach in E flat, I should take the chord—with only E flat in the right hand, because it is the most important note, being part of the principal subject. If your hand is not large enough to hold the lower B flat, which in any case would not be played—being tied—you must let it up. I use Czerny's edition of the Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues (Peter's edition), and find the system of fingering very good. The figures placed beneath the notes are for the left hand; those above the notes for the right hand. An interesting little book, which might be useful to you, is Pauer's *The Elements of the Beautiful in Music*, price 1s., published by Novello. I hope you will join the competition announced this month.



Ida S. (Redhill). 18. Mind and Emotion.

Wollops (London). 15. Emotion.—I think you will understand the rules about the coupon now.

Nahoon (East London, South Africa). Over 16. Emotion.

Choral (Torquay).—Answers are only given to members of the Club.

Mayflower (Cardiff). Over 16. Mind and Emotion.—Chopin, "Fantasie Impromptu."

Lent Lily (Congleton). Over 16. Emotion.—As I had already a Daffodil, I have given you another flower name. Your vote is for Mendelssohn's "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso."

"Rose Petals."—I am very glad that you can play the violin and viola as well as the piano. My name is in your *Birthday Book* ("The Music of the Poets") on June 8th. Your votes are for Paderewski, "Nocturne"; Chopin, "Nocturnes," Op. 9, No. 2; Op. 72, No. 1, and "Berceuse"; Rachmaninoff, "Prelude."

Mayblossom (Leiden).—I will tell you something about Chopin's Prelude in D flat major next time, and I think you will like it all then, and I will go to see my little Dutch Fidelian, who writes such charming English letters, the next time I go to Holland. *Three Sisters* is by my sister.

Brandane (Rothesay). Over 16. Mind.—A vote for Bach's "Chromatic Fantasie," and a paper on Fugue.

Oxoniensis.—Another vote for Bach's "Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue," and a paper. Thanks for pleasant letter.

Tam O'Shanter (Ilford). 16. Muscle.

A Scots Thistle (Croydon). 18. Mind and Emotion.—Bach's "Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue" again. See answer to Gool.

Buds and Blossoms.—A vote for Chopin's "Funeral March Sonate." Letter received too late for full answer this month.

Letters received from Ching, Evelyn, Maritana, Babette, Sigrid, Thistle, Träumerei, Enitor, H. W. M., *and* Ladybird, *will be answered next month.*

Fidelio Club Competition.

A Prize of Two Guineas

is offered to Fidelians over 16 for the best analysis, not to exceed 1,000 words, of Beethoven's Sonate in A flat, Op. 26, or Schumann's Fantasie, Op. 17.

A Prize of One Guinea

is offered to Fidelians under 16 for the best analysis of Mendelssohn's "Song Without Words," Book I., No. 3 (called "The Hunting Song").

All members may compete.

A coupon must be sent with each essay.

Essays must be directed to the Editor, Girl's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and marked "Fidelians' Competition." The essays must reach the office not later than July 1st, except in the case of Fidelians in India, China, and Ceylon, whose essays will be accepted till August 1st.

Results will be published and the best essay printed in the "G.O.P." for October.

Musical knowledge will count first; but should two essays be equally good in this respect, preference will be given to the one which is better expressed.

THE BIRTHDAY PAGE.

MAY.

By FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

Unthroned and Exiled.



EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.
(*Photo by Barca.*)

If we glance over the principal figures and incidents of the eventful nineteenth century, there are few episodes more arresting than the career of the ex-Empress of the French. The history of this one life with all its vicissitudes would make a volume which, all told, few could read without tears. Again and again the veil would need lifting only to disclose to the most doubting mind how true it is that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." As far back as 1851 there might have been seen a distinguished figure which stood out even among the brilliant gatherings that crowded the apartments of the Tuileries. It was a tall dark lady, remarkable for the dignity and elegance of her demeanour as well as for her great personal beauty of the aristocratic English rather than the Spanish style—Spain being the country to which this Court beauty was known to belong. Not less attractive than her person were her mental gifts, for her education, partly conducted in England, was very superior to that generally bestowed upon Spanish women, who seldom quit their native country. This lady was destined to have her fortunes allied with the house of Buonaparte. The Emperor Napoleon III. fell in love with her, and Eugénie Marie Countess of Téba* reciprocated the affection. In every respect was the beautiful Spaniard worthy of the Imperial alliance, since she herself was connected more or less closely with royal houses, including the descendants of the Kings of Aragon. Yet what a destiny was in store for this really unfortunate woman! The marriage was celebrated with much magnificence on January 29th, 1853, at Notre Dame Church, Paris—the Countess of Téba and her mother, the Countess Montijos, having previously taken up their abode in the Palace of the Elysée. The life of the Empress Eugénie after her marriage was comparatively uneventful, being passed chiefly in the ordinary routine of State etiquette; in visits to the various Royal *maisons de plaisance*, varied by an extended progress through France in company with her husband; by an annual sojourn for the benefit of her health at Biarritz, her favourite summer resort in the days of her girlhood; by a journey in England and Scotland in the autumn of 1861, and in 1864 to some of the German baths. In 1861 the Empress Eugénie's son was born — the Prince Imperial who was killed while with the English Army in the Zulu War of 1879. A devoted Roman Catholic, the Empress Eugénie exerted much interest with her husband in his policy with the Holy See and Italy generally. It cannot be said, however, that the foreign policy of Napoleon III. was a success, dazzling as it was. After various vicissitudes it ended, as all know, with the banishment of the Emperor and his Empress to this country, where the unfortunate and much-tried widow still finds a quiet home in exile at Farnborough. When the Imperial exiles were first driven to England, they selected Camden House, Chislehurst, as their home. There the Emperor died, January 9th, 1873; there the body of the young Prince Imperial was interred when it was brought home, pierced with the assegais of the Zulus. Subsequently the ex-Empress Eugénie bought the Farnborough Hill Estate in Hampshire. It is close to the borders of the county of Surrey, and consists of about two hundred and sixty acres, with a picturesque mansion. The whole was bought for something like fifty thousand pounds. It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to say that the ex-Empress has made her sojourn amongst us as agreeable to the English people as it has undoubtedly been to her. She was a true



QUEEN VICTORIA.
(*Photo by Elliott & Fry.*)



PRINCESS OF WALES.
(*Photo by Russell & Sons.*)



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.
(*Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.*)

* Born at Granada, May 5th, 1826.

friend of our late Queen Victoria until she died, and there was not a little that was truly pathetic in witnessing the embraces, the exchange of courtesies as well as mutual visits of these Royal widows of France and England, both of them borne down by a common grief that no balm, save Death itself, is capable of healing. Now one is taken, the other left, whom may the Almighty long preserve.

Noble Nursing Reformer.

If there be one quality in woman more calculated to thrill our best emotions, one calling more than any other for man's highest admiration, it is the blessed power of nursing in sickness. What an unspeakably beneficent work in which to be engaged, the gentle handling and caring for those unable to move for, perhaps to think of, themselves! How bright an ornament this in the crown of woman's virtues! No more blessed power could woman want than to sway as she does sway in such a kingdom. The province of nursing is woman's, hers alone; and how, when the call comes, whether in the home or from the battlefield, our eyes turn to her for that help of which we are totally incapable! Happy women, ye who nurse well! Our Birthday Page this month introduces us to a noble figure, with a name indelible in history, though that undying fame was won in the quiet and unobtrusive sphere of nursing the sick, in helping those unable to help themselves.



ELIZABETH FRY.

Florence Nightingale*—who does not know it?—stands the great pioneer of nursing reform and destroyer of the "Sairey Gamp" class of nurses. The younger daughter of Mr. William E. Nightingale, a Hampshire landowner, she was born at Florence. Quite early in life she displayed tendencies towards living and caring for others rather than herself, and it has been in the gradual growth and development of this mind that Florence Nightingale may be held to have made more real impress for good upon her country than has many a general or prime minister. As a girl she inquired into the working of English schools, hospitals and reformatories. When she was thirty-one years old she went to enter an institution of Protestant Sisters of Mercy at Kaiserworth, a little place on the Rhine. On her return to England, among other philanthropic pursuits she fell to re-organising and re-establishing the Governesses' Sanatorium in Harley Street, London. But Miss Nightingale's great work was yet to come. Among the many muddles of the Crimean War was that of bad hospital management. News spread slowly in 1854, but at length England was rightly roused into something of indignation at the terrible sufferings which her sick and wounded soldiers were undergoing owing to the defective management of the military hospitals. The situation was an awful one, but the cry was so bitter that noble women at home could not resist it. At the invitation of Mr. Sydney Herbert, Secretary for War, Miss Nightingale and her band of eighty-two nurses went out, and took up their quarters in the barrack hospital at Scutari. This was in the late autumn of 1854, and ere spring was over, by unwearying self-devotion, noble example, skilled method and a positive hatred for abuses and red-tape system, Miss Nightingale and her noble army had the satisfaction of feeling that they had combated successfully with the awful obstacle of disease and suffering. The death-rate was reduced until it was no higher than at the home military hospitals. Brave women! A grateful country subscribed fifty thousand pounds as a testimonial to this noble woman, but she refused to accept it for her own use, suggesting that it should be used for founding an institution for training nurses. This was carried out by the St. Thomas's Hospital, London, authorities.

Nursing is emphatically a woman's work, making as it does legitimate demands on the best side of a woman's nature. No selfish woman can ever become a really good nurse. Nursing affords scope for the patient exercise of skill, efficiency and intelligence, but unless these are combined with a tender perception of every patient's needs, and a determination to put all thought of self aside in ministering, no certificates ever invented will make a woman a real nurse. Then there is temper and self-effacement. Oh, happy, blessed women, ye who, amid the racking trials of a prisoner to illness, can silently tread a sick room, and not "fuss" over or disturb a sufferer! It is a noble work for women, this nursing. All who feel called to it should read Miss Nightingale's voluminous writings upon the subject. If this lady had withheld all personal effort, and done no more than write upon the subject of health and hygiene, her name would still go down to posterity as a brilliant light of the nineteenth century.

* Born May 15th, 1820.

Friend and Philanthropist.

How altered is dear old England from what it was at the opening of the nineteenth century! How much a hundred years have done! It is almost impossible to realise the difference between England to-day and the country of a century ago—not in its physical aspects so much as in its social state. The ameliorative processes, reforms, and various aspects of philanthropic enterprise have put quite a new face upon habits and customs English. Take prisons and prison life. Let us ask ourselves what we should be now but for such workers as John Howard and Elizabeth Fry,* the indefatigable reformer of prisons when, indeed, they sadly needed reform. This woman among women was born at Bramerton, Norwich, where her father, John Gurney, was a wealthy merchant and banker. Her home surroundings shaped her future life, though as a matter of fact she was not trained after the strictest manner of the Society of Friends, to which her father and relations were greatly attached; and through her earliest years Elizabeth Gurney entered with relish into the usual gaieties and amusements of fashionable life. Her mother died when she was twelve, leaving four sons and seven girls, of whom the latter, we are told, "grew up attractive and original. They dressed gaily and sang and danced."

Elizabeth lived to be eighteen years old before she formed any decided religious opinions. Then her heart was opened. In February, 1798, she heard a discourse in the Friends' meeting-house at Norwich by one William Savery, an American Quaker, which made so deep an impression on her mind that from that day it might be said she was a changed being. She became an earnest woman, not a fanatical "Friend." In 1800 Elizabeth Gurney married Joseph Fry, a London merchant, and the two made their home in her husband's business house, St. Mildred's Court, in the heart of London City. Five children were born to Mrs. Fry in London and six more at Rashet, in Essex, her husband's native place. In 1810—she would be thirty years old—Elizabeth felt powerful to preach, and her discourses made remarkable impression upon all who heard them. Three years later she began her great work of life—it might be said her ordained work—the great task of prison reform, in accomplishing which she followed in John Howard's steps and visited prisons in many parts of Europe. The cry from the prisons had reached her ears, and visits to Newgate prison had so excited her feelings

* Born May 21st, 1780; died Oct. 12th, 1845.

that she could not be restrained, so impressed had she become with the need of reform in prison discipline. It would shock and sicken the reader to learn what our English prisons were a hundred years ago. It will suffice to say that a few Christian folk felt it imperative to band together and form an "Association for the Improvement of the Female Prisoners in Newgate." Elizabeth Fry was an indefatigable member of this Association, the aim of which was the establishment of some of what we now regard as the first principles of prison discipline, namely, the entire separation of the sexes, classification of criminals, female supervision for the women, and adequate provision for their religious and secular instruction, as also for their useful employment. A noble programme indeed, yet not more noble than indispensable and urgent.

Down to the day of her death prison reform was Mrs. Fry's great work. Not only did the prisons of England, Scotland and Ireland receive her attention, but in 1837 she undertook a mission for the same purpose on the Continent, which occupied her several years. Little wonder that her thorough work quickly bore fruit. Her reports on prison discipline, hospital systems, treatment of the insane, transported female convicts, and kindred questions quickly travelled over Europe, and before she died she enjoyed the satisfaction of hearing from almost every quarter of Europe that practical effect was being given to her reforms and suggestions. Well merited, indeed, was the title given her of "The Female Howard." A true-hearted loving woman, peculiarly adapted for the difficult work she had to do, she passed away at Ramsgate and was buried at Barking, in Essex. Apart from the great work which she so zealously and successfully persevered in throughout her life, Elizabeth Fry has a great claim upon our memory for her sympathy, her great power of understanding, quickness of perception, tact, and charm of manner.

"Of Glorious Memory."

How shall we speak adequately enough of our late Sovereign lady—her Majesty Queen Victoria of Glorious Memory! Dead and buried she truly is, but how difficult it is to realise that we are not still living under the sway of her beneficent rule! Yes, she lies in the cold marble casement—yet her name and memory are warm in the breast of each one of her subjects who has lived under her queenship. Moreover, it can fearlessly be asserted that her name will live and be honoured in the breasts of Britons, so long as there are such to speak the English language. Victoria! Her name is great among the world's rulers. It is great, indeed, among women. Victoria Alexandria,* who became Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, was the only child of the fourth son of George III. Her father and mother, then, were the Duke and Duchess of Kent. Strange, indeed, that she should ever come to the throne, for she was far removed from it. Victoria became heir-presumptive to the throne through her father dying in 1820, and neither George IV. nor his brothers, the Dukes of York and Clarence having issue. She was about twelve years old when she first knew that the crown of England would descend to her; and it was at two o'clock on a summer's morning of 1837 that she was awakened from her sleep at Kensington Palace by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain to hear the tidings that she was Queen of England. What a responsibility for a girl of eighteen years; but, thank God, she was surrounded by trusty counsellors, as through her long life she ever was—who were as loyal to the Throne and its occupant, as they were capable of advising the young Queen. No sovereign probably ever had a succession of more able, loyal Ministers than did the late good Queen. The girl-sovereign was crowned on June 28th, 1838, or just a year after the death of her uncle, William IV. A somewhat unique principle was involved here. Hitherto from the reign of George I. the crowns of England and Hanover had been united, but now, the Hanoverian crown being under the Salic law—excluding females—they were separated, the late King's younger brother, the Duke of Cumberland, receiving the latter. On February 10th, 1840, the Queen married his Royal Highness Albert, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (Prince Consort). He was a most enlightened prince, in every way calculated to be a help meet for the young sovereign. He was some three months younger than her Majesty. As all our readers know, she was the mother of nine children, four sons and five daughters, of whom the present King, the Duke of Connaught, Princess Christian, Duchess of Argyll and Princess Henry of Battenberg only survive. Surrounded by prescient Ministers—think only of her successive Prime Ministers, Wellington, Melbourne, Peel, Derby, Palmerston, Russell, Disraeli, Gladstone, Salisbury—Queen Victoria's reign was as smooth as long reigns well can be. The first great trouble was the Crimean War—so grossly mismanaged from Pall Mall. Then came war with Persia, China, and finally the Indian Mutiny. Other wars will be fresh in the memory of all readers. The greatest trouble of all, however, which Queen Victoria was asked to bear was the sudden death of the Prince Consort. In March, 1861, she lost her mother, and before the year closed her husband was taken from her. Surrounded by a large young family, the blow must have been an awful one for the poor Queen. It is sad to think of the many "wrenches" which our late good sovereign had to bear after that, both in her own family and among her personal friends and advisers. Happily there were many counteracting features in the happy marriages of all her children, and the sustained affection and loyalty of her people. That must have been a joyous day for the Queen, for instance, when, in 1877, thanks to the foresight and perspicaciousness of that great lover of England, Disraeli, her Majesty was proclaimed Empress of India at a great durbar at Delhi. Despite her love for her people, rich and poor, some five attempts were made upon her good life. Thanks to Providence, not one of these was successful. Of all the social advance which England made during Victoria's glorious reign—the "longest reign"—it would need a great book to tell. We have only to look over Great Britain and her great possessions as they are to-day, to glance at all the progress which has been made in art, science, literature, in short everywhere, to see the blessings which have accrued from a pure throne and a beneficent rule. The Jubilee of this great and glorious reign was reached, as most of us remember, in June 21st, 1887. The occasion was celebrated with great rejoicing in every part of the Queen's dominions. At an instantaneous moment Queen Victoria sent to the uttermost corners of her Empire her gracious message, in these words:—"From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them." It was brief, but it was—like all the late Queen's messages to her subjects—convincingly clear. It went home to the very heart of patrician and plebeian.

* Born May 24th, 1819; died Jan. 22nd, 1901.

Princess of Wales.

Curiously enough, our Birthday Page this month must include the name of another royal woman who in all human probability will share the British throne. This is none other than the Princess of Wales, H.R.H. Victoria Mary of Teck,* who married the Duke of York, the Heir-Apparent, on July 6th, 1893. She, it will be remembered, is the only daughter of that "friend of the girls," the late H.R.H. Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, and cousin of her late Majesty Queen Victoria. H.R.H. the Princess of Wales is some two years younger than our future king. Princess May, as she was long popularly styled, comes of royal descent through the Queen's uncle, the first Duke of Cambridge. She can be particularly remembered from the time when gossip was rife for months of her engagement to the late Duke of Clarence. All who knew Princess May admired and loved her. Beautiful, good-tempered, and always well dressed, she made friends wherever she went. How pleased the late dear Queen and all were at the time of the Duke and Duchess of Fife's wedding, that the heir-presumptive to the throne should have sought his bride in a British home. Alas! Well is it that the future of all of us is by the Divine mercy hidden from us! Princess May had

* Born May 26th, 1867.

all her life been a friend of the two brothers, Princes Albert and George, and as children the three had played happily together; and after her trouble the nation had felt very thankful that she could find solace and comfort in the companionship of the Duke of York. The eventful day—the wedding morn—came at last, and the scene inside that historical building, the Chapel Royal, St. James's, almost defies description. It was wonderful. Besides royalty a noble and influential company of guests had assembled. Our late beloved sovereign Queen Victoria took her place on the left side of the altar, opposite to her being his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. When the Queen of Denmark and H.R.H. the Princess arrived, they were conducted to seats near her Majesty, who kissed them both. About five minutes after the arrival of the Queen's procession the Duke of York, accompanied by his father, both of whom were looking handsome, entered; they were followed shortly after by the bride, who came in with her father and brother. The Chapel was artistically decorated, the choicest flowers being used plentifully, and the service was very solemnly and beautifully conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The bouquet which the bride carried was most exquisite, being composed entirely of white flowers, and chiefly consisting of choice old white Provence roses of the House of York. The ten bridesmaids also carried charming flowers. After the service was over, and the lengthy business of signing the register was completed, the newly-married royal pair were affectionately embraced by the members of the two families—her Majesty being the first to kiss the bride. The honeymoon was spent at Sandringham. It was not long, however, before the royal pair were much in request; and they good-naturedly acceded to the many desires which poured in upon them that they would perform public functions. From 1893 up to the present time they have been constantly occupied in this more or less trying duty to their country, and their recent voyage to our distant colonies will be remembered by all. The first child of our future king and queen was born on the 23rd of June, 1894, at White Lodge, Richmond, an appropriate place, because it was Princess May's girlhood's home. This was a son, Prince Edward of York, who, if God preserves, may be another future English king. Now they have four children—three princes and one little princess. Like her beloved mother, the late Duchess of Teck, her daughter, now enjoying the proud title of Princess of Wales, is devoted to all good works. Her Royal Highness possesses the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, and the Imperial Order of the Crown of India.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

GRETA H. R. (Russia).—We must express the admiration we so often feel at reading a good English letter from a Russian girl. You talk of "beginning" the study of the English language, but you have evidently already made great progress in it. Your best plan to learn English spelling is the one you propose—each day carefully to copy out some passage from a book. This is far better than using a spelling-book. You might also study an English grammar. Continue to read all you can of English literature, and if you know anyone who can speak English, take opportunities of conversing in the language.

M. BOYERS.—The metre of "Stand by the Flag of England" is rather eccentric. Verse 1 contains five lines; verse 2 contains four, and the length of these is irregular. Why should it "mean your life" to "sound the fife"? The latter expression sounds feeble after the former. Of course we know what you mean, and applaud your patriotism. You are very young, and need not feel distressed because we cannot praise your work.

MOTHER.—The idea of your story is ingenious and well worked out, yet it is hardly convincing. A man who was in earnest would probably find some other and more decisive way of assuring himself, before sailing for India, that his hopes were vain. He would certainly think of the possibility of some accident or mistake having occurred about the tryst in question. You should not call people Lady X. and Lady M.; invent names for them. And there is an occasional fault in composition; *e.g.*, in the opening paragraph—"He *threw* himself down at her feet and began *throwing* fir-cones"—there is tautology. It is not usual to speak of "figures" laughing gaily. These are slight blemishes, and show inexperience. If you improved the story a little, very possibly one of the weekly "home" magazines might take it, but we cannot specify one by name. Any railway bookstall will show you an assortment of them.

MARY HOGG.—We advise you to consult *Chamber Comedies*, by Mrs. Hugh Bell; *Twenty Minutes*, by Harriet L. Childe-Pemberton, or to get French's descriptive list of plays. Address, 89, Strand, London. *My Lord in Livery* is just such a little comedy as you describe, amusing and inoffensive for home acting.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

L. A. M. inquires where she can find the following lines—

"Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the first, and thou wilt see
The second always follow thee."

G. E. CROWTHER wishes to know in what form the recitations, "Aunt Abigail's Adventure," by R. Henry, and "A Plantation Ghost-Story," by J. C. Harris, are published.

IVY has much pleasure in sending the hymn inquired for by MISS MABEL COLLIER JAMES.

CABO DI BONA ESPERANZA asks for the name of a song with the refrain—

"Homeless and weary, far from my home."

Will one of our correspondents kindly quote for the benefit of DIANA TEMPEST the words on Huxley's tomb?

ALYS is answered by KENILWORTH. Her quotation is to be found on page 161 of Austin Dobson's *At the Sign of the Lyre*, and is part of "Incognita."

WITCH KITTY answers HORNED OWL. She thinks "The Old Oak Staircase" is by Mrs. Molesworth. WITCH KITTY is anxious to know how to make an Æolian harp.

MADGE WILDFIRE inquires for a recitation called "Mrs. Muggleton's Birthday Party."

ROBIN HOOD wishes to discover a poem entitled "Marie," by E. E. Nesbit. Will any correspondent say in what book or magazine it may be found?

A. W. G. would be glad to know where the following lines are to be found.

"I go my way, thou goest thine,
Many days and many ways ending in one end.
Many a wrong and its curing song,
Many a road and many an inn,
Room to roam, but only one home,
For the whole world to win."



GIRLS' OWN PAPER. LONDON

GLORIOUS JUNE.

From the painting by Mary Harding.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL XXIII.—NO. 1166.] MAY 3, 1902. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

OUR QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

A PICTORIAL BIOGRAPHY.



THE KING OF DENMARK, WITH PRINCE CHRISTIAN AND PRINCESSES ALEXANDRA AND DAGMAR.



THE QUEEN OF DENMARK AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.



THE PRINCESSES ALEXANDRA AND DAGMAR.





THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA IN HER TEENS.



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THE LATE QUEEN OF DENMARK AND HER CHILDREN.



THE PRINCESSES ALEXANDRA AND DAGMAR.



THE PRINCESSES IN 1870.



THE PRINCESS AT THE TIME OF HER ENGAGEMENT.





THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS AT THE TIME OF THEIR ENGAGEMENT.







THE PRINCESS AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE.



THE BRIDAL PARTY.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER FIRST BABY, THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.





THE ROYAL PARENTS AND THE DUKE.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES WITH HER FIVE CHILDREN IN COPENHAGEN.



THE PRINCESS ON A VISIT TO NAPOLEON III.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS IN BRUSSELS.



THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH HIS CHILDREN.



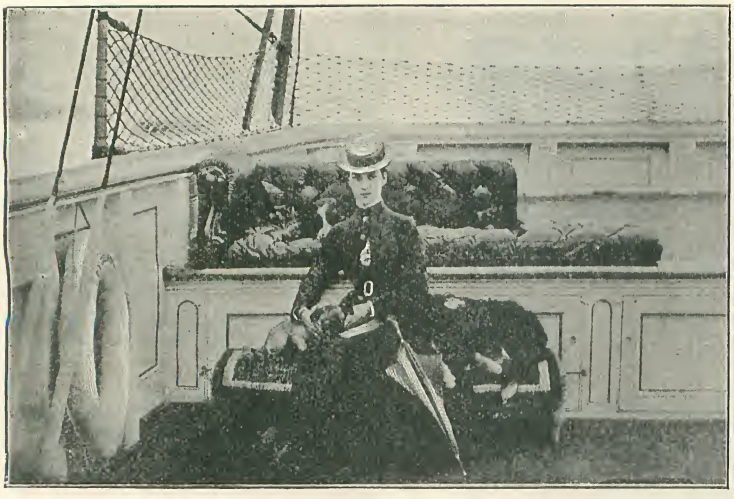
THE PRINCESS IN DRIVING COSTUME.



WITH VICTORIA THE GOOD.



THE PRINCESS WITH HER MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.



ON THE ROYAL YACHT.



THE PRINCESS IN DENMARK.



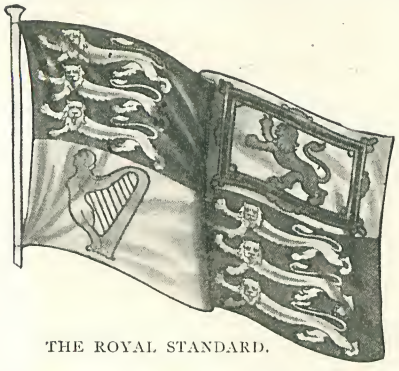
THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS AND FAMILY.

FLAGS TO FLY FOR THE CORONATION.

By A LAWYER.

In view of the approaching coronation, when loyal citizens are anxious to demonstrate their loyalty and attachment to the sovereign, the managers of schools and other public buildings are much exercised in their minds as to the proper flags to fly over their buildings on Coronation Day, and as to the legality or otherwise of flying a flag such as the Royal Standard.

There is a nice distinction to be drawn between flying flags on land and flying flags on water, and with the latter we need not concern ourselves at present, for the subject does not fall within the limits of this article, but so far as flying flags on land is concerned we may premise at once that the law permits anyone to fly any flag he pleases, when he pleases and where he pleases.



THE ROYAL STANDARD.

This being the case, there would be no objection to a person flying the Royal Standard, unless such a procedure could be considered an infringement of the Patents, Designs and Trademarks Act, which prohibits the use of the Royal Arms. Under this Act no one is allowed to use the Royal Arms in such a way as to induce the public to believe that he is carrying on his business under the authority of the King or the Royal Family. It is only on this ground that exception could be taken to the use of the Royal Standard.

Apart from this, however, the Royal Standard is not the proper flag to fly on an ordinary building unless the King or some member of the Royal Family is staying in it.

The Royal Standard signifies the presence of royalty, and should not be used, therefore, unless royalty is present, or in the absence of Royal regulations such as apply to the hoisting of the Royal Standard on flagstaffs and fortresses in commemoration of royal anniversaries and other State occasions.

The Union Jack is the flag which the lord lieutenant of a county flies above his residence, and owners of private houses should therefore avoid assuming his distinctive device in his immediate vicinity. Apart from this fact, which can only affect certain localities, the Union Jack is most certainly the proper flag to fly on any public building on which it is desired to fly a flag of a national character. On private houses and other buildings bunting of any sort may be displayed, but a flag which I would suggest as extremely suitable for schools is the national banner of St. George.



THE UNION JACK.

There are also the national banners of St. Andrew and St. Patrick, which might be flown when the Scotch or the Irish form a not inconsiderable portion of the population.

Regarding the flying of flags containing armorial bearings, there is this to be said, that the use of these would undoubtedly necessitate the taking out of the licence for the use of the armorial bearings, but in other respects they are extremely suitable for private persons who are entitled to bear them.

To sum up, the Royal Standard is not a desirable flag to fly, because it is inappropriate and may lead to the infliction of a fine.

The Union Jack and the banner of St. George are both national flags, and no exception can be taken by anyone to their use.

These two flags, therefore, are the proper flags to fly on Coronation Day.



ST. GEORGE'S CROSS.

THE VOICE.

By NORMAN GALE.

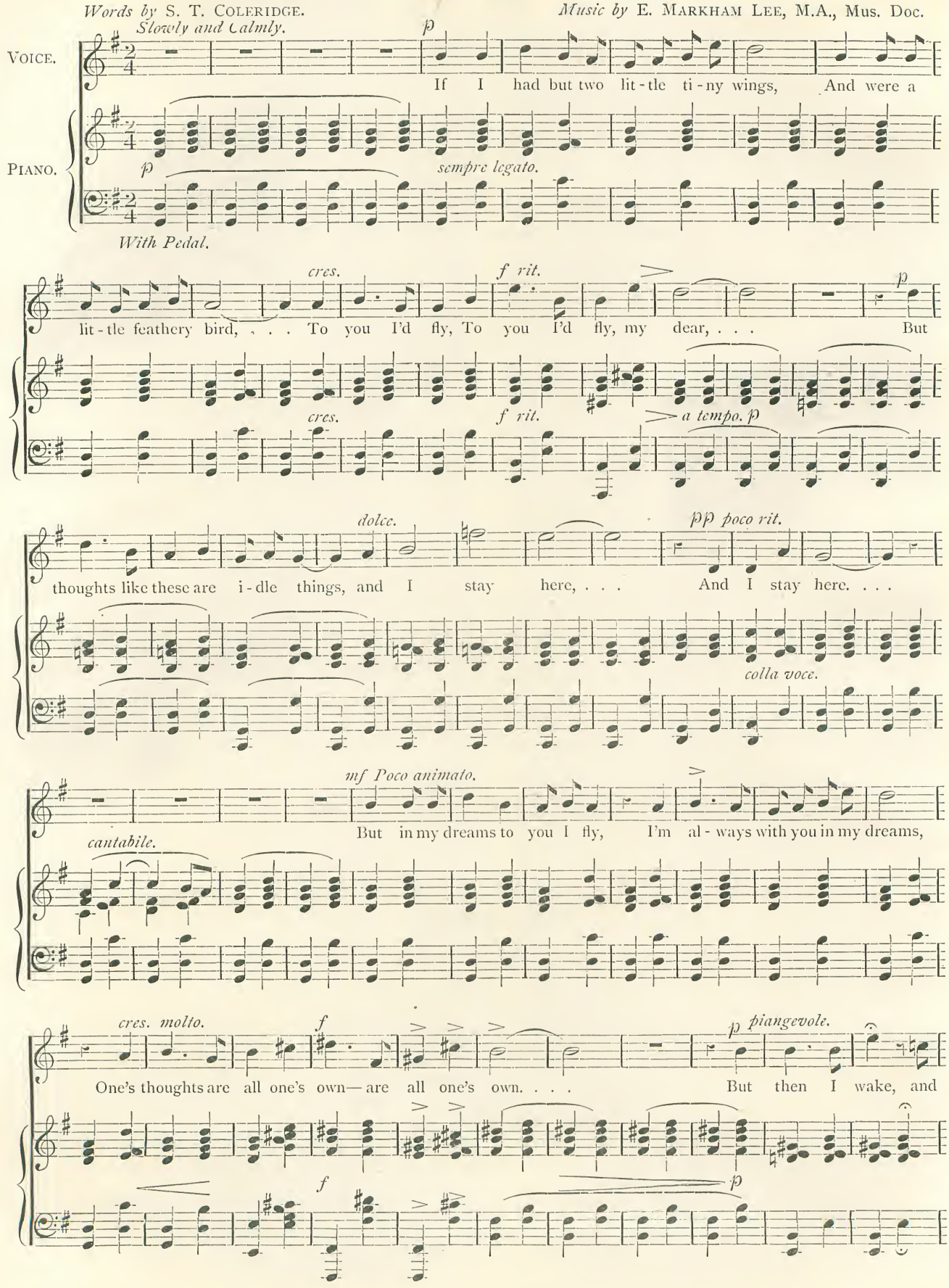
As I went down the hill I heard
  The laughter of the countryside,
For, rain retired, the whole land stirred
  With new emotion like a bride.
In the green elbow of the lane
  I stayed to feast on Beauty's breath,
When from the village sounded plain—
  Elizabeth! Elizabeth!

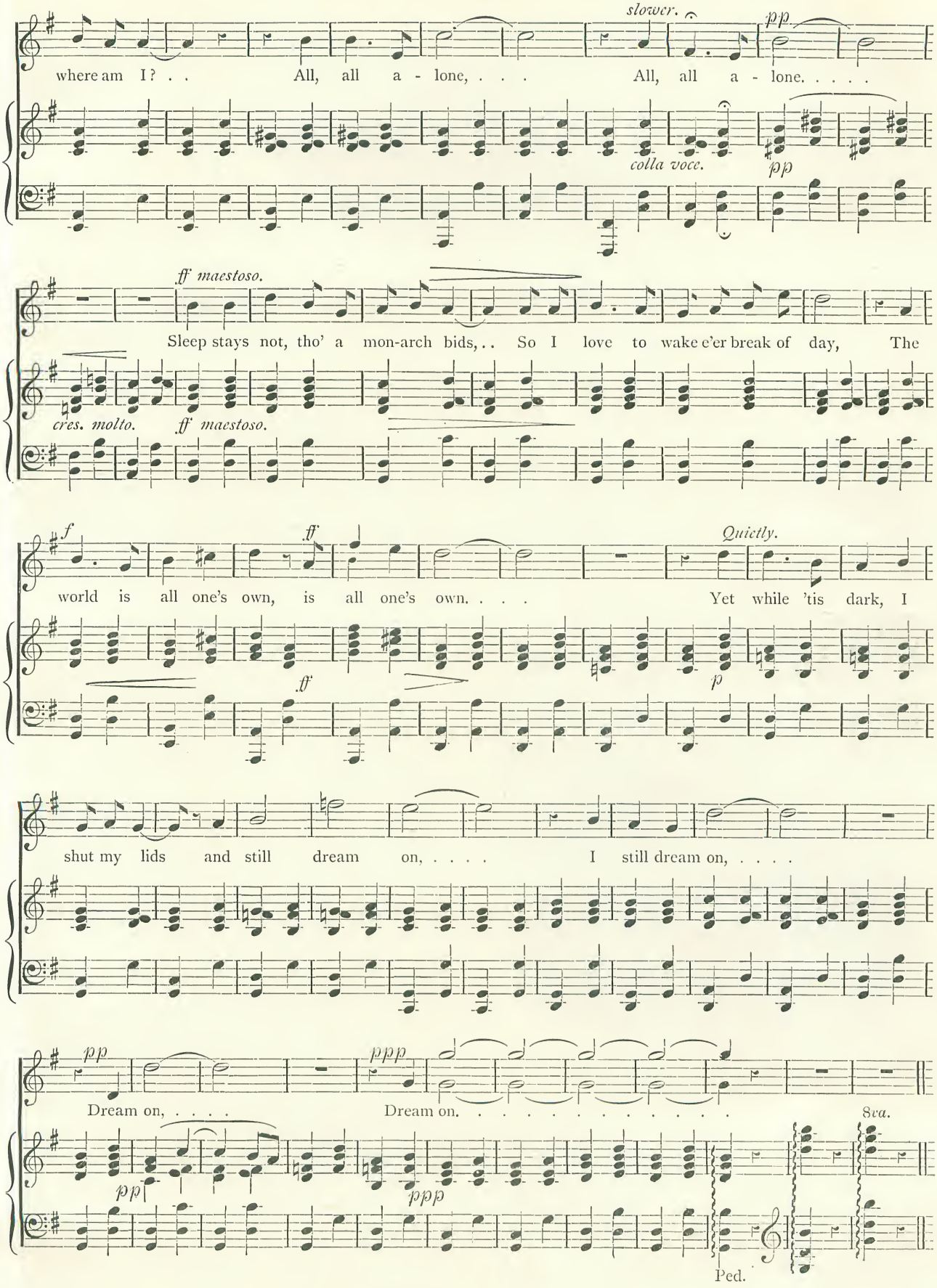
It was my mother's name. A part
  Of all my spirit leapt to tears,
And the few violets of my heart
  Shook in the wind of happier years.
Quicker than magic came the face
  That once was sun and moon for me;
The garden shawl, the cap of lace,
  The collie's head against her knee.

Mother, who watchest from afar
  The son to whom thy soul is lent;
Who—aching and impetuous star!—
  Lead'st night by night the firmament,
Deep in my breast how sure, how dear,
  The lamp of love burns on to death,
How trembles if I chance to hear
  Elizabeth! Elizabeth!

"TWO LITTLE TINY WINGS."

Words by S. T. COLERIDGE. *Music by* E. MARKHAM LEE, M.A., Mus. Doc.




slower.
pp
where am I? . . All, all a - lone, . . . All, all a - lone. . . . .
colla voce.
pp
ff maestoso.
Sleep stays not, tho' a mon-arch bids, . . So I love to wake e'er break of day, The
cres. molto.
ff maestoso.
f
ff
Quietly.
world is all one's own, is all one's own. . . . Yet while 'tis dark, I
ff
p
shut my lids and still dream on, ... I still dream on, ...
pp
ppp
Dream on, ... Dream on. . . . . .
8va.
pp
ppp
Ped.



THE FAIR CAPTIVES OF CASTLE VUFFLENS.

A Story of Love and Loyalty. From the Records of the Tenth Century.

Adapted by E. J. JONES.

CHAPTER I.

Berthe, daughter of Burcard, had married Rodolphe II., King of Transjurane.

Dearly she loved the beautiful domain of which she was Sovereign, and she and her faithful horse traversed every part of it—over hill and over dale. Here she caused a chapel to be built, there a castle to be erected, and, in due course, they were fully established.



"SHE REMOVED HER BEAUTIFUL WHITE SCARF AND DECORATED THE YOUNG KNIGHT WITH IT."

This good Queen was as much beloved as she was loving. So much so that her memory was for long afterwards held in great renown. Queen Berthe had five children. Conrad, who succeeded his father; Burcard, who became Bishop of Lausanne, and afterwards Archbishop of Bersançon; another son named Rodolphe; and two daughters.

The eldest daughter, Adélaïde, was married to the King of Italy, and afterwards to the Emperor Othon; the younger, Gizèle, died, when only fourteen, of an epidemic at Chavornay, the chief royal residence.

King Rodolphe died in 932, after having creditably occupied the throne during seven-and-twenty years, leaving Queen Berthe, whom he had greatly loved, to reign in the name of their son, who was still a minor.

The desire to be near to her only remaining daughter, the Princess Adélaïde, whose charms and virtues are celebrated in history, induced Queen Berthe to yield to the wishes of Hugues, King of Lombardy, and accept him as her second husband.

It cost her much to recognise anyone as successor to Rodolphe, so tenderly loved, and it distressed her too to leave a dominion to which she was deeply attached.

In quitting the Transjurane, Berthe desired to recompense those of her servants who had been most faithful. Her page Adalbert, son of the Duke of Azzoni, having been struck dead by lightning while imprisoned in Château Vufflens, she decided to repair this castle and to give it, with all its dependencies, to Adalbert's eldest brother, Grimoald.

It must be remembered that the Dukes of Azzoni came originally from Lombardy, passing into France with Pepin, when the latter came to defend Rome and Pope Etienne against King Astolpe of Lombardy. They attached themselves to Charlemagne, one of whose daughters married the then Duke of Azzoni.

Grimoald was greatly flattered by so truly royal a gift, and not unnaturally elated to find himself sovereign lord of this beautiful domain.

Continually engaged either in warfare or at the chase, he had hitherto preferred a roaming life to the pleasures of society. However, when he saw himself owner of Castle Vufflens, he turned from warlike exploits to pay court to the young and beautiful Ermance de Vergi.

This lady's father, formerly equerry to Queen Berthe, had been also honoured by that Queen's bounty. The Queen had given to him the castle of Champvent, near to the town of Orbe, this youngest daughter having been brought up together with the Princess Gizèle. After Gizèle's death, Ermance returned to her father's house at Champvent. Her mother was no longer alive. Her sister, the beautiful Gabrielle, was married; and her young brother Enguerrand was page at the Court of Charles IV.

After passing through a peacefully quiet period until about her eighteenth year, she was then asked in marriage by the Lord of Vufflens. In those days it

was not customary for parents to consult a daughter regarding the fate which destiny held in store. The Lord of Vergi, in marrying his eldest daughter to the Lord Grandson, had said simply, "*Je le veux!*" In the same manner now with Ermance, he merely mentioned the fact without commenting upon it.

"You are to be married in several days to the Lord Grimoald, Duke of Azzoni and Sovereign Lord of Vufflens."

Gentle and timid, she feared her father, and dared not say anything against it, even though Grimoald's hard and haughty bearing had displeased her on the very day she first saw him. Hence, although this union foreshadowed no happiness, she bowed to the parental decree with becoming resignation.

In addition to an illustrious name and a handsome dowry, Ermance possessed a beautiful person and a charming character. While inclined to admire her healthy youthful beauty, her husband however attached little or no importance to anything else.

Beautiful as Love itself was the first baby born to Ermance and Grimoald. Strange to say, Grimoald would hardly deign to look at the little child.

In order to understand something of his rude nature, we must remember the rude age in which he lived, and must not overlook any of the circumstances, nor yet the customary upbringing of those early days, causing men to be cruel to injustice, as though from no other motive than merely to satisfy the whim of the moment. What was worse still, often that which a man decreed, without any apparent just or right reason beyond a delight in mere masterful cruelty, remained inviolate as the law. Although he might come to see the folly and error of his ways, he would deem it beneath him to acknowledge it; therefore his victims suffered severely, often without redress.

Why Grimoald was cruel to his own child, who had done him no harm, was best known to himself. Why he treated his gentle wife to greater cruelty still was almost incomprehensible. Ermance wished to take upon herself the entire charge of her first-born child, but her husband, selecting at once a nurse from among his vassals, declared that he would not submit to the *ennui* which the care of a child entailed; and, moreover, commanded that both the little one and her nurse should be confined in one of the towers of the Castle. It is Shakespeare who has since said, "How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done."



"'YOU ARE TO BE MARRIED IN SEVERAL DAYS.'"

In vain did the disconsolate Ermance try to make him revoke this terrible decree.

"You must be separated. I swear it on the cross and on my sword."

Knowing too well the import of this vow, held sacred by every knight; knowing, too, the indomitable character of her husband, Ermance remained silent, while tears fell abundantly upon her child.

At length she ventured to request that it might be named Aloyse—the name of Ermance's mother, who had died when she was born.

"Dear Aloyse," Ermance whispered to her baby, "like me, thou art to be deprived of a mother's care. Neither art thou destined to enjoy the caresses of a father's love."

Some consolation for this cruel separation was found in the hope that her child would be well cared for, since Marie, the nurse who came to take up the charge, appeared to be above her station. She was a widow, her own child remaining under its grandmother's care while she undertook to devote herself to baby Aloyse.

Raymond, Grimoald's faithful equerry, had formerly been page to his grandfather, the Duke Azzoni.

Although as rough in appearance, he was a better man than his present master, to whom he was, nevertheless, greatly attached.

Ermance, having estimated his character, was well satisfied when Grimoald confided to him the nurse and child to be under his surveillance in one of the four towers. In her secret heart she hoped they might never see any other in charge over them. "I do not except Madame herself from this order," he had added sternly.

The weight of so poignant a grief upon her heart kept her in ill-health. As soon as able to go, Grimoald insisted upon his wife undertaking pilgrimage after pilgrimage. She was consequently at this time seldom seen for long together at Castle Vufflens.

But on her return, when from the borders of the lake she mounted the straight stony road leading up to the manor, her looks were expectantly raised. She did not know which tower her little girl occupied, but she let her eyes rest in turn on each of the four, hoping to perceive the little prisoner through some one of the narrow iron-latticed windows. Once she fancied she saw a little blond head, and blew a thousand kisses in that direction, which she charged the wind to carry to her little girl.

"Thou, poor child, in thy prison home, art not enjoying this fresh vivifying air! When wilt thou be free?" she sighed. "Will my husband's mood ever change?"

After two years had thus sadly passed away, a little sister was born to Aloyse. But, alas! the new-comer appealed no more than Aloyse had done to her father's unloving heart. He went from the presence of mother and child without so much as addressing a single word to them, muttering as he went, "There is another tower."

As soon as he was gone, Ermance took the unfortunate little baby in her arms, and, looking about her with a bewildered look, exclaimed, "If only I could hide thee away somewhere!" Her waiting-woman assured her that such a thing was impossible.

At this moment Raymond entered, and with him a nurse, of whom he spoke in high praise, quickly confirmed by her amiable countenance. He forthwith took the new-born babe, promising that it should have as much care as had been given to baby Aloyse, who, he assured Ermance, "was growing and prospering." These words were as balm to the poor mother's heart, and helped to lessen the pain which the sight of her second little daughter being carried away had inflicted.

"It is my wish," she said to Raymond, "that she be called Berthe. The name of his royal benefactress will, perhaps, touch her father's heart in her favour."

For reply Raymond held down his head, knowing that his master's heart was incapable of being moved until his whole nature should become changed.

Baby Berthe was given to her new nurse, and both were conducted to the tower opposite to the one in which Aloyse was a prisoner. Grimoald had commanded that they were not to be together.

Scarcely had the saddened mother realised the depth of this second cruel blow than she found herself face to face with a new source of sorrow which, for the time being, diverted her thoughts into another channel. Her father, the Lord of Vergi, had fallen dangerously ill at his castle at Champvent. This was followed by an event equally disturbing to Ermance's sensitive heart. Her elder sister, Gabrielle, as we have seen, was married to the Lord Grandson. The gentle Gabrielle was entirely devoted to duty, and her affection beautifully bestowed upon all who were by blood related to her. She not only dearly loved her father, her sister Ermance, but also her brother Enguerrand, for whom—they having been brought up side by side—she had a particular affection.

Gabrielle could also have loved her husband, the Lord of Grandson, if only he had been more amiable, for she considered him handsome as a man and valiant as a knight. But jealous and violent to excess, he did not make her happy. Still, she did not prefer anyone else, and gave him no cause whatever for jealousy.

The young Enguerrand de Vergi had just had bestowed upon him those weapons which were to bring credit or discredit upon a knightly career. Impatient to gain his spurs, his father granted him permission to enlist in the tournament which the Count de Provence had inaugurated in his beautiful town of Arles. Before setting out upon this exploit, he wished to bid farewell to his much-loved sister Gabrielle, and thought he would, equipped *au chevalier*, take her so by surprise that—so he fancied—she would hardly recognise him.

After his warrior's weapons, he donned a plumed helmet, and, taking a small boat, disembarked in due course at Yverdon, from whence he proceeded to the Château de Grandson. Observing his sister walking alone at a little distance from the water's edge along the avenue leading to the Castle, he lowered his visor, swiftly overtook and stood before her. To his surprise, Gabrielle at once recognised him. Laughingly raising his visor, she bestowed a bounty of sisterly caresses upon him. Soon they were seated side by side on the bank, her arm passed round his coat of mail, as she inquired about her father; then, critically regarding him, she admired every item of his equipment, perceiving the while that he lacked a lady's token. She rallied him upon the all-apparent fact, the truth of which he frankly acknowledged, declaring that until then he had thought of nothing but glory.

"Ah, well," said Gabrielle, embracing him tenderly, "since I am still the one best loved, I it is who shall attach the first scarf to your sleeve. A sister's affection is sometimes as much worth having as the love of another." So saying, she removed her beautiful white scarf, in which was fixed a gold clasp that adorned and attached it to her person, and decorated the young knight with it; then, drawing forth a pair of scissors from a little velvet bag hanging from her waist, cut off

a long tress of her hair. Taking hold of the slashed sleeve of his doublet, she fastened the tress of hair around it and, smiling, said, "Thou wilt return it to me again when some beautiful, high-born girl gives hers to thee."

Enguerrand assured her that he would keep it always, "for," he added, "the gifts of love and those of friendship may well go together."

Gabrielle pressed him then to go on to the Castle. But the knight had no great affection for his brother-in-law, and refused to remain longer.

"I have seen thee. I had no other wish. And now I depart. Equerry and horses await me on the other side of the lake. I have still to take leave of my father, and in an hour shall be *en route* for France. Adieu, sister dear, adieu, my good Gabrielle. Remember Enguerrand always."

He clasped her affectionately in his arms, went back to the boat, seized the oar and rowed rapidly away, little suspecting that this adieu would be the last, and that his visit and his refusal to go up to the Castle were destined to deprive him for ever of this sister he so dearly loved.

Following the boat with her eyes for as long as she could distinguish her brother, Gabrielle wiped away her tears and turned in the direction of the Castle to inform her husband of Enguerrand's visit, when she perceived Lord Grandson himself coming towards her, his face ablaze with anger.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GROUNDSEL MAN.

By MYRA HAMILTON, Author of "Love in the Forest," "Little John o' Dreams," etc.



It was so many years ago that this poor old man began regularly to come to our house that I cannot really say when I first saw him. From babyhood almost I had been familiar with the sight of him, seated in his accustomed corner of the kitchen, wedged in between the side of the dresser and the scullery door, and however cold or draughty his nook might be, he could never be persuaded to move. "Nay, nay, thankee kindly," he would say in answer to our persuasions, "but I'm doing well enough here." And thus he would sit, staring apparently at nothing, and but occasionally applying himself to the meal that we provided him with. I remember it used to irritate the cook exceedingly to note how he neglected his cup of soup until it had become chilled and unappetising, but when, after an outburst of wrath, he obediently gulped it down, she would relent, and in a modified tone of voice tell him not to hurry away. But at the same hour each day he would drag his weary limbs up from their resting-place, and after laboriously climbing the steep steps of our area, he would creep out of sight, only to re-appear the following morning, bearing a bunch of faded groundsel in his hand. This little offering he always presented to my mother, solemnly resting a trembling finger to his forehead as he did so. "For the bird, ma'am," he would say, "'e'll like a bit of green stuff, I'll be bound."

For some time I marvelled at this matutinal ceremony, as I knew since our solitary goldfinch had been found dead his empty cage had never had another occupant, but as I watched the old man's face brighten as he listened to my mother's gracious thanks, I realised, as others had done, that it would be cruel to lessen the value of the little action. It was through the medium of this daily gift that we first discovered his sight was failing, for, as time went on, instead of the root he meant to find, the little bunch would be composed of the oddest collection of weeds. I never made out that this poor old fellow had any real claim upon us further than that of poverty and ill-health, but my dear mother had heard him cough one cold winter's day as he toiled wearily along in a fruitless endeavour to sell his groundsel, and from that hour he had become one of her pensioners, and learnt to look to her for a daily breakfast, the few shillings which secured to him one little garret, and, in the winter, some warm garments to keep the cold away.

He gave us a great fright, I remember, once by not appearing in time to receive his usual bowl of broth. The cook, who always made a point of alluding to him scornfully as "The missus' old man," was more upset than anybody, and in consequence we suffered so much from the effect her agitation had upon her culinary efforts, that most earnestly, as a means of appeasing our hunger, if for no other reason, did we long to hear the groundsel man's familiar shuffle as he dragged his weary feet across the kitchen once more. But when I saw him again he was a distressing sight. Hatless, wild-eyed and pale, he suddenly presented himself at the back door, his clothes covered with mud and clay. A most deplorable object he looked, and though unable to give a coherent account of what had occurred, he still had sense enough to bemoan the fact that he had forgotten his usual green offering. Gently my mother tried to console him, and to gain some information as to his adventures, but he shook his old head wearily in response to her questions and said—

"I can't remember, lady. I went to a field to find the groundsel, and night came afore I knew. But I slipped into a ditch and couldn't get out for a long time, no, not till the woman came to look for me."

"What woman?" asked the cook sharply. "'Oo do yer mean?"

"The woman what cleans up my room and keeps me tidy," the old man explained. "She wor very good to my missis till she died, and now she's good to me, but we both forgot the groundsel. I can't remember anything more, cos my 'ead went so funny. Doctor says it was a kind of fit, 'e do."

"You won't have many more, that's certain," snapped our ill-tempered domestic, but, in spite of her anger, I saw she was warming him some of the strongest soup she had in the larder. "You won't be 'ere long."

"S-sh, cook, cook!" said my mother reprovingly, but the groundsel man took her remarks quite kindly.

"I'm ready to go when my time comes," he said simply. "I wish the good Lord would call me soon. I can't bear the thought of another winter. It do try me so."

"We'll look after you," my mother told him compassionately. "You shall want for nothing that we can give you. You must stay here in the warm as long as you like."

"Thankee kindly, lady, thankee," the old fellow said gratefully. "But I hope it won't be for long. I am very tired."

Regularly my mother made a rule of coming downstairs to see her pensioner until a severe chill kept her a prisoner in her room, and even then her thoughts were ever for his comfort as she sat propped up in bed knitting him a warm scarf. But quickly, oh, so quickly, the time came when

the work had to be laid aside, and doctor and nurse began a grim struggle to save the life of her whom I held dearer than all else, and during the cruel period of suspense, I am ashamed to say, I hardly thought of the groundsel man, or whether he realised the shadow that was over the house. But one day I ran down to the kitchen intent upon an errand, and then I saw him, the tears coursing down his withered cheeks, his horny hands gripping his knees convulsively. His blindness was so great that I knew he could read nothing by my face as I approached him and tried to speak hopefully.

"We must be brave, groundsel man," I said. "Let us pray for the best."

"The lady's too good to go yet," he said positively. "Her time won't come afore mine, though I can tell mine is close at 'and. The Lord knows well enough that the likes of 'er can't be spared so soon. I shall go first, little lady, so don't you be down'earted."

And his words came true. The next day the crisis passed, and my mother was declared out of danger. In the fulness of my joy I remembered her old pensioner, and hastened downstairs to tell him the good news. But the cook came to meet me as I drew near the kitchen door, and stood guarding the handle as she spoke.

"Don't go in there, miss, please," she said. "Don't go in."

"But why not, cook?" I asked in some surprise.

She threw her apron over her head and burst into tears.

"It's the poor old groundsel man," she sobbed. "'E came to-day with the bit of groundsel for the mistress, but 'e looked mortal bad, and could hardly creep to his chair."

"Yes?" I whispered. "And then? Is he dead?"

She nodded her head.

"'Dead,' you call it," she said. "Well, I don't. 'E's just gone Home to his Rest."

THE SISTER OF A KING.



THE old proverb concerning the unluckiness of a birthday in May was assuredly verified in the case of the beautiful Princess Elizabeth Philippine Marie Hélène of France, whose blue eyes opened to the world on May 3rd, 1764. She lost both her parents before her third birthday, for her father, the gentle melancholy son of Louis XV., died of consumption in 1765; and her mother, amiable, accomplished, and passionately attached to the husband whom she nursed devotedly during his lingering illness, followed him to the grave in less than a year. So the fatherless and motherless little one became the plaything and pet of those good aunts, Marie, Victoire and Sophie, who, having neither beauty nor talents, but being merely good, loving, tender-hearted women, were treated by their royal father with contemptuous neglect, but who watched like dutiful daughters by that father's dying bed, when the dread of the terrible disease that was upon him drove everyone else from his side.

Into the chilly monotony of those lives the little Elizabeth brought warmth and interest; and the three ladies, whose sole occupation had hitherto been embroidery and prayers, prayers and embroidery, with a brief and dreaded daily interlude of a five minutes' visit paid in state to their unworthy father, devoted themselves energetically to the education of the royal baby, so pathetically left alone in this big world. They were accomplished women for the times in which they lived, women, too, of high principle and austere lives, qualities scarcely to be expected in daughters of one of the most infamous of monarchs, but which they probably owed to the gentle influence of their mother, Louis's neglected and ill-treated wife, who withdrew herself as much as possible from the Court functions, which were simply made a medium for the infliction of insult, and found solace in the companionship and education of her daughters.

So the little one grew up from the quaint old-fashioned little maiden, balancing herself with difficulty on the abominable high-heeled shoes of the period, her tiny form surrounded and her movements hampered by the hideous hoop, her fair curls pomatumed and powdered and built up into a small copy of the elaborate coiffures of the maiden aunts. So she grew into fair and gracious girlhood, gentle, devout, given to good works, known in France before its troubles came upon it as "the saintly Madame Elizabeth," and blessed by the poor—that poor out of all proportion, alas! to the population of France at that time—for her wide and munificent charities. "As generous as Madame Elizabeth" was a common proverb in those days of the lull before the breaking forth of that howling tempest, the like of which it is scarcely probable the world will ever see again.

A child of ten when her brother came to the throne, Elizabeth led what girls of to-day would consider a very monotonous, but what seems to have really been a very happy life. She had what was then considered a fairly extensive library, consisting largely of devotional works, some few books of history and various scientific treatises; "but," says a chronicler of her virtues, "not one volume of those so-called philosophers, Rousseau, Voltaire, Montesquieu, or Raynal." She appears to have devoted some time to mathematics, and much to drawing and painting—mostly in the finicking style then in vogue—one highly-finished landscape, which contained eighteen figures in the foreground, being painted on a card—the king of diamonds. Her last painting, at which, alas, poor princess! she was at work on that fatal Tenth of August, was left unfinished; it was a tiny landscape four inches long—"A flat country in the distance, a wood on one side, and in the foreground a road, along which two travellers were passing on horseback."

A devout Catholic, the Princess was wide-minded and liberal to an extent surprising at a period when women who ventured to think for themselves in religious matters were by no means numerous. A very charming letter, written by her in reference to a young orphaned Swiss, for whom her interest had been solicited, is worth quoting.

After recounting the arrangements she has made for the boy's future, Elizabeth, then a girl of nineteen, goes on to say—

"I judged him, from his answers to my questions, to be well behaved and well informed. His naïveté in asking me not to be angry because he was a Protestant, and would always remain one, made me almost smile. I told him that I left it entirely to himself to make his peace with his conscience and with his God in the best manner he thought would be conducive to his happiness here and hereafter. . . . Next to infidelity I place intolerance; the former deprives the wretched of all hope of a future reward for his sufferings in this world; and the latter torments and makes him miserable here, though convinced that he will be tormented and miserable hereafter."

After those terrible days at Versailles, ending in the tumultuous procession to Paris, surrounded by a howling

mob carrying on their pikes the heads of the murdered Gardes-du-Corps, the royal aunts, terrified and dismayed, obtained permission from Louis to retire to Rome, and urged Elizabeth to accompany them. Poor Marie Antoinette, when she heard the news, was beside herself with grief. Rushing into the Princess's room, she threw herself into her arms, exclaiming amidst passionate sobs—

"And you, too, are going to desert me!"

And Elizabeth, to whom no grief ever appealed in vain, took the unhappy Queen in her arms, and vowed—little knowing how prophetic were her words—to be faithful to her while life should last.

She kept her promise nobly. On that memorable 20th of June, 1792, when the infuriated populace burst into the Tuileries, Elizabeth was mistaken for the Queen, and menaced by three or four half-drunken ruffians armed with pikes. Her attendants, in terror for her safety, rushed forward crying—

"It is Madame Elizabeth!"

"For the love of God, gentlemen," exclaimed the Princess, "do not undeceive them! It is better that I should die than my sister."

Through all the horrors of that day she never left her brother's side; and when, overcome with fatigue and anxiety, Deputy Lesuer fell fainting to the ground, she helped with her own royal hands to restore him.

From the very beginning of the storm Elizabeth seems to have anticipated its sanguinary end, for, in a secret letter to the good aunts, now safely at Rome, she begs them to ask the Pope to issue orders that to the usual prayers might be added those for persons in the agonies of death. "God alone knows," writes the sorrowful Princess, "whether we shall be alive when this letter reaches you."

Separated at length from all whom she loved, and left alone in the Temple, where every petty indignity possible to invent was inflicted upon the royal prisoner, Elizabeth's courage and fortitude never for an instant failed. She cheerfully swept her cell and prepared her scanty meals, ignoring with quiet dignity the insults of her gaolers, one of whom observed with much complacency—

"When I see Madame Elizabeth coming I never fail to salute her; but I do it with my pipe, for I draw my mouth full of smoke, that I may have the pleasure of puffing it in her face."

At the trial of poor old Bailly, the unhappy Mayor of Paris, the Princess was called as a witness to some transactions relating to the demonstrations in the Champs de Mars of '91. With grave dignity she refused to give any testimony. "Princes may pardon," she said to the President of the tribunal, "but they do not accuse." Whereupon angry murmurs arose, and Elizabeth was taken back to her prison.

When at last a deputation appeared at the bar of the National Convention demanding the extirpation of "the corrupt remnant of the family of Capet," the news must have come to the captive as a relief. In those days there was but one ending to a trial, and the sister of a king heard her death-sentence with the noble serenity that had distinguished her beautiful and useful life. One request she made, a request dictated by the utter unselfishness that was so marked a feature of her character; it was, that she might spend the short time between her sentence and execution in the company of those who were to suffer with her. The request was granted, and those last hours were spent by Elizabeth of France in comforting, cheering and encouraging with divinest hope those who, like herself, were about to die.

Carried to the place of execution with twenty-four fellow-sufferers, she consoled with sisterly tenderness the frightened women who were weeping beside her, kissing each as she was taken away to suffer the death which at last came to herself, when the guillotine, whose knife had fallen upon so many fair and noble necks, ended the earthly life of Madame Elizabeth, one of the saintliest victims of that Reign of Terror, whose annals are written in blood.

FELIX NOEL.



THE ANCHORESS OF STE. MAXIME.

By M. H. CORNWALL LEGH, Author of "Gold in the Furnace," "An Incorrigible Girl," "At the Foot of the Rainbow," etc.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Alison entered her mother's room, Mrs. Woodward was lying wide awake. She motioned her daughter to take the chair beside her.

"Well, what have you and Kate been talking about?" she asked, with a sweeter smile than was usual with her. "It is selfish of me, but I can't help being a little glad that she is going now, and I shall have more of you to myself."

"It has been very good of you to spare me to go about with her so much."

"I have been glad for you to have something pleasant. Of course, it is a dull life for you here. I hope some day I may recover sufficiently to make a change. You are very good about it, but I can enter into your feeling it hard sometimes."

Alison could not utter any protestations. She wished her mother would not talk like this. It was so seldom that she did; her manner was so rarely gentle and

affectionate like this; why had she chosen just to-night?

"Now I mustn't let you talk any longer, or you will never go to sleep," she said.

"I don't generally get to sleep before one o'clock. The medicine never seems to take effect till then, though I thought it might, if I kept quiet through the evening. However, you ought to be going to bed, child; you look very tired. Don't hurry up to-morrow morning. Now your friends are gone the days will be long enough."

Alison placed the various requisites for the night beside her mother's bed, hardly able to keep back a tear over the process.

"Put a new candle," said Mrs. Woodward. "When I woke this morning about five, I took a book for a while, and it sent me to sleep again till eight."

Alison did as she was asked. She also replenished her mother's little eau-de-Cologne bottle; she replaced the half-empty match-box with a new one, and when all was done, lingered a while to see if there was no last service she could think to render.

"That is everything," said Mrs. Woodward. "Give me a kiss, my child." As Alison bent over her, perhaps in response to some extra tenderness in her own embrace, her mother threw her arms round her neck.

"My dear child," she said, "you are very good to your old mother. What should I do without you, Alison?"

* * * *

It was with throat choking and eyes wet that Alison pressed her last kiss on her mother's forehead and left the room, closing the door behind her in the quiet way her years of attendance in the sick-room had taught her.

What would her mother do without her for a week? For a single day even? Without her, who knew all the invalid's little ways, whom Mrs. Woodward loved to have beside her when any other company was intolerable? Ought she not at least to have seen the nurse Dr. Le Brun had promised to engage, and made sure that she was a nice, sympathetic sort of person, instead of leaving the matter to chance? Alison recalled stories she had heard of nurses in hospitals who shook their patients when they were dying, who drank the wine intended for the sick, who insisted upon having their invalids up at five o'clock to make their beds, who gave the wrong medicine by accident, till it seemed to her she might be giving over her mother to the care of a she-fiend.

"You are very good to your old mother!" That was what Mrs. Woodward was saying to-night. The thought of tenderness with which she had uttered the words made Alison's tears pour down. What would she be saying to-morrow, after she had read her letter, and knew the design that had been in her daughter's heart, even while she accepted that commendation? Would it not be better to tell her she was going? But of course Kate was right. Her agitation would be infinitely greater when she had the object of her anger there before her, and could hope to win her way by expostulations, than when, in solitude and silence, she had nothing to do but accept the inevitable.

Alison looked at her packed boxes, at her dreary, disorganised room, and for the moment wished that Kate had never come across her path. The next, the ingratitude of such a feeling struck her. How good Kate had been to her! How disinterestedly kind! How she had favoured and helped on the intimacy between her and Hugo! How anxious she was that their romance should end in the way that meant for Alison, Heaven!

Unless she went with Kate to Castellamare she would never see him again. He was looking forward to their meeting there. How delighted he had been when Kate told him that she was coming!

But his first words had been, "How will Mrs. Woodward be able to spare you?" If he had known everything, would he have thought her justified in going? Alison tried to look at the matter through Hugo's eyes, to imagine what he would have decided in her case.

How hot her head was getting! How stifled and shut-in she felt! She threw open her window and the shutters, and looked out on the still night. The sky was overclouded, no star was to be seen; the dividing lines between land and sky were lost in darkness. Only a few lights appeared over at St. Tropez, and out of the black distance the lighthouse on Cap Camarat shone out brilliant, then sank away into the night. The old familiar lighthouse, dear old thing! How often, and often, and often, Alison had stood like this at her window, watching it with that strange fascination which came from its unvarying course of varying brightness!

As the light flashed out, Alison was seized with the idea that she could not leave it. With its darkness the fact that her resolution was sealed made itself felt once more. The dim flashes represented the compromises which occurred in succession to her mind: to wait till the nurse was in the house, and follow Kate then: to go as far as Genoa with Kate, and wait for her mother's answer to her letter there. Each idea was abandoned almost as soon as entertained. No half measures would do; she had not the strength of character to keep to a middle path. Having once screwed up her courage, made her preparations, announced her settled intention, she must carry everything out as planned, or—here the light flash lingered five brilliant seconds—give up the idea of asserting her independence once for all.

Hour after hour Alison sat at her window, the struggle going on in her mind. This was absolutely the last act of the drama. She had now to make up her mind irrevocably to use or to abandon her one chance.

When the clock struck three, it occurred to her that she had never said her evening prayers. She knelt down, thankful to have something to do that would take her mind for a few minutes off that protracted strain of conflict.

"Make me a perfect daughter to my mother, always patient, gentle, and considerate. May I be willing to be subject to her, as Christ was to His parents at Nazareth."

The last clause had lost much of its force for Alison since she had come under the influence of Kate. She had even thought of omitting it altogether, but had never quite made up her mind to do so. As she said these words now, by one of those subtle connections of ideas that baffle the psychologist, the face of Hugo, as he looked up at the Crucifix that day when they stood in the church together, flashed upon Alison's mental vision, and therewith the thought, "He would say it was right to stay." A point of fire broke its way out into the night, where a moment before all had been darkness.

"I will stay," Alison said to herself, with a sob.

CHAPTER XI.

"It is after five. Are you ready, Alison?" Kate's voice came in an energetic whisper as the door of her cousin's room was opened to her in response to her muffled knock.

"Dear Kate, you will think me the most miserable, backboneless creature in the world, and I am dreadfully

sorry to have given you all the trouble of making up my mind for me, and then changing it; but I have decided that, after all, I cannot leave her."

Kate took no notice of Alison's speech beyond a little nod which meant "I quite expected this." She took up her cousin's dressing-gown, folded it rapidly and thrust it into the hold-all, squeezed out her sponges and put her brush and comb into their bag as though not a word of what Alison continued to say reached her ears.

"The coffee's in my room," she said, after drawing the straps of the hold-all tight, fastening them and tucking in the ends. Alison followed her to the end of the passage.

"Listen, Kate; I am not going," she said, as she shut the door of her cousin's room behind them. "I have tried to explain to you why, but, of course, that doesn't matter to you. You will always think of me as a sort of wretched worm."

"Who turned at last, exactly. Of course, it was weak of you not to be able to move until someone came and dug you up by force. However, the point with me is that you have been dug up at last." And she poured Alison out a cup of coffee.

"I am going to wriggle back into the ground," said Alison laughing, with wet eyes. "When I am grovelling about there I shall often think of you and how tremendously good you have been to me."

"Like the girl who can't marry the man, but will always look upon him as a brother. Don't begin by telling your Hugo that's what you're going to do. He mightn't be as patient over all your changings of your mind as I am."

"I shall never see him again, of course. Dear Kate, I want you to tell him, please, how it is I haven't come. I felt I couldn't leave my mother; I am sure he will understand."

"You don't mean, Alison, that you really intend not to come?" Kate's manner had altered, and her tone was something very like angry. "After I had changed all my plans on your account, and you had definitely decided, and told me, and everyone else, that you were coming to Castellamare, at the very last moment like this, to throw me over."

"I am very sorry."

"Being sorry is no good. I had telegraphed yesterday for rooms at the Quisisana."

"I will pay for mine, of course. But wouldn't you have gone in any case?"

"Certainly not, and if you aren't coming I sha'n't go now. I shall go to Florence instead, as I had thought of doing. I know all the Naples district well enough. It was simply to give you the opportunity of meeting Mr. Archibald again that I decided to join the Browns at Castellamare."

"It was very good of you!" But the consternation in Alison's face, as she took in that no message, no explanation of her not coming would ever reach Hugo, was the point that struck Kate's attention. She followed up her advantage.

"If you don't come to Castellamare after all, Mr. Archibald can draw but one conclusion, that you do not care for him, so feel it is best to avoid another meeting. Of course, that is just the way an honourable girl would behave, if, on thinking things over, she saw it would be giving the man encouragement to offer himself to her, while she could only refuse him."

"Do you think that he really would take it to mean that?" asked Alison, with a face as woe-begone as Kate could have desired.

"I am sure of it, so make haste and put on your things. I hear the omnibus coming up to the door now. Drink your coffee first, and then stick the bread and butter into your bag."

"No, Kate." There was an accent of firmness in Alison's voice, in the look of her face, in the attitude in which she stood, her cousin had not seen before.

"I am desperately weak and silly. It seems as if there were no decision in my character at all. I am worked on first by one influence, and then another. Am I not? You have said that kind of thing to me, and I know it is true. I have been thinking it out all this last night. And it seems to me that, with that kind of vacillating, much too easily led disposition, the only thing to do is to find out what are one's really highest influences, and be guided by them."

"You look on me as the lowering influence then—the tempter?" There was an accent in Kate's voice that was far from pleasant; she was sorely disappointed at the failure of the altruistic schemes she had set her tough will so firmly to carry out, and could not be expected to be at her sweetest.

"You have been nothing but what was good and unselfish, but it would be selfishness in me to carry out what you have planned. Don't you see that it makes all the difference whether you are arranging something for another person's benefit or for your own—that for me it——"

"My dear girl, I have not time to stop to listen to ethics!" broke in Kate, taking out a fountain pen and proceeding to scratch through the "Castellamare" on her labels and substitute "Florence."

Antoine had come up for the luggage.

"Mes bagages ne vont pas," said Alison, in a rather strangled voice. She took Kate's handbag and carried it downstairs for her very humbly. It was certainly dreary work seeing her into the omnibus in the chill, faint light of dawn, while her own boxes stood waiting to be unpacked above.

Kate squeezed a smile out of her face as she seated herself, and the door was shut.

"Good-bye," she said. Alison stood on the step and put her head through.

"Give me a kiss, Kate," she pleaded, pressing her lips against her cousin's cheek. It was only something like a peck she got in return, but Kate was never given to sentimentalities. She waved her hand and smiled again rather more successfully as the omnibus disappeared round the corner of the drive, and Alison ran in out of the wind, which came as a gale round the corner of the house, feeling herself forgiven.

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than one question may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of "The Girl's Own Paper," 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

*** We are asked to inform our readers that Miss Louise M. Glazier holds a correspondence class for the study of black and white for book illustration in line or wash, fashion-plate drawing and design. Drawings to be criticised must be sent, packed flat, to 4, Cranmer Villas, Mitcham, Surrey, and they will be returned within a week with a full written criticism. Students are advised as to the best methods of disposing for their work when it is suitable for reproduction. Terms, and all particulars may be had on application to Miss Glazier. From the letters we receive, we judge this class will be useful to many of our correspondents.

A WORCESTERSHIRE LASS.—We are interested in the work you send us, and sympathise in your remark, "Of course my brothers laugh at it, but one can never go by them." No, one never can, so far as poetical effusions are concerned! The "Dream of the New Century" is excellent for a girl of 14. We do not like the word "fragrancy" instead of "fragrance" for the sake of rhyme. Your rhymes are very accurate as a rule, and the metre is rightly kept. The worst line is—

"And then I found myself back in my room,"

where the accent is not good, and the phrasing is homely. We like the idea of the poem. The other is fanciful. "Crystal" is not spelt with an "h." You should be able to do better work in time, if you do not spoil your style by too much premature writing. Read and study all you can.

LADY DISDAIN.—We like "The Rose" best of the three pieces you send us. You occasionally have a faulty rhyme in your work, *e.g.*, "lover" "over," "supremacy" "variety," "endowed" "bestowed." The best way to learn the laws of form—metre, rhythm, etc.—is undoubtedly to read, as you say you do, the work of great poets. There is a work we sometimes recommend, *Chapters on English Metre*, by Mayor (Cambridge Press). In Dr. Angus's *Handbook of the English Tongue* (56, Paternoster Row, London) you will find a chapter on Prosody, and we occasionally publish articles on the subject in our magazine. The laws of form are learnt instinctively by studying the work of the masters of form; the ear grows skilled to detect blunders. In spite of your remark that "there is nothing new under the sun," we must warn you not too freely to express thoughts so familiar as those on the "uses of adversity," embodied in two of your poems.

H. H.—We are uncertain whether you are in earnest in sending us these lines for criticism. If you do not intend a joke, we must tell you frankly that they are absurd. They are written in no paritcular metre, the rhymes are occasionally incorrect, and the phrasing is wildly extravagant. In fact, several of the verses are quite nonsensical. Pray do not recite them in public any more.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WELSH SPINSTER.—The word Charing Cross has nothing to do with the word char (to do housework by the day). It comes from the French *chère reine* (dear queen). It was at Charing Cross that Edward I. in 1290 erected one of the crosses to the memory of his beloved Queen Eleanor. He had crosses built at the different places where her body rested in its funeral progress to Westminster. The crosses of Waltham, Cheapside, Charing Cross were of the number. The very beautiful cross at Charing was removed by order of the Parliament of 1647, and a modern reproduction now occupies its site. The full moon always appears nearly of the same size. It travels round the earth almost in a circle. It varies in apparent diameter from a maximum of 33′ 31″ and a minimum of 29′ 21″. Of course the explanation of the moon's changes in shape, from a thin crescent to a full disc, are due to its own movement and the way in which the rays of the sun shine upon it. When right opposite the sun it appears as full, when near the sun it appears as a thin crescent, turning almost entirely its dark side to the earth.

MADEJDA WIOUKOF (St. Petersburg).—The Teneriffe wheels can be had from Mr. Cullen, 182, Tottenham Court Road, W. Cushions traced for working the wheels from Mr. E. Hayward, The Arcade, Leeds, and many varieties of frames, laces, insertions, fans, pines, etc., from Mrs. Scarborough, 40, Parliament Street, Harrogate.

A READER OF THE "G. O. P."—The penny post was started at the suggestion of Mr. Rowland Hill in 1840. Before that the cost of taking a letter fifteen miles was 4d., three hundred miles 1s. But the Sunday delivery of letters in London has never been "discontinued"—it has never been tried, and the number of men it would employ on Sunday is considered too large for it to be attempted. Some time ago a law was passed to prevent the Sunday delivery of letters in country districts, but the agitation against it was so great, it was repealed. In Brussels all the stamps have a little piece of paper attached to them, which has to be detached and torn off if you wish your letter to reach its destination on Sunday.

MARGUERITE.—A small pamphlet has been published on *The Language of Postage Stamps*, but I have been unable to trace it. There was a rhyme on the position of the stamp running something like this—

"If you gum it upside down,
'Tis an insult to the Crown," etc.

E. L. H.—A hand-laundry does not require a large capital, but it is quite different with regard to a steam-laundry. Machinery is so very expensive. A steam-laundry cannot well be run with any profit under about £30 of work a week, whereas in a hand-laundry you would be making money on £20 of work a week or less. Of course, really it would be far better that you should first go in for a training in laundry-work. This costs £10 for an all-round six months' training. A good many laundries take pupils—the Osborne Laundry, Grosvenor Road, Hanwell, does amongst a great number of others. Then instead of at once starting a laundry of your own, I should recommend you to take some post in another laundry, either in the packing and sorting room, or as a preparer. You might in time become a manageress; they are well paid; an experienced woman gets about £110 a year with a house, gas, fuel, and her washing done for nothing! There is much less worry in working someone else's laundry than in working your own. And I should strongly recommend you not to attempt to buy a laundry for yourself until you thoroughly understand the business.

WIGSBY.—The special flower of the Hanoverian Royal Family is the lily of the valley (*Convallaria*). It is called the mayflower of Germany. The French *eau d'or* is the water distilled from its flower. The daily papers say that florists are cultivating it very largely at present as it will be much used for decoration at the coronation in June.



OFF FOR A SPIN!



VOL. XXIII.—NO. 1167.] MAY 10, 1902. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE FAIR CAPTIVES OF CASTLE VUFFLENS.

A STORY OF LOVE AND LOYALTY. FROM THE RECORDS OF THE TENTH CENTURY.

ADAPTED BY E. J. JONES.

CHAPTER II.

LORD GRANDSON had seen from the terrace the arrival of a young knight whom he did not recognise. The joy Gabrielle had shown on seeing him, her gifts of scarf and tress of hair, their affectionate farewell, had all tended to rouse his ire. Listening only to the voice of his fury, he seized her by the arm and plunged his dagger into her breast.

"Miserable deceiver!" he exclaimed. "It is thus that the Lord Grandson avenges himself. Would that I could also plunge this steel into the heart of the unworthy knight on whom you have showered your gifts and caresses. Name him! I command it!"

"It was my brother," cried Gabrielle, as she fell, "Enguerrand de Vergi, and I die innocent of any deception."

Thus she expired. The first thought of her barbarous husband was to conceal the crime of which he had made himself culpable. Quickly seizing her body, he threw it into the lake, hoping that it would be believed that an accident was accountable for her death. Some fishermen, however, had witnessed the atrocious act. They had recognised young Enguerrand, but the murder of Gabrielle had followed too quickly for them to have been able to prevent it.

Confident of a large recompense from the Lord Vergi if they could

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"RAYMOND CONDUCTED HER TO A CHAMBER ADJOINING THE TOWER."

restore her to life, they hastened to recover her body from the lake. Alas, it was a lifeless body they carried to Champvent, depositing it at the feet of the unhappy father, to whom they related the tragic event.

The young Lord of Vergi had already informed his father of his expedition to the Avenue de Grandson, showing his sister's gifts in proof of it. No doubt remained of her husband's guilt. Her father's fury was as great as his affection. Recovering all the strength and energy of his youth, he hastened to the Château Grandson, compelled his unworthy son-in-law to confess his crime, and fought him to the death, thus avenging his daughter, and re-establishing the honour of his noble name. But he could not appease the cries of his own conscience, which reproached him incessantly for having forced Gabrielle to marry this monster. Grief and remorse slowly brought him to the grave. Before he died he wished to see his younger daughter, to assure himself of her happiness, and therefore despatched his equerry to obtain her husband's consent—a consent Grimoald dared not refuse.

"Go," he said, assisting her on to her palfrey, "but, I warn you, if you speak to your father of Aloyse and Berthe being in the turrets, you shall never see them more."

Ermance sighingly promised. Indeed, she would not have wished through her confidence or by her complaints to have added to the Lord Vergi's affliction. Her eyes lingered lovingly on the turrets, as she recommended the cherished beings which they held in captivity to God's care, before departing with her father's equerry for Château Champvent.

During ten months she remained in her former home, caring for her father and sharing his grief. Alas, nothing seemed to console him. He continued to consider himself Gabrielle's assassin.

"I should have liked to see my Lord Grimoald before I died," he said, "to beg of him not to force his daughters in any way into marriage. In your case no doubt I have been fortunate, but one can never be quite certain. As for my poor Gabrielle, better had she died in her cradle than live to be the grown-up daughter of a bad father, and a bad father I must have been in her eyes in giving her such a husband."

The poor old man breathed his last in this daughter's arms, without the least suspicion that she had also been sacrificed. Not a single complaint escaped the patient creature, who shut up her sorrow in her own breast and suffered in silence. Ah! how much she had suffered when her father had questioned her about her dear ones!

"Thou hast done well," he had said to her, "to call the first-born Aloyse, after thy mother, for whom I have so greatly grieved. May thy child grow up as good and beautiful. Thou shouldst have brought her to me that I might judge for myself if she resembled her—then, indeed, very dear would she have been to me. Well satisfied also am I that thy second daughter should be Berthe, after our good queen, so greatly renowned and so well remembered in this land."

As soon as the Count de Vergi had been consigned with considerable pomp to the tomb, Grimoald, who had come to Champvent for the funeral ceremony, conducted his wife back to Vufflens.

The next event of consequence in Ermance's life was the birth of another little girl to be sister to Aloyse and Berthe, and, alas, destined to share with them a childhood of captivity, carried to it by the unwilling Raymond, who was compelled to obey the mandate laid upon him.

Ermance had not been a witness of the scene, for dread of her husband's decree had deprived her of consciousness. When she came to herself, child, husband and equerry were gone."

"Say to Raymond," she cried, as soon as she was able to speak, "that I wish my third daughter to be Gabrielle, after her unfortunate kinswoman. Like her, she is the victim of a cruel injustice. May my angel sister watch over her from the celestial land to which she has gone."

By frequent visits to the Castle chapel, Ermance hoped, on her knees, to cultivate a less bitter submission to her sorrow, although in Heaven's sight no submission could be sweeter or more gentle. "Would the pride of her proud husband never be broken? Would he never feel remorse for his reckless evil ways?" These things she asked herself again and again. It seemed as though he were incapable of taking pleasure in anything but cruelty—cruelty for cruelty's sake. However, cruel as he had been to his children, and through them to herself, he had left them their lives; and, after all, their fate was not so sad a one as had befallen the luckless Gabrielle. Yet so great was the force of the tyranny in which her husband indulged that it was destined ere long to develop in her an almost supernatural power.

When, in course of time, another little girl was born at the Castle, to share, for a father's whim, the captivity of the three other captive children, Ermance, who had shown herself so meekly submissive, seized her little girl, and with a firmness which awed even Grimoald himself, declared that nothing but death should prevent her from taking charge of the little one clasped so convulsively to her bosom.

"If you, unnatural father, in your pride and cruelty premeditate imprisoning all your children, then I will be a prisoner too. No one else but I myself shall be nurse and guardian to this innocent child. I swear it, and before God I take this sacred vow."

Grimoald was completely confounded at this unlooked-for audacity.

"Very well, be it so, madame," he replied with furious emphasis. "You will occupy the fourth turret along with your child, and be a prisoner there for the rest of your days. Be ready this very night. From this moment you are dead to the world."

He left Ermance delighted at the mere idea of the captivity to which he condemned her.

"Ah, I shall not be dead for thee, my dear little Gizèle," she cried fervently. "Yes, I will give thee the name of the friend of my childhood. Oh, the joy of caring for thee as only a mother can!"

She slept after this with her infant in her arms and slept peacefully. Never was awakening more happy. Her infant daughter was the first object which caught her eye. She covered the baby with kisses, far from feeling any bitterness at that moment against her cruel husband.

When it was quite dusk, Raymond entered and respectfully instructed Ermance to be ready by midnight. She rose and dressed without assistance, then, seated with her child upon her knees, awaited his arrival. When he appeared her eyes regarded him as a liberator. Caressingly she carried her treasure, while the equerry, lamp in hand, guided her along the galleries to the north turret. In passing through the vestibule leading to it, she thought of her other children so close to her. She stopped short, seized Raymond's arm, and with an expression which could only appear on a mother's face, besought him to accord her the happiness of seeing them for one single moment.

Raymond resisted her appeal, but after a little more pressure, perceiving that he was touched, she persisted in her entreaties until the equerry appeared as though he had not the heart to refuse her.

"Madame, I will accord you all that lies in my power. But the price of this concession exacts that you shall first of all go to the apartment which is prepared for you. Consider the little one in your arms. You have constituted yourself her nurse, and for her sake you ought to take every care of your health."

Her entreaties gave way under this reasoning, and Raymond conducted her to a chamber adjoining the tower.

"There, madame, is your room," he announced. "Seek repose. You must be in great need of it. You will find on this table some necessaries. And all that you and your infant may require will be forthcoming."

"Merciful Heaven! Shall I not see you again, Raymond? And my daughters—you promised me?"

"All that lies in my power I will do for you, madame. Care well for your health. I will return."

He was gone. Ermance heard the click of the double—or was it treble?—locks. She was a veritable prisoner in her own Castle, but was far from complaining at her fate. Laying the sleeping child upon the bed, she fell upon her knees and thanked Heaven for the extraordinary courage with which she had been inspired. She then lay down close beside her child and passed a peaceful night. Her awakening was animated by the hope of seeing her elder children, and by the duties which the youngest demanded from her. Raymond did not again appear, but she found, in a part of the apartment devoted to this purpose, as much food as was necessary, and linen and garments for herself and for Gizèle.

A prisoner in her own castle, Ermance did not, however, find herself excessively unhappy. She gave devoted attention to her little daughter, thinking as well unceasingly of those other dear ones denied to her, counting the days and the hours until Raymond should lead them to her as he had confidently made her hope. She pictured them to herself under the image of three graces, and her imagination sought to paint their features according to the names she had given them.

Aloyse ought to resemble her grandmother, who was renowned for her beautiful face and dignified mien. Berthe should have an air of active goodness, a gentle, serene physiognomy, hair beautifully blond, and eyes of blue, full of sweetness and majesty as had characterised the Queen of Lombardy. Gabrielle she saw with the frank, artless expression and exquisite countenance of the charming Lady de Grandson, which could have quieted a tiger, but, alas, not her husband. Delightful chimera of the maternal mind. After fifteen days' weary waiting the turning of a key made Ermance tremble with emotion. Raymond entered. No one was with him, and the poor distracted mother's heart felt grievously wounded.

"You have left me overlong, Raymond," she said on seeing him, "and you return—alone? Ah, it was not this which sustained my courage. Alas, alas, I expected to see my little daughters with you!"

"I only promised, madame, to do all that I was able, and——" he stopped, as if he dared not finish.

"And your tyrannical master—you doubtless defend him!" cried Ermance. "But does he know of it? Should you not render account to him of all your good deeds?" she added, with bitter sarcasm. Then she continued more pleadingly, "Raymond, does not God command you to succour those who are afflicted with misfortune?"

"And I have to afflict you yet more," said Raymond, in a tone of greater compassion than one would have suspected from him. "I wished, madame, to leave you time to recover your health, to re-establish your strength before informing you——"

"Of what? Speak! For mercy's sake explain yourself."



"THEY HASTENED TO RECOVER HER BODY FROM THE LAKE."

"I cannot. This letter of Monseigneur's," he said, giving her a paper, "ought to have been delivered when conducting you hither. I lacked the courage. I will return again after a while," he added hastily, going from her presence forthwith, Ermance the while trembling over the missive, which contained these words.

"Your elder daughters no longer exist. I deemed it wise to abstain from telling you until now that Aloyse and Berthe both died during your sojourn at Champvent. As for Gabrielle, she survived only a few days. I should perhaps have been able to endure the child Gizèle, now that she is the only one, but for your own audacity in provoking my anger, and the vow which you dared to take. All the world believes you dead, and you are dead to all effect—you and your little Gizèle. I cannot revoke what has been done, even if at times a remnant of tenderness for you—but no, you do not merit it; and the children brought up under your guidance would have learned to fear and detest their father. If you submit without murmuring to your lot, nothing of absolute necessity will be wanting—and you will live, as I would make all women live, in captivity, having enough to care for in the care of your child.

"GRIMOALD,
Duc Azzoni, Seigneur de Vufflens."

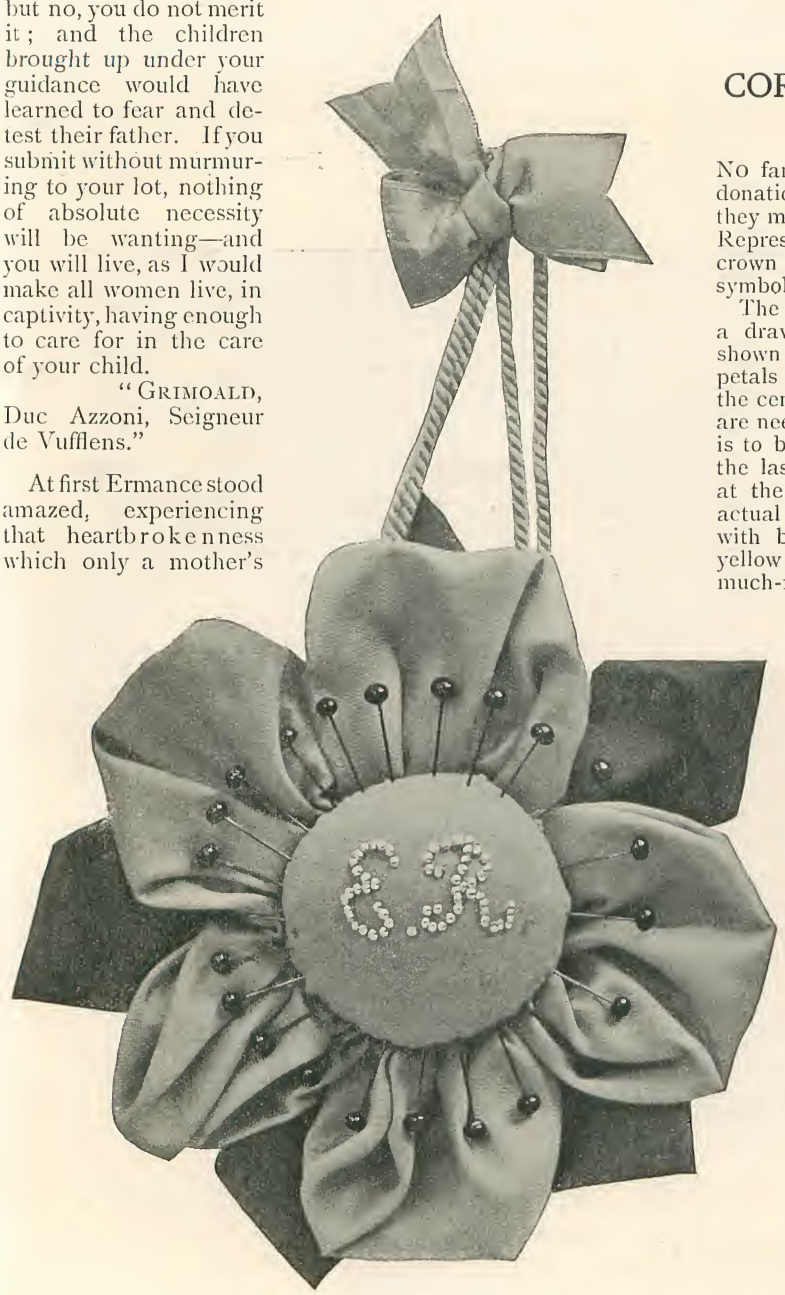
At first Ermance stood amazed, experiencing that heartbrokenness which only a mother's heart can feel. The sweet consoling hope which had so relieved the keenness of her captivity must now be confined to the child, who might also die—to leave her a desolate, disconsolate prisoner. On reflection she thought, "My other children have found a Father in Heaven. The good God be thanked a thousand times!" On Gizèle she would concentrate the whole tenderness of her tender heart.

"Thou shalt not die, dear one. I will so watch over thy life that my treasure will be preserved. Happy, a thousand times happy, in the sole charge of thee!"

Raymond returned and found her in this mood of exaltation.

"No longer compelled to endure a cruel captivity," she said. "Their home is in Heaven, and there I hope to be re-united to them."

(To be continued.)



THE ROSE OF ENGLAND PINCUSHION.

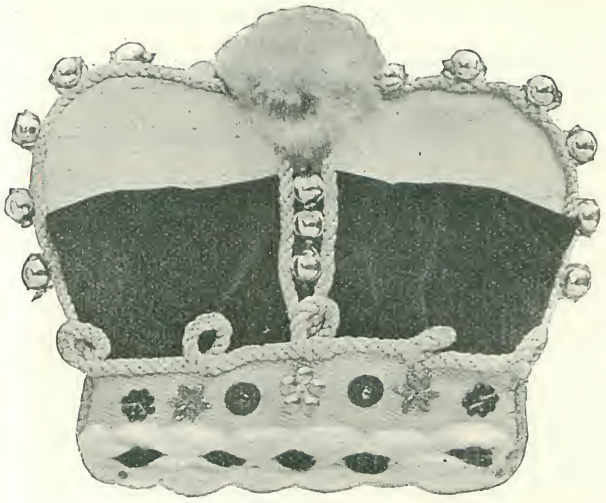
CORONATION DESIGNS FOR FANCY NICKNACKS.

No fancy trifles, whether for bazaars or for private donation, are this year considered complete unless they more or less distinctly refer to the Coronation. Representations, more or less inaccurate, of the crown appear on everything—indeed, every national symbol is used for decorative purposes.

The Rose of England pincushion will hang on many a drawing-room wall this season. The example shown at Fig. 1 is worked out in natural colours, the petals being of pink and the leaves of green silk and the centre yellow. For this centre two round cards are needed, each measuring two inches across. One is to be covered with lining and put aside until quite the last thing, when it is sewn on to make all neat at the back. The other card is the base of the actual cushion for the pins, so is to be heaped high with bran and covered with lining and then with yellow sateen or silk to fit it for its position as the much-raised centre of the flower. Each of the petals is a five-inch square of pink silk folded in half and gathered in all round except along the fold. These petals are sewn on to the wrong side of the yellow centre, and five leaves of green silk alternate with them. The leaves are oblong strips of silk, doubled to measure two and a half by one and a half inches; the two upper corners are turned sharply in and meet at the back to form a pointed tip. A suspension loop of yellow cord or of ribbon is added, also on the wrong side of the back, which is now made tidy by stitching on the covered round prepared for the purpose. Tack the cords to the back of the uppermost petals, or the heavy cushion will lean forward instead of hanging flat.

For stamens stick in pins with large heads round the outside of the bran cushion. Yellow-headed pins are the best, and are procurable from shops that stock also other materials for lace-making. Smaller pins should be stuck in the centre of the cushion to form the initials E. R

The crown needle-case forming the subject of the second illustration is an attractive trifle for the present season. For the foundation two crown-shaped cards are cut and covered with gold silk. These measure about four and a half by three and a half inches. On the section that is for the right side of the case sew down a purple velvet cap in



CROWN NEEDLECASE.

much the same way as for the silk bag (see Fig. 3), but for copying Fig. 2 a larger piece of velvet is required. Form the rim of the crown of gold braid sprinkled with "jewels" and sequins, and the bands, ornaments, and arches of fine gold cord. The ermine is represented by white wool couched down with white silk and marked with large single chain stitches of black wool. Round the arches sew on large beads and on the top of all a yellow silk pompom.

Hinge this crown to the plainly-covered shape with a band of gold braid run along the straight or bottom edges and line both sections with flannel, drawing this tightly or it will pucker when the case is folded. Add flannel leaves for the needles and, if liked, bands of ribbon to hold packets of needles. Close the case with a loop of cord coming from under the pompom and passing over a button sewn on to the plain side of the crown.

It is easy to arrange the inside of this case as a pen-wiper or photo-holder or small note-book, if either of these is thought more useful than the needle-book.

Our third illustration may be considered representative of the nicknacks of the year. It is a small bag or purse suitable for presentation or for use at important functions. It measures five inches in width and nine or ten in depth, with a turn-over top that, counting to the tip of the point, is five inches deep.

This vandyked end is ornamented, as is shown in Fig. 3, with four diagonal lines coming in opposite directions and interlacing to form nine rectangular spaces. These lines are worked in chain-stitch rather heavily: that is to say, with crewel silk in black or royal blue, the former being preferable if the purse is made of white silk, the latter colour looking best if pale blue silk is chosen for the foundation. In each little space is put a bright gilt sequin sewn down with a crystal bead. Small rings put on at close intervals under the turn-over top are threaded with blue cords finished with gold silk pompoms.

Lastly we come to the embroidered crown, which needs careful working to produce a satisfactory result. It is best to line the silk with a small piece of soft material and to work in a frame. The cap of the crown is to be made first. This is of royal crimson velvet—an oblong piece three inches long by an inch and a half deep, and with all raw edges tucked away. Along the upper edge the cap is straight, but at the base is gathered into an inch and a

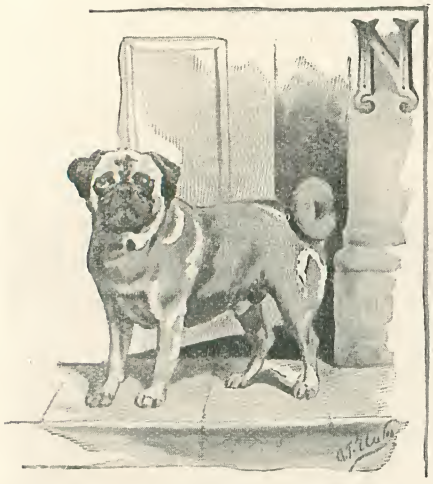


CORONATION BAG WITH CROWN.

half in width. The frame and arches are of fine gold braid; one row of this sets flat, but outside it is a band looped into picots all along to simulate the gold-work of the crown. Gold sequins form the top of all, and coloured sequins, pearls and other "gems" stud the rim below. Under everything else is the ermine brim, cunningly contrived of four or five rows of darning worked with white wool, and with a centre running of black that appears on the right side of the work at due intervals all along. The result, if the crown is evenly made, is quite satisfactory on the light silk ground.

LEIRION CLIFFORD.

AN EXTINCT DISEASE.



Now that hydrophobia seems to be stamped out of the land it is interesting and instructive to read the following account of its ravages in a little town in Wales many years ago. This account is taken from the Diary of Miss Anne Beale, the well-known writer of stories for girls.

August 9, 1850.—As Anne and I were coming through the town, a dog fell upon poor little Gyp and bit his neck. We tried to get him away, but he bit him again and again. At last I got Gyp up in my arms, and the strange dog fell upon another dog near him, and another, until the people began to say he was mad. We took Gyp home in fear and trembling. The strange dog had been biting all the dogs in the town. Gyp's mouth was full of blood, but there was no external wound. His foot also was hurt. Gwynne Lewis came down and begged us to shut him up at once, which we did, in Mr. Thomas's stable. When he had the rope round his neck to lead him away, he sat up and begged, looking so pitiful that it made my heart ache. Then he yelled all night, till poor Elizabeth declared it was wretched to hear him. He spoiled my pleasure, and they all tried to laugh me out of it. George Price almost won me into a good temper by declaring he could himself cry at any time for the loss of a favourite horse or dog. He condoled with me, but I am determined not to allow him to suppose that he may amuse himself with me as with the rest, so I am colder than ice. I daresay he doesn't care for it. He walked home with us. I ended by a regular good cry.

August 10.—Kind Mr. Rees came down whilst we were at breakfast, and declared the strange dog to be one of Early the keeper's dogs, and not mad, but worried. He had just seen him prowling about the market for meat. I nearly cried again for joy. We released poor Gyp, and his joy was beyond all bounds. He jumped about like mad—I am sure he would have gone mad if he had been chained up much longer. We must be careful, however, as we are not quite sure about the dog. Gyp will not leave my side, and seems to be fearful of imprisonment and conscious of something wrong.

August 11.—We all went down, after Llandefeisant Church, Williams with us, to ask about Early's dog. We saw him tied up. He looks sulky, but the keeper says he is not mad. Gyp is fonder than ever. He had a good dose of medicine. I hope he will be kept from that terrific hydrophobia.

August 12.—A stormy day. Anne and mamma came to meet me. The post-master says Early's dog is mad. I am in sad distress about Gyp, whose leg continues bad, and who seems more affectionate than ever.

August 14.—Mrs. Williams came to the schoolroom on purpose to tell me that Early's dog is raving mad. Mr. Williams had seen him. Tartar, one of the Llwynhelig dogs has also died, supposed to be mad. She said she would get a collar and chain, if I would tie up Gyp. Came home, and met Mrs. R. Hughes. Asked her to tea. Met brother Tom, who went with me to get the collar and chain. Poor little Gyp came jumping about me, as well as his sore foot would let him. He shrank at the sight of the chain, intuitively. Brother Tom went to try and get an old barrel to serve as a kennel. Could not succeed. Fastened the collar on poor Gyp, who looked into my face so entreatingly, and crept up my side so pitifully, that I could not bear it. We fastened him to the railings for a short time and he lay down and literally sobbed. Jackey came home with mamma's chain, and went and procured a barrel. Meanwhile Maria Thomas, Miss Chesterton, and Mrs. Hughes came to tea. We put the barrel in the garden, and fastened Gyp to the wall. It made my heart ache to see his misery when I left him to go to tea, and to hear him whine. No one could understand my feelings but those who knew how nearly human Gyp was, how much better than human in his attachment. Mr. and Mrs. Rees and Mrs. Price came after tea, and with them intelligence that Early's dog had bitten nearly every dog in the town, and was shot raving. Gyp's howlings and strainings at his chain were unbearable. I could not keep from him, and he was like a child with me; sitting up as I had taught him, and begging to be let loose, till Mr. Rees declared that if he went mad I should surely be bit, and entreated me to have him destroyed. I said I would rather have him killed than doom him to three months' misery, tied up as he then was. Elizabeth could bear his pitiful howl no longer, and let him loose. Then she heard that the postmaster and three other people had destroyed valuable dogs that had been bit, and they all declared that if I did not kill mine, they would. As my poor Gypsey was loose and quiet I was comfortable for the time, and managed to keep up for the evening. About 11 o'clock I went to the kitchen for something. Elizabeth was out. I did not see Gyp, and asked Mrs. Hughes's servant, who was there, if she knew anything of him. She did not. I did not dare to ask more. When they were all gone I said to Elizabeth, "They have killed Gyp." She denied at first, almost in tears, for she was nearly as fond as him as I. At last it came out. They had given him prussic acid. Mr. Rees took it upon himself, and mamma sanctioned it. I know I am very silly—very wrong—but I have lost a dear and devoted friend, and I cried till I was ill—cried till, like a baby, I fell asleep. Mamma and Anne were nearly as bad. As soon as I composed myself, and they reasoned me into believing it right, some one of the dog's merry clever ways came before me, and I began again like a child. It seems so cruel to have killed him. I should not have cared so much had he died a natural death, but just in the midst of health and enjoyment, to stop his happy innocent life!

August 15.—Arose with almost as sad a heart as when I went to sleep, and missed Gyp's regular scratch at the bedroom door, and joyous meeting. Anne walked with me. Had a return of all my sorrow when I met my pupils, whose indignation and sorrow at Gyp's murder were unbounded. They could not let the matter rest, and I had

red eyes all day. Went to Berthlewyd in the evening, where I found mamma and Anne. Gyp again was the burden of Charlie's greeting. The children could not think what made "Annie so low." They could not bear to see her out of spirits.

August 16.—Still at Berthlewyd, where we are all as happy as we ever are there. The intelligence of there having been ten dogs killed in Llandilo, Dr. Prothero's magnificent Lion amongst them, has reconciled me to the propriety of poor Gyp's death, though not to his loss. Charlie was charmed to see Annie look "brighter" than yesterday.

August 17.—Returned from Berthlewyd in the evening. Their kindness has been unexampled. Dear Victoire nice as ever. Anne delighted with them all, as well she may be. The first thing we missed was Gyp's joyous bark—but I will not allude to him any more. We ought to be on our knees in thankfulness that the mad dog did not bite us when we tried to get Gyp away from him, and I have been very foolish to waste so much feeling upon an animal, but no friend I have, loved me better than he did.

August 23.—Found mamma better and up when I returned, and brother Tom with her. His sow and twelve little pigs died. He thinks of hydrophobia, because the dog he shot some time ago bit her. He did not consider the dog mad at the time, though he bit his labourer's child's cheek to the bone, but now he begins to fear he was mad, and to be anxious about the poor child.

August 26.—A horrible thing has happened. The poor child that brother Tom's dog bit is dead, it is reported of hydrophobia. She died in convulsions, and the insane people say Mr. Rees sent her a dose to put an end to her. How much I feel for the Lewis's! Victoire will be wretched. And the unhappy parents. Doubtless the dog was mad, and the death the effect of the bite, though she was not violent. How can I be thankful enough that Early's dog did not turn upon Anne or me and bite one of us, or that we destroyed poor Gypsey!

August 30.—Went up to Berthlewyd. Found dear Victoire looking as ill as she could look and as low as possible. The death of that poor child has quite upset both of them. It appears that she did not die at all violent, but convulsed. She drank tea and water, and took her medicine, and merely wandered in her mind occasionally. Victoire says she died to all appearances from internal inflammation. Had there been no dog in the case her death might easily have been supposed mere convulsions from inflammation. She was taken Saturday and died Monday. She died in her father's arms quite quietly. Her brothers had been frightening her by endeavouring to keep her indoors with threats of the big dog. The reports that have gone abroad are marvellous, and believed, harrowing the feelings of the poor father, who was told that he had smothered the child. Lewis gave her her medicine twice, and they heard all the progress of the complaint from the parents. The child was the same age as little Arthur, and Victoire was very fond of it. She used to nurse it when Arthur at one time refused the breast, and has watched it constantly, given it a hive of bees and a calf, of which she was very proud. She was a very forward child, and, as her father said, "the prettiest little child in the hamlet." Victoire said she looked quite lovely in her little coffin, covered with flowers. A beautiful smile on her face, and no sign of suffering. The people say she nearly jumped to the ceiling at the sight of a drop of water, that two men could not hold her, and that Mr. Rees gave her poison! And this of a child known to have drunk everything, to have been quiet enough, and to have died from the convulsions. No wonder Victoire is out of spirits. She cannot shake it off, though, as she says, she ought to be thankful that the dog did no further mischief, did not bite any of her family as well, with whom he was domesticated even after he had bit the child. Charlie had harnessed him that very morning. There appears no doubt that the poor child died from the effects of the bite, and I should think madness was in her veins, but she was mercifully taken before showing any of its more fearful signs. She was the only little girl, and spoilt by her parents. There are three boys. They live on the Berthlewyd estate, and are always employed there. Davy the father beat the dog furiously after he had bitten the child, but he made no attempt to snap at him. It seems the whole village of children were teasing him. One pulling his tail, another a log he had round his neck to prevent his sporting, and this child had her arms round his neck meanwhile. No wonder they thought him merely worried. I made Victoire promise to come here for a day or two for change of scene and people. I am quite vexed to see how poorly she is. Peggy told me that she had done nothing but cry from morning to night.

VARIETIES.

Wives in Japan.

The wife in Japan is not only inferior to the husband, but to his parents, under whose roof she goes to live, and whom she is equally bound to obey.

The kiss between husband and wife, or anywhere else in the family, is regarded as too funny for anything and inexplicable. "Every time I see foreigners kiss, I catch a sick," said a student who was trying to show his English.

A husband and wife never walk out together side by side: she goes behind—to follow and to obey being synonyms. If she dies, the husband does not go to the funeral, but sends the children.

For Hopeful People.—Hope is a pleasant acquaintance, but an unsafe friend. Hope is not the man for your banker, though he may do for a travelling companion.

Dwelling Apart.

"Man dwells apart, though not alone,
He walks among his peers unread:
The best of thoughts which he hath known
For lack of listeners are not said."

Jean Ingelow.

Trifles are of Use.

A feather shows the way the wind blows,
And a straw the way the stream flows.

Take Thought.—Let us remember not what we have already done, but what we have not yet done for each other, and how we may do it.

The Deathlessness of Action.—"All things are engaged in writing their history. Every act of ours inscribes itself in the memories of our fellows, and in our own manners and face. The air is full of sounds; the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object is covered with hints which speak to the intelligent."—*Goethe.*

A beautiful poem, "The Crowning of the King," by Mr. G. F. Savage-Armstrong, "the poet of Wicklow," appears in the *Leisure Hour* for June. The same magazine contains an article by the Bishop of Ripon on "The Coronation and some of its Lessons." Three other subjects appropriate to the time are: "The Lions of England," with illustrations; "Coronations of Yesterday and the Day Before," by Miss M. E. Palgrave; and the "Patriotism of Shakespeare," by Archdeacon Sinclair.



"O CORE OF MY HEART!"

CORE OF MY HEART.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

O CORE of my heart, I am thinking of thee,
'Tis long since I left thee on Erin's green shore,
We're widely divided by mountain and sea,
And years may elapse ere I meet thee once more;
Strange stars shine above me, the sentinel's feet
Tramp past as I answer his mellow "All's well,"
Across the dark veldt sigh the night breezes sweet,
And my heart fills with longing too fervent to tell.
O hot 'neath my eyelids the yearning tears start,
My darling—my darling—thou core of my heart!

If haply I fall on the field of some fray,
The last conscious prayer that I breathe will be thine,
My last conscious thought, as the world sinks away,
Will be of the girl whose sweet promise is mine.
'Tis long since I left thee on Erin's green shore,
Where I know thou art watching and waiting for me,
And 'tis O for the day when I fold thee once more
To the heart that is aching with longing for thee!
O hot 'neath my eyelids the yearning tears start,
My darling—my darling—thou core of my heart!



THE HARDEST TASK OF ALL.

CHAPTER I.

IT was breaking-up day at Becken Pool, the well-known girls' school, a few miles north of London. Pleasant excitement stirred in the air and shone in the bright eyes and faces of the girls as they trooped out of the lecture-hall where the annual school concert had just been held.

The ever-moving strains of the National Anthem which had rung to the roof seemed still to echo. Well-bred congratulations broke forth in undertones from the visitors, mingling with the buzz of young voices as the hall cleared of its crowded audience.

Outside in the broad corridor the girls lingered, breaking up into little eager groups, discussing the degrees of merit of the various performances. Sybil's violin solos, Sybil's song, Sybil's loveliness in her pose as Europe enthroned in the centre of the living picture of the four Continents, seemed to be the subject for universal admiration.

Certainly Sybil, the tall slim beauty of eighteen, would have evoked admiration from a more critical audience, as she had appeared in her soft white gown, her fair head crowned with a crown of gold (cut out of cardboard and covered with gold leaf by one of the assistant mistresses), holding a sceptre in one hand, a book and pencil in the other.

She had, however, been entirely free from self-consciousness, having indeed to strive hard to keep her intellectual face suitably grave and calmly oblivious of Mary Webster, the dark girl who stood behind her as a native of India. For Mary had whispered something amusing just before the curtain went up, and was showing her even white teeth and rolling the whites of her eyes in an unnecessarily comic and savage manner.

To take part in this tableau and to execute the bass in a somewhat elaborate classical pianoforte trio had been all the contribution to the afternoon's programme of which Mary had been deemed capable. She had rendered her share amiably, but not without some stifled envy of her friend Sybil's conspicuousness and success. For, like many another plain and commonplace girl, Mary was far from content with her mediocrity.

She waited now alone in the corridor, wishing her fortunate friend would be quick and join her. She had just seen her the centre of interest in a group at the upper end of the hall. Sir George and Lady Bickersteth, Sybil's father and mother, had run down from town for the concert and were just now introducing their charming daughter, with very natural pride, to some aristocratic acquaintances they had met amongst the guests in the audience. Afterwards, it was understood, they must hasten away to catch the earliest train back to London.

So Mary waited without for Sybil. Her heart had suddenly sunk after the elation and excitement of the day. A deep sense of shrinking from the future and of desolation filled her. After to-night what would life be to her?

Already she and her friend were separated widely. Sybil was there, enjoying a foretaste of the fascinating future of gaiety and admiration and love which awaited her, while Mary was lonely and filled with vain longings. She stepped back to look at her friend once again through the wide-open great doors of the hall.

There stood Sybil at the far end, talking animatedly, the centre of a graceful group. The banks of exotic blooms which fronted the platform in the background, the brilliant electric light overhead falling full on her, the swish of silken gowns, and the gentle charm of voice and manner of her mother and her mother's friends—above all, Sybil's own budding beauty—formed a picture of gay life sufficient to excite any girl to long for the like.

Mary hurried away and turned her face to the wall. Tears of passionate self-pity welled up, while she pretended to be engrossed with replacing a splinter in one of the oak panels which had got damaged. Her heart brimmed with bitterness. Not against Sybil; no lot her friend could have was too joyous to satisfy Mary's affectionate nature; but against her own different prospect. The contrast was too sharp.

What awaited *her*? To teach three little half-sisters under the roof of a step-mother, at a country home where there was no longer the dear father, and where no visitors ever came to break the monotonous routine.

The romantic ambitious soul which was pent up in Mary's plain little body had found no outlet till her devotion to Miss Arnold, the adored head-mistress, and her friendship for Sybil, formed at school, had supplied all her need. She had been fully satisfied with these for the time. And now she suddenly realised that they were at an end. There was no injustice—no injury to be complained of, and yet small wonder that the tears were hot and bitter which filled her eyes as she waited there in the corridor.

Then she started. A movement and rustle in the air close beside her, a sound of light footfalls and cheerful voices breaking on her ear warned her to dash away the tears. Her own name was spoken in pleased tones behind her, and the slim hand Mary was so fond of clasping was laid on her shoulder, drawing her round. She found herself being introduced by Sybil to Sybil's "people."

The little compliment and the affectionate manner of it soothed her instantly and changed the whole tenour of her mind for the moment. She responded brightly.

Sir George and Lady Bickersteth, looking at her, saw only a plain-featured commonplace girl with a quiet manner, whose eyes met their own pleasantly and frankly without a hint of the shadow which lay behind them.

CHAPTER II.

Two hours later the visitors had all departed. There was a lull and pause reigning over the house—almost a sense of desertion, anticipating the holidays which would begin on the morrow.

Most of the girls had assembled in the big class-rooms, chatting or reading over the fire, sorting up lesson-books and papers; some were upstairs in their sleeping-rooms packing their trunks ready for their coming journey.

Sybil and Mary had sought a deserted little room whither to retire for a final *tête-à-tête*, and there they sat together by the fire. Both were engrossed with a vivid consciousness that this was the last night of their last term at school.

"To-morrow! So we begin life—real grown-up, interesting life to-morrow!" Sybil was exclaiming, looking already a picture of glad life full of ardour and hope.

"Oh, I wish—I wish to-morrow would never come!" broke out Mary earnestly. "I have been so happy—so happy here!"

She looked round the schoolroom, her eyes dwelling with affectionate regret on the bare walls, the faded curtains and furniture. The glad anticipation died out of Sybil's bright face, and she stretched a tender hand to comfort her friend.

"How selfish of me!" she cried sympathetically. "I had forgotten for the moment that you are dreading it."

Mary took the hand and held it closely, without trusting herself to speak. After a few moments' silence—

"Shall you soon marry, do you think?" asked Mary suddenly.

"I suppose so; everyone does," returned Sybil quite erroneously.

Mary glanced in fancy at her own very shadowy chances of meeting any eligible man. Then—

"Miss Arnold has not married," she submitted.

"She couldn't. No man exists good enough for her," decided Sybil, consistently illogical.

The great school-bell interrupted them, clanging its call through the building, summoning all to the large hall again for evening prayer and the farewell address of the head-mistress.

The two girls rose simultaneously.

"I am longing to hear what she will say to us—to us specially who are leaving. There are so many of us this term," pondered Sybil.

"Something worth remembering, that is certain," pronounced Mary as they went together from the room to the lecture-hall.

(*To be continued.*)

STUDIES IN CHARACTER.

By ALFRED T. SCHOFIELD, M.D. (*Chairman, Parents' National Educational Union*).

PART IV.

CHARACTER AND GROWTH.



CHARACTER does not grow like the body. Most of my readers probably have nearly, if not quite, arrived at the end of the latter, for the body ceases to grow generally after twenty-one years of age, though occasionally the legs may lengthen up to twenty-five. At that age, however, all growth ceases; the house is built, and the tenant can live in it, as a rule, in fairly good health for about thirty years, nothing having to be done to the house but to keep it in good order, with slight repairs as needed. After this time, however, the framework begins to show signs of wear and tear, and far from growing or increasing, begins to diminish in bulk and strength.

But the tenant inside, and that is yourself, my dear reader, your growth of character is far from being completed, when your house is. At twenty-one the character wants a great deal more than merely "keeping in repair." You can very materially add to it, you can adorn it, and improve it steadily in every respect as long as you live. There is no term to the growth of character.

Growth depends, of course, in mind and body, upon food and exercise. They are, however, by no means its sole cause, for we continue to eat and drink all our lives, and yet cease to grow in body. There is therefore a real difference in the law of growth for body and for soul.

In mind, however, some people apparently neither grow nor develop. They eat, drink and sleep, absolutely free from the stimulus of progressive desires—not only consciously, but in fact. It seems incredible that any can realise they are leading lives at such a low level and be satisfied with them. We may rest assured no life at a high level is non-progressive. "Is it possible," says Shakespeare of a fool (Parolles), "that he should *know* that (*i.e.*, 'what') he is, and *be* that he is?"

A thoroughly self-indulged childhood with every want forestalled, at a low animal level, is often a death-blow to progress, and the foundation of a bad character. No character can be good that is not ever improving; and this involves effort, for mental struggle is the first law of progress.

How, then, does character grow, and how does it develop? Character grows like the body, as we have said, mainly by food and exercise. Its food is the ideas presented to the mind, its exercise lies in directing life through the various circumstances around.

Character is also developed by life generally, by actions, by principles, by objects, by changes, by other characters, by education direct and indirect, or conscious and unconscious, and by many other means.

The watchword of character is St. Augustine's famous ladder of five steps: "I am—I know—I can—I ought—I will"; here we get successively self-consciousness, intellect, free will, moral sense, and purpose; a beautiful and natural succession. Progressive movement of mind, in an upward direction—*altiora peto*—is essential to healthy mental life; though we are inclined to think that any movement is better than none.

The earlier in life the main principles of character are developed and fixed, the more they are likely to resist the stress and strain of later years. The last principle implanted is ever the first to go. "Nascent" or budding virtues, therefore, recently acquired, should be guarded against undue temptation.

A character, of course, may not grow regularly. It may, as we have seen, never grow from childhood; it may cease at any time and recommence again with some new idea or ideal after years; or it may retrogress, and be ruined or atrophied.

The growth of character, as a rule, is most rapid in early years: it is most rapid amidst adverse and changing

surroundings: it is most rapid when in absorbing pursuit of some striking and loved ideal: it is rapid when intellect, emotion, moral sense and will are all pulling in one direction; though sometimes more rapid still when emotion pulls the other way, and requires to be overcome. Changing surroundings, personal and social, changing standards in morals and religion, and changing objects and pursuits, all affect character for better or worse. With all characters, as with the vegetable world, there is a spring-time of growth, a summer of flowering, and an autumn of fruitfulness.

Character, under certain circumstances, may deteriorate as rapidly as it may grow. It deteriorates most rapidly when, as is rare, the conscious will, as well as unconscious forces, are enlisted on the side of evil, and the moral sense is effectually deadened.

Here we may point out a danger; and that is, to guard against character itself or its growth ever becoming the actual aim of life. It grows most rapidly when we are least self-occupied. If our objects are right, and our ideals the best, there should be no needless anxiety about growth; that will take care of itself. Many of the finest women have never given a thought to character, or been conscious they have grown at all. It is not the tall girl, but the short one, that is ever thinking about her height. But, alas! this does not make her taller.

Let us now consider some details as to growth. The more habitual the virtues are, the less are we conscious of them, until, when they really become a part of our character, they almost sink out of our sight.

While, however, we should avoid too much introspection, sound self-criticism leads to progress.

Sacrifice is an essential in the progress of every girl's life. To gain life we must lose it, to live we must die. Self-surrender in obedience, and for others' good, is a chief means by which development of character is accomplished.

Self-denial is a fundamental characteristic, and yet may not in itself be for good—even a butterfly of fashion has incessantly to practise it in many ways—all depends on why it is practised. Courage, in the same way, may be used for evil as well as good. Without these two characteristics, however, self-denial and courage, the character will not progress much for either good or evil.

"Godliness with contentment" is great gain, but the contentment meant is rather "with such things as we have" than "with such characters as we are"; and it is doubtful how far "contentment," *per se*, is to be cultivated as a virtue. Truly, it brings peace, but with it stagnation, and there is a healthy discontent that is a necessary factor in all progress. The girl who moves is ever seeking, and is never anchored to what she has found. She is not yet satisfied, and in the deepest sense she is not yet content. She has not yet attained, she is not yet what she would be. So far from staying morally where she is placed, she is ever moving from it; she does not complain of her condition, but soon leaves it behind. She does not think of her progress, but progresses. She is possessed by humility, and thinks others better than herself. It is the loftiness of her ideal that both inspires and subdues her. She is not a talker, but a doer of the word; a silent pilgrim "to the better land." Meanwhile her motto is: "Say little, serve all, pass on," or Silence, service and progress.

"And so I live, you see,
Go through the world, try, prove, reject,
Prefer, still struggling to effect
My warfare; happy that I can
Be crossed and thwarted as a man.
Not left in God's contempt apart;
With ghastly smooth life—dead at heart."

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids—not sit, nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge
the throe!" *

* R. Browning: "Easter Day," and "Rabbi Ben Ezra."

We will now consider growth by food and exercise, or by ideas and circumstances.

The first great means of growth is by the entrance of ideas into the mind.

"It is the duty of parents," as C. Mason tell us,* "to sustain the child's inner life with ideas, as they sustain his body with food. The initial idea begets subsequent ideas; children must therefore get right primary ideas on the greater relations and duties of life. The destiny of a life may be shaped in the nursery, by the reverent naming of the Divine name, by the light scoff at holy things, by the right idea of duty a child gets who is made to finish his task, or by the hardness of heart acquired through hearing the faults of others spoken of lightly."

We have little idea how character develops by the pressure of moral opinions and current thoughts. One single hint or new idea may actually influence a girl's entire character.

The value of good ideas is perhaps most clearly indicated in the well-known exhortation: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things." †

In addition to ideas as food, we require circumstances for exercise in order to grow. Circumstances really include all through which we pass in life.

Take two brothers, and let one be brought up, say, as an officer. Let him lead a leisurely, well-ordered life; let him be well washed, well dressed, well fed, and well cared for till he is thirty-five. Let the other brother live in a single room, with his wife and three children, and follow some dirty, depressing trade, till he is also thirty-five; and then notice how far circumstances can modify character. The circumstances of health also affect the whole character immensely.

There is one special set of circumstances on which we must lay stress, so potent are they for good. We allude to what are commonly called the evils of life: such as adversity, failure, loss of health or money, disappointment, evil, opposition of all kinds, war and all sorts of trials. Character, it is true, is formed both by friends and enemies, by success and failure, by prosperity and adversity, by following good and resisting evil; but it is the second part of each clause that, as a rule, calls forth the nobler qualities and produces the higher results.

Strong characters and Christian characters are nearly always benefited by trials, though when poverty or hardship becomes the rule of life it loses its good effect; for many of the poor would develop better in a sun-bath of prosperity. Most men thus reach their highest development through failure or trial: the prison made Bunyan; the gout did much for C. H. Spurgeon; as a frail body and an agonising disease did for Gordon.

Where the character is sufficiently noble and strong for these severe lessons, and is not overwhelmed by them, they soon land the pupil in the top class of life's school.

"And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or
agonised?
Why else was the pause prolonged, but that singing
might issue thence?
Why rushed the discord in, but that harmony should
be prized?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear.
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal
and woe,
But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the
ear—
The rest may reason, and welcome; *'tis we musicians know!*" ‡

One of the characteristics derived from such circumstances is fixedness. Steadiness of purpose is always well marked under great pain or pressure. To keep head

* C. Mason: *Home Education.*
† St. Paul, Phil. iv. 8.
‡ R. Browning: "Abt Vogler."

against a rapid stream is different from paddling in a pond.

Amongst the great unconscious educators our readers have been waiting to hear named are doubtless the celebrated twins—Science and Art, which are so much alike that they can be hardly told apart, though when together the difference is clearly discerned.

Science is said to rouse and advance people; art soothes and does not advance them, although many have the greatest faith in it as a civilising agent. Art, indeed, has little or nothing to do with goodness and morals, and often flourishes in a decadent empire, and with the worst vices, though no doubt Ruskin rightly teaches us such art is not the highest art.

Modern progress has a powerful effect on character, and we are all now busy "teaching our grandmothers," who lived in the dull twilight of "the early Victorian era"—the fashionable name just now for all that period which is old enough to be despised, and not old enough to be worshipped.

Wireless telegraphy, telephony, cycling, the Röntgen rays, high schools and colleges for women, motor cars, bank holidays, Cook's excursions, and perhaps still more, "educational" travel and polytechnic tours, mixed classes and a thousand other novelties all have a powerful effect as unconscious educators of character.

In women the effect has been so radical as to produce what is described, by those who have had opportunities of observing it carefully, an entirely fresh species, under the simple title of "the new woman," a much shorter and more intelligible name than would be given to a new plant or animal. Modern life is almost entirely responsible for this creation, which, however, does not seem a very robust species, for already specimens of the advanced type are no longer easy to find, and we are quite sure are exceedingly rare amongst our readers.

Amongst other minor agencies we may remark that dress is not only significant of character, but, like so many things, acts in a double way, and reacts on character. People do try to live up to their "blue China," whether under this head they mean dress, or deportment, or artistic surroundings.

The two sexes present some differences of character and mental qualities generally that are fairly constant and general. We may note a few:—

Intuition, instinct and tact are far greater with women than with men. These are qualities of the unconscious mind. The result suddenly appears in consciousness, the antecedent steps lying buried in the unconscious. A woman will know instinctively the right course to adopt, while quite unable to say why, while a man is laboriously trying to reason out the "pros" and "cons." The instinct, moreover, when not perverted, is generally a true guide, and can attain results with a celerity and certainty of unconscious mind action that far outstrips the steps of reason. It is the high development of this great gift that makes women often such helpful counsellors in cases of difficulty; and it is on account of their right estimation of its superior value that women are often so impatient of argument. Even when women take the trouble to reason a matter out, they will often reject the conclusions they arrive at in favour of a solution suggested intuitively. This is one of the differences in the mental characteristics of the sexes, and the whole character is swayed by it. Men have also the faculty, and more largely than they think, but they do not trust it or use it nearly so much. Instinct and intuition must of course carefully be distinguished from impulse, and especially as women are so often called "creatures of impulse." Intuition may often counsel an action the direct reverse of what an impulse would suggest.

Women again are keener at perception; their rapidity in this is remarkable. Houdin has known ladies passing each other at full speed in carriages, who could analyse each other's dress, bonnets, capes, etc., as to fashion, colours and quality, and even detect the difference between hand and machine-made lace.

Women are much quicker in thought. They can use their brains more rapidly within an accustomed range. Beyond it, however, they are slower. Girls are easier to educate and train than boys, they are quicker and more diligent; they are more sociable and domestic.

Women undoubtedly excel in fiction, although the greatest novels (in the sense of power and originality) are written by men. They also excel in acting. The predominance of the emotions and imagination in the female sex accounts for this.

Natural social instincts we have already seen characterise women. Moral instincts are also stronger in them, and the whole range of what may be called the passion virtues. Women are much more flexible than men, though when rigid they are more rigid. A woman has greater adaptability in new surroundings and circumstances, and can ascend or descend the social scale with greater ease and more perfect steps.

Women are, as we have said, more dependent and more patient than men.

In work, women are better than men in patient continuance, and in mechanical work at low pressure. At the Post Office women do light work better than men. Women can express their thoughts better and are better letter-writers than men. Mechanical inventions are made best by men and used best by women. Women are more conventional than men, and are readier to accept artificial standards of conduct, in dress and morals than men.

Women are more informed by facts than laws, by the particular than the general, by the concrete rather than by the abstract.

Some time ago fifty students of both sexes, an equal number of each, had to write out the first hundred words that came into their heads, making 5,000 words in all.

Of these 5,000 3,000 were found to be in pairs, showing that the thoughts of the sexes were more alike than different. Out of the remainder it was found that the men used more different words of a mere abstract nature and largely connected with the animal kingdom, while the words thought of by the women were mainly concerning dress and food. The thoughts of the men evidently ran on the remote and abstract; that of the women on their environment and the concrete.

Amongst seven stories, six by boys whose ages ranged from four to seven, and one by a girl of five, it was found, while the boy's stories were marked by action, slaughter, repetition and want of coherence, that of the girl was orderly, quieter in tone, with well-arranged sequence, and, above all, gentle and showing the love of home life.

Men are more mobile and progressive, women more stable and conservative. Women are more plastic within fixed limits, men more in wider limits. If men, however, have greater originality, women have more common-sense.

Common-sense, by the way, is not a reasoned quality, but rather a quality of the unconscious mind exercised intuitively. The unconscious psychic powers generally are larger factors in the life of women than of men.

Pursuing the subject yet further to religion, it is clear that a woman is more religious than a man.

At the bottom we find a reason in the altruistic nature of woman as compared with man, arising in a large measure from her maternal cares, and the God-given love and patience needed to rear a family. This predisposes her to accept and understand a Bible whose whole story is that of unselfish love to the helpless and the lost. Another reason is that the affections are more developed in her and love is more her life. This love, rightly directed towards God, is the fulfilling of the whole law, and the Bible again is the story of its Divine expression towards man.

It is not a little remarkable to note in the Gospel story that while the enemies of Christ were ever men, women were always His friends; and one feels instinctively how much more they cared for Him than did often His own disciples

(*To be continued.*)

Hanging Pocket.



HANGING BAG EMBROIDERED WITH SPANGLES AND GOLD THREAD.

This pocket measures 14 inches in length, and $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches in width, being ornamented with very easy embroidery.

Trace the design on a piece of dark blue silk 16 inches long and $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and then stretch the material in a frame.

The embroidery, which is very effective, and not specially difficult, is carried out with gold spangles (for size, see Detail) with gold thread of medium thickness and bullion. Each blossom is formed by a spangle fastened down by a morsel of bullion, as seen in the Detail. This is done as follows: bring the fine gold-coloured silk you work with up through the middle of the spangle (having placed the latter in its exact place in the design), take a morsel of bullion on your needle and draw the silk back through the same hole in the spangle as before. The Detail shows how the spangles should overlap each other. The centre of the flowers (or group of spangles) is also formed of bullion, but the stems are worked with gold thread. When finished, remove the work from the frame and mount it.

Our model was lined with gold-coloured silk, and gold-coloured silk cords, running through tiny rings, drew up the opening.

Sketches of House and other Dresses.

A. *Visiting Dress of Dark Red "Himalaya" Cloth (which has a rough surface).*—The velvet trimming is sewn on the skirt in the form of tabs, and on the bodice in stripes. The skirt consists of a front width and two gored side widths, which fall in flowing lines from the waist, the skirt being fastened at the side with buttons, but invisibly, the buttons used being the patent kind, sometimes met with in gloves, which fasten with a spring. The edge of the pocket-hole is stitched, and must be lined with a strong yet smooth material, so that it does not bulge.

The skirt is lined with thin silk or taffeta, and has several rows of velvet ribbon sewn on inside round the bottom.

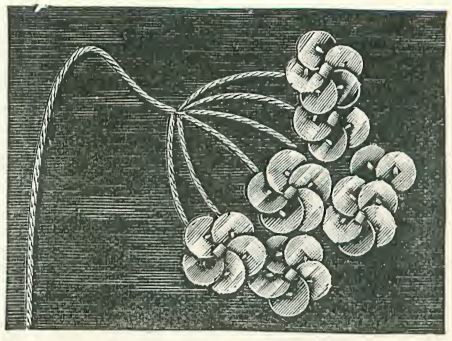
The bodice is lined, and hooks and eyes down the front, while the saddle-like trimming fastens similarly round the shoulder and up the side. This trimming, which comes over the arms and reaches up to the collar, is trimmed, as can be seen in the illustration, with parallel rows of velvet about an inch and three-quarters in width.

The sleeves are lined, and the material hangs full over the wrists, which are finished with little velvet bands.

Material wanted—six to seven yards of "Himalaya," and five to six yards of the velvet ribbon.

B. *Cloth Promenade Dress with Cord Embroidery.*—The cutting out of the bodice requires great care, as the least deviation from the pattern would spoil the model. After the lining has been tried on, the material should be pinned on to the pattern and cut out with great precision, the shape of the pointed opening having been traced in chalk.

If the quality of the cloth be sufficiently good it may be left raw-edged, that is, it need not be turned in at all, as the latter requires immense precision, so as not to destroy the outlines. The edges have several rows of stitching, and must be lined with muslin.



DETAIL OF HANGING BAG (*Natural size*).

The lining of the bodice hooks down the front, and the cream-coloured cloth plastron, or vest, hooks on to the lining down the side. The plastron is embroidered with cord to match the dress, and a similar piece is introduced into the back. The sleeves are lined, and end in embroidered puffs, over which the upper part hangs in a bell-shape. The skirt is plain and cut fashionably.

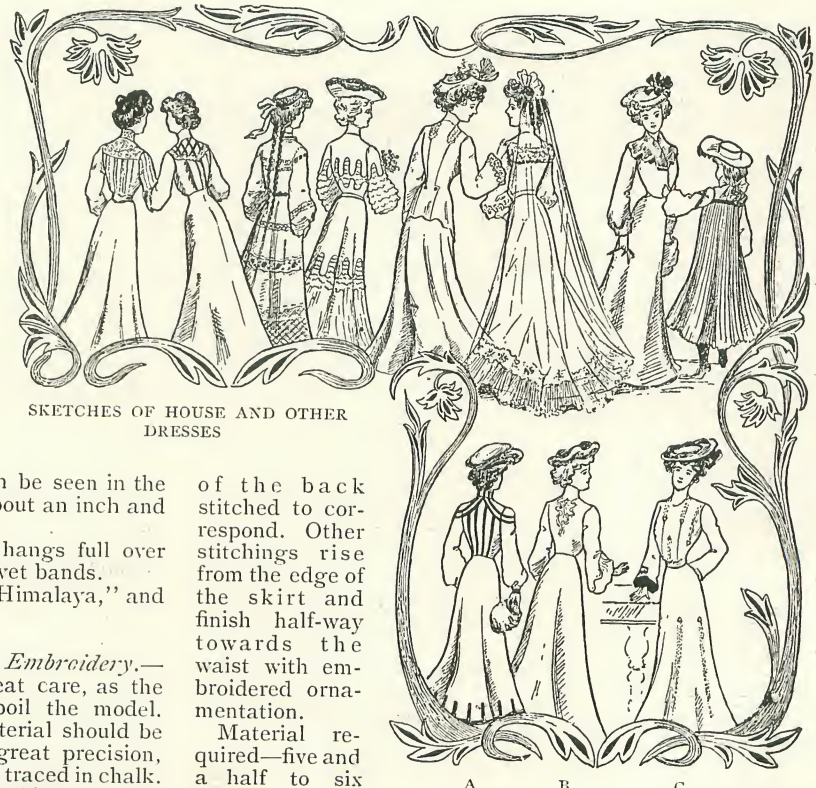
Material wanted—five to six yards of cloth.

C. *English Blouse-Dress of "Himalaya."*—The blouse-bodice, which bags little if at all, is lined and hooks down the centre under a box-pleat which hides the fastening. There is a similar box-pleat at the back. The edges of the fold are stitched with white silk ending in embroidered ornamentation. Parallel with these are others near the arm-holes running from the shoulders, and also in the centre of the box-pleat are stitchings from the waist ending half-way up. The belt also is stitched.

The sleeves are lined, and have additional under-sleeves of satin, over which the cloth falls bell-shaped with stitchings and embroideries of white silk.

The skirt has a wide box-pleat down the centre of the back stitched to correspond. Other stitchings rise from the edge of the skirt and finish half-way towards the waist with embroidered ornamentation.

Material required—five and a half to six yards.



SKETCHES OF HOUSE AND OTHER DRESSES

A B C

SOME CONTINENTAL RECIPES FOR COOKING VEGETABLES.



If it is true that the meat on the Continent is inferior to English, then must it be confessed that the vegetable and its method of preparation is far superior.

Vegetables simply boiled and served up with a little salt or a lump of butter content the English palate, but the French, Germans, and Italians make of their vegetable-cooking a fine art, and they would reject, almost as uneatable, the salted cabbage or plainly boiled potato beloved of England. If once the English were to adopt the foreign method of serving vegetables, a far smaller quantity of meat would be consumed, and the diet would be consequently cheaper, more wholesome and more easily digested.

The following Continental recipes for cooking vegetables will, I trust, be found an agreeable and practical addition to every English housewife's menu.

Winterkohl (*Winter Cabbage*).

Ingredients.—A cabbage, one Spanish onion, one tablespoonful of flour, salt, pepper, dripping or butter, and (when possible) chestnuts.

Cook the cabbage in boiling water until tender, press it well and chop finely. Take a frying-pan, make the dripping (about two ounces) hot, fry a large tablespoonful of flour brown in it, then add the onion which must be finely chopped, and two minutes afterwards the cabbage. Stir all well together, add salt and pepper to taste, and a large breakfastcupful of stock or water with a little meat-essence.

Chestnuts shelled and boiled make a delicious addition to this dish.

Sauerkraut.

Ingredients.—Sauerkraut, a quarter of a pound of dripping, one tablespoonful of flour, brown stock.

Take a pound of sauerkraut, cook it in water until tender, strain it. Put the dripping, butter or lard into a frying-pan, and when it is hot add the sauerkraut and stir in the flour. Add a cupful of broth, and let all simmer gently for ten minutes. Serve with pork or bacon.

In Germany sauerkraut is cooked in a variety of manners, the above recipe being the simplest method. Some consider the addition of carraway-seeds and a glass of Kirsch gives a refined flavour, others serve their sauerkraut mixed with boiled chestnuts, others again add a cupful of white wine. A very favourite dish in Switzerland is sauerkraut and sausages or sauerkraut and bacon, the bacon or sausages being cooked with the sauerkraut and thus imparting a very savoury flavour. The addition of a cupful of rice or raw potatoes cooked at the same time as the sauerkraut deprives the vegetable of its strong flavour and is preferred by many. The English method of serving up sauerkraut plainly boiled is unknown on the Continent.

Rot-Kraut (*Red Cabbage*).

Ingredients.—One red cabbage, two ounces of dripping, one tablespoonful of flour, two apples, one Spanish onion, a lump of sugar, half a teacupful of vinegar and (if liked) a tablespoonful of carraway-seeds.

Take a good-sized red cabbage and cut it up finely, strew a tablespoonful of salt over it and leave it for a few moments. Take a pan and make the dripping hot, fry lightly a shredded-up onion, then add the red cabbage and a breakfastcupful of water. Cover the pan and let the vegetable simmer gently for an hour. Cut up in slices the apples and add them to the vegetable with the sugar, vinegar, salt and pepper to taste. Cook for another half-hour, stir in the flour and serve as soon as the gravy has thickened.

With goose, duck, pork or any rich meat this vegetable is an excellent accompaniment. Carraway-seeds or currants may be added if liked.

Weiszkraut (*Cabbage and Butter Sauce*).

Ingredients.—One large summer cabbage, salt, half a pound of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, white stock or milk, two large slices of toast.

Cut the stalk and outside leaves from the cabbage, divide the cabbage into four. Cook in boiling water for a quarter of an hour. Drain the cabbage, dish it on toast and cover it with butter sauce. To make the sauce heat the butter first, then stir in the flour and add either a cupful of milk or white stock, salt and pepper to taste, and add a little grated nutmeg.

Gemuse von Spargeln (*Asparagus in sauce*).

Ingredients.—One bunch of asparagus, one cupful of broth, one tablespoonful of flour, pepper, salt and a glass of white wine.

When the asparagus is thin and small the following will be found a useful recipe.

Cut the asparagus in half, throwing away the bottom half. Cook the other half until tender in salt and water, strain and then pour over a sauce made of the broth, flour and wine. This forms an excellent vegetable, but of course cannot be eaten with the fingers as the ordinary asparagus.

Galbe Rüben (*Carrots*).

Ingredients.—A bunch of carrots, a quarter of a pound of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, chives or parsley, stock.

Cut up the carrots in slices, place them in a pan with the butter which must first be melted. Let them cook gently in the butter until nearly tender, stir in the flour, cover with a cupful of brown stock or any sort of gravy, let the whole simmer for a quarter of an hour, add pepper, salt and a little shredded parsley or chives, and serve hot. If the carrots are young they can be cooked whole without slicing. Carrots served in this way will be found an exceedingly tasty and wholesome vegetable.

Grüne Erbsen (*Green Peas*).

Ingredients.—Green peas, chives, a quarter of a pound of butter, one teacupful of broth or water with meat extract, two tablespoonfuls of flour, salt, pepper and sugar.

Melt the butter in a pan and add the green peas, which must first have been shelled and washed. Let the peas simmer in the butter, stirring them all the time with a wooden spoon; when nearly tender strew over them the flour and then the stock. Let all simmer gently, and just before serving add some finely shredded parsley or chives and a lump of sugar.

Weise Rüben (*Turnips*).

Ingredients.—A bunch of turnips, two ounces of dripping or lard, one Spanish onion, salt, pepper, brown stock, and, if liked, carraway-seeds.

Peel the turnips, cut them in thin slices, and let them remain an hour in cold salted water. Make the dripping hot and fry in it a finely-chopped Spanish onion, add the slices of turnip, strew salt over and let them cook until of a gold-brown colour, add the stock and simmer gently until tender. When liked a teaspoonful of carraway seeds may be added.

Gebackener Blumenhohl (*Baked Cauliflower*).

Ingredients.—Cauliflower, bread-crumbs, butter or dripping, salt, and one egg.

Cook the cauliflower in boiling salt water until tender. Drain it, cut it in slices, dry the slices in a towel, cover with egg and bread-crumbs, and cook in boiling fat until of a golden brown colour.

This recipe is useful for cooking up remains of cauliflower; the fried slices may be served with butter sauce.

THE ANCHORESS OF STE. MAXIME.

By M. H. CORNWALL LEGH, Author of "Gold in the Furnace," "An Incorrigible Girl," "At the Foot of the Rainbow," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

Alison went back to her own room and seated herself once more at her window, looking out on the chill dawn that was drawing the brightness out of the lighthouse flash, with a new sense of vitality, of self-reliance, born of her successful resistance to the domination of another will. She had always been weak, hopelessly weak and supine, but why should she remain so for ever? This tendency to give in, to let her life be shaped by circumstances, was something that she must overcome. She must, and she would! It was not impossible to keep to one's point in the teeth of a strong opposition; this morning's experience had proved that to her. And when she had trained herself into a strong character—Hugo had once said that was mainly a matter of self-training—might she not be able to gain a hold over her mother, and by fair, legitimate means, that of a loving influence, lead her to make the effort which she had lately contemplated forcing her into, by what she saw now would have been the last resource of a weak woman?

A new sense of her duty towards her mother dawned on Alison's soul, as she watched the opposite shore take shape, and the mimosa and eucalyptus-trees detach themselves from each other, and the last star dissolve in the brightening sky, and determined that for her this should be the beginning of a new life. She must start by interesting her mother in things outside herself. Mrs. Woodward was by nature intellectual; she liked having books read to her which Alison considered decidedly heavy. Might she not be willing to throw herself into those studies which Hugo had recommended? If her mother would help her with them, her mind would be provided with a new occupation.

"Mother knows something about botany," Alison soliloquised, "and she has often said she thought geology would be fascinating. If I got some books, and had a few correspondence lessons to start me, and then she and I went on with these things together——" Alison worked out the scheme in her mind.

With regard to the human interest, if Mrs. Woodward could but be led so completely out of herself as to enter into her daughter's newly-formed plans for getting in touch with and finding some way of befriending the people of the place, would not that be a grand step onwards in the direction of self-forgetfulness, of throwing herself into the life of the world again?

It was time for Alison to say her morning prayers. Once more she knelt down. There was a new petition added to them to-day, one of three words alone—"Make me strong."

It was broad daylight now, and the wind had risen to a furious gale. The whole sea was covered with white mist formed by the spray that broke from the top of each wave, to be caught instantly and blown backward along the water's face. How the wind roared! There was a sound of breaking glass! It sounded as if close to. Could it be a window in her mother's room? Ah, there was a pane loose in one of them! Mrs. Woodward had insisted that she could not have anyone in her room to mend it, when Alison had urged the calling in a plumber, not till her head was better. She would "see about it to-morrow"—that fatal phrase to which so many disasters may be traced.

"Shall I go in and find out?" Alison hesitated for a moment. It would be such a pity to wake her mother without reason, and it might not be her window after all.

Better make sure, said a voice from her new-formed resolution not to leave anything to "slide," not to be deterred from doing what was really the best thing to do for fear of her mother's displeasure.

She opened one of the two doors which separated their rooms and listened with her hand over the latch of the other. Yes, there was some sound in Mrs. Woodward's room. What was it? Alison had the thought to close the first door before opening the second, in avoidance of an extra draught. Thank God that she had done so—that she had gone in to see—that she had been at hand to hear the crash! The glass from the broken pane lay shattered upon the floor; the wind had blown the light muslin curtain inward against the candle which Mrs. Woodward had left lighted when she dropped off to sleep. The flames were running up to the ceiling, tearing along the bed, while Mrs. Woodward lay rigid, glassy-eyed, waked suddenly from a heavy sleep to be utterly paralysed by her terror.

To press her finger on the bell, to snatch the burning counterpane and sheets from the bed, to roll up her mother's form in the blankets, were the work of a few agonised seconds. It has always been Alison's belief that at no previous moment of her life could she have had the strength of mind to see directly what was the right thing to do and carry it out thus swiftly and surely. She was still fighting off the flames that threatened her rigidly-helpless mother, when the bell was answered by Euphrosyne.

What happened after that Alison never knew. She was aware that every drop of water in the jugs was exhausted, that the crackling bedposts resisted all her efforts to extinguish their flames, that her own clothes were on fire, and that there was nothing woollen left to throw about herself, before help came.

Afterwards they told her that her one cry before she sank helpless was, "My mother!" but she remembered nothing from the moment of the rescue, when, her work accomplished, her forces suddenly collapsed.

The first thing Alison did know was that she was lying in bed, all bandaged up, in a good deal of pain and extraordinarily weak. Dr. Le Brun was bending over her on one side and on the other—her mother. The strange reversal of their positions brought a faint smile to Alison's lips—she thought it was a dream.

Then she felt two lips pressed on her forehead, as her own had so often been upon her mother's, and tears raining on her face, and heard the words murmured in a tone of affection far exceeding anything she remembered in the past—

"My child, my precious child!"

Then Dr. Le Brun's voice was heard reprimanding this display of emotion, and suggesting that Mrs. Woodward should retire; then Mrs. Woodward's saying with great decision that she should not retire, that she was not going to allow any strange nurse to come in and take charge of her child, that so long as she had an ounce of strength in her body it should be expended for Alison. The old determination that had kept her in bed so long, now kept her out of it, and at the side of her daughter.

"You'll break down before the end of twenty-four hours," growled Dr. Le Brun, "and then we shall have to get two nurses instead of one."

"At any rate, the one shall not come in as long as I can hold a cup to Alison's lips!" said Mrs. Woodward.

(*To be concluded.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

DORA CLARKE.—There is the *Autobiography of Giuseppe Garibaldi* in three volumes, translated by A. Werner, published by Smith and Innes at 31s. 6d.; Forbes's *Campaign of Garibaldi in the Two Sicilies* (Blackwood, 12s.), and *Recollections of Garibaldi* by Melena (Trübner), published at 10s. 6d. If you are interested in Italian reformers, you should read the *Life of Mazzini*, by E. A. V. You can often obtain second-hand *Lives*. Address, Miss Millard, Teddington, Middlesex.

A LADY writes to say she is forming correspondence classes for tuition in art needlework. Members are to pay 1s. half-yearly, and to purchase each month a piece of commenced work with materials at cost price. There is no actual charge for the lessons, which are given monthly. Full particulars and rules may be obtained from The Secretary, Art Needlework Correspondence Classes, St. Katherine's, Christchurch.

LITTLE CHIMNEY.—We can never answer a question as quickly as you suggest. It is not necessary to deal you a "knock-down blow"; neither, we fear, can we raise you to heights of gratification, as we should like to do, by our estimate of your verses. They are, on the whole, superior to those we receive for criticism. In "Dinna Forget" the reader is inclined to ask why this recurring phrase should be in Scottish dialect, while the rest of the poem is written in ordinary English. The metre is accurately kept. "To H. N. B. on the Hospital Ship" is good. We think perhaps the last poem is the best of the three. You ask us a question we cannot answer, "May you in time be able to write?" From these specimens we cannot honestly infer any unusual talent; on the other hand, you are evidently educated, you have a good ear, and if your one great desire has always been in this direction, it would be hard to say that it never will be fulfilled. You do not tell us your age. Have you ever tried prose as well as poetry? We see no reason why you should be discouraged.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.—We have answered your question, but may add a word or two about the life of student-teachers. We think that now, in good schools, they lead a pleasant life, although a few years ago it was not unusual for a "governess-pupil" in a boarding-school to be made wretched, as belonging to a class apart, neither to the teachers nor the girls. In good foreign schools those who go *au pair* appear to be well treated and made extremely happy. Everything depends on the tone of the school. No lady of true culture and refinement and kindness of heart, at the head of a school, would allow, if she could help it, slight to be put upon those who take this position. Of course there is always need for tact and discretion on the girl's part when she stands on "debatable ground." Our experience, we must say, points to the conclusion that the position you name is pleasanter for an English girl in a good foreign school—say, one at Lausanne—than in any other.

MAY S.—We advise you to obtain Contanseau's French Pronouncing Dictionary, which gives the pronunciation of the French words by spelling them as they sound to English ears. It is not an expensive work, and any bookseller will procure it for you. Charente's *French Grammar* treats of pronunciation; Part I., published by Hachette & Co., 18, King William Street, Charing Cross, London, at 2s., might be useful to you. Of course, by far the best way would be for you to take lessons from someone who knows how to pronounce the language. But we are glad you are persevering enough to determine to learn it by yourself.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CONSTANT READER.—*Casus belli* means an occasion of war; it is the reason alleged for one Power going to war against another. In 1870 the *casus belli* of the Franco-German War was King Wilhelm's giving the cold shoulder to M. Benedetti. The burning of a Jew's bedstead in Athens in 1847 very nearly became the *casus belli* of a war between Britain and France. The word "round-robin" comes from the French *rond*, round, and *ruban*, ribbon. It is the name given to a protest drawn up by a number of persons in a round or circular form, so that no one is obliged to put their name at the head of the list. Some French officers are supposed to have originated the idea. Perhaps the best known round-robin in literary history was one sent to Dr. Johnson asking him to re-write the epitaph on Goldsmith's monument, and requesting him to re-write it in English and not in Latin. This round-robin was signed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke, Gibbon, Joseph Warton, and others. Dr. Johnson received it quite kindly, but said he would "never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription."

JUDITH.—To be a good governess to young children in a private family, you ought to be well grounded in the rudiments of arithmetic, French, music, grammar, geography, to know something of history and literature. For teaching boys, the rudiments of Latin are essential; you ought also to know something of hygiene, so as to be able to keep your pupils in good health. Of course, the spirit of discipline, tact, gentleness, loving-kindness, tidiness, are very necessary virtues for those who have to do with the bringing up of children. You ought to be able to throw yourself into the children's interest, and to try to bring out the character of each child separately. Remember each one is different from the other, and requires to be studied individually. Do not go to them full of pre-conceived ideas, but draw out their own characters, and learn from them as well as teach them. If you write to Miss Mason at the House of Education, Ambleside, she will be able to help you further on this subject.

THE BABY.—I am afraid that 1901 pennies could only be disposed of at their own value, viz., 1d., at present.

CREST wishes to know if any reader of the "G. O. P." can tell her where she can obtain a list of crests with examples of each. Also, where she can get plain books for painting for hospitals.

A LOVER OF THE "G. O. P."—You can buy prepared Indian corn in tins, but American pop-overs are not made with corn. Here is a recipe for them. *Ingredients.*—One teacupful of flour, one teacupful of milk, one egg and a little salt. Mix the ingredients together into a batter, and pour over a pop-over tin, which must previously be made very hot, and bake in a quick oven. Pop-over tins are like our sheets of patty-pans, only the hollows are deeper.

KIPPER wishes to know whether it is true that some time ago an engine disappeared suddenly from Dalton-in-Furness. She wishes to know whether anyone was killed, and whether the engine has since been recovered? We never heard of this wonderful disappearance, but perhaps some reader can enlighten her.

MAIRE.—The reason why you are sleepy after lunch is caused by the effort of digestion. If you are well and strong in your general health you need not mind about it. If you have nothing particular to do, go out of doors for a game or a walk; but if you have work to do, try to take half an hour's rest after lunch.

CHRISTMAS ROSE.—Yes, the cast in your eye could be cured by a small operation.



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THE FAIR CAPTIVES OF CASTLE VUFFLENS.

A STORY OF LOVE AND LOYALTY. FROM THE RECORDS OF THE TENTH CENTURY.

ADAPTED BY E. J. JONES.

CHAPTER III.

GRIMOALD meanwhile, as the years rolled by, found himself the terror of his immediate territory owing to a suspicion of his wife's unhappiness, and some doubt of her reported death having found its way abroad. His conscience reproved him continually for the folly of having erected an unsurmountable barrier between himself and a gentle virtuous wife. He spent much of



All rights reserved.] "'UNTIL THEN, SILENT AND FAITHFUL.'"

each day hunting, and dissipated away many hours of the night in the room at the top of the large tower, which Queen Berthe had built, and which she and her court had used when in residence at Vufflens. The great tower had hitherto only been made use of for the annual banquet which the Lord of Vufflens gave to his cavaliers. But now, and the reason was not far to seek, Grimoald had domiciled himself entirely in this part of the Castle, never going near the place which held the captives of his cruelty.

Raymond alone was occasionally seen without living there. Married, unbeknown to his master, to one Elise, he had led this—his own wife—to Ermance as nurse for the little Berthe. On confessing the secret of his marriage to Grimoald, he was not only pardoned but recompensed with a small residence just outside the Castle walls, with which it communicated by an underground passage.

Thus was he able to go and look after the prisoners without being seen by anyone. He consecrated himself to these dolorous duties, saw his master more rarely, and became in consequence a more humane man. The poor recluses confided to his care he treated with as much consideration as the commands laid upon him would allow, and gradually became extremely attached to them. Ermance's patient sweetness and piety, her passionate love for her little daughter touched the equerry's heart; while little Gizèle, with her grace and gentleness, amused and interested him. No one could have been nicer than was Gizèle at ten years of age, with a pretty pink and white complexion and a countenance as gracious as it was animated. Her silvery blond hair fell in curls around her charming face, while her beautiful blue eyes seemed to be ever smiling and sparkling with bright intelligence. Always gay, she communicated her infantine joy to Raymond as well as to her mother—the only beings she had ever seen. She had never even dreamed of a dwelling more capacious or pleasing than their turret home, nor yet of the possibility of any other life. She believed herself born to inhabit this section of the Castle as the birds are born to inhabit the air, and if sometimes she envied them their wings, it was merely an amusement of the imagination. She would have been really sorry to use them if they obliged her to remove herself for a moment from a mother who adored her and instructed her with such sweet exemplary patience, or from the kindly Raymond, who brought them food and raiment and oftentimes stayed to play with her. She considered herself in very truth the happiest being on earth, and only felt sad when her mother seemed ill in body or distressed in mind. For, in spite of her resignation—in spite of the happiness of living with her good Gizèle, her tears would sometimes flow as her eyes rested upon her. Disowned by Grimoald, what would become of the little girl if death should carry away her mother?

Raymond reassured her on this point.

"In the event of such misfortune, I will be a father to her. I will take her to my house. My wife will care for her. Is she not sister to the dear little Berthe whom she nursed and of whom she speaks continually?"

"What! Was it your wife? May I not see her? Grant me, I pray, this favour."

"Impossible, madame. Monseigneur has vowed that she shall never know of your existence. She knows, of course, that this tower confines someone committed to my care, but she believes it to be a different kind of prisoner. Do not ask for what I am forced to refuse. All that lies in my power I will do. But nothing against my vow—nothing contrary to the commands of my master."

"Very well, my dear Raymond; I will no longer press you," said Ermance. "But you have also seen my daughters. Ah, that I might at least be given the chance of forming some correct idea of them!"

She then made endless inquiries respecting their appearance, their character, their intelligence, their death.

The equerry seemed to recall them with difficulty.

"We men give little attention to children of that age," he replied, adding that Gizèle was a hundred times more amiable and prettier far than her sisters, trying thus to persuade her that she had nothing to regret. But once this remembrance had been thoroughly reawakened, her thoughts dwelt upon it incessantly.

"Ah, mother," said Gizèle to her with charming vivacity, "if my sisters still live, and if Raymond will only allow me to go forth from here, I will seek them to the end of the earth."

"Dear child," her mother responded. "Thy sisters are no longer in this world. But thou canst, in a measure, fill their place by loving me for them as well as for thyself."

"I love thee for four. I will love thee as much as twenty. And thou—thou shouldst love me for them and for thyself."

"I love thee with all the strength of my soul, Gizèle. Even could I have my other children, I should cherish thee, dear one, none the less. A mother's heart is large enough for all her children."

Little by little the three daughters whom she so longed to see were habitually in her mind. She idolised Gizèle, but the more this charming child consoled her the more did she seem to think that her happiness ought to be four times as great. The least word, the least allusion to them would create a thousand fantastic ideas in her mind. One day, while Gizèle was braiding her long brown hair, Raymond chanced to enter.

"How much you resemble Berthe!" he exclaimed.

"What! What Berthe?" she quickly asked.

"Why, the Queen of Lombardy," replied the equerry, somewhat hesitatingly. "I know of no other."

"You dream!" said Ermance, and straightway she fell into a deep reverie. The Queen Berthe, who was a blonde, resembled herself so little that it was impossible that it could be that gracious lady of whom Raymond was reminded. It must therefore be some other Berthe. Who else could it be but her own child? She must be living still, she argued. This idea, as was but natural, gradually gained more and more ground in her mind.

"It is she! Ah, yes—truly no other than she!" was her involuntary exclamation as soon as Raymond had left them.

"Who? She?" inquired Gizèle. "Mother, of whom do you speak?"

"Of thy sister Berthe, my child. She lives. I am sure of it. Hast thou not heard what Raymond said—that she resembled me? Ah, if only I could see her!"

"Leave it to me, mother mine," replied the amiable child. "So hard will I beseech my friend Raymond that he will not be able to refuse me. Ah, what happiness for me to have a sister!"

From this moment she redoubled the affectionate attentions showered upon the old equerry.

One day, whilst Ermance was detained in the ante-

room, Gizèle conjured Raymond to say if Berthe still lived.

He persisted in assuring her that her three sisters had died in infancy, and exhorted her to calm her mother's mind by dissipating an error which was evidently tormenting her life.

Only with considerable difficulty did Gizèle arrive at this conclusion.

Ermance wept much. It seemed as though she were losing her children for a second time. Finally she tenderly embraced the one left to her and did not speak again of the others.

* * * * *

Some months later Raymond failed to appear for two whole days. They did not lack for food, as he had more than supplied their need. For how long a time had he not daily carried their dinner to them, often remaining to partake of some with them? On the third day, whilst they were conversing with some disquietude respecting his absence, the door opened, and, to their surprise, instead of Raymond, they saw a young girl carrying a basket of provisions—to be criticised by Gizèle with pleasurable astonishment as, after her mother and Raymond, the only human being she had ever seen. Ermance's amazement almost took away her breath.

Timidly the girl advanced, hardly daring to look at the prisoners. She set down the basket upon the table in silence, and was about to retire, when Ermance impulsively seized her hand and pressed it to her own palpitating breast.

"Tell me, dear child," she cried, her voice trembling with emotion, "what is thy name? Thy age? Who sent thee? Speak, answer me, I conjure thee!"

"Isaure," replied this young person when thus addressed. "Raymond, the equerry, is my father. He has been ill—unable to rise from his bed. He transmitted the keys of this tower to me, so that I might bring you this basket. Do not, I pray, inform him of my having spoken to you. He forbade me, but I was unable to restrain myself. You have the appearance of being so good. I wish very much my father would oftener allow me to wait upon and serve you. Adieu! I must be gone, in order not to disobey further."

At the first word of this speech Ermance had let go of her hand. Isaure departed, but not without first embracing Gizèle, who wept as soon as she had gone. Her mother's eyes, too, were filled with tears.

"It is not then as I had dared to hope," she sighed. "How gentle she is! And I should indeed have been happy had she—but no, she belongs to Raymond. And thou, thou alone dost belong to thy mother," she added, drawing Gizèle tenderly towards her.

* * * * *

A whole year passed sadly by. Ermance experienced that depression of spirits swift to follow in the wake of disappointment.

Raymond was not unobservant of this melancholy which had not left Gizèle untouched any more than her mother. And so he came to allow his daughter to take his place occasionally in service upon the prisoners—he himself often passing whole weeks in attendance upon Grimoald, who of late had become more aged and more sedentary. Raymond's son, a very amiable youth, often accompanied his father, for the Lord of Vufflens had grown greatly attached to the boy.

Thus it came about that Isaure presently found herself able to pass several hours of each day with the two prisoners. This young girl had been well brought up. Her mind was clearly in advance of her age. Her father prided himself that she could be trusted with his master's secret. Besides, she was really in ignorance of the identity of the prisoners, and Ermance was prudent enough to keep silent on this point. She saw in Isaure a means of emulation and amusement for her daughter. Gizèle showered affection upon her, loving her as one loves one's first friend. Endless were the questions asked of each other of the details of their respective lives. The simplest trifles had all the charm of novelty for Gizèle; while Ermance silently hoped to learn, through this source, something of her other dear ones.

But these recitals showed Isaure's life to be as little varied as was their own, for she had lived in a retirement as great almost as Gizèle's had been, seeing no one beyond her father and mother.

Isaure was in ignorance that the Castle imprisoned anyone else. She spoke often of her brother Arthus, whom she loved well. He was her senior, she said, by two or three years.

She regretted that she saw him less often since he had become page to Monseigneur, who was concerning himself in his education, with a view in his person of one day augmenting the list of brave knighthood. However, all his free moments, she explained, were given to her.

"If you only knew," she said to Gizèle, "how anxious he is to see you and your mother—both. I should so like to gratify him in this, and if you will promise not to speak of it to my father, I will bring him hither to-morrow."

Gizèle's promise was given almost before it was asked. Ermance, much distressed, tried in vain to oppose the two young girls, who pleaded insistently for her consent, until she at length gave way.

Gizèle could not sleep for the impatience she felt to see her friend's brother.

"Do you think he will look as nice as Isaure, mother?" she asked.

"Isaure, my child, is more amiable than pretty," was the reply.

"Oh, I find her charming, my dear Isaure. And if her brother resemble her, I will love him with my whole heart."

On the following day Raymond's children arrived in company. Arthus was apparelled as a page, his embroidered sleeves and cap of velvet suiting him marvellously well.

Gizèle found herself unable to decide whether he resembled Isaure, for, after having been so rejoiced at the expectancy of seeing him, she was overwhelmed, and hardly dared to look at him.

Ermance, on being informed that he was her husband's favourite page, thus addressed him—

"My brave boy, if you would be loyal as a knight, you will need to guard the secrets of good women. Say nothing to your master, or to anyone else of your visit here, unless obliged."

"I would rather die than disobey you, noble lady," replied Arthus. "I do not know who you may be, nor why you are imprisoned here. But I know that neither you nor this gentle girl could possibly have committed aught to merit so cruel a captivity. Therefore I promise that I will guard your secret. And as soon as I am a recognised knight will I deliver you. That I promise. Until then, silent and faithful."

Arthus then sorrowfully took his departure along with Isaure.

(*To be continued.*)

A GIRL PAINTER.

GENTLE and constant reader, you may remember the above title in the "G.O.P." with "and her paintings" tacked on to it; a title belonging to a paper on Miss Fortescue Brickdale and illustrated by a description of several of her paintings, which we were fortunately able to reproduce. A collection of her works, including those you have seen reproduced, have again attracted the world, this time at Leighton House, the home of the late President of the Royal Academy. The Editor now thinks you would like to see the artist herself, as photographed at her work.

Her portrait shows a dark, strong, capable face, almost stern in its determination and power. But we who know her pictures know that she has also tenderness and sentiment in its true verbal sense, that of feeling, feeling not only for but with others, be they high or low, rich or poor, weeping or rejoicing, suffering, sinning, striving; not a class, not an age, not a state, social or spiritual, but appeals to her imagination. Where this girl has found her knowledge, her insight, her sympathy, I cannot tell, but they are written upon her canvases in hues of dazzling beauty, limned in the lines of human life. Almost every situation of life is depicted in her works; and though she sometimes sheds a lurid light on sin, she never for a moment lowers her God-given gift, never panders to the modern spirit of sensation. For all that, she burns her subject into the heart of the gazer, so that each asks himself or herself, "Is it I? Am I the sinner?"

There is cheer in the pictures, and there must be cheer in the heart that conceived them; nay, there is fun and merriment if we look for it.

I once asked her how she managed to place side by side, so daringly and successfully, the most brilliant colours, which in the work of ordinary painters would "kill" each other. She replied simply that she thought chiefly of the drawing, and just put on such colour as "came into her head."



MISS FORTESCUE BRICKDALE. [*Photo by Miss Yates.*

There we have it, girls! She is that rare person, a genius. For genius is not, as has been said, "an infinite capacity for taking pains"; it is a gift of God.

Girls, it would not be the Welsh Spinster if she did not bother you with a moral. As to genius, then, remember that it belongs to our "unconscious mind." So do not set about to "make yourself into a genius"; look for your talent (we all have at least one) and use it, and what you find denied you, enjoy in others.

Moral 2. The chief personal charm to me in Miss Brickdale is her complete absence of affectation. She is as simple about her great gift as if it were bread-making. Just a good, bright gift from the loving Father, to be used for Him and for His other children: such, I think, she would regard it. "And that is good for us all."

A WELSH SPINSTER.

GIRLS' AMBITIONS.

PART IV.

ALTRUISTIC *(Continued)*.

IN our last paper on "Doing good"—to borrow a familiar though somewhat self-righteous expression—we glanced at several aspects of missionary work for girls at home and abroad. An interesting series of articles, "What it means to be a Sister" which have recently appeared in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, have also dealt with various kinds of work among the poor. We will now try to weave together the scattered ends of information that still remain. No girl who has the altruistic ambition—and may her tribe increase—need be without some definite aim in this great field of labour, and it is our desire to furnish her with hints for guidance.

We must take up the points that have not yet been mentioned, and this in no set or formal manner, but rather as if we were talking with our girl-reader The first type of work we shall suggest is

THE VISITING OF HOSPITALS.

The mention of the name may conjure up visions of terrible and heartrending scenes. These have little foundation in reality. A hospital ward is usually a cheerful, calm, and by no means a sad place. It does not require much effort of imagination, however, to realise that the separation from home, the tedium and weakness of illness, the monotony of confinement to bed, may be lightened by visits from anyone from the outer world. Naturally such visits are not allowed in the wards allotted to infectious diseases.

You feel, dear reader, that you would like to visit the suffering, and help to cheer them, and the aim is sanctioned by the "home people." Your first step is to write to the Matron or Secretary of the hospital you select. In connection with some hospitals—*e.g.*, Guy's—there is an association of lady visitors, and your application must be approved by the committee; but full information will, of course, be sent to you. You will then have a ward allotted to you, and an afternoon assigned, on which you will be welcome.

It is rather nervous work at first. Let us give you a hint not to go in your oldest clothes. Never mind the omnibus or tram ride, but boldly array yourself in pretty and becoming attire for your visit. To weary eyes, pleasant and harmonious tints are agreeable. The weather-beaten sailor hat, the battered toque, are not appropriate to those who welcome an attractive whole, though they may not criticise details.

You approach your ward with its proper name, Scriptural or Royal, over the entrance, and go in. Your first impression is of the smallness and insignificance of the beds in the great airy space; you also gather a general effect of brightness and peace. Nurses are moving quietly about or sitting at a table in the centre. No one appears in the least excited or disturbed at your appearance.

If any patient is so ill as to need absolute quiet and seclusion, the fact is shown by curtained screens round the bed, but you may approach with confidence anyone without this (rare) distinction, and ask some such question as, "Shall I tire you if I talk a little?" The answer will probably be a grateful negative. On receiving it—and not till then—you sit down in the chair at the bedside. You will find no difficulty in saying such things as sympathy dictates, and will probably hear of the outside life of the sufferer; the home, perhaps the children, that have been left. It is a comfort to speak of them to a sympathetic listener.

Do not try to preach or obviously improve the occasion. Say what your heart prompts you to say, and you will not go far wrong.

The occupants of some of the beds may wish to be left in peace, but this you would at once perceive on the first greeting. It is far more usual to enjoy the chance of conversation, and you will find after your first visit that the ward becomes marvellously homelike in appearance, while the patients welcome you as a friend.

The workhouse infirmary, as well as the hospital, is a suitable scene for such visits. The days here are very weary, the occupants as a rule are less hopeful than those in the hospitals proper. Do give them a thought, girls who have "nothing particular to do."

A very special field for the work of sympathetic girls may be found in the Children's Hospitals.

You would like, say, to visit at Great Ormond Street. Write to the matron, in this case, and she will arrange a day and a ward for you.

I do not envy any girl whose heart does not fill with pity and affection on seeing the tiny mites in their cribs. There are boys and girls, at any age under eleven, many of them infants who cannot talk.

You can carry the babies about, help the nurses now and then by giving them a meal; talk to and amuse the older children. Other means for your activity in connection with the work will at once suggest themselves. More toys are always wanted. There is a popular impression that it hails toys on such a well-known institution as Great Ormond Street Hospital, but this is not the case.

You resolve, therefore, to provide, say, dolls for your ward, and possibly you organise a sewing meeting for girls of your acquaintance, to dress them. But if you cannot afford to buy new toys, old ones mended will serve a turn. Picture books, scrap books—nothing comes amiss for the little invalids. If you are clever with your needle also, you may make clothes to be given, in case of need, to the children on leaving the hospital.

"I love playing with children," says a merry girl, "but I don't want to visit hospitals or see anybody who is ill; it isn't my *forte*. I never know what to say, and feel shy and 'shut up' directly. So I suppose there is nothing I can do."

If you like playing with children by all means join

The "Children's Happy Evenings Association."

The Secretary lives at 48, Queen Anne Street, W. Under her direction, you will go on certain evenings to some Board school, and superintend the games, entering into them vigorously yourself. This is a work worth doing. Children of a certain class need to be taught how to play. There is a joyless ferocity that enters into the very pleasure of an uncared-for child. One sees this at railway stations in the summer time when parties of "slum children" are being taken out for a day in the country. The little faces are often set and fierce; the children rush in a half desperate fashion after their leaders, as if they were so accustomed to being defrauded of their birthright of happiness, they must needs be on the defensive. They need to be taught how to be happy, and no girl can find a better ambition than that of being the children's friend.

There are, indeed, many other ways in which she can be this. She can give valuable help in connection with

The Invalid Children's Aid Association,

for visiting and assisting seriously invalided and crippled children of the London poor (Secretary, H. G. Evered, 18, Buckingham Street, W.C.). Then there is

The Santa Claus Society

for providing gifts and toys for adults and children in hospitals at Christmas, and for sending children and other convalescents for change in summer. The managers of the society are the Misses Charles, 34, South Grove, Highgate, N. Last, but not least, there is the

National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children

(7, Harpur Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.). The society can be helped by those who are willing to enrol themselves as collectors of subscriptions, who will conduct working parties, organise sales, and so forth, to help its funds. Even a little is worth doing for such an object.

The girl who has the "altruistic" ambition and longs to be a sister to the poor little ones, need obviously never be at a loss for organised means of carrying out her purpose. But it must not be forgotten that excellent individual work may be done in this respect. A girl, for example, may collect the children of a district for one evening in the week, and employ boys and girls in a useful and amusing way by setting the former to carpentering work of an elementary kind, modelling, frame-making, wood-carving, and the like; the girls to dressing dolls, making scrap books. There is no need to enumerate the occupations which will keep busy fingers out of mischief. People are usually very ready to give "unconsidered trifles" from their stores for such an object, and the toys, etc., when made can go on to furnish a Christmas tree in some poorer district, thus fulfilling a double mission. A "Young People's Association" of this kind will grow and extend, as it becomes firmly established, and it is a delightful way of turning "odds and ends" in every sense to account.

To leave the children, it may be suggested that no work can possibly be more suitable for girls than work among girls.

The two societies—the Girls' Friendly Society (central office, 39, Victoria Street, S.W.), and the Young Women's Christian Association (offices, 25 and 26, George Street, Hanover Square)—are well known, and it is hardly necessary to describe their objects and mode of working. Perhaps a third society—

The Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants

—is less widely known; its title is a long one, and it goes familiarly by the name of "Mabys." It is a society to help friendless girls, pauper or otherwise, between the ages of thirteen and twenty. No more lonely creature on earth, perhaps, can be imagined than the little servant of the "Marchioness" type. This society aims at befriending her in every sense. The "visitor" is an elder sister to her, her adviser in difficulty, and—a most important point—the caterer for her occupation and pleasure on her rare "day out." There are branches and Homes throughout London and the suburbs, with some Homes in the provinces.

Young girls are, of course, hardly suited for a work that needs some tact and experience, but there must be many women who read this page fitted to befriend one or more of

these little toilers in a desolate life. The chief office of the society is at 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

There are other fields almost too many to mention, for the work of those who long to help others.

"Let nothing be lost" is the motto that constantly occurs to the mind in thinking of this subject. You possess accomplishments. You have, for instance, a sweet voice that has been well trained; then use it, not only in drawing-rooms for your social equals, but for the pleasure of others—in the workhouse, in the parish entertainment, the girls' club, the concert given in some mission hall. You can sew; do not draw the line at manufacturing blouses for yourself, but remember the poor and needy child. You possess ingenuity and deft and nimble fingers; turn their cleverness to account in the manufacture of what shall brighten sad childish eyes.

You can do nothing particular but enjoy life and have a good time; then join one or another recreative association, and help others to enjoy life too. You live at the country or seaside; then either receive into your own home, or find quarters for, some tired factory girl or child needing fresh air.

Addresses that may be of use in this connection are—Factory Girls' Country Holiday Fund, Hon. Secretary, St. Peter's Rectory, Saffron Hill, London, E. C.; Children's Country Holiday Fund, 10, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.; Children's Fresh Air Mission, Onslow Street Schools, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

We do not profess to give an exhaustive list of agencies for good. They are not difficult to discover by anyone who has the wish and the heart to use them.

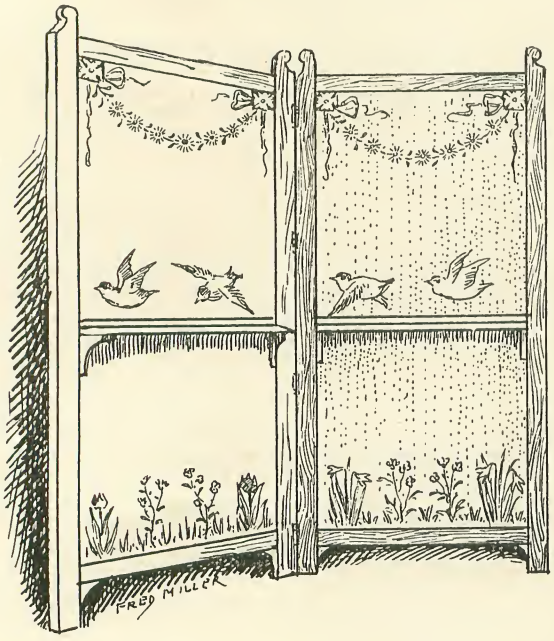
Place yourself in connection with one or another of the organisations we have described, unless you prefer individual initiative and effort. But however you may set about it—yet work! For she who has not learned the secret of altruism—life for others—has not learned truly how to live.

LILY WATSON.

SCREENS WITH SHELVES:

HOW TO MAKE AND DECORATE THEM.

BY the addition of shelves to a screen they "contrive a double debt to pay," as Goldsmith said of another fitment in his *Deserted Village*, for at an afternoon tea the



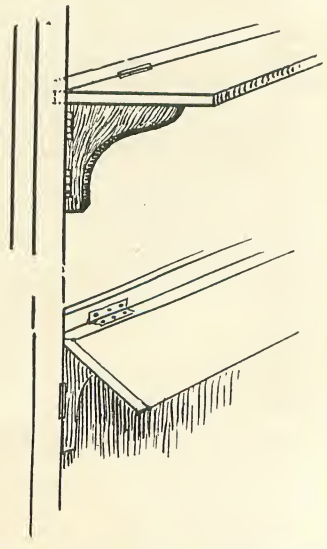
shelves can be put up and provide a place to put the cups of three or four guests.

First, then, for the screen itself. The simplest and cheapest form of screen is one with a light yet strong framework of wood, and the filling of some pretty material which can either be worked with the needle or left as it is.

The white American bass wood is excellent for this purpose, as it is both strong and light. It takes stain admirably, so those who have no brother or friendly amateur joiner to undertake the making of the screen should get it made by a joiner or frame-maker. I have had such things made for me by an artist's frame-maker. If you show him the sketches accompanying these notes, he will understand what is wanted, but you had better give him the height and width of each leaf Four feet six inches to five feet is a good height, and from twenty to twenty-four inches wide. Those who get the wood-work made at home should have the cross-bars mortised into the uprights, as the uprights can then project above and be shaped as in sketch, while they can be carried below and form legs. As the shelves will have to be hinged to something, cross-bars should also be mortised into the uprights, somewhere about midway, which will not only take the shelves but will materially strengthen the screen. The framework should be got out of inch stuff, but the shelves would do out of three-eighths. As the shelves should be contrived to let down when not in use, brackets at each end to hold the shelves up should be screwed to the framework.

The cross-bars should be flush with the framework at the back of the screen, but they need not be more than half-an-inch thick, as this will allow for the thickness of the shelves. As for the width of the shelves, this can be a matter at the discretion of the individual; six to eight inches would be enough to take a plate or saucer.

Assuming that the framework is supplied you and you do the staining yourself, you should purchase some liquid stain the colour you desire the screen to be. Stains for wood can be had almost any colour—black, green, brown, red, etc. The stain must be brushed on evenly, using enough for it to flow on freely, and as the wood will absorb the stain readily, avoid getting it on patchy. A good brown stain can be made by dissolving permanganate of potash (the well-known disinfectant) in boiling water. The colour depends upon the strength it is used, but for a deep tone put on two coats.

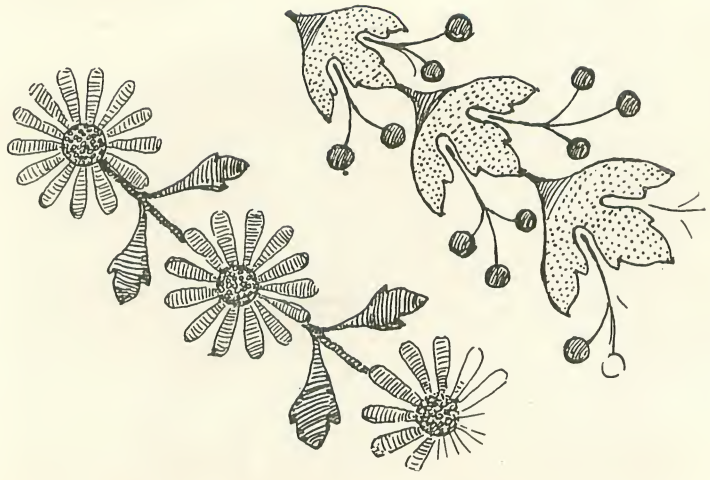


To polish it, for there is no polish in the stain itself, dissolve beeswax in turpentine. The way to do this is to put the beeswax into a vessel with the turpentine, and then cover it with a saucer or piece of glass, and place it on the hob. The heat will soon dissolve the wax, and when cold it will be the consistency of butter. This should be well rubbed into the wood with a stiff brush or piece of flannel, and then polished with a dry flannel, using plenty of friction. If

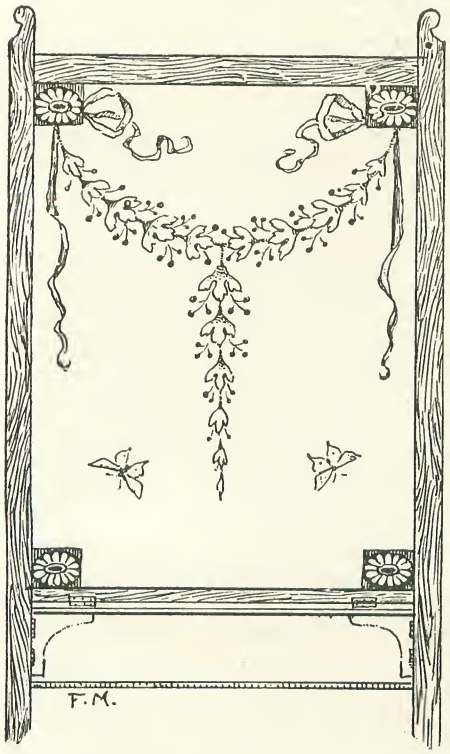
after a time it goes dead, use a little more wax and constant friction will do the rest. This is the way the old furniture was polished.

Varnish, such as "dark oak," can be used, but it does not look as well as hand polishing. French polishing is beyond most amateurs, but if the screen is made for you, have it French polished.

Those who prefer it can paint the wood. It will require three coats to cover well, and the last coat might be enamel. White or ivory would be the most suitable colour.



Now for the filling of the panels. The material ought to be tacked on stretchers, which should be made to fit the spaces. These stretchers should be as light as possible, as there is no great strain upon them. They must be fixed into position by beads. These beads on the outside of the screen can be fixtures, as the panels can be fitted in from the front, and the other beads can then be pinned in, using fine French nails or bead pins for the purpose. If the stretchers are three-eighths of an inch in thickness, the beads should each be the same, as if they project slightly beyond the frames, this adds to the appearance rather than otherwise. The beads are made of narrow strips of wood about three-eighths of an inch wide with one corner rounded.

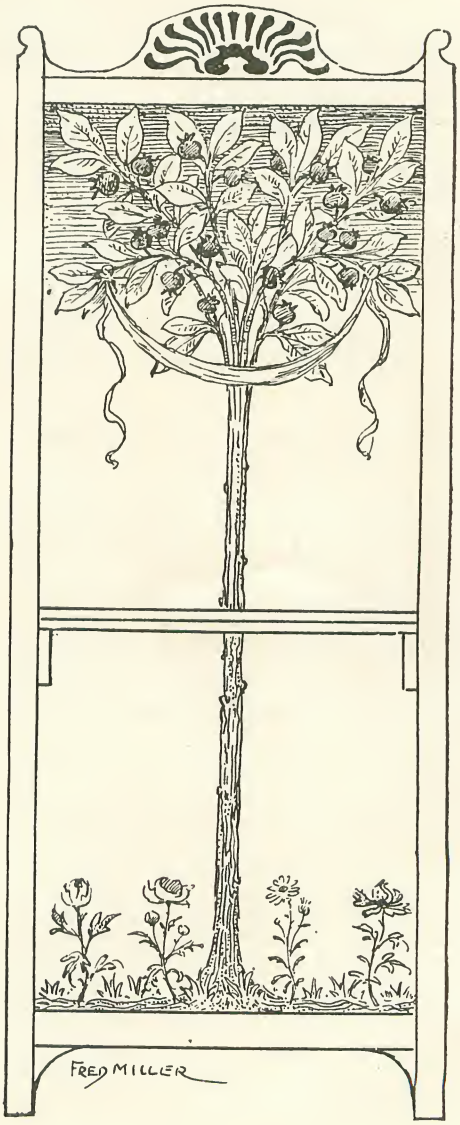


I shall have something to say in another number about working the suggestions given in the illustrations, but those who do not contemplate doing this can use any nice fabric they have by them or can purchase cheaply. Remnants of artistic fabrics can often be picked up at sales. The upper panels can be different from the lower ones, and the back different from the front.

Stencilled patterns on self-coloured textiles would look well, stencilled fabrics being very fashionable just now. There are various makes of canvas that are admirably suited to this purpose; such canvas as is used for friezes of rooms, for instance. The stencilling should be done before the material is tacked to the stretchers. The tacking should be done at the extreme edge or the ends of the stretchers, so that the beads hide the tacks. Use very fine cut tacks for the purpose, and see that you get the textiles on taut. The leaves of the screen must, of course, be hinged, so that they close leaving the shelves outside. The hinges must be sunk in the frames; continuous hinges sold by the foot are best.

The bars dividing the panels need not be in the centre, but this must be regulated to some extent by the height the shelves are to come, as if these are placed too high it will make using them less convenient; the height of a table or sideboard is about right.

FRED MILLER.





THE LARCH.

Larix europæa.



GOLDEN-CRESTED WREN AND LARCH BLOSSOM.

"When rosy plumelets tuft the larch."
—*Tennyson.*

A TENDER veil of green beginning to appear upon our favourite larch-tree is one of the earliest tokens of the coming spring. The tree stands on rising ground in full view of our windows, so that we can watch its re-leafing and the gradual deepening of tint from the pale cold green of early spring through all its rich summer beauty until the fawn colour of autumn tells us that it will soon be shorn of its soft foliage by the wintry gales.

Writers appear to differ in their estimate of the beauty of this tree.

Wordsworth has no good word to say for it, and condemns it as lacking in dignity, in colour and in the power of affording shade. Other poets seem to dislike the crudity of its early tints, but, in the infinite variety we see in the woods, surely the charm arises from the blending of many shades of the same colour into an harmonious whole.

Usually the larch has a single central stem from which the branches depend on all sides, but our tree is an exception to the general rule, for, at four feet from the ground, it divides, and the two tall stems rise to an equal height and size. They are chained together near the top lest in some severe gale they might be split asunder, and the tree would then become a wreck.

The larch was introduced into England from the Continent in 1629.

About the beginning of the last century the then Duke of Atholl planted thousands of acres of mountain land with young larch-trees, which have now become forests of timber valuable for shipbuilding. Being a tree that will grow rapidly on almost any soil, and even at an elevation of eighteen hundred feet above the sea, the larch is naturally selected as one of the most suitable for clothing barren hills with verdure. In the course of fifty years the plantations attain the height of fifty feet or upwards.

My own specimen is, we think, about seventy-five feet high, and at five feet from the ground it measures sixteen feet round the stem. Like so many of the trees in this place its lower branches rest upon the ground, showing how undisturbed its growth has been from its early youth. It is curious to trace the course of its huge knotted roots, which spread themselves across a gravel path and then along the surface of the lawn, indicating the way in which, in order to resist the force of our wintry storms, the tree has firmly anchored itself in the ground.



HOARFROST ON LARCH.

Larch bark is used in Switzerland for tanning leather, and the leaves and young shoots afford food for cattle. It is a useful tree in other ways, as its sap yields Venice turpentine, much in demand by painters for making varnish. Early in the year an incision is made in the trunk about three feet from the ground, and into this a trough is fixed so that the sap runs into a tub placed below. The turpentine is clear at first, but it thickens after a time and becomes of a citron colour; it possesses the useful quality of not becoming hard by exposure to the air, at any rate not for a considerable time. I have often observed a white exudation on the leaves of my larch, and I feared it might prove to be a parasitic fungus of some destructive kind, but I have now discovered that it is the nature of the tree to throw out a sweet sugary substance which in former days used to be collected from the larch forests at Briançon in Dauphiny, and sold under the name of Briançon manna; this was supposed to have some medicinal value.

The late Mr. Daniel Hanbury paid a visit to Briançon in 1857 to inquire into the production of this special manna. After considerable search he speaks of finding "here and there upon the foliage of the trees a little tear of white sugary matter encrusting the needle-like leaves." A peasant informed him that the manna was only found in the cool of the morning, and that the season for it was then almost over.* "Subsequently to this, however, M. Berthelot chemically examined this exudation, and found it to contain a peculiar variety of sugar which he designated *Melezitose*, a word derived from *mélèze*, the French name for larch."

The larch ripens its seeds freely in Great Britain, and is raised by Scotch nurserymen in larger numbers than any other forest tree. The timber is compact, is reddish brown in colour and takes a beautiful polish so as to become almost translucent. It has the excellent property of hardening with age; this is perhaps the reason why old painters used it more than any other wood to paint on before the use of canvas became general. Many of Raphael's pictures are painted on boards of larch.

The wood is much in request for shipbuilding, railway sleepers and house carpentry; it catches fire with difficulty and does not splinter even when struck by a cannon-ball.

The month of April brings amongst other signs of spring the exquisite blossom of the larch sprays. The small crimson waxy cones appear before the tender leafage, and are fertilised by the yellow pollen-bearing catkins. A few weeks later the cones, half hidden by the leaves, have faded to a pale pink colour; they continue to increase in size, and in a year's time they will be found to be hard and brown, and to have shed out their small winged seeds upon the ground.

I often see a little flock of golden-crested wrens flitting in and out amongst the larch branches, feeding on minute insects. These agile little birds hang head downwards or side-ways, peering into every tuft of foliage, keeping up all the while a musical twittering to each other, till one flies off to another tree, when all the rest obediently follow and renew their search for insect prey.

This smallest of our English birds stays with us through the coldest winter, and is amongst the earliest nest-builders, for the call-note of the male bird may be heard in February, and young birds have been seen fully fledged in April.

I will conclude with a curious fact about the larch leaves which I find recorded in the *Treasury of Botany*. "Round some of the meres or lakes in Shropshire the larch is abundantly planted. Its leaves fall into the water, and become felted together into large ball-like masses by the agency of a peculiar species of conferva. These larch balls may be met with of all sizes, from that of a marble to that of a child's head; they lie at the bottom of the lake and are washed up round its margins."

ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.

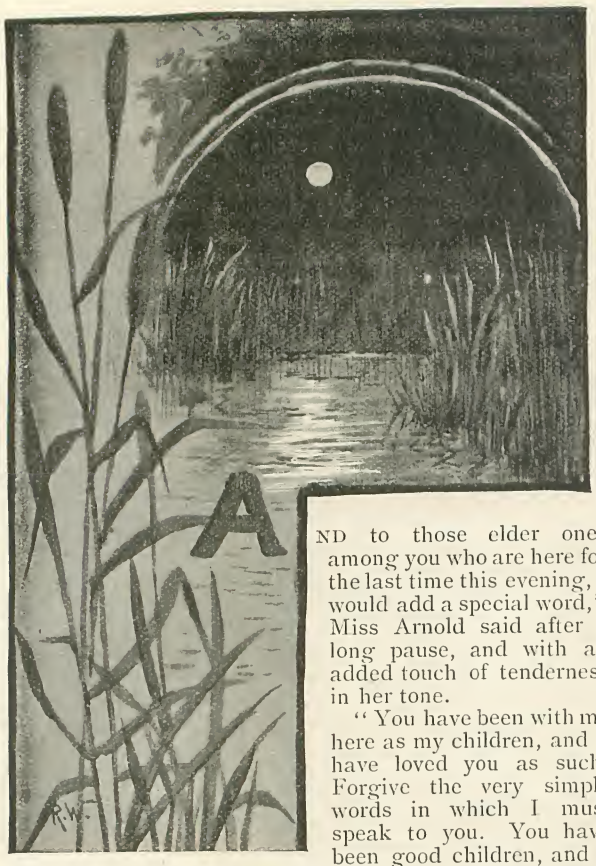


THE LARCH IN WINTER.

* *Science Papers*, by Daniel Hanbury, F.R.S.

THE HARDEST TASK OF ALL.

CHAPTER III.



AND to those elder ones among you who are here for the last time this evening, I would add a special word," Miss Arnold said after a long pause, and with an added touch of tenderness in her tone.

"You have been with me here as my children, and I have loved you as such. Forgive the very simple words in which I must speak to you. You have been good children, and I would pray you, now that you are leaving me and going out into the larger school of the world, be good still. Be good women.

"It will not be so easy as it has been here. That is certain. Life is so varied and so difficult at its simplest. There is need that each one strive so hard to get through well, that I long to say something to help you before I part from you. I long to nerve you—if I but may!

"You do not need that I speak directly of sacred things to-night; those you have heard day by day ever since you have been under this roof. I would speak of the wonderful opportunity opening before you just now.

"There is no limit to what you may achieve. Believe in yourselves. Let nothing seem too hard for you—no ideal too high to set before yourself. Hope all things.

"Life may prove a furnace of affliction wherein you shall be tried and tortured. Fear not—only believe. Trouble and sorrow, though they last long, till we are wearied and discouraged, will only do good work in us. The refiner is never far from the mouth of the furnace while he keeps the gold in it, they say; he waits there and watches till he can see his own image reflected. Then he knows it to be sufficiently purified to be taken out. So it is with the Heavenly Refiner and the furnace of affliction. Welcome each hardness, therefore; embrace every adverse circumstance as a means to rise. Each one of you may achieve a hero's work; may win a hero's reward.

"No disadvantage of circumstance or lack of talent but may by determination be surmounted and turned to ultimate added glory. All things are possible. Be filled with zeal; be determined to honour your Creator and bless your fellow man all the days of your life, and you cannot fail.

"Sunny days may come. Don't mistrust the sunshine. Take it as God's own sweet gift, and offer it to Him again. There is so much we may do on sunny days for others. Be as happy as ever you can, and let all hearts be gladdened by sight of your joy.

"So whatever comes, in sunshine or in shadow, you will be blessed. You will each be an antidote here to the saddest sorrows of life. As you pass on your way, you will shine hereafter as the stars for ever and ever."

* * * *

Mary's longings and ambitions seemed to her to have been poor. Miss Arnold's words had altered the tenour of her thoughts. Her longing for pleasure and excitement such as awaited Sybil had faded away.

"I should like to be good, and have everyone adore me, like Miss Arnold! That would be worth living for. I wonder how she got to be what she is?" was now her cry.

Her mind glanced at her own future once more. There was no stimulating hardship, no bracing sense of sacrifice, or promise of martyrdom in it. Her step-mother was an average sensible practical lady, who had herself been Mary's governess in the child's early days, and after marrying Mary's father had continued to treat her with the same unvarying, unemotional—and it may be added unsatisfactory—kindness as before. Mary shrank as much as ever from the outlook. But it was now the even smoothness which appalled her.

"How can one be filled with zeal over such a prospect?" she questioned, as she laid her head on her pillow that last night of her school-days. "There is neither sunshine nor shadow in it; it is all grey and colourless."

CHAPTER IV.

IT was late afternoon on a perfect summer day. The shadows of the firs were growing long, slanting across the smooth wide lawns in the western gardens of Heron Court. The flower-beds were aglow with brilliant colours in the declining sunshine. The severe outlines of the historical building behind them showed clear and imposing against the fading blue of the cloudless sky, and the group of ladies in delicate summer gowns on the terrace was dwarfed by its great proportions.

Lady Stannerleigh and a handful of her guests were gathered about the tea-table there. She was a graceful, well-developed woman of some eight-and-thirty years, still looking young in spite of the growing girls in white beside her who called her "mother."

She seemed to bestow special attention on a white-haired old lady with a sweet strong face who sat at her right hand.

Presently the guests began to drop away. Miss Arnold—the lady of the silver hair—was claimed by Lord Stannerleigh to fulfil a promise to go with him to see the show of blooms in the rose-gardens.

Then Lady Stannerleigh, enjoining her husband not to allow Miss Arnold to tire herself, rose and moved to a chair beside an unnoticeable woman in black, who had sat somewhat of a stranger among the group of intimate friends.

"At last, Mary! I am so glad to have you here at last!" Lady Stannerleigh exclaimed gently as she seated herself. "You have refused so often to come, that I began to despair of ever getting hold of you. In all these years you have hardly changed," she continued, smilingly scrutinising her old schoolfellow's face.

Mary looked at her incredulously and smiled. She was thinking how much Sybil herself had changed and improved; or was it only the natural development of the twenty years and the calm of an assured successful career which gave her such dignity and graciousness? For Heron Court was a well-known centre and power in the political world, and everyone knew that the Earl of Stannerleigh owed very much of his supremacy to his wife. Sybil had made her mark in her generation, and her influence was all for good.

The schoolfellows talked long and sympathetically, yet the unuttered, half-realised sadness in Mary's mind rested

there still when the *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by the return of the men of the house-party, who had been absent fishing.

Dinner that night was a brilliant affair, and Mary listened with intelligent interest throughout it to the Under Secretary for War, who was her partner. Afterwards Lady Stannerleigh led the way to the gold drawing-room.

Then Mary made her way diffidently across the room to Miss Arnold.

"Ah, my dear!" exclaimed that sweet lady, welcoming her, "I have wanted a quiet chat with you ever since you arrived! Now is our time, I believe. Where shall we go?"

"That wide-open window looks rather inviting, does it not?" suggested Mary, pleased at the anticipation of a private talk. For the old reverence and adoration remained in Miss Arnold's pupils throughout life, and it still seemed a great privilege to be sought of her, and to be alone with her.

"Let us take a stroll across the lawn," agreed Miss Arnold, stepping out through the French window into the moonlit garden. "And now tell me all about yourself, dear child. How has life gone with you?" she continued, slipping her arm into her old pupil's.

There was little to tell. Mary's life had been uneventful. It had been gladdened by a happy love, saddened by the early death of her lover. She had been left in very delicate health, but with slender means which just enabled her to provide a home for her youngest step-sister, who was still unmarried, and had been dependent on her since the mother's death.

Mary told the little life-story modestly and uncomplainingly, and the reason of the shadow which crept now and again over her face remained unaccounted for when she had concluded speaking.

"I see. I see it all, child," mused Miss Arnold. Then she remained silent while she turned to look back at the stately house in the moonlight. Presently she added quietly: "Life does not seem worth while—worth going on with, does it? Everything is so oppressively monotonous: moderate health, moderate means, moderate happiness, moderate sorrow, and a perspective of dead level. There is no stimulus, no incentive, no inspiration in such a lot."

"That is just it," cried Mary in agitation, under her breath. "It is all stagnation—and it is intolerable!"

"The man with the two talents," continued Miss Arnold, speaking slowly, with frequent pauses, "must have found just such difficulty. Mediocrity is a paralysing possession. The five talents stimulate to great things. Sybil may be said to have had five talents. One rises with grand opportunities to grand heights. The one-talent people—those who have to face life with great disadvantage, with constant difficulty—have an impetus also, though of quite different kind. The hopelessness of their lot may make them determine desperately to defy circumstances and overcome. Mine was an apparently hopelessly hard lot. I was left an orphan at nine years old without a penny or a relative in the world—and only one friend."

Mary burned with interest, but dared not interrupt. Miss Arnold was speaking almost absently, as though she were deep in thought, which she uttered aloud unconsciously.

She continued in the same even, quiet way—

"It is the 'ghastly smoothness' of which Browning wrote that makes mediocrity so oppressive at first sight. Life, to be worth living, need include some difficult and heroic task which shall last our life-time, calling out all our latent power, ennobling each day's least heroic action with a large lofty aim and purpose, and finally leaving us fully developed by our endeavour."

"Oh, if only I had something hard to do! I could bear life then!" cried Mary tensely.

"Yours is the hardest task of all, my child!" responded Miss Arnold earnestly, putting her hand affectionately on Mary's shoulder. "Your two talents are your life-trial. To be able to show the millions of others who share your average common lot how to be content with mediocrity—to show them how to live faithfully, bravely and cheerfully, with chances no greater than their own—to show how merely commonplace powers, monotonous circumstances, may become a noble inspiration—what soul can desire a greater chance than that? It is, I affirm again, the hardest task of all. Go on serenely and bravely with your hard task then, dear. Do your part in serving God faithfully to the end, on earth, and then pass on to the Master's praise and reward in heaven. It is written: 'He that had received two talents, he also gained other two.' The trust reposed in you here will be doubled in the joyous service of heaven."

Mary was deeply thoughtful when she re-entered the drawing-room, but the shadow of discouragement had gone from her face—and crept over it again no more. She looked at Sybil with a new smile; and always blessed the day of her visit to Heron Court.

She had learnt the meaning of her life, and she embraced the lesson and thanked God for having set her the hardest task of all.

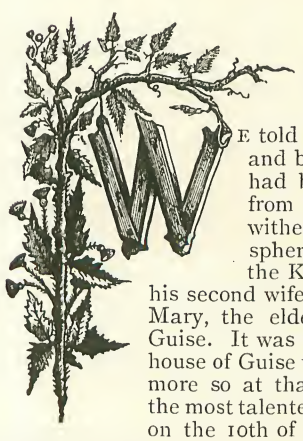
[THE END.]

A GIRL'S RAMBLES THROUGH HAUNTED SCOTLAND.

By JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.

PART IV.

MORE ROYAL RECOLLECTIONS OF EDINBURGH.



WE told in our last article of the young and beautiful bride whom James V. had brought to Edinburgh in 1537 from France, and who had so soon withered away in the chilly atmosphere of Scotland. A year later the King married again, taking for his second wife another daughter of France, Mary, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Guise. It was a memorable alliance, for the house of Guise was an illustrious house—none more so at that time—and Mary was one of the most talented of its members. She landed on the 10th of June, 1538, at Crail in Fife—perhaps it would have been thought ominous had she got on shore like the Princess Magdalene at Leith—and was married to the King at St. Andrews.

Edinburgh, however, was to be the scene of her activity, and a pretty active time she had of it. Four years later the King died, and, as queen-mother, she had to act as best she could in the interests of her infant daughter, afterwards known to the world as Mary Queen of Scots. These were Reformation times, and it was no ordinary woman's hand that could hold the reins of government in the mid-career of a Scottish religious revolution, headed by powerful men of the stamp of the famous John Knox.

That, as a Catholic, she had to play a leading part in such times was her misfortune. She meant well; indeed was sincerely anxious for the good of her adopted country, and we must remember to her credit that "in her Court she maintained a decent gravity, nor would she tolerate any licentious practices therein. Her maids of honour were always busied in commendable exercises, she herself being an example to them in virtue, piety and modesty."

With all her good qualities, however, it has to be acknowledged that she possessed the hereditary insincerity of the house from which she sprang—"the brood of false Lorraine." The Scotch folk, amongst whom she came at

last to play the part of Regent, were not of that sort. They detested double-dealing in every form, and were not slow to show resentment, and express their minds about it either. Her grandson, James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, in one of his speeches says, "I remember the story of my grandmother, the Queen Regent, that after she was induced to break her promise to some mutineers at a Perth meeting, she never saw a good day, but from thence, being much beloved before, was despised by her people."

She died in Edinburgh Castle in 1560, showing on her death-bed "that air of magnanimity and high generous feeling which her remarkable race could assume on all fitting occasions, insomuch that she left a profound impression even on the hard minds of the sturdiest of the Reformers."

The Castle Hill Palace of Mary of Guise was long one of the interesting features of Edinburgh. For two centuries and a half after her death it was in the occupation of wealthy tenants, then it came down in the world and was divided into small houses, and at last in 1845 the whole was levelled to the ground for the erection of the Assembly Hall and College of the then youthful Free Church of Scotland. The internal decorations of the palace are said to have been extraordinarily fine, and as regards beauty of prospect it is doubtful if there is a royal residence existing anywhere which could show anything equal to that which this old building possessed to the seaward side—Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi, and Ben Voirlich, seen in the far north-west; the broad Firth of Forth brightening up the landscape, bounded by the busy coast of Fife; Inchkeith near at hand, and the Bass Rock far in the distance.

We come now to the famous name of Mary Stuart, of many of the leading acts in whose tragic drama Edinburgh was the scene. The story of this unhappy queen is one of those historical questions which seem likely to awaken interest to the end of time. Her character is a puzzle. As champions of her innocence some people are ready to go to the death, whilst many others are in the opposite extreme, and will have it that Mary was as bad a women as ever was made.

Probably, as in most discussions of the sort, the truth lies between. Her beauty, her suffering, and her sad end may well excite our sympathy, and our examination of the evidence may induce us to entertain doubts as to the degree of her guilt, but that Mary Stuart came spotlessly or even creditably out of her circumstances and temptations, is highly improbable.

Mary had passed her youth in France, and had been Queen Consort in that country for about a year and a half, that is to say, till the death of her husband Francis II. in 1560. She had lived there, in fact, from the time of her being a little girl of six years old.

In August of 1561, when she was about nineteen, she returned to Edinburgh to take up the Scottish sceptre. It was a great change from living amongst a polite and refined people to making her home with those who were rough, fierce, and not over-courteous. No wonder that on the voyage she watched with regret the receding coast of France, and gave utterance to the often-quoted "Oh, dear France, farewell. I shall never, never see thee more!"

She landed at Leith on the nineteenth of the month, and her first experiences in the land over which she was to rule did little to raise her drooping spirits. In those days of sailing ships times of arrival were uncertain, and the preparations for her coming were not complete. No better means of conducting her to Holyrood Palace could be found than mounting her on a rough Highland pony, at which, one who was present records, she burst into tears, remembering the well-trained palfreys, adorned with gold lace, which she rode in France.

When she got to Holyrood, anxious, no doubt, to have a sound sleep after the fatigues of the voyage, she was serenaded, the musicians neither playing well, nor possessing good instruments, nor having a pleasing selection of tunes. It was well meant, no doubt, but not judicious.

A fortnight after, the citizens of Edinburgh tried to show goodwill by presenting the young queen with a cupboard "double overgilt," which had cost two thousand merks. The giving of it was made the occasion of a pageant which saluted her in a progress through the city. Verses were recited in her honour, and the Reformers used it as an opportunity for trying to influence Mary against the popish religion to which she was ardently attached. A Bible was presented to her, and the children, made up as angels, who handed over the cupboard, "made some speech concerning the putting away of the Mass, and thereafter sang a psalm."

She had her difficulties with the Reformers and they with her. It was in Holyrood that John Knox interviewed her on several occasions. These were no interviews after the modern pattern. The stern Reformer used very unwelcome words, and if Mary, as is likely, hoped to fascinate him as she had done others, she found herself greatly mistaken. At one of their conversations Mary is said to have been moved to violent weeping by the vehemence of Knox's exhortations. The comment by a Scottish writer on this incident may be quoted. "Mary," he says, "wept for anger, the sign of a weak woman. She was a bold fool."

It was an exciting day in Edinburgh when Mary was brought back to the city in shame after the affair of Carberry Hill. The High Street was filled with a deeply-excited mob, who hooted her and charged her with the murder of her husband Darnley. A banner was waved before her—and they took good care that it met her eyes whichever way she turned—on one side of which was painted Darnley lying dead with the motto, "Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord," whilst on the other was a representation of the young prince, afterwards James VI., on his knees as if praying for vengeance on those who had killed his father.

With this street scene Mary disappeared from Edinburgh history. She passed away to Lochleven, to the fatal field of Langside, to captivity in England, to the headsman's axe at Fotheringay.

After the days of Queen Mary Edinburgh knew queens only at a distance, till one day in the autumn of 1842 our late Sovereign Queen Victoria paid her first visit to the north.

Accompanied by the Prince Consort, she sailed to Scotland in the *Royal George* yacht. A tedious voyage it was, with the sea very rough for part of the time. The landing was effected, not at Leith, as had been the case with many of her predecessors, but at Granton, a little further up the Forth. The Queen set foot on Scottish soil on the 1st of September, and drove at once to Edinburgh where she was received with an outburst of loyal enthusiasm.

There was a great crowd and a great crush. "More regularity would have been preserved," says her Majesty mildly in her Journal, "had there not been some mistake on the part of the Provost about giving due notice of our approach."

Writing on the day of her arrival, the Queen records the impression which the beauty of the Scottish capital had made upon her. "It is quite beautiful," she says, "totally unlike anything else I have seen: and what is even more, Albert, who has seen so much, says it is unlike anything *he* ever saw."

The royal visitors made their headquarters at the Duke of Buccleuch's palace at Dalkeith, about six miles out of town, and there the Queen tasted oatmeal porridge for the first time—"which I think very good," she says—and also enjoyed the novelty of "Finnan haddies."

A royal progress of a formal sort, when she was presented with the keys of the city, was made through Edinburgh on the 3rd of the month. After passing Holyrood Chapel—"very old and full of interest"—and Holyrood Palace—"a royal-looking old place"—"the procession," her Majesty records, "moved through the old town up the High Street, which is a most extraordinary street from the immense height of the houses, most of them being eleven storeys high and different families living in each storey. Every window was crammed full of people."

Then she visited the castle, to the top of which she and the Prince walked. There they saw the Regalia, "which are very old and curious—(they were lost for one hundred years)—and also the room in which James VI. of Scotland

and the First of England was born—such a very, very small room, with an old prayer written on the wall."

Thus was the first visit paid by Queen Victoria to the home of her Scottish ancestors. It was wonderfully successful—a source of great pleasure to her Majesty as well as to the crowds of subjects who assembled from far and near to make her welcome.

Such are some of the royal recollections belonging to the steep streets and grey buildings of the Northern Metropolis, making, as we have said before, every step a pleasure to a girl who rambles here and there with her bright glances taking in Auld Reekie as it is, and with her active mind trying, out of her historical and biographical reading, to picture to herself Auld Reekie as it was.

And have we exhausted the topics, royal and otherwise, that might be written about before leaving Edinburgh? By no means. But we must be moving on, and our wandering feet will take us next to the Border land and the land of Scott, as rich a country as ever was in excitement and romance.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ANCHORESS OF STE. MAXIME.

By M. H. CORNWALL LEGH, Author of "Gold in the Furnace," "An Incorrigible Girl," "At the Foot of the Rainbow," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.



And thus this marvellous thing came to pass that Mrs. Woodward's nerve disease was cured!

At the end of twenty-four hours she had not broken down, nor yet at the end of forty-eight. When the third day was over there was beginning to be a touch of colour in her cheeks and her appetite had decidedly improved. It began to be clear to Dr. Le Brun that his prophecy was being fulfilled. A shock had had the effect of dispersing the invalid's long-cherished imaginary malady. To Alison herself there was another solution—love, her mother's love to her, long overborne by self-absorption, asserting itself at last, had brought her back to life, and in the long hours when she lay silent because she had been ordered to keep quiet, and felt indeed small strength for conversation, she had much food for her thoughts.

The threatened "hired hospital woman," as Mrs. Woodward termed the professional nurse, was never called in; there proved no need for her. All that Alison required to have done for her was done, and quite admirably done, by her mother. Good nurses, it is always said, make bad patients, but no one expected that the converse of the proposition would hold good as it did in this case. Mrs. Woodward's strong will, concentration of mind between the four walls of a sick room, and habit of minute attention to details, were as valuable in her nursing of another as they had been disastrous in her nursing of herself.

But the question was, would it last? Would the next great step ever be taken of Mrs. Woodward detaching herself from the place—from the house even? A great fear lay in Alison's heart that, with her own recovery, her mother would sink back into her former state of invalidism. The custom of three years and more was hardly to be broken at one blow.

At length the day came when Dr. Le Brun pronounced it safe for Alison to leave her room and sit out for an hour or so in an easy-chair in the garden.

It was with a beating heart that she turned to her mother and put the question, on the answer to which it seemed to her the whole future hung.

"When I go down this afternoon, you will come down with me, will you not?"

"There is no need for that," Mrs. Woodward answered. "Dr. Le Brun says he will be here himself, and I shall watch you from the window."

"Ah, no, that will not be the same! If you knew how I want to have you!" And Alison pleaded with an earnestness that moved her mother to agitation bordering on tears. Still Mrs. Woodward trembled, hesitated.

"I shall not go out at all unless you come with me," Alison said at length, with that new attitude of determination her mother had noticed during her illness; only the determination till now had been exercised in the bearing of her pain with patience, in a perfect submission to the doctor's orders, and her mother's wishes, never to assert a desire of her own.

"You will come, won't you, mother? It is the first thing I have asked of you since——"

"Since you saved my life." Mrs. Woodward completed the sentence slowly. "Yes, Alison, you have the right to ask this of me. I will come."

So, that afternoon, with the sympathetic interest of the whole Sardou family, of Euphrosyne, of Hortense, of Antoine, of all the guests who were about—for everyone in the house had heard of Alison's heroism—and last, but not least, of Chico, the two invalids descended the stairs together and went out into the sunlit air.

"It was so dear of you to come," said Alison, turning two very tender eyes upon her mother, when they were left alone, their chairs side by side in a sheltered spot. "And how good you have been to me all through my illness!"

"Not more good than you have been to me, child, and for years instead of days. Any inferior daughter would have struck long ago—run away, perhaps."

"Mother, there's something I want to tell you. I am afraid it will alter your feeling of my having been a good daughter, but I would rather you knew the truth. I very nearly did run away from you, with Kate."

"I know. Kate's letter was given to me the day

this happened. I saw your boxes were all packed up. Why didn't you go?"

Then they talked together, more frankly, more naturally, more as the ideal relationship between mother and daughter would demand, than they had ever done before.

"Kate wrote very severely to me," said Mrs. Woodward; "rather impertinently, in fact, but perhaps there was some truth in it. She need not have called me a 'vampire that was sucking the life of its offspring,' but people of that sort like to express themselves poetically. It is perfectly true that your life has been sacrificed to mine, and I don't intend it shall any longer. Whenever you get well again, you shall choose where we are to go, and we will go there. If I should break down on



A HOUSE IN STE. MAXIME.

the journey—well, we shall just have to exchange places once again, but Dr. Le Brun assures me I shall not. And the bearish little fellow certainly is sometimes right. He says that nothing short of having my bed burnt under me would have got me out of it, but that now I am out, there is no reason I should go back there again."

She looked round her, up at the luminous sky with its mysterious depth of light shining through the blue; at the broad stretch of dancing sea, with a boat, half white-, half orange-sailed, just appearing behind the trees; at the tall white irises she had but to stretch out her hand to pick; at the golden glory of the mimosa trees just coming into blossom, and drew a long sigh.

"Three years and three months," she murmured. Then, after a silence, "And if it had not been for you, my child, when they brought me out, it would have been as a corpse, to lay in that little cemetery down there. You gave me life for death."

"And you will live it, mother?" Alison responded gently. Looking in her mother's face she saw the answer she wanted there.

At this moment the sound was heard of the omnibus slowly crunching the gravel on its circuitous way from the station, and the head of the old grey horse appeared at the bottom of the drive. Someone leapt out of the omnibus at the gate. Chico, who had been lying at Alison's feet, jumped up suddenly and ran with bounds and barks of joy to meet him. Alison seized her mother's hand in an excited pressure.

"Mother, that's Mr. Archibald!"

He sprang forward at sight of them, and the next moment was at Alison's side, but without a word. His lip was trembling, his blue eyes were not quite as clear as usual.

"Ah!" he said. "Thank God!"

* * * *

Hugo was introduced to Mrs. Woodward, and told them how impatiently he had waited for the arrival of Alison and Kate at Castellamare, till the day of cruel disappointment, when, on inquiring at the Quisisana, he learnt that Miss Harrison and her friend had telegraphed to give up the rooms they had engaged; and how, but two days ago, he had come across, in an old copy of a Riviera paper, a short account headed, "Heroic Conduct of a Young English Lady," which had brought him from Naples to Ste. Maxime as fast as trains could carry him.

Then there was a silence.

Antoine was coming towards them from the house with a letter. It was a strange new thing to see Mrs. Woodward get up and go to meet him; hardly more strangely new a trait that showed itself in her standing out of earshot of the lovers, her back turned to them, as she read Kate's letter, with a smile to think how little those urgent persuasions to take Alison from Ste. Maxime were needed now.

When Hugo and Alison were left alone together, he spoke.

"I came, not knowing whether I should find you alive or dead."

"More alive, I trust, than I have ever been before, thanks to you," Alison said softly.

"To me?"

"Yes. The night before this happened I had made up my mind not to exist any longer, but to begin to live. I resolved to carry out the directions of *mon roi*. But do you mean"—with a thrill of tender gratitude in her voice—"that you came all this long, long way just to find out whether I had got over my accident?"

"No, not for that only. I had another reason. I came to ask for something—for everything. Will you give it me?"

He had taken, very tenderly, very reverently, the bandaged hand she had not been able to offer him in greeting. He felt the pressure of the uncovered finger-tips as, with the old pink glow on her face, she raised her eyes to his.

He fell on his knee beside her chair and lifted the fingers to his lips with two words—two words only—

"My queen!"

[THE END.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

HAWTHORN.—Your sweet words are lovingly reciprocated. I was so pleased to have the little line from an old and dear Correspondent.

REMORSEFUL ONE.—I am sure you are doing right in keeping on your work. I am most interested in all your troubles, whether domestic or religious, and I am thankful on your behalf that you have met with a friend in whom you can fully confide, and who, being considerably older than yourself, will give you the benefit of her wider experience. You are certain to win happiness for yourself by endeavouring to brighten the lives of other girls. Your dread of saying or doing anything to injure any other soul can only come from one source. There must be the love of God in your heart, though you grieve over its coldness, and are living in a state of constant self-reproach on account of your many shortcomings. What is it that makes you dissatisfied? If the Holy Spirit were not striving with you, there would be no dissatisfaction such as you feel so vividly. You would go your way, contented to live without God and without hope. You write, "I cannot love an unseen God." Unseen! My dear girl, you might imagine our God, the glorious, all-wise Creator, Redeemer and Sanctifier, to be a something that could be represented by some visible image. Just read the words of St. Paul in Acts xvii. 24-31. When you have been enabled by Divine teaching to form something like a just conception of "Him in Whom we live, and move, and have our being," you will see evidences of His presence everywhere. I pray that you may soon realise it in your own heart and life. You are right in judging that no one can tell from my answers for whom they are intended. I could not betray your confidence if I wished to do so, for you, like many more of my Correspondents, are absolutely unknown to me in person, real name and address. Whether this is the case or not, the confidences of my Correspondents are held sacred, and I am sure they all understand this. My loving wishes for you. I hope for happier news.

M. W. S.—I am glad you can report so happily of the work you have undertaken. I only wish you could do a little more of the same kind. It is much to be able to feel that one's work is God-given. Then there is always a sense of His guiding hand, and we have confidence in asking for strength and light in accordance with our needs. I am glad you enjoyed your visit to Glasgow so much. The Exhibition would give you new ideas on so many subjects. Your second letter just received. Its contents filled me with gladness. Will answer more fully as soon as possible.

AMY.—You have been making the mistake, so common amongst young Bible readers, and rendering yourself miserable by dwelling upon an isolated text. The sin alluded to was that of the Pharisees, who hated Christ and His teaching, and, because they could not deny His miracle-working power, said that it was not divinely exercised, but done through and "by Beelzebub, the prince of devils." Do not let your mind dwell on this subject, or harass yourself because wrong thoughts creep into your mind at times. They are not welcome. Your words prove this. Turn to the sweet promises of God, which are scattered broadcast on the pages of the New Testament, and remember they are all meant for you. "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from *all* unrighteousness." Evil thoughts, words and deeds are included. Instead of brooding sadly over the sins of which our conscience is afraid, we should take all to God in humble prayer and ask for the Holy Spirit's aid to purify our hearts and lives. Remember the words, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find." I feel so sorry for you, dear. I know that the bodily ailment, which compels inaction and saddens your life, will tend to the fostering of sad thoughts. I pray that God's blessing and the presence of His Spirit will enlighten your understanding and cheer your life.

ONE WHO NEEDS COMFORT.—I could never think lightly of an ailment like yours, or, as you put it, "sneer at the tale" you tell me. On the contrary, you may be sure of my hearty sympathy. Your acute nervousness is a pitiable thing, and I suppose only those of similar temperament can judge of the suffering entailed by it. I implore you, my dear girl, to drive those terrible thoughts from your mind. Your confidence in me is most touching. If I were within reach of you, I know I could help you. Do open your heart fully to your mother. She, you say, is ignorant of the daily torture you endure. She would certainly help and cheer you. No doubt she would also see the need for consulting a specialist, who would diagnose your case and suggest means for your relief. No one reading your letter could doubt that your life is made miserable by these morbid ideas and the self-centred life you lead. Follow my advice at once. Trust your mother fully. I regret that this reply will be long in reaching you. Letters are so numerous, and space is so limited. May God bless and comfort you.

DOLLY sends a few grateful words of appreciation and thanks for the pleasure and benefit received from the "G. O. P." She looks forward to its weekly coming "as to that of a friend," and finds our Twilight Talks and Circle Column "so beautiful and helpful." She writes, "My first thought is, 'What has the Correspondence got to say to me this week?'" DOLLY is not, as she tells me, a very old reader, so I must tell her that the Mother-Friend is not "Miss," but one who has grown-up children, and some grandchildren also, and who is on that account better able to love, advise, and sympathise with her large family of Correspondents.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

DREDA.—The Senior Cambridge Local Examinations are held all over the kingdom, at various centres; but as you do not give us your address, we cannot indicate the nearest centre to you. The subjects are arithmetic, and 3, 4, 5, 6, or 7 of the following: Religious knowledge, English, Latin, Greek, French, German, Spanish, mathematics, natural science, drawing, and music. The examinations are held once a year in December, and the fee is £1. Forms of entry must be sent to the local secretaries by the end of September. For detailed information and list of local secretaries, address Dr. J. N. Keynes, Syndicate Buildings, Cambridge. We cannot possibly, without knowing your present attainments, say whether you would be fit to pass this examination in a year. The certificate (especially if you took honours) would be of use to you in obtaining a situation as governess. Of course you know that there are other examinations of a more advanced character.

DEO VOLENTE.—The sketches you enclose are excellent and show natural talent for drawing. The picture of the horse with the cart is the best. Animals are extremely difficult to draw, and we can heartily commend you for the successful outline and shading. But we do not see how you could hope to earn anything by your pencil, unless you went through a course of training in "black and white," and obtained work in illustrating books and magazines. This would mean, of course, expenditure of time and money, and we are not in a position to judge how far this would be possible for you. We can only say that if instruction in drawing is within your reach, it would be a great pity not to avail yourself of the advantage in developing your natural resources.

K. W. (Edinburgh).—Two ladies are allowed to work at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Glasnevin, Dublin. Apply to Mr. F. W. Moore, the Curator. We know of no college in Scotland or Ireland like (for example) the Horticultural College, Swanley, Kent. Could you not go there, and board in one of the houses of residence? Inquire for all particulars of the Hon. Secretary, Miss Sieveking, 17, Manchester Square, London, W. You might obtain some valuable information from the International Horticultural and Agricultural Union for Women; Hon. Secretary, Miss T. W. Powell, West Mount, Guildford.

WALMA.—We can only answer one question here at a time (*vide* Rules), but have asked some Hungarian reader to translate your phrase. We are glad to tell you that we detect signs of imagination in the poems you enclose. The best, we think, is "Outcast," but in verse 3 the last line is too long—

"For my lost garden everywhere."

The line should correspond in length to—

"The fruit for which I sinned."

"The Wind among the Leaves" is also fanciful, with a touch of weirdness about it. What terrible smudges of ink disfigure your copy! We suppose they are intended to efface a signature, but we cannot admire them.

MARY.—We fear it would be of no use to send the poetry you enclose to any minor paper for publication. The supply of magazine verse is exceedingly large; and the fancy of the star's ray saying all you suggest is a little far-fetched. Some of your lines are halting. You should not repeat words as rhymes (*e.g.* "love") in succeeding verses. We distinctly remember writing an answer to PITMANITE, and if it has not yet appeared, it will doubtless shortly do so. The poem "Starlight," we may add, is better than many we receive for criticism.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

E. E. GRUNDY kindly answers EMILY WHITTLE and ARUM LILY. "Burglar Bill," by J. Anstey, is to be found in a volume of the Canterbury Poets, called *Humorous Poems of the Century*. In George Macdonald's *Within and Without*, Part iii., Scene 8, these lines occur—

"Better to have the poet's heart than brain,
Feeling than song; but better far than both
To be a song, a music of God's making."

AGNES H. TRUMAN refers ALYS to "Incognita" in Austin Dobson's *At the Sign of the Lyre*.

Will any reader translate for WALMA the Hungarian words, "Szeretlak kedves Lotti"? (Lotti is a name.)

MARGERY RAWLINS asks if any of our readers can supply her with the words, and name of the author of a poem entitled, "The Road to Yesterday." It was published in an old number of *St. Nicholas*. MISS RAWLINS also encloses the words of "The Briar Rose," asked for by EDNA MAY. The poem is translated from the Norwegian.

"TABBIE" encloses a hymn which she thinks will solve "TIBBIE'S" perplexity about the source of her quotation. But, although every verse ends with the line in question, we think that it is here simply used as a familiar mode of expression, and that the source is yet to seek. The hymn is called "Too Good to be Unkind." It is No. 7 in Gadsby's "Selection of Hymns," and is by Medley. The first verse is as follows—

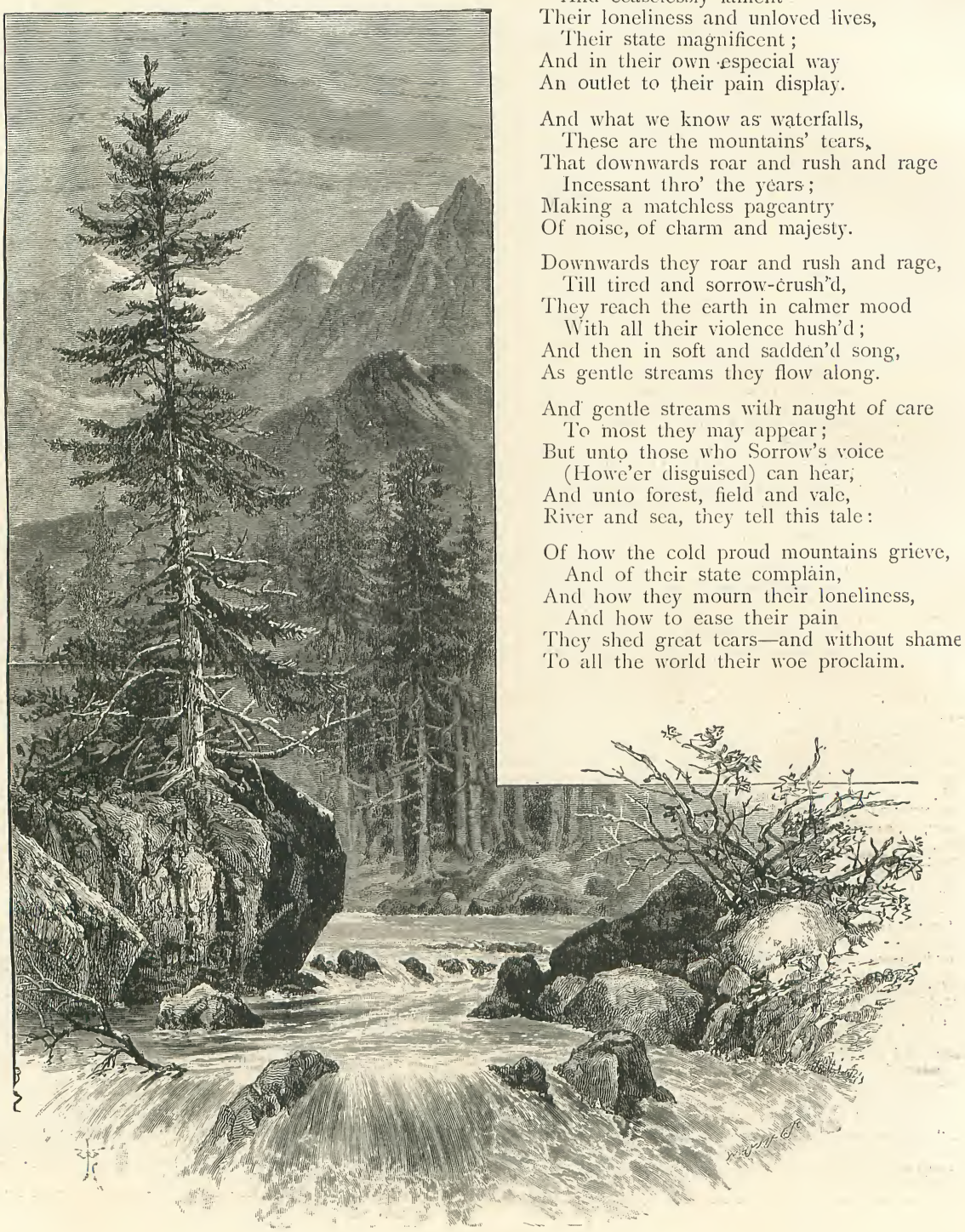
"God shall alone the refuge be and comfort of my mind;
Too wise to be mistaken, He, too good to be unkind."

THE MOUNTAINS' TEARS.

By GERTRUDE HARRADEN.

THINK ye the mountains do not grieve,
Think ye they do not pine,
Because of their great loneliness,
Which, as a sacred shrine,
Placeth them far beyond all reach
Of near approach, of touch, of speech?

Think ye they would not gladly have
Less lofty coronet,
If they might see earth's smaller works,
Of bee or violet?



Think ye they would not all rejoice
To hear a child's sweet prattling voice?

Think ye they would not willing give
All of their regal state,
If they might be with other things
More dear and intimate?
If they might know the hundred ways
How Love its secret self betrays?

Yes, bitterly the mountains grieve,
And ceaselessly lament
Their loneliness and unloved lives,
Their state magnificent;
And in their own especial way
An outlet to their pain display.

And what we know as waterfalls,
These are the mountains' tears,
That downwards roar and rush and rage
Incessant thro' the years;
Making a matchless pageantry
Of noise, of charm and majesty.

Downwards they roar and rush and rage,
Till tired and sorrow-crush'd,
They reach the earth in calmer mood
With all their violence hush'd;
And then in soft and sadden'd song,
As gentle streams they flow along.

And gentle streams with naught of care
To most they may appear;
But unto those who Sorrow's voice
(Howe'er disguised) can hear,
And unto forest, field and vale,
River and sea, they tell this tale:

Of how the cold proud mountains grieve,
And of their state complain,
And how they mourn their loneliness,
And how to ease their pain
They shed great tears—and without shame
To all the world their woe proclaim.



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A NEW SERIAL STORY.



"MAGGIE LOOKED AT HER ADVISER WITH A CURIOUS TWINKLE IN HER HAZEL EYE"

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THE FERNLEY GIRLS' GUILD.

By SARAH TYTLER.

CHAPTER I.

SOPHY SINGLETON AND MAGGIE SOMERVILLE.



SOPHY SINGLETON was not the Vicar's daughter as people said she ought to have been. She was only the eldest daughter of an army officer on half-pay. But there must always be a ruling spirit in a community, and Sophy was the ruling spirit of the girls of the village of Fernley and its outskirts. Fernley itself was three miles from a railway station, so that though from the junction in question it was only distant two hours by rail and railway time from London, it was yet sufficiently remote to have a flavour of rurality and individuality left within its bounds.

Conditions arrange themselves after a primeval model. Sophy, who was of a speculative turn of mind, had often remarked this. In all societies, old or young, there must be a leader. Accordingly Sophy was the leader of the Fernley girls. She held the post by some natural qualification which had nothing to do with age or wealth, or beauty, or learning. She was not above sixteen-and-a-half, though she flattered herself she looked between eighteen and nineteen at the very least. (The day might come when she would not thus anticipate her age, while it was not in her to feel ashamed of her years, let them attain ever so venerable a number.)

She had left her London school prematurely on account of the delicate health of her mother, who had not encountered a variety of climates, eastern and western, under the wing of Major Singleton, without sustaining a little real and a good deal more fanciful and nervous injury to her constitution. With the right of primogeniture on Sophy's side, and with the delegated dignity and authority of being sub-mistress of the house and deputy controller of the servants and the younger children, it is easy to understand how she developed the functions of a ruler.

When she did not forget what the public and her family had a right to expect from her, she exhibited the decision and *aplomb* of not eighteen but eight-and-twenty. She was liable to be disliked in exact proportion by really grown-up girls, by thoughtless, inconsequent young matrons who hated to be put in the shade, and brought to book by an impertinent young chit of an interloper like Sophy Singleton. She ought to have been in a schoolroom struggling in an unfledged class of girls of her own age with foreign verbs and idioms, the laws of harmony and the theory of perspective, for years to come.

But Sophy had a saving grace, which prevented her from being detested by her contemporaries, which, on the contrary, made her their chosen guide, philosopher, and friend. Behind all her artificial, acquired girlish conceit she was really humble, only dictatorial from an eager overmastering temperament. She was generous to excess. With all her assumption of common-sense and prudence beyond her years, she was full of the fresh, crude, passionate enthusiasm of an ardent young creature of some promise, with certain gifts of intellect, imagination and heart which distinguished her from her companions, and, as an inevitable consequence, gave her influence over them. They did not—all of them—own it always. Occasionally some of them struggled vigorously against it, when they would find fault with her, oppose her, laugh at her—but there it was, the inborn power, the infectious sympathy, the incontrovertible supremacy, which caused her companions in the end to listen to her, pay heed to her, yield to her. Above all—and here was her nascent, perennial charm—Sophy did forget what both her friends and her enemies were apt to call her "airs and graces" pretty frequently, and was as impulsive, thoughtless and oblivious as the most juvenile-minded of her associates. When she transgressed in this manner, she owned up to the transgression with an honesty—in all her vagaries Sophy was as honest as the day—which was more irresistible than the offence itself.

Thus Sophy reigned over her contemporaries and even over some of her seniors at Fernley. She was so young, so fearless and unhesitating in her praise and blame, such a simple, ignorant child in the eyes of older people, so wishful to be of use and to do some good in the world, and all these lay at the root of her absurdities.

Sophy's sister Alice was only a year younger than Sophy, who lorded it over her with affectionate tyranny. And Alice looked up to her tyrant, whom she should have known well, with unbounded faith and was her most devoted follower. The Field girls, the Vicar's younger daughters Clara, Katie, and Annie, two of them older than Sophy, all of them prettier, with a wild rose prettiness and a bird-like gaiety bred of lack of responsibility and ballast—all succumbed to Sophy in spite of the remonstrances of their elder sisters, Mrs. Parker, the curate's wife, and Harriet Field, who was turned thirty and in juvenile imagination was a confirmed old maid.

Sophy's sway over Gladys and Lilian Torrens was less complete, still, it was there and sufficiently marked to be taken into account.

The Torrenses were twin sisters—orphans under the guardianship of three aunts, an elder set of Miss Torrens, who lived with their nieces, but could hardly be said either to mother or to master them, since Gladys and Lilian were college-bred. Like many college-bred girls, they had independent ways and habits of looking down on less fortunate and favoured individuals who had not studied Greek and Latin, and were as innocent of the highest flights of philosophy as of the lowest depths of severe science. The Torrens girls were, of course, several years older than Sophy Singleton, as they had already completed their college careers. But there was a lack of girlhood in the middle rank in the immediate neighbourhood of Fernley, so that the elder and younger girls had joined forces, condescended to drop difference in age and made common cause against the next stratum, which included young matrons like Mrs. Parker and embryo old maids like Harriet Field. They, if they had got it all their own way, would have lorded it over the juniors. And when it came to maturity, which was not solely of years, Sophy Singleton at sixteen and Maggie Somerville at nearly seventeen were older in some respects than the twin sisters with their erudition and what they reckoned their experience at twenty-two.

The Torrenses were in the most affluent circumstances of any family in the place. They occupied the old manor-house and kept up its gardens and greenhouses, stables and kennels with all the completeness which a large staff of servants and a full purse could enable them to compass. Contrasted with Fernley manor-house, Major Singleton's modest cottage of gentility, to which, for old sake's sake, he gave the name of the Bungalow, was not worthy of being mentioned in the same breath —neither was the over-crowded, somewhat out-at-elbows vicarage, nor was Dr. Somerville's house in the village street. The last house bore its owner's name and profession legibly inscribed on a brass plate affixed to the door, and was so very old-fashioned as to have attached to it a one-storeyed surgery and dispensary, both of them under the doctor's immediate surveillance. This was supplemented by the services of his son Sandy Somerville, a half-grown lad and an embryo doctor who kept his college terms, and when he was at home learnt chemistry from his father, ground the paternal pestle and mortar, and filled and emptied the great glass jars which stood in the window. These were the admiration of the village children, and, like the three gilt balls fallen down from their dignity as the insignia of the great Lombard merchants, to be the sign of the pawnbroker, conveyed the information of the calling of the man who presided within.

The Somervilles were understood to be the poorest of the Singletons' acquaintances. Fernley and its neighbourhood were obstinately healthy, while in the next village, within the radius of a mile, dwelt a younger, more specious and popular medical man. Still, there was no denying that Dr. Somerville, in the teeth of his gruffness, was an educated gentleman, and Mrs. Somerville was an educated gentlewoman, albeit she had been a finishing governess in her day—an accident which she found to be to her advantage in her married life. She could give to her boys and girls alike among her numerous children much more than the elements of a polite education. It was not merely to her that Maggie owed her good music with which she solaced her father of an evening when he came home fagged and dispirited from a long unprofitable professional round; it was to his mother that Sandy was indebted for the fluent German which was to serve him in good stead when he walked the German hospitals and rifled them of their secrets.

Poor as the Somervilles were, they had the honourable art of keeping out of dire debt and difficulty. It was more than could be said of the Fields, who possessed double the income of the Somervilles. Sophy too, though she was a new broom, and a smart and confident new broom, had her scares as to what had become of the housekeeping money with which her mother had entrusted her. She would have been in despair as to how she was to make her month's pass-books come out, if her father, the Major, who looked upon her with mingled commendation, gratitude and amusement, had not come to her aid. He added up the figures, supplied the deficiency of money, and set her straight to begin the next month with more care and caution. Yet the Somervilles' family was twice as large as the Singletons', and the wages of the man-killer, even in peace and retirement on half-pay, were much more certain and hardly less than those of the man-healer actively, drudgingly engaged in his office.

Only two of the Somerville children were on the verge of being grown up—Sandy and Maggie, and Maggie was one of Sophy's *clientèle*. She saw less of her than of the others, for the Somervilles could only afford to keep one servant, and much of the work of the house and care of the children fell upon Maggie as upon her mother. She was always busy with no end of domestic engagements.

Sophy, with her mania for instructing and improving her world, had once hinted to Maggie Somerville that she might earn more of the money which was so much wanted in the doctor's household, if she went out as a music teacher, or a trained nurse, or even as a nursery governess, than she could save by acting as housemaid, parlour-maid, and nursery-maid rolled into one in her father's house.

"You could lay aside some of your salary and provide Mrs. Somerville with a thoroughly good servant. You would be much more your own mistress, and you would be delivered from what many people consider menial associations. Not that I put weight on such trifles," she hastened to add with lofty inconsistency. "I admire, respect and revere all honest work, but the whole world is not of my opinion. Then you would be making your way in the world, winning a position and acquiring a competence for the future."

Maggie looked at her adviser with a curious twinkle in her hazel eyes. The girls were unlike in mind and body, yet they had something in common, for they were fond of each other, and, oddly enough, the one who stood a little in awe of the other's judgment was not Maggie but Sophy.

Sophy Singleton was a tall slip of a girl with too little colour and too irregular features for what is ordinarily reckoned beauty. What stood for beauty in her, and was equally fascinating to those who could appreciate it, was a certain breeziness, high-spiritedness, indomitableness. Her eyes, of a darker hazel than Maggie's, of the red hazel which is lambent, seemed to burn holes into every object on which their glance was cast. Her pale face had a semi-transparency about the skin, as if the irrepressible soul within must of necessity look through it. She always walked quickly, swinging her long arms and what she might happen to hold in her hands in what the elder Miss Torrenses declared was a most ungraceful unladylike manner. She was chokeful of ideas, and generally bent on carrying them into execution.

Maggie Somerville was short and rather squarely built but comely, her aspect of somewhat florid health and strength being thoroughly wholesome and refreshing. She was slow in her calmness and solidity, had not a tithe of Sophy's ideas, was no more quick in seizing hold of them than she was quick at repartee, but, having once grasped them, she never let them go. She had the north-country canny, cool power of measuring them and apportioning to them their proper value. She was as steady as a rock and more than sensible—sagacious in her way. If Sophy was mentally top heavy, Maggie, less burdened with fancies, possessing fewer resources, had the fine balance which Sophy lacked.

In reply to Sophy's proposal that Maggie should go out into the world, work for her own hand, earn heaps of money, and out of the heaps of money bestow doles on her kindred, she asked quizzically—

"And what would mother be doing while I was making room for that experienced domestic you intend I should supply her with? It would be a work of time, qualifying myself to be a first-rate teacher. Proficiency in any branch does not come by nature. Mother had to stay years both in France and Germany to complete her education, and now no teacher has a chance unless she has been to college. A nurse's training may be

shorter, but it also is expensive. To be half trained and second rate scarcely fits you to keep yourself. And what if I never made money? Father has never done it, more than what barely suffices—yet I wish you could see his diplomas; and he is acknowledged to be more skilful than Dr. Osborne, who has nearly all the paying patients hereabouts. When the great London doctor came down to see Mr. Paget, he would not listen to Dr. Osborne, and he gave all his directions to father; but that made no difference. Only the family and some of the servants knew of it, and they were too agitated to take much notice. Father could not go and tell it. I am only mentioning it to you in confidence, and I don't know that father would be pleased if he were aware I had spoken of it."

"I will not repeat anything you say, Maggie," Sophy pledged herself, a little piqued and a little crest-fallen.

"I daresay your advice might be good, Sophy," continued Maggie, knitting her smooth white brow to which the overflowing colour mounted as it descended to her round chin when she was excited—as she was now in the process of gradually arriving at an impartial conclusion. "But then one would always have to suppose two things—that there was money to spare, and that I was an idle, useless girl of no good at home. I hope I am not; I may say without presumption I know I am not. To leave home and rush into the world on what mother calls 'a peradventure' would be to quit the certainty of being a present help here for the hope of being of future assistance elsewhere. Besides, Sophy, I do not in the least mind sweeping and dusting, washing up, and sewing for mother. Not that I am always willing and at hand. I got a book I wanted to read, and never knew that I had let the afternoon slip by yesterday, till mother came in laughing and unfolding the tea-cloth to show me what o'clock it was. It is easy enough, unless I have a cross fit, to wheel one's own little brother in a perambulator, or to comb my sisters' hair, but it might not be quite so easy, if the weather were hot and I were sleepy, to listen attentively to a succession of other girls' scales, or to make a fretful, unreasonable sick woman's bed, though I might trust that I should try to do my duty. And if anyone save father were to call to me in his short way, 'Meg, go at once to the garden and weed the onion-bed; it is a disgrace to be seen,' and I in a fever of heat, and hardly knowing how to keep my feet after standing for the whole morning ironing, I am sure I do not know at all how I should feel. I don't suppose it would make any difference if instead of ironing I had been solving problems till it was my brain which was reeling and not my legs which were tottering, and if I could substitute for weeding the onion-bed writing a thesis for a first class, or making a diagnosis of a difficult case to be submitted to the house surgeon."

"I don't suppose it would make a real difference," acknowledged Sophy candidly and meekly enough.

Possibly it was after some such conversation with Maggie Somerville that Sophy had an intuitive perception that Maggie, whom Gladys and Lilian Torrens and even the Field girls found not only slow but stupid—Maggie, with her single aim and her quiet faith in doing what her hand found to do nearest to her, was accomplishing some of the real work of life, while she, Sophy, with her endless aspirations and her restless strivings, was merely experimenting, and as often as not failing.

Maggie Somerville did not hold Sophy in such light estimation. This may be gathered from her answer to her mother when, in the tone of so many of the seniors of the circle, Mrs. Somerville called Sophy "a clever forward monkey."

"But, oh, mother, she has so many thoughts for other people and so few for herself. She is so anxious to be of some use in the world. If she had her will, she would have everybody better off and happier. And you cannot say that she does not let charity begin at home. What would they do at the Bungalow without her? I have often heard you say that she managed quite wonderfully for so young a housekeeper, and that it is extraordinary how little Mrs. Singleton is disturbed and troubled, how comfortable Major Singleton is made, and how well Alice and little Bea are cared for and the servants looked after—by a girl quite six months younger than I am. Just think of it, mother!"

"Why, you could do it as well yourself with much less said about it. When Bobbie was born you were only twelve, and I gave you the keys without hesitation."

"Ah, but there was a nurse for you and Bobbie till you could be about again, and father knew and could tell me exactly what you ought to have to eat and even how to cook it, when nurse was taken up with Bobbie, so that I could tell Lizzie or do it myself, when I could reach up to the highest bar of the grate. Do you remember how hard it was for me to get my hands so high, and you forbade me to try, till you saw I was quite able, lest I should set myself on fire. Oh, and Sandy helped the children to their porridge and their broth, and took them long walks and played quiet games with them. It was regular fun, mother; but we were glad when you were able to come downstairs."

"I daresay you were," Mrs. Somerville answered with a laugh. She was a merry woman by nature, and so long as both ends of ways and means and expenditure could be dragged together, her mirth had survived and would survive disappointments, hardships and an amount of work that a servant-of-all-work might have groaned over. Lizzie, the Somervilles' servant, though she was attached to the family and resigned herself to taking lower wages in order to stay with them, was apt to groan with resounding groans over it.

"And did I say all that about your young friend Sophy?" Mrs. Somerville inquired, half incredulously. "Well, I am glad to hear I was so tolerant, and I don't wish you to be censorious. Long may your mentor answer your expectations. I daresay she means well, but she doth—not profess too much, I was not going to say that, Maggie—take too much upon her. Time and common ingratitude may cure her of that fault."

Sophy had one of her grand ideas in her mind, which was bubbling over with it and could hardly contain itself with it. She must see all the other girls and talk it over with them; indeed, without their concurrence it could not take effect, but she did not doubt their concurrence. There was not room for doubt in her vocabulary when she had an important measure on her brain. She must summon them without a day's delay—she had summoned them before when there was anything to be done about parish entertainments, Sunday school feasts, Girls' Friendly Society's Evenings, Children's Evenings, and when she desired that in the Fernley contribution to home missions there should be a distinct girls' subscription.

Sophy had a great reverence and esteem for Mr. Field, her Vicar. She was by no means a girl to speak evil of dignitaries or to hold them in scanty respect. Her imagination led her to idealise and exalt them. She looked up to Mr. Field—a devout and worthy man having no particular gift or attainment—with far more

admiring, venerating regard than was contained in any feeling his children felt for him, though they were reasonably fond of their father. But just because of what was to her the solemnity of his calling, the sacredness of his duties and the fidelity with which he discharged them, she was inclined to think this project which she had in her head, though it was of immense consequence to her, was rather beneath his notice, an obligation for which she could not claim his attention and assistance. As to appealing to Mrs. Field, she was, in her matronly age and bulk, as easy-minded, thoughtless and good-humoured as the youngest and slimmest of her children. The elder members of the family—Adela, married to Mr. Parker the curate, and Harriet the foredoomed old maid—they were not so good-natured, though they were equally careless, heedless and happy-go-lucky. They objected to Sophy's having the impertinence to poach on their preserve, to do what they, the Vicar's daughters, should have done if they had been of an uncomfortably serious, meddling, instructive turn of mind. Sophy did not like Mr. Parker the curate. As a matter of course he sided with Mrs. Parker in her views. In addition he laughed at Sophy as a precociously priggish young girl.

Therefore Sophy felt bound to take the initiative in bringing forward the particular scheme she had supremely at heart on this occasion.

Major Singleton was very indulgent to his "little girl," as she was to him, who half edified, half amused him in her desperate efforts not only to "do for him"—as his landlady had denominated her mission in the days of his young manhood—but to do for the family, and next to them for "the rose-bud garden of girls," of which she was one half-blown rose, at and about Fernley. Sophy's dead earnestness, with which he was well acquainted, which atoned, to those who gave her credit for it, for the self-confidence and hot-headedness—sometimes the audacity—of her enterprises, always struck him as half pathetic, half comical. With his study to retreat to, with Mrs. Singleton in her bedroom till the middle of the day, and with the morning-room reserved, after breakfast was past, as a schoolroom for Bea, the nine-years-old baby of the house, her day governess and her child playmates, he never interfered with Sophy in her appropriation of the dining-room for one of her Guild Meetings. She had already enticed the Fernley girls into a Guild, in connection with which motions were made, amendments introduced, projects discussed, and agreements or disagreements tabulated in all that had to do with the interests of the Fernley girls. Unnecessary to say, Sophy was not only the moving spirit of the Guild, she was at once its permanent president and secretary, since she was the only one who could and would habitually and conscientiously do its work, never lose sight of it and never set aside for its benefit whatever personal pleasures and allurements came in its way.

Sophy sat down and wrote many imperative, urgent notes, bidding the members of the Fernley Girls' Guild assemble in the dining-room of the Bungalow at ten o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, June 10th, to entertain a proposal of the utmost consequence to its future existence and prosperity.

(*To be continued.*)



IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART VII.

OUR TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

"For we are members one of another."—Eph. iv. 25.

"For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus."—Gal. iii. 26.

At the close of our last Talk I told you, my dear girls, that at our next gathering I should speak of our "Twilight Circle" and of those who compose it. You already know how our Correspondence column began, but no individual can form an idea of the pleasure, comfort, and happiness which have resulted from it. Each of us knows what her own share has been. My girl-correspondents delight to let their Mother-Friend know when a "Talk" has proved specially helpful to them, or a message of hope or comfort has reached them, often through a reply to some other girl's question. But I alone can form a just idea of the precious and abundant harvest which has grown from little scattered seeds of thought. Sometimes they have grown out of the very incidents which, arriving in the shape of trouble, have proved blessings in disguise. I often think what a wonderful gathering we should have if we could for once assemble those whom our Circle encloses, and how many different nationalities would be represented!

We should see every shade of complexion, from the fairest of the European races to the darkest skin that Africa can furnish; for amongst my girls and more mature Correspondents every tint would be represented, just as each continent and every important part of it contributes to swell the number of those whom I love to call "my girls"—the great, unseen crowd, mostly composed of budding womanhood, who have adopted for me the delightful name of "Mother-Friend"! I cannot recollect who first gave it to me, but it was given, and is now the accepted title of which I am the proud and happy bearer, for most of my Correspondents address me by it.

One or two things in connection with our Circle column

will surprise all my girls. It is this fact. I am not personally acquainted with as many of them as could be numbered on the fingers of one hand. Just think of this when you picture the shoals of letters that are constantly pouring in. You, dear girls, who send well condensed letters of reasonable length, would feel aggrieved to see others which fill four or five sheets of note-paper, after my repeated requests for one only.

I sometimes get letters from girls who send the one, well-filled sheet, but it is foolscap size!

I would not care how long were the letters or how many, for they are full of interest for me, only time and strength are limited, and so, of necessity, is the space allotted for replies. My girls shower loving expressions on their Mother-Friend, and are so grateful for and appreciative of every kind word and effort to help them. But the indebtedness is by no means one-sided. My girls, I owe much to you! Between your written lines I read far more than the writers have put into words. Imagination illustrates the letters with lovely pictures of self-devoting daughters and sisters whose great desire is to make home a brighter and more attractive place to all who dwell there. I can guess how precious is the influence exerted by some young lives. How the hands of the tired mother are upheld by the vigorous ones of her unselfish daughter! How the tasks of the younger members of the family are lightened, the quarrelsome and boisterous ones soothed and subdued by the gentle yet cheery influence of the elder sister! How the father's home-coming is brightened by the welcoming faces and merry laugh of his girls, and how every one beneath the roof dreads the time when some appreciative outsider will carry one of them away to make a little paradise of their first wedded home.

Then my girls do not take all and give nothing in the way of helpful words. So many letters dealing with the spiritual battles they have to fight—as who indeed has not? The way of conquest which has been opened for them in answer to prayer, the little message from God's Word brought home by the Holy Spirit, just when it was needed to bring light and joy in place of darkness and trouble—all these have been passed on and have brought gladness to my heart as I have read them.

Sometimes the pictures of household unity are very beautiful. I, an old mother, love to read such words as these: "I have the best and dearest mother in the world. I do thank God for my parents. They are such true friends to all of us young ones. We never need to seek a confidant outside the walls of home." "Isn't it just lovely to be able to go to one's mother with every trouble and difficulty, and to be sure of sympathy and help?" writes one.

"My sweet little mother is a great invalid and needs constant care and nursing. She can only go out in fine weather in a bath-chair, but we children would not be without that dear presence for all the world. There's quite a lot of us boys and girls in a not very big house, for we are not rich; but oh, how sweet it is to be always within sight of that dear, wan face! To have mother to go to at all times would make amends for any self-sacrifice entailed by her illness. We are only sorry for her, the darling, who is unconsciously giving us lessons of the best kind every hour of her life.

"Father says that with such a crowd of children of all sizes about her, she is like the 'little woman that lived in the shoe,' according to the old nursery rhyme. Then she smiles and says, 'There is not one too many, Jack, only I wish they had not such a helpess mother. I need so much——'

"We never let her get any further, for somebody, father if he is nearest, if not one of us, stops more words from coming by a loving kiss."

Is not this a beautiful picture which I pass on for you to enjoy with me? None of you will be the wiser for this little confidence, for I cannot tell you where the living originals of it abide, and I shall probably never know.

This is one of the singular characteristics of our Circle members, as they call themselves. Not only are they almost wholly unknown to me personally, but their real names and addresses are often equally so. A large number give both, but vast numbers are known to me only by their chosen pseudonyms, and I desire no information which my girls think fit to withhold. I never even look at the post-mark on a letter when the writer has not chosen to give name or address. Yet I have quite a large number of correspondents who are very dear to me, though, in a sense, we shall never know each other in this world. Their minds are laid bare before me like an open book. They make me the recipient of the most touching and sacred confidences, and often enforce a plea for advice and sympathy with the words, "Dear Mother-Friend, help me. I have no one in the world but you. I could not say to any human being what I have written to you."

There is a dear girl who wrote to me during the early days of our "Twilight Talks." She signed, "One who wishes to be a good soldier of Christ." I hear from her still under a different name, and we two are dear friends in the best sense. More than this, I have her portrait, sent to me in a dainty little frame, so I constantly see the sweet, refined face which well matches a tender heart and most sensitive conscience. Knowing her mind and her face, I desire no more, and I have not the faintest idea as to her home, her surroundings, or even in what part of the country she lives. But I always rejoice to think that she and I, and countless other dear ones whom I shall never see on earth, I shall see and know in "our Father's home" above.

Is not this a cheering and delightful thought for you and me, my dear unseen girl friends?

In very many letters there are sentences which gladden my heart, because they give beautiful pictures of friendship in the family, and more especially of perfect confidence subsisting between mother and daughters. I was deeply touched lately by a sentence in the letter of one of my dear Parsee girls, whose likenesses show a charming and graceful quartet of Indian correspondents very dear to me.

"My sister has placed your photo next to my mother's, who is the sweetest, kindest person you could come across, having, as my cousin says, numerous adopted daughters."

I was glad and proud that my likeness was honoured in this way by a daughter who so truly honoured and loved her own dear mother.

Another of my correspondents, whom I knew through our Talks quite early in their existence, has laid me under a deep debt of gratitude by permitting me to share her inmost thoughts. I have only seen her photograph, but I know her, the dear members of her family and much about their joys and sorrows. No letter has ever come without bringing some message from God's Word which had reached her with a new and precious meaning and helped her. She has at once passed the new thought on to me, to do its blessed work in another heart and life. When I receive a letter from one of the Circle daughters, I long for them all to share the blessing with me. Were I to go on telling about the helpfulness, loving-kindness and sympathy manifested not by one only but by countless warm-hearted girls, I should never end. I can only pray from a full heart that God will bless them all and repay them a hundred-fold.

One girl asked me lately, "How can you bear in mind the wants of each who asks your prayers and the prayers of other members?"

I cannot take each one's special want daily to the throne of grace, but I can and I do ask that the need of each may be supplied out of the riches of God's fulness, and in His good time and way. I plead that to Him all hearts and lives are open, and I pray that He will do for my dear ones, kindred, friends, acquaintances, my girls, who are indeed friends, ay, and my enemies if I have any, more and better than I know how to ask or to think. In this way none are forgotten, and very often the special needs of some of my girls come vividly to mind as I am commending them all to God.

I have spoken of the delights of true union between mothers and daughters and the lovely pictures revealed by many correspondents. But the other side of the page is so dark that I shrink from turning it over. I always regard this feature of our column as infinitely sad. I rarely receive a batch of letters without such expressions as these: "If I

could only tell my mother, it would be different, but I cannot, so I come to you, dear Mother-Friend." "Mother never takes any interest in these things. She never tried to gain my confidence." "How glad I should be if I had just one belonging to me who cared and could sympathise with my longings, or help me to fight against this temptation!" Sometimes there is an "exceeding bitter cry" wrung from a wounded spirit. "I know I am a very weak and sinful girl, but I do want to be different. Mother is so down on me about every little thing. I have a class of little boys in the Sunday-school, and I am so fond of them. Trying to teach them makes me want to be better, and I always do feel better even for trying, and I pray that I may set them a good example. Then perhaps the next day I do something wrong, I don't mean on purpose, but I'm very careless and forgetful, and get thinking of something else when I should be doing my home work. Then mother turns on me and says, 'You're a nice Sunday-school teacher; pretending to tell those children how they ought to do things and leaving your own work undone! How can you be such a hypocrite?' and all the while I am wanting and striving and praying to do right. But I get angry and say sharp rude things back again, and mother is more unkind. Afterwards I am the most miserable girl in the world. Oh, if mother could understand! Help me, please help me, dear Mother-Friend."

I could quote from numbers of letters telling of a like state of things between mothers and daughters, but I refrain.

Many letters have taught me this sad truth, that in a vast number of families true friendship and confidence between parents and children are things unknown, and I firmly believe that thousands of girls would be kept from evil associations and preserved in the right path if only their mothers did not hold them, as it were, at arm's length. Trustfulness encourages trust. I do not defend some of my dear, erring correspondents who have given way to temper and forgotten the respect due to mothers, even under circumstances of provocation, but I would urge every mother to try to win her child's confidence. Set a girl an example of trust by telling her of little things not known to all around. Bid her regard the matter as in confidence, and at the same time, dear mother, encourage her to trust you in little matters which girls hold dear.

A habit begun in childhood will grow with the growth of your girls, and they will come to you naturally, as to the best and dearest of friends whose interests and theirs are as one, and not to be separated. If I did not know that so many dear mothers are members of our Circle, and join in our Twilight Talks, I would not put in these few words specially for those who may have erred in not seeking the confidence of their girls when their minds were most open to a mother's influence.

I should think no human being has ever been the recipient of more extraordinary, sacred or sorrowful confidences than myself. Sometimes I have been so deeply moved by them and so intensely anxious to send just the right word in return, that I have lain sleepless for hours, asking and waiting for it.

It has always come, as many a grateful letter has proved. And then, whilst my heart was full of gladness, the only thought possible was just one of thanksgiving as the words have gone up to God, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give glory, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake."

The feeling that God has used us in any way for the benefit of another brings with it a double feeling. We wonder at being so honoured as to be used by Him. We are humbled at the knowledge of our own weakness and insufficiency, and more inclined to seek the help we need at every step of our way.

Just a word more about the wonderful trust reposed in me by my girls. None need ever fear that their confidence will be betrayed. As all know, passages from the letters of my correspondents are freely quoted in the Answers column, because they are so helpful to the rest. But in many cases the names and addresses of the writers are as entirely unknown to me as they are to you who read them in print. Each member interests herself in the story of the battles, failures and successes of the rest, and many a precious letter, lesson, warning or word of advice is thus passed on to those unknown correspondents who could be reached in no other way, because equally unknown to us all.

Whether anonymous or otherwise, letters containing sacred and touching confidences are promptly destroyed after I have mastered the contents and replied to them.

More than one of you have inquired, "Do you never send a private reply to a correspondent whose need is pressing and to whom a long delayed answer would be useless?"

Yes. I must plead guilty to having broken the rule in this way, and, on several occasions, I have longed for the power to do it, feeling that the reply must be prompt, or unavailing. Twice in particular, when name and address were not given, I have just longed to write by return of post, for the need was urgent, the case a profoundly touching one, and delay meant helplessness on my part. But you can all understand that a private reply must be very exceptional. In fairness to the many, letters should be answered in turn, and the column is meant to be, and is, helpful to all. How could your old Mother-Friend correspond privately with her girls all over the world?

There are some who are—must I write it?—just a little selfish in this way and want to claim first attention. But these are few indeed. Generally I have sweet patient expressions such as, "I know you can't help the answers being a long time in reaching us. You would if you could." "I don't care if I wait three months so long as some day I see a little bit which is all for myself," and so on. Only the other day came these words in a very charming letter. "There are no answers in any paper like yours. They are worth waiting for." Blessings on my dear, appreciative, patient ones! They are worth writing for and working for, and if they have a tithe of the good things their Mother-Friend desires for them, they will be equally happy and useful in their day and generation.

This last correspondent wants to know something about girls being brought into touch with each other, and asks, "Is it that they may assist one another in the Christian life?"

Yes, and in any and every way that one warm-hearted girl can help another girl, or even someone older who needs cheery words and sympathy in loneliness, weakness, poverty or trouble. If I were to begin to quote from letters telling of blessed results, I should not know where to stop. Just now I have a long list waiting to be mated in this way, but the bringing pairs into communication involves no little responsibility and thought. I ask for guidance and thankfully believe that it has been given hitherto, or so much blessing could not have followed the effort. But this part of the work is necessarily slow. It takes time, strength, and the writing of many letters of introduction and—— Well! I will not make excuses for seeming tardiness. You, dear ones, will believe me when I tell you that I do what I can in this way, and wish it were more and better.

I have given you these particulars about our work and Circle members because I know how many of you in the early days of our "Talks" used to love the "Open Evenings" which helped to make you better acquainted with each other. I have still more to tell when we meet again



MARGERY. [*London Stereoscopic Co.*

THE RETURN OF MARGERY CARMICHAEL.



WHAT I am about to relate happened, not yesterday, nor the week before, but yet within reasonable limits of your memory to-day, fair reader. History repeats itself, and what has happened once may occur again; therefore I give my experience in order that it may benefit others, and I am searching the dim recesses of my fading memory, to set forth for men and women yet to come the story of these two lives so closely connected with my own. And to make a long story short, and to begin at the beginning, let me paint the Rector as I see him in fancy now: a tall, athletic man with a broad, noble forehead and dark, eager eyes. He had ever so deep a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, but that doesn't teach a man the way to a woman's heart, and Adrian Carmichael, however clever he may have been, had not learnt all that life could teach him, even at forty years of age.

I was living with my parents in the village, my father being the only practitioner there, and naturally we saw a good deal of our clergyman.

It must have been about the time of my thirtieth birthday, when the Rector came over one morning with the wonderful news that an old college friend and his daughter were coming to stay with him on their way from Scotland. It was an unheard of thing, that a visitor should be coming to the rectory, and we were all eager to see Mr. Carmichael's friends.

Ah, Margery Graham, shall I ever forget the first sight I had of you in all your fresh young beauty; looking at life with those wonderful brown eyes, singing gaily as you came down the garden path, and swinging your hat in your little hand! The roses could not compare with the colour of your sweet cheeks; every turn of your dainty body put even the graceful deer in the park to shame. You were a creature made to love and be beloved. What wonder then that the Rector, misanthrope though he was, fell a victim to your charms? After all is said and done, a man's blood may run as hotly and madly in his veins at forty as in the hey-day of his youth, and love, all unlooked for, descends as suddenly and swiftly on a man when he is middle-aged as when he is young, all the world over.

Poor Adrian! His visitors stayed with him for a fortnight, and then they left for London, and he was *désolé*. He used to come over and try to banish the image of Margery from his mind in the company of my father and mother. He thought he was too old for such a bright young thing, but my father met and overcame all his scruples and told him to go in and win. Even to his last hour my father never regretted having given Adrian the advice. "At any rate," he would say, "they have been happy for two years. It is such a pity when two human beings, born to comfort and help each other to live this life well and happily, meet and part without ever understanding the need each has of the other this side of the grave."

So our Rector won his bride and brought her home, and all the village turned out to give them a hearty welcome. For a while all went well enough. Margery would come over to me with all sorts of questions to ask, brimful of ideas for the people's benefit or her husband's, always with a bright smile on her face and the light of careless, happy youth in her eyes. It did me good even to watch her slender fingers as they traced patterns on the window-panes, while talking over her schemes, or to see the ever-varying expression of her face as she looked out on the village street.

I often think, looking back on those days, that we were blind not to have noticed the look of depression that would sometimes steal unconsciously over her sweet face. It never struck any of us that for such a young thing as she was our life in that little village might be dull and uninteresting. Not that Adrian neglected her. Oh, no, but unconsciously he had grown into the habit of spending a good deal of his time over his scientific and antiquarian books, and the customs of a lifetime are not easily discarded. When the first excitement of the change has worn off, the mind is apt to regain its old ascendency, and it was thus with the Vicar. He loved his young wife passionately and tenderly, but when he had grown accustomed to her presence in the house, he had gradually slipped back to his books, and it was not until the blow fell that he realised his mistake. Some natures are content to be overlooked in this fashion, they find satisfaction enough in the bare fact of their presence being necessary to someone else's happiness, and they go placidly through life without ever creating a place for themselves even in their own little world of friends; others, and Margery Carmichael was one of these, seem born for all the love and sunshine life can give them; failing these influences, life becomes introspective.

Margery had been married two years when the Rector came over in a great hurry one evening to my father to ask if any of us had seen his wife. It seemed she had not been seen since the morning, and it was now seven o'clock on a glorious June day. Adrian had thought Margery might be with us, but we had not seen her since the previous day when she had seemed much as usual.

My father accompanied the Rector to his house, and together they searched for any clue to her whereabouts. Just as they were giving up hope, the Rector discovered a little note under his wife's handglass, and my father never forgot the look on his friend's face as he read the few lines it contained.

"ADRIAN," it ran,—"I must go away with someone who is in need of my help. I have sometimes thought lately that our marriage was a mistake. I am not clever enough to fill your life, and perhaps my duty lies in the direction I am taking. Don't try to find me; the one with whom I fly is disgraced and must leave the country.

"MARGERY."

Needless to say, the Rector tried his best to discover the missing girl, but she seemed to have disappeared completely without anyone having the least idea where she had gone. I wonder why people always think the worst of their friends? I know my parents had loved Margery as a daughter, yet it never occurred to them that she might not be as black as she seemed to paint herself. Poor, bright little Margery! She never dreamed that all her world thought she had eloped with a lover—all, that is to say, except Adrian.

Search proved fruitless. Detectives were, in those days, an almost unknown quantity, and Adrian Carmichael left the village where his brief married life had been spent, and took a living on the south coast of England. For many a year, from time to time, we spent a week or two with him; then my father died, and my mother, who was left practically penniless, went to live with her two sisters. Mr. Carmichael managed to procure for me a situation as governess to the doctor's children in his parish, and there I hope to end my days. Curiously enough it was there that the last page of my old friend's married life was turned.

It was a howling night, and the sea broke with such force upon the shore that you could hardly hear yourself speak even indoors. The doctor came in and hurriedly shook the rain off his great coat.

"There is a wrecked vessel out yonder," he said, nodding his head in the direction of the sea, "and they are bringing the poor souls ashore now. I have just run up for a few things. Perhaps you would not mind stepping out and asking the Rector to come down as soon as he can," he added, turning to me.

After I had accomplished my mission, I took my way to the shore, as I thought I might perhaps be of use. Mr. Carmichael joined me just as I reached the rough landing-place where they were bringing in survivors of the ill-fated vessel. As we neared the little group the light from one of the sailors' lanterns fell on the face of a young girl who was being helped up the beach towards the cottages, and I couldn't help uttering an exclamation of surprise. Surely my eyes deceived me; yet the face I looked into was so like Margery Carmichael that I pinched myself to see if I were dreaming. Then the young girl spoke, and I knew that I had only been partially deceived; the tones of the voice could belong to none other than Margery's daughter. Then where was she—the wife of the man who had just gone down to help carry one who to all appearance would never walk again? She had been stunned by some of the wreckage falling on her; and her eyes were closed, but I could have sworn to the face anywhere, and another had already made the same discovery. Yet Adrian Carmichael spoke to the men without a tremor in his voice, and a moment or two later he came up to me.

"They are taking her to the rectory," he said calmly, with a light in his eyes which comes to some men but once in a lifetime, to others never at all. "If you could ask the doctor to call there as soon as possible, I should be much obliged to you." Then he turned and followed the men home.

The next day I learnt all there was to learn of the flight and return of Margery Carmichael. Her father had forged a cheque, and his only way of escape lay in flight. Remembering his daughter, he selfishly determined to get what help he could from her ere he started. It was only when he found himself in her presence that he realised if only he could persuade her to accompany him from a sense of duty he would be much more likely to escape unnoticed. I can understand how he succeeded, seeing he came at such an opportune moment when Margery was beginning to realise how very much outside her husband's life she was. They had fled to America, and six months afterwards Margery's daughter was born. And when she was seventeen, her grandfather died, and Mrs. Carmichael set out for England, having a longing to see her old country once more. It was just by chance that the vessel had been wrecked on the shore of her husband's parish, one of those chances some call fate, others Providence. She did not live out the night, but another Margery, just as fair and bright, makes the sunshine of Adrian's home, and tries to make him forget the years when he was lonely and never knew he had a daughter somewhere in the world.

"We have wasted so much time, daddy," I heard her say yesterday when they passed down the village street in front of me, "we must make the most of each other now." And it crossed my mind that here was a totally different Margery Carmichael, and one that would never suffer herself to be neglected for all the books that men have ever written in this dull old world of ours.



MIND THE MEASURE OF TRUE BEAUTY.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., C.M., R.N. ("MEDICUS").

Sally Bunny: Her Opinions.

Sally Bunny was a little old lady—alas! that I should have to say '*was*,' but Sally *is* not. She left my little village some years ago, left the village in tears. Stay though, that is somewhat ambiguous, because it was the village that was in tears, figuratively speaking, for Sally was snug enough in her bit of a coffin. Well, I was going to say that she was a little old lady, who waddled about the village and did a day's work for anybody. She could weed the flower beds and she could char, and I rather think she could knit a pair of stockings, but there I think her accomplishments ended. Sally was in the sere and yellow leaf when I first knew her. Her morsel of a face was as puckered and wrinkled as a Malaga raisin, but she had two bright black beads of eyes in it, which gave her the look of a witch. She wasn't a witch though. You can be wise without being a witch, you know.

As long as Sally kept waddling about the village and outskirts, she was somewhat of a gossip, and so everybody liked to talk with her. She was the Village Express, fourth edition, extra and special. I'm not going to say that Sally didn't expand a little sometimes, but don't all evening newspapers do the same? And even tradespeople and farmers' daughters as well? Why, you would hardly credit it, but I have known even fishermen who could tell fibs.

Sally found herself "a kind o' failin,' sir," as she termed it at long last. "My back do be a-achin' so," she told someone for whom she did weeding, "wenever I stoops, my good gentleman, I can't 'ardly straight mysen up again."

A family gave Sally a small weekly allowance, and she didn't have to stoop so incessantly after that. Eventually the allowance failed, and Sally got a room in our picturesque old almshouse, and her delight was to stand at the arched entrance thereto and exchange ideas with the passers-by, always greeting the gentle-folks with a graceful bob of a curtsey.

When I went whirling past on wheels, I used to shout "Good morning, Sally," before I was within thirty yards of her. It took her breath away, and if I looked back when forty yards away, I found she had not had time to straighten again from the old-fashioned curtsey.

Sally was an observer and an ardent student of human nature, and I often had a talk with her at the almshouse archway.

"Ever married, Sally?"

"Oh, yes, sir, fifty years agone last Friday as ever was, though you mightn't think I was so old, my good gentleman!"

I did think it, but didn't say so. And Sally sighed.

"Married life was not over-happy, perhaps?"

"Well, you see, sir, it wasn't an 'appy one, and it weren't a long one either, for just the day arter, sir, my man fancied a biled sheep's 'ead for dinner, and la, sakes, I wasn't much of a cook, so I biles it, 'air and all, and had it all nice-like ready for him. And would you believe it, sir, he just looks at that beautiful sheep's 'ead and then he looks at me.

"'There be two on 'em,' he says and walks straight out of the 'ouse, and I niver see'd 'im since, sir."

"Perhaps you are better without him, Sally."

"Ah, but, sir, he went to Californy, and I does 'ope 'e'll come back some day and bring 'is fortun' wi' 'im, cause I do 'ear that out there the streets is all paved wi' gold. We should always 'ope for the best, sir!"

That was Sally's romance. We all have one. Sally had more time to think and dream now and watch at the door for the lost love who would never return, all owing to her ignorance of the culinary art.

"Them's the Nicholsons, sir," she said to me one forenoon as a gentleman and his three pretty, smiling girls passed onwards to the station. "Mr. Nicholson hisself, sir, and 'is three darters. Ah, girls now isn't what they were in my younger days. Just look at 'em, sir, a-laughin' in 'is face and makin' 'im laugh, and a-pullin' at 'is sleeve that familiar-like. La, sakes, I dursn't 'a done that wi' my good father. But girls is changin'. An' they's not so well-mannered. They never stops to make a curtsey to the pa'son, but just bobs their bits o' 'eads and goes on. Mebbe they expects the pa'son to make a curtsey to them. An' look ye 'ow they dresses, sir. Look at them, sir, from top to toe. There's mebbe a grey 'air 'ere and there in my 'ead now, sir"—Sally's hair was white as the snows on Ben Rinnes—"but when I was their age I didn't 'ave no mop like that a-hangin' over my left heye so as I couldn't wink, but pretty curls, sir, all a-down my back, and I didn't laugh just to show my teeth either. And look at their middles (waists), sir. D'ye think my middle was ever like that?"

I felt constrained to say I believed it never could have been.

"But I wasn't shaped like a bottle either, my good gentlemen," she went on, "but there's middles and middles. And middles like them is plaguy bad for the innards, sir."

I agreed with Sally.

"And there's dresses for ye, all a-trailing on the ground and a-pickin' up the mikey robes, as doctors calls 'em. Do I dress like that?"

A shy glance downwards convinced me that she didn't.

"Clap yer eye on my shoes, sir. Is my heels like wooden legs—ankle-twisters I calls 'em? Is my toes p'inted like stockin' wires? Is my foot all o' one piece? Now," she added, "look at this young lady's feet wot's a-comin' down the street with a baby in a pram."

"Dear me, Sally!" I cried, "I wouldn't think of such a thing!"

"And a baby in a pram! W'y, sir, in my young days babies wasn't dolls. Babies was carried in shawls, and w'en the nurse's harms ached she'd lay them down on the grass to kick and to sprawl in the sunshine, nat'ral-like. Wasn't that 'ealthy and wholesome, sir?"

"Certainly, Sally. Babies nowadays are just little hot-house plants, and half of them will never see seventeen. Good morning, Sally."

More about Sally another day, reader.

Beautiful Complexions.

Sally's complexion was not like roses and lilies, but it might have been æons agone, for no doubt she had courted the sunshine and the fresh air, else she wouldn't have lived till ninety-five.

Now if any of you girls expect to get anything from me except common sense and the solid truth, you'll be disappointed.

I am not going to lead you to a window in Bond Street to witness its beauty and all the alluringly pretty preparations therein displayed, warranted to give old girls perpetual youth, and make the young look like sylphs of the air or mermaids afloat on a summer sea. There is nothing in that window but frauds, and nothing in the head of the girl who believes in them but foolishness.

Oh, you don't like the truth? Well, you may have to fare as the little girl fared who turned up her nose at her dinner.

1. I may tell you that you never can be bonnie or have a perfect complexion unless you are in good health.

2. That you can never have much real attraction in the eyes of any but a mere man, unless your mind is cultivated or you are able to talk quietly and interestingly on other subjects than the gossip of the day, your last game of ping-pong, dress, and society. The mere man is not worth attracting, and he wouldn't go to the front if you asked him to. To cricket though. Oh, yes, and football. He prefers flannel to khaki, and would rather be covered with mud than glory. I would have every girl to have a fad, but it should be a learned one. Astronomy is one—and you don't need a telescope either—it will enlarge your mind, minimise self-conceit, and cause you to think till your eyes shall beam with intelligence and your face shine like an angel's. Natural history is another. If you take to this you need nothing else. And it won't make you a blue-stocking either, but a most interesting and charming girl. There is one study you may take up first, and that is wild flowers, yet learn not only their names, but the story of their lives, all about them, and even the insect life with which they are associated. Botany, if combined with this study, makes it doubly delightful.

Music, remember, is not an art so much as a science, and I positively hate the way it is taught, or rather supposed to be taught at our schools and by our girls' governesses. Music is called a gift; but if a girl never falls in love with certain melodies, and these don't thrill through her like the summer wind through an Æolian harp, till they become such part and parcel of her soul that she can sing or play them without the printed notes, she has no more music in her soul than there is in an old tin kettle. A girl of this sort may be taught to hammer a piano or give torment to the strings of a guitar, but she cannot interpret that which was in the soul of the composer. And a composer is a poet in the truest sense of the word.

The simplest melodies are the best. Perhaps your husband will not be a man who can understand Wagner. Learn to play and sing to please and delight a husband who may be sitting in an armchair some day with his pipe. If he is a man at all, he will love you for it. Don't learn to play to please the *profanum vulgus* who assemble in a drawing-room, and never listen.

"But," you may ask, "will the cultivation of the sciences help me to have a good complexion?"

It will alter your whole appearance for the better, and bring those to your side who never otherwise would come near you. I leave it to you whether that's not a consummation devoutly to be wished for.

Mind this, the world is getting better and wiser every day. In a few years' time men will scarcely condescend to be more than sociably civil to a made-up girl who has no brains, while mere milk-maid beauty will have gone out of fashion entirely.



THE FAIR CAPTIVES OF CASTLE VUFFLENS.

A Story of Love and Loyalty. From the Records of the Tenth Century.

Adapted by E. J. JONES.

CHAPTER IV.

Many days passed without Isaure returning to visit the prisoners. Neither did Raymond appear. When the usual hour for their repast arrived, Gizèle ate with little appetite and spoke incessantly of Isaure. Her mother feared that Arthus was also regretted. At length one evening, when about to retire, they heard the key turn in the lock. Raymond presented himself, lantern in hand.

"Come, come," he said, on entering, "Monseigneur is dying. He wishes to see you. Lose not an instant."

The emotion they experienced on hearing these words may be easily imagined. Ermance, almost overcome, seized Gizèle's hand, and passing her arm around her neck, whispered—

"Courage, my child!" She felt herself about to faint, but, struggling against it, added feebly, "Gizèle, thou art going to see thy father!"



"THE EQUERRY APPROACHED, PLACED THE LANTERN ON THE STAIRCASE, AND SUPPORTED THE INSENSIBLE ERMANCE AGAINST THE TOP STEP."

The young girl was calmer. The father whom she had never seen, and of whom she had never heard except in tones of terror, did not greatly affect her. It was of more import to her that she, for the first time in her life, was about to leave this prison tower, and all and everything naturally presented itself to her mind in the light of curiosity. Perhaps on this journey she would meet Isaure—and Arthus. Already her eyes were greeted with astonishment whichever way they looked. Presently they alighted upon her mother, who, pale and trembling, was unable to walk unaided. Gizèle sustained and encouraged her as they mounted the great staircase leading to the chamber where Grimoald lay dying. Ermance was to see her husband once more. A cruel husband he had certainly been; but he was Gizèle's father, and far from desiring his death, she regretted it, and would, if possible, nurse him well again.

At each step her emotion increased, so much so, that in the very doorway she seemed too overpowered to proceed. Her feet refused to sustain her, her breathing failed, and she fell fainting upon her daughter's shoulder. Gizèle, not having the strength to support her, cried in alarm—

"Oh, help! My mother! Raymond, come, help me!"

The equerry approached, placed the lantern on the staircase, supported the insensible Ermance against the top step, and promptly opened the door of the room where the repentant Grimoald lay on a couch surrounded by three young girls and his favourite page Arthus.

"Aloyse, Berthe, Gabrielle!" cried the equerry. "Come—quickly!"

As anticipated, these cherished names touched her heart. Opening her eyes, Ermance fancied herself in Heaven encircled by three angel forms, calling her by the fond name of "Mother." Isaure formed part of the group.

Raymond now hastened to present Isaure under her true name—Gabrielle, of which until now she herself had been in ignorance.

It must here be made known to my readers that Raymond had eventually decided to adopt the child whom he and his wife had brought up with the same care as if she had verily belonged to them.

The two elder children had passed their early girlhood together in one of the apartments attached to another of the four turrets, large enough fortunately to allow them to take daily exercise. Marie, Aloyse's nurse, was sufficiently able to conduct their education, seconded by Raymond's wife, a woman of rare worth and exceptional talents. Elise had not only acted as nurse to Berthe, but had cherished all three sisters equally with her motherly care. She went often to visit Aloyse and Berthe, but never, however, accompanied by Isaure—Gabrielle. Grimoald had bound both Raymond and his wife by a solemn vow, and, in addition, by a motive to their own interest more powerful perhaps than anything else. He promised to adopt as his son their son Arthus, and to make him heir to his estate under the title of Lord of Vufflens. But since Raymond had lived with Elise, and had seen more of the good and gentle Ermance, he had conceived a truer idea of honour and loyalty. He eluded the project of adoption and formed a very contrary one in its place, viz., that of persuading his master to recall his wife and children before he died, determined, should he fail, that he himself at all costs would grant them their liberty. He was some two or three years older than the Duke of Azzoni, and might die before him. Fear of this caused him to leave Grimoald's presence as little as possible. Grimoald, on his side, showed himself increasingly appreciative of the vassal's affection, deeming him worthy of a master's confidence.

Arthus, beloved by both, was the thread which drew them together. The old Duke insisted that either Raymond himself or else his son must be always near him.

The equerry was continually seeking for the opportunity he waited for when an accident came to his aid. Grimoald had a fall from his horse, dangerous enough to possibly end in death. Raymond felt it a duty therefore to profit by this circumstance. He spoke continually to his master, trying to persuade him to repair the wrongs and pardon the wife and children who had never harmed anyone.

Grimoald had for some time been secretly wishing to be reconciled to his children before he dared bring himself to ask it. At length Raymond was ordered to conduct Aloyse, Berthe and Isaure to his bedside. Then, with greater pleasure still, the faithful servitor went forth to deliver Ermance and Gizèle.

Raymond knew that it was the dying man's intention to give Gizèle in marriage to Arthus. Raymond himself desired this marriage more than anything else in the world, and he felt that such a command given at such a moment would clear away many difficulties.



"THEY SANG AS THEY SAT AT WORK."

When Ermance, supported by her daughters, reached the couch of the culpable but repentant Grimoald, his feeble hands were penitently clasped as he sought her pardon. She did not even trouble to grant it. She had found her children. This fact made her regard him, who had brought it about, in no less a light than that of benefactor. She did not even allow herself to look at or embrace them, for the sick man claimed her first consideration.

Thus Grimoald, in place of reproaches, had only caresses from this grateful mother and her children. His greatest punishment was the regret that he had deprived himself for so long of such happiness and joy, and that he found it now only to lose it again immediately.

Speaking with difficulty, Grimoald blessed his family, exhorting his daughters to compensate their mother for the unhappiness with which he had overwhelmed her. Afterwards, he signalled to Raymond to approach, clasped him in his arms and solicited his pardon also. Arthus he presented to his wife thus—

"Behold the son whom it is my wish to adopt, son of my faithful friend and brave companion-in-arms. May he become thine in wedding Gizèle—a union I have

carefully contemplated. If he is not, as yet, a noble knight, he will attain thereto, be sure of it. And the name of Vufflens will be worthily borne."

Ermance perceived that this idea entirely overruled the pride of his ancient nobility. She had no wish to contradict him. Besides, for long past she had too much regarded Raymond as her special friend to think for a moment of opposing Arthus' happiness. She acquiesced therefore, promising to give the young page a mother's affection.

"And we will love thee as a brother," cried Aloyse and Berthe together. Isaure, who had always loved him, embraced him, saying that her heart would never know how to change. Gizèle remained silent, but she left in his the hand which Arthus detained while his lips touched it with loving respect.

Raymond embraced them both, calling them his dear children. He led them close to the couch of the dying lord, who appeared to have something still to say to his favourite Arthus. But whether so much emotion hastened his end, or whether the moment was a signal one, he found himself unable to say a single word. Still, he was able to sign to Raymond to give him his sword, which was suspended at the head of his bed. He received it and transferred it to Arthus with an expressive gesture. Then he pressed the equerry's hand and expired.

Raymond bitterly mourned for the master to whom he had consecrated his life, whom he had both blamed and blessed, but of whom personally he had never had anything to complain.

Ermance was now Dowager of the Castle of Vufflens, and duly received the homage of her vassals.

During several years she devoted herself to her daughters, and principally to the two eldest, Aloyse and Berthe—with whom she was, of course, unacquainted. Gizèle, not unnaturally, was destined to remain the child of her heart.

But the strangeness, the joy of recovering those whom she believed lost beyond recall—a happiness surpassing in every respect the anticipations of her maternal pride, contributed, in these early days, an additional exaltation to the feelings she had towards these two young girls, whom no one, least of all a mother, could look upon without admiring—Aloyse in particular. Berthe was very pretty. As Raymond had said, she resembled her mother as that lady looked when Grimoald first led her to his Castle. Gabrielle, or rather Isaure (for she retained the name to which everyone was accustomed), and Gizèle were, both of them, charming girls, but in no way could they be compared to Aloyse. At the age now of eighteen Aloyse was in the full flower of her beauty—tall, majestic, and exceptionally attractive; in features and attitude, in all her movements, there was an impress of noble birth and a something which inspired both love and respect.

Her beautiful hair fell in wavy curls upon her shoulders, and her pretty neck almost vied in whiteness with the mountain snow. The expression of her large blue eyes as it fell on Berthe and Marie was, at times, so touching that they could not refrain from embracing her. Her mother, too, was often favoured with a look equally tender and sweet, although perhaps less marked, revealing the girl's very soul.

Aloyse, Berthe, and Isaure were full of solicitude for Ermance. Her many misfortunes, her resignation, her virtue inspired in them a tender respect.

Gizèle loved her mother with a devotedness which knew no limit—with a deeper passion than one would have expected from her youth and lightheartedness. The attachment of her sisters was shared by two or three. Gizèle, always alone with Ermance and the only object of her care, loved her mother with a love that idolised her. At first she considered it only natural that her mother should be thus occupied with her sisters, and was enchanted at it. But little by little her admiration was changed to sadness, and it was then that she felt how much dearer her mother was to her than anyone else. Neither Arthus nor Isaure seemed able to dispel her melancholy. The Châtelaine de Vufflens quickly perceived that her much-loved Gizèle was no longer as lively or as merry in the beautiful gardens and vast halls of the Castle as she used to be in the confinement of the tower.

"What is the matter, my child? Wouldst thou go back to thy captivity?" she asked.

"Ah, yes, mother—yes! I would be back in the tower where thou didst love thy Gizèle so tenderly and where we were always together. I love my sisters well. I wish that thou shouldst love them too, but not more than the one who has loved only thee."

Tears were falling fast as she spoke. Ermance's tears fell too and mingled with those of her dear child as she clasped her to her breast.

Henceforth the two elder girls, needing neither her care nor her instruction, were left more to themselves. And she resumed with Gizèle the lessons she had been in the habit of giving in the tower.

Isaure seconded Ermance in her work, for, thanks to Elise Raymond, her education had not been neglected.

As for Arthus, he never missed an opportunity of being with Gizèle, to whom he was deeply attached, and whom he regarded as his future companion through life. Raymond spared nothing that would render Arthus worthy of this anticipated happiness. He had already shown signs of becoming a valiant and distinguished knight.

Aloyse and Berthe continued to be inseparable. Elise and Marie had endeavoured to educate them as in those days became the daughters of nobility. They were instructed in reading, in reciting, in spinning, in woolwork, and in the art of embroidery—the embroidering of beautiful flowers and of other delicate and difficult designs. They knew also a number of ballads and songs, which they had hitherto only dared venture to sing in a very subdued voice for fear of being heard from their tower. But free at last to exercise this talent without restraint, they now sang as they sat at work.

(*To be continued.*)



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

JANE *inquires what steps must be taken to secure the Froebel Certificate for Kindergarten teaching.*

The qualification for the full certificate of the National Froebel Union takes two or three years, and a sound English education is pre-supposed to start with. Candidates possessing this, who have also passed some recognised public examination, such as the Senior Cambridge, First Class College of Preceptors, etc., should enter a training college. One of the best colleges for the purpose is the Froebel Educational Institute, Talgarth Road, West Kensington. The fees are as follows:

Junior Division (preparation for the elementary certificate), twenty-four guineas per annum.

Senior Division, First year (preparation for the first part of the higher certificate), thirty-four guineas per annum.

Senior Division, Second year (preparation for the second part of the higher certificate), twenty-four guineas per annum.

This reads as if three years' training were indispensable, but a year's work may be saved by a successful student. (For further information see Syllabus of Examination of the Joint Board of the National Froebel Union, 4 Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.) Students from a distance can be received into boarding houses at a charge of thirteen guineas per term. There are also a number of schools and colleges which prepare for the examinations of the National Froebel Union, in London and the provinces, *e.g.*, at Blackheath, Brondesbury, Stockwell, Queen's Gate, York Place, West Kensington (all London,) Manchester, Plymouth, Sheffield. Several of the Girls' Public Day School Company's High Schools also prepare for these examinations.

The elementary certificate entitles a student to become an assistant in a Kindergarten, the higher certificate enables her to undertake the entire charge of a Kindergarten. The salaries obtainable by properly qualified teachers, in private schools or families, as well as in High Schools, vary from £50 to £100 per annum. JANE can obtain all further information from the National Froebel Union.

LIGHT INFANTRY writes: *May I ask if you would kindly assist my memory as to the occasion of the death of the Chevalier Bayard on the field of battle?*

For the sake of our readers we give an outline of the Chevalier's career as well as his death.

Pierre Terrail, Seigneur de Bayard, was born at the Château de Bayard near Grenoble in 1476, and was the descendant of a long line of distinguished soldiers. He rendered illustrious service to three kings of France in succession: Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I. At the age of fourteen he became page to the Duke of Savoy, and four years later he followed Charles VIII. in the invasion of Naples, winning renown at the battle of Fornova in 1494. Under Louis XII. he returned to fight in Italy, and held a bridge across the river Garigliano, single-handed, against two hundred Spaniards. Furthermore, after the League of Cambray he was severely wounded. At "The Battle of the Spurs" when he found defeat was inevitable, he took prisoner an English knight, and then surrendered himself to him. The Emperor and Henry VIII. showed the utmost honour to Bayard and liberated both knights. At the battle of Marignano Bayard surpassed himself. His valour decided the victory, and he had the honour of knighting his sovereign Francis I. on the battlefield. He successfully defended Mezières against Charles V. In 1524 he served under Admiral Bonnivet in Italy aganist the Imperialists under the Constable de Bourbon, and at the passage of the Sesia (1524) he received his mortal wound. He refused to be carried off the field, saying he would not, for the first time, turn his back to the enemy. The picture of his death is pathetic. Seated at the foot of a tree, he urged forward his comrades to the last, kissed the cross of his sword, and, as a priest was not at hand, confessed himself to his squire. The Constable de Bourbon, coming up, was affected at the sight.

"Mourn not for me," said the noble Bayard with his dying breath, "but rather mourn for yourself fighting against your king and your country."

The character of Bayard seems to have approached very nearly to that of Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior." Courage, generosity, unselfishness, gentleness, purity of life, made up an ideal of chivalry. His life was written by his "loyal serviteur" or secretary.

We find in an old French volume the following description of heraldic devices composed in Bayard's honour by his admirers.

1. A royal crown with a laurel crown above it, to show that Francis I. was proud to receive Bayard's knightly accolade.

2. A porcupine with these words, "He unites in himself the strength of an army," referring to the exploit of the bridge.

3. A moon lighting the earth, bearing the motto, "She receives to give," because the generous Chevalier, having received from a nobleman two thousand pistoles as a ransom of war, gave the money to the nobleman's two daughters.

4. A lion breaking between his teeth the arrow that had wounded him, with the words, "He shall not die unavenged." This alludes to the reproaches Bayard uttered with his latest breath to Charles de Bourbon.

AMBITION writes—*I am eighteen years of age and wish to become a lady doctor. Can you inform me if there is any scholarship for which I could compete, which would help towards the expenses of five years' medical training?*

There are such scholarships in connection with the London (Royal Free Hospital) School of Medicine for Women, 8 Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, W.C.; Dean, Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D. The following are some of them:—

The Stuart Mill Scholarship of £30 a year for four years, to ladies willing to practise in India. The School Scholarship, value £30. The Bostock, £60 for two or four years. The St. Dunstan's Exhibition, £60 a year for three or five years. The John Byron Bursary, value £20 a year, specially for those students who require assistance in prosecuting their studies.

There are scholarships in connection with the University of Durham College of Medicine, Newcastle-on-Tyne; four of £25 a year for four years, and various others.

In connection with the Queen Margaret College School of Medicine for Women, Kelvinside, Glasgow, there are several bursaries of such sums as £17, £20, £30, £45 for varying periods.

Medical Mission Scholarships are given for study at the Schools of Medicine for Women by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Northumberland Avenue, London; the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, Secretary at 9 Lupus Street, Belgravia; and the Ladies' Association of the Church of Scotland, Convener at 4 Hillside Crescent, Edinburgh.

AMBITION does not say in what part of the kingdom she lives, but we hope some of this information may be useful to her. Fuller details can, of course, be obtained on application in each direction indicated.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

MUNICIPAL (*Employment under the London County Council*).—The London County Council employs but few women as inspectors. It employs a lady (Miss Pycroft) to organise classes for the teaching of women in domestic subjects; and, of course, it employs a large number of women as teachers of technical subjects who hold diplomas from the Board of Education and the leading technical institutes. The clerks employed by the Council are chiefly typists who have attained to much the same standard of proficiency as that which is required for ordinary office work in the City. From your letter we imagine that the work you really have in mind is that of a sanitary inspector under a metropolitan vestry. You ought to pass the Sanitary Inspectors' Examination, for which you would be well prepared by the National Health Society, 56, Berners Street, W. You could not obtain an appointment until you are twenty-five, but there would be no harm in beginning your training now. We are bound to tell you that candidates often have to wait a long time to secure a post, as vacancies only occur at considerable intervals of time, and there are generally many applicants who possess the requisite qualifications so far as these can be set down in black and white, although personal gifts (such, *e.g.*, as a good manner in dealing with people) are very much regarded by those who have the making of these appointments. Sanitary inspectorships are worth from £80 to £100 a year, and, although the salaries are sometimes inadequate, considering the amount and importance of the work done, yet these posts have the advantage of often proving to be stepping-stones to factory inspectorships under the Home Office.

SWEET BRIAR (*Drawing for Advertising Purposes*).—We are sorry to damp your hopes, but we are compelled to say that your work is not saleable at present. Still, you are only fifteen, an age at which it is too soon to expect to earn money by any form of artistic work. We should prescribe for you a course of careful study at some good school of art. In the meantime try less to notice other people's drawings than to express in black and white what you actually see. There is nothing to be accomplished in drawing the human face and figure without close observation.

Z. Y. X (*Pianoforte Playing at Exhibitions*).—The manufacturers of pianofortes generally know a good many musical people who are glad to earn a little money by performing at exhibitions in order to show off the merits of special instruments. In this, as in so many other instances, employment is often gained through private acquaintance and recommendation. We should advise you to call upon some of the firms which advertise their instruments most widely.

MONICA (*Waitress in Railway Refreshment Rooms*).—The best plan would be to address a letter to the Superintendent of the Refreshment Department, under cover to the Secretary of the Company you mention, Head Offices, Derby. It would then doubtless be forwarded to the person who has the power of engaging waitresses.

F. B. (*Hospital Training in the United States*).—Yours is a spirited idea of going out with your friend to a Boston hospital, and there being trained. But we doubt whether it is feasible, and, as you say, you are too young at present to carry out the scheme. In Boston the chief training institution is the Boston City Hospital Training School for Nurses, but here the applications are said to average seven hundred and the vacancies eighty yearly—a proportion which is rather alarming for a foreigner, unless she has the most powerful private American recommendations. It would be safer for you to remain in England for your training, whatever you may decide to do afterwards.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BEATRIX.—The "G. O. P." does not undertake the great responsibility of introducing ladies to gentlemen. We are very glad you like our paper.

LABURNUM.—Parquetry is a kind of wood mosaic used only for flooring. It is usually made of oak. It should be kept polished in the same way as you polish furniture. The best way to polish anything is by manual rubbing, or elbow-grease as it is called. If you want to use a made-up polish, Adam's is one of the best; or you can make one yourself according to this recipe.—Heat a gallon of water, in which dissolve one pound and a half of potash, and a pound of virgin wax, boiling the whole for half an hour, then suffer it to cool, when the wax will float on the surface; put the wax into a mortar and pound it with a pestle, adding soft water to it until it forms a soft paste. If you lay this on, and carefully rub when dry with a woollen rag, it will give great brilliancy to the parquetry. But we warn you it will make the floor extremely slippery. With regard to keeping houselinen, one great point is always to look carefully over the soiled linen before sending it to the wash, and to mend any tiny tear or hole there may be in it, otherwise it is sure to become more torn in the wash. You should also be sure before sending it to a public laundry that your name is marked upon it. When it is returned, after it is aired replace it in the linen-chest so that all the linen is used in turn; place the last returned from the wash at the bottom of the heap. It is a good plan in a large household to buy a small quantity of new linen every year, so that all your linen may not become worn out at the same moment. I always think it an economy to buy the best, because it lasts so much longer. Be sure that your laundry never uses chemicals; these destroy linen more than anything. In England bags of lavender are often placed in the linen cupboard, and in Scotland bog myrtle is used for the same purpose, viz., for giving the linen a delicious fragrance. The linen-chest should be the housewife's pride; it ought to be beautifully kept, and every kind of article in separate piles by themselves. Perhaps LABURNUM will like to spin some of her own linen. The Weaving School in Bond Street, London, teaches spinning and weaving. This hand-made linen lasts far longer than machine-made.

B. E. S. sends this recipe for "cocoanut ice," which we think may interest some of our readers. *Cocoanut Ice.*—This sweetmeat, when carefully made, makes an extremely pretty and tempting dish, and is a great addition at a party, especially at one for children. Take half a pound of coarse cocoanut, put it into a basin, and pour over it two wineglassfuls of milk. Let it soak for one night. Put a pound and a half of loaf-sugar into a pan with one and a half wineglassfuls of milk or water. Let it simmer, stirring all the time, until it thickens, then add the cocoanut and boil it for ten minutes. Line a box with buttered paper and pour in half the mixture. Colour the other half with cochineal to a pale pink, and then pour it on the top of the white. Before placing on the table cut it into strips and arrange on a dish.

SNOWDROP.—It is quite correct to address the vicar of a parish, whom you know personally, as "Dear Mr. So-and-So," unless he is a canon or archdeacon. Of course, on the envelope you would put The Rev. A. B. C. The correct pronunciation of Miss C. M. Yonge's name is Young.

SUFFOLK.—Will you try washing the tiles with milk and rubbing them well afterwards? I think that would bring up the colours and make them look better.

DOLLY DAY DREAMS.—You will be able to get imitation palms from William Whiteley, Westbourne Grove, London, W.



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THE FAIR CAPTIVES OF CASTLE VUFFLENS.

A STORY OF LOVE AND LOYALTY. FROM THE RECORDS OF THE TENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER V.

No longer there under compulsion, Aloyse and Berthe now found it one of their keenest pleasures to return to the tower where their childhood and early girlhood had been passed in captivity, drawn thither by some mysteriously led inclination.

Seated before the narrow window, they would let their thoughts revert to and dwell upon one particular day, which had left an indelible impression on their young hearts—a day when two cavaliers, the first they had ever seen, had passed beneath the Castle walls. This chanced when Marie had had occasion to go and see her friend Elise Raymond, temporarily confined to her bed through serious illness.

In leaving the sisters by themselves she had recommended them not to go too near to the little square window overlooking the surrounding country, and barred across with iron. But at their age curiosity was too keen to prevent their being anxious to see the adjacent lake and landscape.

Aloyse was the first to mount the stone tablet resting under the window

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"'I MADE FUN OF THEIR FOOLISH FANCIES.'"

and raised a little from the floor. Thus elevated, she was enabled to glance eagerly on all that met her gaze.

"What do I see!" she exclaimed. "Berthe, Berthe, come—look!"

Berthe hastened to her side, her feet finding little enough space on the stone support, while Aloyse's pretty face almost entirely filled the aperture of the window. But she was able to just see what her sister had seen—two young horsemen. They were completely armoured, and their helmets, ornamented with flying plumes, being open, allowed their features to be distinctly seen. Mounted on two superb coursers, the two valiants made a halt and fixedly regarded the tower.

In spite of the distance, Aloyse and Berthe discovered that they were young, well-proportioned and fair to look upon. They were even able to judge by their gestures that they were discussing something with unusual animation, and ventured to conjecture that they themselves were the subject of the conversation.

A moment later they saw that they were now approaching closer to the Castle walls. One of them dismounted, raised his eyes to their tower, and sang the following song in a voice so full of charm that his listeners were able to retain the words for repetition in after days, when their thoughts liked to linger on the episode—an episode, although they did not know it, well remembered too by the troubadour himself.

"Un chevalier de haut parage
Passant sous les murs d'un château,
Admire derrière un barreau
Jouvencelle à la fleur de l'âge.
Hélas! l'amour
Dans cette tour,
Pour le charmer, l'attendait au passage.

"Longtemps il brava son empire,
Mais ce dieu vient de se venger;
Il a pris, pour mieux l'engager,
Tout ce qui peut plaire et séduire.
Méchant amour,
Dans cette tour,
D'un seul regard tu viens de le réduire.

"'Jamais ne vis beauté pareille:
Son teint du lis a la blancheur,
De la rose il a la fraîcheur,
Beaux yeux, traits fins, bouche vermeille.
Le dieu d'amour
Dans cette tour
Pour m'enflammer plaça cette merveille.

"'Si tu languis dans l'esclavage,
Dis un seul mot, jeune beauté;
Pour te rendre la liberté,
J'ai mon épée et mon courage.
Dans cette tour,
Le dieu d'amour,
Pour te sauver peut m'ouvrir un passage.'"

It may easily be understood how deeply this pretty ballad, as well as the singer of it, aroused the interest and curiosity of the young recluses.

If their eyes had never before alighted on a cavalier, their ears had heard tell of them. This inexhaustible subject was one on which they held converse with not a little pleasure, drawing from them many a question, not unwillingly answered by those to whom such questions were put.

"It is thee whom he addresses," said Berthe, "for he who sings has not seen me. Besides, his song speaks only of beauty, and I am not beautiful, as you well know. To thee, not to me, has it always been said, 'Thou must not be vain of thy beauty.'"

"But there are two knights," replied Aloyse. "Why dost thou not wish one of them may be thy own true knight? As for me, I can wish no better wish. But stay, one only has sung! The other is perhaps only his equerry, you say? No, no, I have too well regarded them. Their dress is exactly alike. Their helmets, their shields, their horses are alike also. They are brothers-in-arms, I am very sure. But I have discovered that he who has not sung is taller than the other, and he appears to me to be older. His hair is brown, like thine, Berthe. The other has fair hair, like mine. He has an attractive and distinguished air, and his voice, Berthe, is it not as sweet as the words of his song?"

"Dost thou think they will ever return?" asked Berthe.

"No," replied Aloyse. "It was merely accidental—without any premeditated intention that one of them chanced to sing."

"I do not believe it, sister mine. It is for thee, on purpose for thee, that he composed and chanted those couplets. Did he not refer to youthful beauty imprisoned in a tower? Who else could that be but thee?"

This conversation had been held on the day following, by moonlight—the only free moment they had found to breathe the air as it came in at the window.

Whilst they were thus innocently diverting themselves, Marie had gone again to see her friend Elise as well as Gabrielle—Isaure, of whom she was also devotedly fond—and who never visited her in the tower.

Aloyse and Berthe had conversed for a considerable time on this topic of the two cavaliers. Together they endeavoured to recall more perfectly the wording of the song, when all at once they heard it again. This time the knight sang to the accompaniment of a lute.

In vain they, in turns, mounted on to the stone support. They could see nothing of the singer, who was at the foot of the donjon. The barrier prevented them from leaning out.

The moon, however, reflected two heads on the wall of the large tower, not, it is true, very distinctly, sufficiently nevertheless to convey to the singer the knowledge that he was heard.

The young captives, with voices hushed and ears all attentive, did not this time lose one word of the couplets. They were the same as on the previous evening, but on this occasion augmented.

"O toi, captive si jolie,
Accepte mon cœur et ma foi,
Et qu'un ruban, jeté par toi,
Le dise à mon âme ravie.
Gage d'amour,
De cette tour
Tu va descendre et me rendre la vie."

Scarcely had the young serenader finished than Berthe, by an ill-considered movement, since it was quicker than thought, detached the silver clasp which fastened her waistband of black velvet and threw it through the iron bars of the window.

Her sister had not time to restrain her.

"The singer's reward!" cried Berthe as it fell. "Since he asks for nothing but a ribbon, no one could have the conscience to refuse it to him."

Happily Marie was still absent, or Berthe would have been promptly admonished for her imprudence.

Aloyse promised to keep her secret, and she did

keep it. Marie returned a moment later to remind her charges of the hour to retire. Therefore, the thanks, if any, from below, never reached them.

Aloyse was at this time seventeen; Berthe only fifteen. Berthe's age was excuse enough for her indiscretion, and no immediate consequences followed upon her thoughtlessness.

* * * * *

Two years passed by without any more serenading.

"See!" said Aloyse to her sister. "They have forgotten us utterly."

"I was perhaps wrong," answered Berthe, wiser and better instructed now, "to throw down my belt as I did. According to instructions imparted to us, the smallest favour should be held back for a long, long time to inspire a deep desire. And as we have also been directed, a daughter of the nobility should not accord anything to a knight until many and many a proof of his faith and loyalty has been forthcoming."

"Doubtless, yes," returned Aloyse, "but thou, foolish girl, at the very first word hast given what was asked for."

"I acted thoughtlessly. I feel it now," replied Berthe. "Let it be forgotten. It is not worth thinking about any longer."

In spite of this, few days, often few hours, passed without reference to the memorable incident. And Aloyse, in speaking of it, in repeating the romantic song, gave indication of an interest tenderer and keener than the simple feeling of ordinary curiosity.

Then, as we have seen, Grimoald died. Liberty came to the captives. More demands were made upon their affection. More distractions diverted them. Hence there was more variety in their lives and in their converse.

The knightly troubadours were all but forgotten, when something occurred to bring them back to mind.

One of Aloyse's greatest pleasures was the cultivation of flowers. She loved flowers passionately. She rose before the sun, and might be seen each day on the terrace watering and training the beautiful roses which grew clinging to the castle walls, or tending the tiger lilies, vying with them the while in freshness and brightness.

Master Peter, the old gardener of the castle, assisted Aloyse. He drew water from the well and carried it to his young mistress, and aided her in planting or sowing poppies, wallflowers—flowers of every colour, and soon became her favourite servant.

Almost invariably, when gardening along with him, she would converse with this good old retainer, who related to her all that he knew of the unfavourable side of Grimoald's character; indeed, all that he had seen and heard during the forty years that he had worked in the gardens of Castle Vufflens.

"I should, of course," he said naïvely, "have quickly perceived that the towers were inhabited if, as now, I had been at work round about the walls, but my lord said that since he had lost his dear wife, he could no longer bear to look upon the flowers she had loved; and he wished henceforth to see nothing on the terrace but briars and thistles, which would be more in keeping with his grief. Such plants did not need a gardener's care. I came no more to work here, but was occupied further away in the larger gardens. Thinking of you all as in Paradise for so long, I swore it on my soul to two handsome horsemen who came in search of me, and who maintained that there were living in one of the towers, maidens young and more beautiful than angels. One of them would have richly rewarded me for gaining access for them. I made fun of their foolish fancies, and told them that if the turrets were tenanted by youthful beauty, it was not assuredly by anyone of noble blood, but probably some young vassals retained by my Lord Grimoald."

"What!" involuntarily cried Aloyse, much troubled. "And what reply did the young cavalier make?" she hastened to ask.

"Wait," answered Peter, "let me try and remember. The one who tried to gain entrance spoke not, only sighed. The other it was who gave utterance to his thoughts. 'I had my doubts on that point, Henri,' he said to his friend. 'The ribbon was too promptly thrown to have come from maidens of gentle birth!'"

"Oh, Berthe, Berthe, what hast thou done!" exclaimed Aloyse dolefully. "And this Henri, did he not answer?"

"Yes, he spoke with pride thus, holding the while in his hand a black ribbon, which he kissed fervently. 'Whether vassal or damsel of noble blood, she is nevertheless the most beautiful person I have ever seen. I cannot forget her. And I will keep this band of ribbon always, as a precious souvenir.' Then he hid it in his bosom. 'Lord Grimoald is favoured by fortune,' he added, 'in having anyone so charming in his castle.' After a while they departed, and have never returned. It is fully two years ago since then. I can see very well now that it was of you they spoke. I am sorry to have replied to their inquiries as I did. But how to find them again? I do not even know their names."

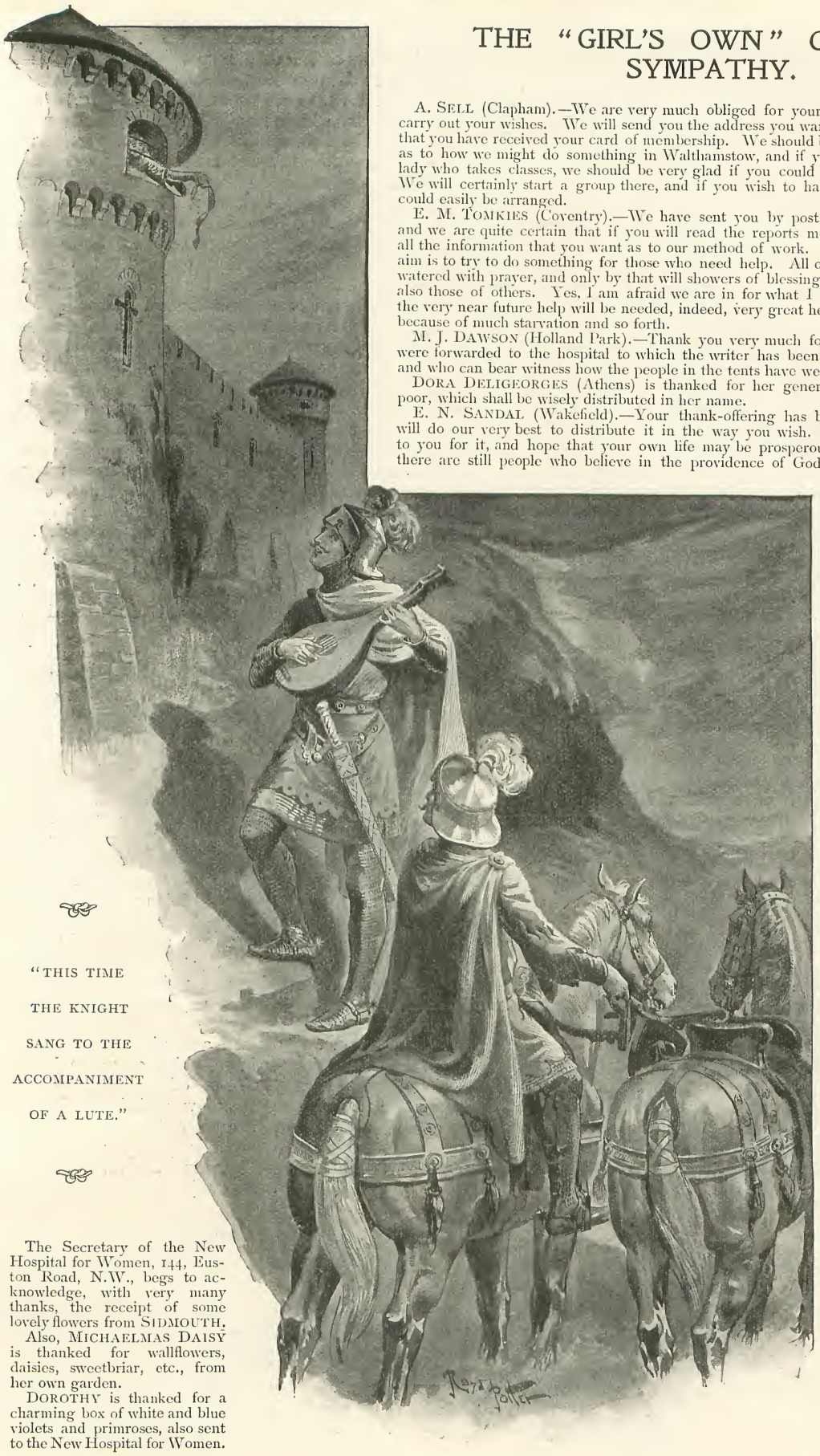
Aloyse made no rejoinder, and left Peter hurriedly to tell all to Berthe—to reprove her anew for having thrown down her belt.

"What an opinion they have of us!" she said, with tears in her eyes. "If at least we could learn their names! If Peter could—— But what could he say to them? The ribbon was thrown and picked up. The wrong of it is all the greater in us, being of noble birth and well instructed, than in a vassal of no education."

Berthe quite agreed with this view, and the desire to see the cavaliers once more, if only to justify herself in alleging, by way of excuse, their youth and their inexperience, became keener than ever before.

(*To be continued.*)





"THIS TIME THE KNIGHT SANG TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF A LUTE."

THE "GIRL'S OWN" GUILD OF SYMPATHY.

A. SELL (Clapham).—We are very much obliged for your kindly help, and will try and carry out your wishes. We will send you the address you want in a week or two, and hope that you have received your card of membership. We should be very glad of any suggestion as to how we might do something in Walthamstow, and if you know of any clergyman or lady who takes classes, we should be very glad if you could interest them in the matter. We will certainly start a group there, and if you wish to have a chat about the matter, it could easily be arranged.

E. M. TOMKIES (Coventry).—We have sent you by post full particulars of the Guild, and we are quite certain that if you will read the reports month by month, you will gain all the information that you want as to our method of work. You must remember that our aim is to try to do something for those who need help. All our labours must be plentifully watered with prayer, and only by that will showers of blessings come into our own lives and also those of others. Yes, I am afraid we are in for what I may term hard times, and in the very near future help will be needed, indeed, very great help for those who are suffering because of much starvation and so forth.

M. J. DAWSON (Holland Park).—Thank you very much for your box of things. They were forwarded to the hospital to which the writer has been acting as honorary chaplain, and who can bear witness how the people in the tents have welcomed them.

DORA DELIGEORGES (Athens) is thanked for her generosity in sending 23s. for the poor, which shall be wisely distributed in her name.

E. N. SANDAL (Wakefield).—Your thank-offering has been safely received, and we will do our very best to distribute it in the way you wish. We are very much obliged to you for it, and hope that your own life may be prosperous. We are glad to find that there are still people who believe in the providence of God, and who readily recognise that the manifold chances and changes in life are in His hands, and are always ready to thank Him when they have a merciful escape, and are willing to make a thank-offering to Him. We will do just what you wish.

E. COX (Wappinbury).—Thank you very much for your letter. We have received your subscription, and have enrolled you as a member of the Guild. We are glad that you have made up your mind definitely to do what you can to cheer some poorer brothers and sisters in every possible way. The parcel that you sent has been very useful, and has brightened the dull hours of many a one. There are some sick ones who lived in the country once, but since have had to live in crowded cities, and the sight of wild flowers is very cheery to them.

C. E.—You give us no address, and I cannot tell who you are, or where you come from, but I can thank you for your kindly note. You send a shilling. Are you already a member? or do you wish to join? You might write and let us know your address. If you do not wish your name published, it will not be. But it is very important that we should know from whom any communication is r e c e i v e d. Yes, it is very terrible to read of destitution and sickness, and still more terrible to be unable to help it. I am glad to think that you look upon THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER as a valued friend, and greatly look forward to it each month. Please let us know as soon as possible who you are.

MISS MORRIS (Stoke).—Thank you very much for your letter. We hope that you will be able to send us some more flowers for the sick. They were very beautiful, and were distributed as I think you would wish. Many thanks for the same.

The Secretary of the New Hospital for Women, 144, Euston Road, N.W., begs to acknowledge, with very many thanks, the receipt of some lovely flowers from SIDMOUTH.

Also, MICHAELMAS DAISY is thanked for wallflowers, daisies, sweetbriar, etc., from her own garden.

DOROTHY is thanked for a charming box of white and blue violets and primroses, also sent to the New Hospital for Women.

THE FERNLEY GIRLS' GUILD.

By SARAH TYTLER.



CHAPTER II.

THE PROPOSAL.

SOPHY sat at the head of the dining-table, rising gravely to greet the different members as they arrived and motioning them to take their places in the chairs placed for them on either side of the table. There was no order of precedence, and there were no particular seats, except that she had sent Alice to sit several chairs apart from her. Alice was a little, cheerful, round-eyed, dumpling-faced girl who would look young when she was a grandmother. At present, a baby in arms could hardly offer a more innocently immature appearance. She had been brought home from school like Sophy, but from a different motive in Alice's case. Sophy was to do what she could to order the household, Alice was to continue her education with the help of Bea's governess. Major Singleton did not see himself justified in these times, when life was always getting more complicated, luxurious and expensive, in spending money unnecessarily on the education of Alice. He was not disappointed to perceive that she was what he called "a domestic kind of girl," not particularly intellectual, not exceptionally gifted in any direction, willing to knock under to Sophy, though the sisters were so near each other in age. One over-mastering spirit was enough in a family—and otherwise Alice was a comfortable child, contented in all circumstances, likely to get on as well in the world as her neighbours.

A casual glance at Alice had flashed a sense of her artlessly girlish looks with a momentary realisation of her own youth on Sophy, and she had taken refuge in a division of the disturbing element—which is in turn impatiently repudiated, looked fondly back upon, desperately clung to. A sense of the ridiculous did not often disturb Sophy, she was too deeply in earnest to leave room for it. But the faculty of humour, which, though repressed, was in fact in her, occasionally burst its bonds, caught her by the throat, and overwhelmed her with confusion.

Clara and Katie Field could be heard in the hall, outside the front door, several minutes before they were seen. Their clear, unmodulated voices rang out in chatter and laughter, which sank a little but still rippled on in their greeting to Sophy and Alice, and in what were probably intended to be concluding but were, in fact, never-ending irrelevant, gay remarks to each other. The proceedings would be of moment indeed, and would require to be conducted in the ablest, most impressive manner to silence the frivolous background of under-toned tittering observations.

"Oh, let me sit beside you, Alice, else I shall be awfully lonely," cried Annie Field, who came a little after her sisters, and seemed to feel crushed and well-nigh appalled at the prospect of having to hold her tongue for the first three minutes when the company were assembling.

They naturally fell into pairs, which sent Sophy into recalling her speculation of everything going on after the example of primary models. She was prepared to say that it was not merely because in all families, exceeding two in number, there was a couple nearest each other in age, and if of the same sex inevitably, in ordinary instances, sharing a closely allied treatment from the cradle till the period of tutelage was ended, that men and women, boys and girls, walked through their childhood, their youth and their age, two and two, as the members of Noah's family entered the ark. Sophy's theory went farther, and argued that it was because Eden was peopled by a pair that sisters, brothers, friends, fell naturally into pairs for the business and recreation of life. Hence the homely, ungrammatical proverb arose, "Two is company, three is none."

If she advanced to the subtler inference that the two, even when they are women, drift into the lines of husband and wife, she certainly did not end with the sarcastic adage that one must be booted and spurred and the other bridled and saddled. Perhaps that was too much of a home truth, though never did two sisters dwell in greater amity than Sophy and Alice Singleton dwelt. Sophy was an oracle to Alice, and as the younger sister followed implicitly the elder sister's lead, naturally Sophy had not much occasion to dispute with Alice.

Gladys and Lilian Torrens sauntered in, their heads in the air, their chins and their eyebrows slightly up. This was by no means because the Torrens family had the command of more money than any other family of the same rank at Fernley could muster, or because they lived in the manor house. It was simply because they were college-bred, had attacked subjects of education unapproached even in the most timid manner by their mothers and aunts, because they had had in a woman's college very much what students of the opposite sex had in a man's college, their private rooms, their lectures, their professors, their "coaches," their games. Beyond attendance at chapel, appearance at lectures, eating their meals in hall—obligations binding more or less on men-students, and a few special concessions to old-world prejudices, and to a sense of womanly propriety, they had done as they liked, come and gone, shut themselves up, or shown themselves at innumerable neighbourly "cocoas" till the spirit of independence had usurped every other spirit. They no more felt themselves called upon to be pleasant, sociable, obliging, amiable—beyond what the barest civility required—than any mere man feels himself bound to be at his best and friendliest in knocking about the world, and mixing in society represented by club-rooms, restaurants, and the like.

The Torrenses were not carelessly picturesque in dress. Their dress was not like the Fields'—originally rather loud, too costly for the wearers' means, jaunty, sometimes *outré*, just becoming because it could not help it, with such faces and figures to set it off, but always untidy and eventually exhibited without a scruple in soiled shabbiness. The Torrenses were somewhat above dress, and knowing quite well that they were the robust products of the vigorous open-air exercise—hockey-playing, cycling, rowing, etc., which had been sandwiched between their public lectures and private studies—they

had the good judgment to select their costumes accordingly. Their tailor-made gowns and simple sailor hats were plain and sober to severity of a morning—even a June morning was not too warm for light brown tweeds with their immaculate linen collars and cuffs. As for Clara Field, she was in a crushed, stained white muslin, Kate's hat literally consisted of nothing more than a wreath of strawberry leaves, flowers and fruit, which had figured as a garden-party hat the previous summer. Annie was equally summery and indifferent to the work-a-day hour in a China silk, whose flimsy fabric betrayed one or two rents indifferently well darned.

Gladys and Lilian Torrens—well-made, fine-limbed girls—had the harmony which belongs to the suitability imparted to their *tout ensemble*. Their features were good if, like their figures, inclined to heaviness rather than slightness in their teens. The sisters' complexions were at least perfectly healthy in their natural colourlessness, so that, if the girls had burned the midnight oil in their college, it had been done with impunity—but the truth was the gas was turned off sharp at eleven and the night porter was beyond girlish bribery.

As men, the Torrens girls would have been styled well groomed, as young women similar slang termed their gowns and jackets well built.

The two sauntered into the Bungalow dining-room, raised their eyebrows—the College salutation—to Sophy, vouchsafed no greeting to the other girls with whom the sisters were on friendly and familiar terms. Then as the pair seated themselves opposite, only awarded a languid smile in return for the Fields' effusive, not to say noisy and hilarious greeting.

"Here you are, Gladys! You look as if you were only half awake, Lilian."

Maggie Somerville came last, but quite in time. Her fresh calico blouse and black alpaca skirt happened to be very similar to what were worn by Sophy and Alice Singleton. After all it was not a pure coincidence. Sophy, who was not always observant of clothes, had noticed Maggie's fashion in her walking dress. She had not only adopted it, and made Alice adopt it as simple and sensible, but had acted from an innate sensitive courtesy lest Maggie should feel herself more cheaply equipped, more like a working girl, in contrast to the girls of England who dwelt at home in ease, and should have to endure a pang of awkwardness or of wounded vanity in consequence.

Sophy beckoned Maggie to fill a vacant place on the President and Secretary's left hand. She always felt safer with a reliance on the quality "slow but sure" when Maggie was there; though, in the radical difference between the girls, and in Maggie's frank straightforwardness, her support was frequently of a dubious character.

As a rule at these meetings Sophy, who felt her responsibility for the business being conducted in an orthodox manner, brought out minutes of the last meeting, and read them for the edification of the members, and to receive any amendment which a member might suggest. Luckily she was clerk as well as President and Secretary—(a triple identity which Sandy Somerville had the audacity to compare to that of the Minister, the Dominie, and Master Andrew Lamb in the Scotch riddle), for though the official paper had been concocted in an agony of carefulness, alas, poor Sophy's handwriting, to her mortification, was the erratic, inequal, woefully illegible penmanship of her kind.

On the present occasion she so far forgot precedent and punctilio as to omit the ceremony of reading the minutes. She was so full of her purpose, of its value, of the difficulties she might encounter in getting it agreed to, that she felt she had no time to waste on ceremonies, however desirable they might be on other occasions. She rose up, standing erect and slight in her slim girlhood, and simple homely dress, and proceeded to address her satellites, who, at the same time, were neither docile nor of one mind. She told them their Guild had existed now for months, and she thought she might say with conviction it had given no offence to the outside world, and had been of some use to them in their interests and obligations as girls of Fernley. But it ought to have been and done a great deal more. To be harmless and of indirect service was a negative sort of virtue with not enough life in it to keep any society in existence save for a brief period of time. She had come to the conclusion that their Guild, to endure and leave its mark on the generation, must be active, not passive, and must become in future, and that very decidedly, a mutual improvement guild for the girls of Fernley—which should be its name in time to come.

At the suggestions the Fields tittered—they were always ready to titter as at an excellent joke. The Torrens tilted their aspiring chins still higher, as if they would signify, What young ignoramus is going to improve us? Major Singleton had been much to blame in the limited education he had given his daughters—the Torrenses didn't believe Alice had the faintest notion how to deal with fractions in arithmetic, and even Sophy knew no more of Latin than in its connection with the origin of so many of our English words. The Fields were no better, though Clara had been in London at an art-school for several terms, and Katie and Annie still travelled by train thrice a week to attend classes at Queen's College. The idea of going to college—starting from home in the morning and returning in the early evening! Why, it was subversive of all the honour and dignity of a college—not to say all the freedom and pleasure—though there was freedom enough, not of the most decorous kind, in girls spending two hours three days a week in railway carriages among perfect strangers. Of course college girls could take care of themselves on college ground and in ordinary circumstances. But the highway was not college ground, and these were not ordinary circumstances, unless in a case of necessity, where older girls had to face exposure and unpleasantness in order to earn their bread. It was a marvel that the Vicar and Mrs. Field could consent to such an arrangement's being made for the girls, but then Mrs. Field would consent to anything the girls wished, either for herself or them, if it promised variety, excitement, entertainment—at her age too! And it was not as if she were discontented with her home. She was always brimming over with complacency and satisfaction, but she did love "a bit of a change"—as the servants put it—or an expedition anywhere. For the Parkers—the curate and his wife—they were constantly preaching economy to the elder Fields with regard to everything which the two did not share, though they were as heedless and imprudent as the others when the couple were included in the transaction. If Harriet found fault, she alone could not stem the tide. Of course there was nothing absolutely wrong, or the Vicar, good man, would not permit it, nor, for that matter, would Geoffrey Parker permit it, though he was young and thoughtless, had not been cut out for a clergyman and had married a young woman, Adela Field, not cut out for a clergyman's wife. Perhaps, to do them justice, not one of the Fields, down to the youngest, Annie, would have done what they recognised

to be wrong—they only acted in accordance with light hearts, easy minds, constitutional frivolity and a perverse dislike to the staid, demure *rôle* of clergyman's wives and daughters. They had seen themselves so often caricatured in *Punch* and other comic papers that the women and girls had acquired a horror of extreme propriety, studied simplicity, and the position of being examples to other women. They declared they were like other women—neither better nor worse—and they would not be hypocrites. They would do as other women did; while they believed in father's teaching and would act upon it in the great affairs of life, they would not carry it into their hat-ribands and boot-laces.

The Torrenses knew precisely what was the Fields' view, which they did not hide under a bushel. The sisters maintained to each other and to the world at large that the evil results of the system in reference to the question of education (which had a foremost place in the college girls' minds) were conspicuous in the minds and manners of Kate and Annie. They learnt little or nothing at their Queen's College, as Clara had learnt little or nothing at her art-school. They were much more occupied with the odd, or funny, or jolly people they had met in their journeys to and fro, than in the lessons they went through the form of studying. Their whole tone was destitute of reserve—not to say of shyness. They were inclined to be the noisiest and rowdiest of the family. The one compensation was that they retailed freely everything they thought or did; concealment and deception were far from them.

Maggie Somerville neither tittered nor waxed supercilious at Sophy's announcement. She looked up with her clear eyes full of interest and expectation.

They might think, Sophy was anxiously explaining, that their improvement meant something very serious, and belonged to the province of their parents and guardians and of their kind friend the Vicar, who had confirmed them all, and that she was guilty of intrusion into the domain of their elders and betters when she talked of a mutual improvement guild among the girls themselves, but it was not so. There were grades of improvement, as there were degrees of error, and questions of minor morals—of good breeding, good feeling, good sense, and good taste which girls might settle for themselves. Again, those who were listening to her might fall into another mistake and imagine that because these were matters which could be dealt with by girls, the matters were therefore of little account, trifles light as air to be dismissed without a thought. She besought them not to leap to this conclusion, not to regard anything as trifling which impaired their worth and detracted from their value in their own sphere as girls, and might contribute to mar anything that was lovely and excellent in their future womanhood. On the contrary, they should aim at perfection. Let them look around them in the great world of Nature and remark what exquisite beauty, symmetry, fragrance and harmony had been expended by their Maker on the smallest wayside weed, the tiniest bird of the air. Then let them ask themselves whether it was beneath their dignity as human beings, with immortal souls and high standards of right and wrong, to devote a little time and attention to making the best of themselves, to correcting those faults which spoilt their usefulness—everybody might be of some use in the world—and their pleasantness. There were practices authorised by their commonness and capable of defence and excuse on one ground or another, which were yet full of temptations to folly, selfishness, worldliness and hard-heartedness, and contained subtle danger to genuine personal Christianity. These were the little foxes which ate the young grapes and destroyed the later glory of the vintage.

Sophy's audience listened to the inspired bombast, delivered with passionate persuasiveness, and did not seek to stop her. The girls were incredulous, uncomprehending, impelled to disapprove and condemn, craving for food for laughter, at the best struck with wondering, bewildered admiration like Alice Singleton, even like Maggie Somerville, but something in the beaming eye of the speaker held them as the eye of the Ancient Mariner held the Wedding Guest, something in her vibrating voice thrilled them in spite of themselves. She was giving herself away in her zeal. She was laying herself open to a mountain-load of criticism, censure, scorn, she was risking her influence and position as leader, she was taking too much upon herself—she, one of themselves, not the eldest, not the best instructed, as foolish as any of them when she was not on her high horse and the humour took her—to tell them what they ought to do, to dictate to them! Ah! but they could not stand up against her—not Gladys Torrens, who had held her own in debating societies, who had ferreted out the most hidden meanings of Browning and Meredith, who could appreciate the elegance of Horace and the grandeur of Sophocles; not Katie Field, the most feather-headed of the younger Fields; not Maggie Somerville, in what was sometimes her maddening moderation, her crushing practicality.

Whom did Elizabeth Fry and Mary Carpenter, say, resemble in their girlhood? Were they just like other girls, or were they budding reformers and philanthropists? Did they formulate crude, chaotic schemes for the edifying and upheaval of their girl-companions, and give voice to gushing tirades against the misdoings of culprits in their teens, before they threw themselves into prisons and reformatories to win over jail-birds and rescue the reprobate children of reprobate fathers and mothers? Did Florence Nightingale and Mary Stanley bind up school-room bruises and cut fingers, and cool the heated atmosphere for feverish sufferers, before they checked hospital fever and smoothed the pillows of wounded soldiers? Did Agnes Jones maintain peace in the dining-room and drawing-room and in the servants' hall before she undertook and succeeded in bringing not only order, but forbearance, sympathy and kindness into a workhouse? Were each and all told in their day that they took too much upon them in their nonage?

"If the members of the guild agree to its becoming a guild of mutual improvement for us girls of Fernley," said Sophy tentatively, "I will read out such rules as I have framed for our guidance, which the members will discuss in order to amend, add to, or condemn as the majority think fit." Sophy felt herself very liberal-minded, tolerant and impartial when she made this announcement. She had no idea that any strain of the pure-minded, ardent, beneficent tyrant entered into her composition.

Nobody spoke. Whether it was the spell of Sophy's personality and eloquence which was upon the company, whether it was curiosity to hear the rules she had enacted, there was acquiescence, stolid or meek, in calling themselves a guild for mutual improvement. Sophy, taking silence for consent, drew a long breath of relief and thankfulness, and proceeded to enunciate the rules from the sheet of paper on which they were written and numbered with elaborate precision.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW A GIRL SHOULD DRESS.

By "NORMA."

For everyday summer wear there is nothing young girls look better in than Irish linen and what we used to call print dresses. I noticed last summer in Italy how very smart and dainty young American girls looked in the most simply made cotton frocks—an unlined well-cut skirt, for instance, of butcher-blue and white check, trimmed at the foot with three narrow frills, and an American shirt blouse of the same material, a waist-band of plain blue, and a soft blue silk necktie. It is so much smarter and far more becoming to the figure to have the blouse and skirt of the same material. Red and white checks, with red silk waist-bands and neckties, always wash well and look fresh and bright. These print dresses made of good French cambric are so much more uncommon nowadays than the more elaborate flowery materials; and be advised, if you wish to look different from the ordinary crowd, do not trim them with cheap lace—it looks common and ugly directly it has been washed. Make the simple blouse, cut from the American pattern, fit perfectly at wrists, waist, and neck; see that the skirt hangs evenly round the hem, and that it fits the hips like a glove, and you will find that your simple blue and white, or pink and white, cambric is a much more charming gown than the ready-made muslin your friend bought for twenty-nine shillings and sixpence, which has neither fit nor style, but is a wretched copy of a more expensive thing.

A Delft-blue Irish linen dress looks charming, with a wide white Irish linen sailor collar edged with heavy twine-coloured lace—not ordinary thin lace, but heavy coarse lace with a bold design; the lace should be about two and a half inches wide and be stitched on the collar about an inch in. In Irish linen I am particularly fond of lettuce-green, it looks so fresh and cool mixed with white. I do not like dark skirts with light blouses, so with white blouses, either of muslin or thin silk, I should advise a lettuce-green Irish linen skirt, or a pale grey linen one. Few people, I think, know how charming grey Irish linen can look, and how becoming it is trimmed with white. White collar, cuffs,



On the left.—Grey tweed gown with fine stripe running down. Lapels, belt and skirt faced with silk. *In the centre.*—A dress for maid of about 16 or 17 in pale grey cloth and black *glacé* ribbon. The collar and yoke are of white tucked silk. *On the right.*—A new gown in dark blue with white silk undersleeves and embroidered collar and lapels also in white silk.

and strappings on the skirt make a grey linen gown smart enough for a garden-party; pink roses should be worn in the hat, which would, of course, have a black velvet bow and long streamers at the back. These long black velvet streamers on hats for young girls are most becoming. While hair is still bright and glossy, black velvet looks charming on it; besides they are quaint and picturesque.

Collars are more than ever a feature of smart dressing. Some of the daintiest gowns I have seen this season at private views and in the most expensive shops have been wonderfully simple to the careless eye, the one elaborate feature being the collar. All the same, on these apparently simple gowns there is an absurd amount of labour expended. The tucks on the full-hanging skirt are nearly always hem-stitched by hand, and every conceivable strap and rever is covered with the finest feather-stitching. A most artistic dress of this sort was of pale mauve voile; the skirt hung in full soft folds to the feet, it was without frill or tuck, but the hem was elaborately hem-stitched. The white collar, which was so large that it was almost a shoulder cape, was of Irish hand-embroidery on muslin, edged with Irish crochet. Fastening this collar in front, about three inches from the waist, there were two rosettes of *crêpe de chine* crushed together, one of pale blue and the other of a mauve pink. The three colours blended together as deliciously as the buds of a forget-me-not.

Canvas is one of the most original materials in this season's garmentry. Everything is made of canvas. Collars of butter-coloured canvas, lightly appliqued with sprays of flowers, are greatly in favour on dark jackets. Black or buff-coloured canvas jackets, both long and short canvas capes, canvas gowns, light canvas appliqued on to dark materials, thin canvas, thick canvas, meet the eye everywhere. Long coats of butter-coloured canvas, lined with Chinese tussore silk, with collar and cuffs of the same silk, look delightfully cool and serviceable to wear over light dresses in dusty weather; the ordinary dust coat is a terrible despoiler of beauty. I wonder if my readers know what a wonderful thing "Lux" is. I had never seen or heard of it till a few weeks ago, when a friend of mine volunteered to wash some lace for me and a coloured blouse, which I was afraid to entrust to the ruthless hands of an English laundress. Lux costs a penny a packet, and half a packet is sufficient to wash two blouses. You stir up the shredded soap in warm water until it looks like a soapy lather, and then add tepid water to it; of course lace and delicate materials should never be rubbed, only squeezed. Lux keeps the colour in the material, and prevents lace from becoming close and shrunken in appearance. While on the subject of taking care, I think very few girls nowadays put away their best clothes and hats with sufficient care. The sleeves of bodices, for instance, should always be filled out with soft paper, and the bodice itself stuffed out to keep the trimming from falling into creases. After a hot day's wear the insides of white collars and wristbands require rubbing lightly with benzoline on a clean linen rag. French women—who are the mistresses of true economy—never hang up a dress unbrushed, or with the neck and wrist-bands soiled with the friction of the skin.

English women are certainly the most extravagant dressers; they do not give such big prices for their gowns as French women do, but they take such poor care of them that they are worn out in half the time.

The majority of English girls are careless



Standing figure wears dress of dark pastel blue cashmere trimmed with deep cream lace over black velvet. Waistband and cuffs of black velvet, vest of soft cream silk, flounce of same over black velvet. Sitting figure wears dress of fawn cashmere tucked and trimmed with insertion lace. Bolero and folds round flounces of light brown silk. Vest of cream spotted muslin.

also about their boots and shoes; they like them to be smart and pretty, of course, but they do very little to keep them so. Directly one's boots or slippers are taken off they should be treed; boot-trees are so inexpensive now a days and so quickly adjusted that there is no excuse for any girl who takes an interest in her appearance not having at least two pairs. If you get into the habit of putting in the trees when you take off your boots, it is surprising how much longer a dainty pair of shoes will look new and shapely. The 3s. 6d. screwing kind are the best.

The fashion for over-trimming things with lace, and wearing everything as transparent as possible, has surely reached its height; the tide always turns when any fashion has reached an extreme pitch in cheap clever imitations. I have seen blouses made of flowered muslin with a bountiful supply of lace insertion trimming on sleeves and neck and fronts at 1s. 11d., but if this tawdry grandeur makes girls who have small incomes determine to dress more plainly and in better style, it will have done some good. At the present time, if you have a limited dress allowance, do not buy poor copies of expensive gowns and blouses; show your individuality by dressing with extreme simplicity and almost severity. Have your linen dress, for example, trimmed with white braid in place of lace, let your linen be of the very best, not the thin crushable stuff which is less than one-half pure linen. Do not wear cheap lace collars, make the collars for your blue serge gown at home, of hand-tucked mauve batiste, or of the finest *écru* lawn; machine-stitched tucks are extremely ugly on thin materials. There is so much fine hand-work worn on blouses and dresses at the present time, that a clever-fingered girl can make a most simple frock seem expensive and original.

In our artist's sketches this month we have three charming tailor-made gowns. The figure on the left is made of grey tweed with a fine stripe running down it, and the lapels, belt, and skirt are faced with white silk. I think the design of the coat is particularly smart, the little basque is such a becoming shape. The centre figure shows a very suitable style of dress for a girl sixteen years old; it also is of pale grey cloth, trimmed with black *glacé* ribbon; the yoke and collar are of white tucked silk. The third figure wears a charming new gown of dark blue face cloth, with blue and white striped silk undersleeves and vest and waistband; the embroidered collar and lapels are of the most fashionable design, the long stole ends are quite a novel feature on short boleros; they are very becoming. This seems to me quite an ideal costume to begin the season with. In the other illustration the standing figure wears a dress of dark pastel blue cashmere trimmed with deep cream lace over black velvet, with vest of soft cream silk, a flounce of the same over black velvet. The one sitting down wears a gown of fawn cashmere tucked and trimmed with lace insertion; the scalloped flounces are edged with light brown silk; the vest is of cream spotted muslin.

THE FIDELIO CLUB.

CONDUCTED BY ELEONORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

IT gives me great pleasure to announce that twenty-two of my Fidelians have voted for a Fugue paper. Six of these chose the "Chromatic," two chose the E minor, and the others left the choice to me.

The second largest number of votes fell to the "Appassionata." It will therefore be my principal piece next month, and, if I have space, I will then also give Mendelssohn's "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso," and Paderewski's "Nocturne," as these came next on the list. I do not think that some of you realise that I have to send my paper to the printer a full month before you can get it. It is therefore very important that you should write early if you want your letters answered early.

I hope that my paper on Fugue will stimulate many of you to earnest study of this interesting form of composition. I would recommend all of you to get Novello's primer on Fugue, by James Higgs, price 2s., and to make a chart of the Chromatic Fugue in the manner described by Higgs at page 85. Any charts of this fugue sent to me I will correct and return. Order the "Chromatische Fantasie und Fuge," by Bach, edited by Bülow, from your own music-seller, who can obtain it, if not in stock, from Augener & Co., 199, Regent Street, London, price 1s. 8d. It is published by Bote und Bock, Berlin.

CHROMATIC FANTASIE AND FUGUE BY SEBASTIAN BACH.

(*Asked for by Toccata, Excelsior, Sylvain, Chiny, Animato, Oxoniensis, Enitor, Brandane, A Scots Thistle, Waldstein, Fidèle, Pianoforte, Lynette, Waveney, Lullaby, French Horn, Vectis, Valeria, H. W. M., Evelyn, Sigrid, Phœbe.*)

In playing the compositions of the old Masters, the first point to be considered is the instrument. Pianos like ours were unknown to Bach and his contemporaries (both Bach and Händel were born in 1685). The first pianofortes were made about 1709, but naturally they were very imperfect, while their predecessors, the clavichords and harpsichords, had attained their highest development. The harpsichord, which was Händel's favourite instrument, resembled a grand piano in shape, but in nothing else. The clavichord, for which Bach chiefly wrote, was like an old-fashioned square piano. There were no pedals to either of them.

In order to understand the peculiarities of these instruments, I will ask you to make a few experiments on the piano with me. Those of you who have upright pianos must take out the front as the tuner does.

You will see, lying along the strings, a row of padded wooden blocks. These are the dampers. When you strike a note, the damper belonging to that note is lifted up and remains suspended as long as you hold down your key.

Beneath the strings, or, in an upright piano, behind the strings, is a row of felted hammers, each one of which is connected with one key. When you press down a key, its hammer jumps forward and strikes the string above or in front of it; the hammer then falls back into its place, but the string sounds on until you let up the key, when the damper falls back and stops the tone.

Now take the loud pedal without touching the keyboard, and see what happens. The whole row of dampers is lifted off the strings, and while the pedal is down the dampers are up, and every note you play sings on lustily until its strength is expended.

Now the harpsichords and clavichords managed their damping in quite a different way. Hammers and dampers like ours they had none. Connected with the keys of the harpsichord, spinet and virginal were wooden pegs called "jacks." Projecting from the side of each jack was a sharp, short spine or crow-quill (hence the name spinet). A little lower down the same peg was a tiny cloth damper. When a key was pressed down, the jack jumped up (as our hammers do), the little crow-quill plucked the string, the little damper followed and stopped the vibration, and the short life of the tone was over. Now you will readily understand that music played on the harpsichord was not *legato*, it was clear and glittering. By means of stops certain effects could be produced, and on two keyboards the player could play loud or soft as he pleased.

The gentle clavichord was a much simpler instrument, but it was capable of much greater expression. Instead of hammers which strike or jacks which pluck, its keys were connected with metal tangents which pressed the strings. The tone thus produced was exquisitely pure and delicate, and could be sustained to a certain extent. By pressing the finger on the key, as a violinist does on the strings of a violin, a peculiar quivering quality of tone was obtained, which was called *Bebung*.

The tone of the clavichord is unlike that of any other keyed instrument. It is too faint for a large space; but in a small room it is delightful—sweet, pure, and dainty.

This, now, is the instrument for which Bach wrote, and nothing can be more unsuitable or vulgar than to play his music as if it were written for an orchestra. It is just the merit of the piano that, under skilful hands, it can reproduce the quality of tone of almost any instrument. Let it sing now like the gentle clavichord. The question of pedalling is a moot point. Some rigorous pietists say, "Bach had no pedal, we should use none." The people at the opposite extreme say, "He would have used all our resources if he had had them, and consequently we should use them." The safe course is probably in the middle. I would not double or alter one note for the sake of effect; but we cannot get exactly the peculiar tone of the clavichord, and, if we could, it would no more suit our large rooms than the tallow candles of Bach's time would light them. When, therefore, the harmony demands it, I would use the pedal, always remembering that the object of the pedal is not to make more noise but to intensify and sustain the tone.

There is even a greater hue-and-cry from the pietists at the suggestion of using the soft pedal, because it is a still more modern invention than the other. But this is foolish bigotry. The soft pedal only shifts the keyboard and causes the hammers to strike one string instead of three strings, and the tone produced thus is naturally much nearer to the clavichord's tone.

In the "Chromatic Fantasie" one has the feeling that Bach must have had a presentiment of our pianos. We know that he tried those just made for Frederick the Great at the Palace of Potsdam, and that he did not like them. But he was then an old man, and had not the energy to set about learning to play on a new instrument. His son,

Philip Emanuel Bach, was really the founder of our modern school of pianoforte players, and Father Sebastian may have written his "Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue" for this son, who was King Frederick's court pianist.

Much of the "Fantasie" is written in a sort of musical shorthand, very difficult to interpret rightly; but the correct interpretation has been handed down from P. E. Bach through his pupils and their pupils to ourselves. In Peter's edition the directions for performance are given in a preface; but it is doubtful whether many of my Fidelians would understand this. Fortunately it is not necessary to try, for Hans von Bülow, the most classical pianist of the past century, has left us a perfect edition, with all the arpeggios written out exactly as they are to be played. Bülow gives no metronome time, but that given in Peter's edition for the "Fantasie" is ♩ = 92 (four beats to a bar). The first two bars are very difficult to play evenly, and I do not think Bülow's fingering is helpful; but I should like you to try it and then try mine. I think your fourth fingers will thank me for not asking them to mount on to C sharp in bar 1. The figures beneath the line are for the left hand, those above it for the right hand.

Bar 1: 1 2 3 5 4 3 2 1 — 1 2 3 5 / 4 3 2 1 — 1 2 3 4 3 2 1

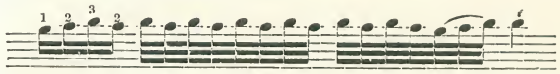
Bar 2: 2 3 4 3 2 1 4 3 2 — 2 3 5 / 4 3 2 1 — 1 2 3 4 3 2 1

No pedal. Begin quite softly at bar 3 and play very *legato* (on the clavichord the keys would have been held down). The dots and slurs in the bass mean that the notes are just separated from one another, but they are held for their full value. It will be allowable to pedal during the latter half of bars 3 and 4. The notes written on the treble stave, with stems down, are for the left hand, those with stems up are for the right. At the end of bar 8 the G sharps are played by the left hand and are joined to the following quavers. The fingering generally shows which hand is to be used—in bars 17-19, for instance, the figures under the notes denote the left hand. At bar 20 we have *allargando;* play slowly, with broad emphasis, and make the following trill as if it were written so:—



Make a long pause on the crotchet, holding the bass minim all the time.

The trill at bar 27 will be just the same, except that the first four notes, to which I give quaver value, are F sharp, G sharp, A, G sharp; the shake is on A, G sharp; and the finish is A, G sharp, F sharp, G sharp. After it there is again a broad harmonic passage, which gets gradually slower and softer till it reaches the lower D. Play the arpeggios exactly as marked, holding down the notes in full chords; each chord should be a little louder and a little faster than the last, till we arrive at the climax on the chord of A major marked *maestoso* (majestic). The following trill thus:—



The same in both hands. The next arpeggio chord begins at the lowest note, the right joining on where the left leaves off. A long pause. We now resume the first time, *allegro*. The passage needs careful practising; M.S. means left hand, M.D. right hand. After the double bar we have another flight of arpeggios, beginning *Andante* (that is, at walking pace; it literally means "going"). Towards the end of page 11 there is a semiquaver passage marked *poco stretto* (a little drawn together). It is only another way of saying a little faster. The trill on page 13 is like my second example; although it is only a dotted semiquaver, the pause over it makes it fully as long. Play the lovely passage at the top of page 14 with great expression; press each chord as if you were caressing it. I have heard pianists who should have known better arpeggio the chord on the fourth quaver. Do not do this, it robs it of its dignity. The *staccato* semiquaver triplets, *allegro*, are as nasty to play as anything can be. The shake at the end will only take about six notes. Do not overlook the quaver rest after the semiquavers E flat, D in the next bar. On page 15 the work for each hand is indicated by slurs, but there must be no break between the groups of notes thus divided. Keep the hands on the keyboard all the time, so that no additional emphasis shall be given to certain notes by the falling of the hands. The joins must be quite imperceptible. Note that all the trills on the last line but one begin on the upper note, also that the three arpeggios in the last two bars have unbroken wavy lines.

The "Fantasie" gets more beautiful as it approaches the end. Someone has called Bach the "Architect of Music," and never was the name better deserved than here. With the grand arpeggios on which this "Fantasie" is built, he seems to lead us through a vast cathedral made of music. In the Duomo at Milan the roof is supported on massive columns reaching so high that the eye can scarcely follow them. But it is worth while to try, for each column is surmounted, not by the conventional ornamental capital, but by the figure of an angel, the symbol of Heaven. Bach has set that cathedral to music. His arpeggios are pillars of sound, lofty and grand as any built of stone. In the *Lento rubato quasi improvisata* (end of page 16) we have the crowning angels, for these are winged thoughts which have no touch in them of earth.

Very sure and light must be the fingers that would play this music, they must be trained to obey unhesitatingly, and heart and head must guide them.

Take the pedal to the last chord, hold it while you count four, then, still holding the whole chord, let up the pedal gently. You will notice that something is gone; that something is the vibration of the sympathetic tones, or harmonics, which have been stopped by the dampers. Now, one by one, take up the notes of your chord—we are stepping down from the clouds—and when only the last D is left begin the Fugue very softly, ♩ = 120 (three beats to a bar).

Chromatic Fugue in D minor.

This beautiful Fugue in three voices is built upon a chromatic subject, eight bars in length, which consists of two sections, the first of which is again divided into two sub-sections.

The Subject given out by the treble begins on the dominant A, ending on the tonic D (first note of bar 8).

The Answer, contrary to the general rule, is not on the tonic but on the dominant of the dominant E, ending on the dominant A. It is given by the alto (bars 9-16) and is followed by the Subject in the bass (bars 19-25).

A notable feature of the Fugue is the dainty tripping Counter-subject, which forms a delightful contrast to the stately step of the Subject. It commences its lively course before the Answer has had time to begin, and is ended by a short Coda, which, in its turn, has an important career before it.

The Exposition closes with the end of the Subject in the bass, accompanied by the Counter-subject in the alto, and is followed by the first Episode (bar 27). This Episode is largely developed from the Counter-subject and the short Coda before mentioned, which latter, running through the three voices, attains almost to the dignity of a second Counter-subject.

We next have an entry of the Answer on E in the alto, accompanied by the Counter-subject in the treble (bar 42). A second Episode of quite a new character ensues. Arpeggio-like passages chase one another through the three voices, after which the alto answers itself (bar 60) by giving out the Subject on A, accompanied by the Counter-subject in the bass. After a lengthened Coda we have another variation of the Subject. The first sub-section, beginning on the tonic of D major, is given out in a somewhat altered form by the treble (bar 72), and is answered by the same first sub-section on the dominant (A major) in the alto (bar 74), each part being accompanied by the Counter-subject.

The bass then (bar 76) brings an entry of the entire Subject on the tonic of F sharp minor, but unaccompanied by the Counter-subject, a development of the first Coda taking its place.

A short Episode, in substance much the same as the first one, is followed by the Subject, beginning in the treble, on the tonic of B minor (bar 90), leading to the fourth Episode, imitated from the second one, and composed of broken chords.

Again the alto brings the Subject, commencing on the dominant A (bar 107), with a somewhat altered form of the Counter-subject in the treble and a pedal-point on the sub-dominant G.

The fifth Episode is a long one, eighteen bars, and is built upon the last part of the first Episode, a development of the Coda.

The alto once more brings its own Answer, commencing this time on the tonic D (bar 131), but only gives the first section, the second section being taken by the treble (bar 135). It is accompanied by a part of the Counter-subject in the bass.

The bass next gives the Subject on the dominant A (bar 140), whilst the treble and alto follow its course in a downward flight, first of sixths, then of thirds, after which the last Episode, which is almost identical with the previous one, but an octave lower, leads to the last entrance of the Subject on the dominant A (bar 154) in the treble, with a dominant pedal-point, and the ascending scale of D minor brings the fugue to a close.

In playing a fugue the important thing is to keep the Subject and its Answer well to the fore. This does not mean that every note of them is to call out "Listen to me!" Practise every entry of the Subject alone without its accompaniment until you get the right expression, which is gained by a due sense of proportion. We will take, for example, the Subject as it is first given out. Though we begin *pp*, there is a *crescendo* as far as C. The next notes are quavers, and on the unaccented part of the bar, therefore, they are *pp* again. Bar 3 begins the second sub-section, another *crescendo*, followed by another *pp* to the quavers, leading to the second section. Bar 7, the crotchets must be firm though soft, *p*, not *pp*, and the final D (bar 8), though it is only a quaver, must match them, because it is the first note of the bar, and it ends the Subject. It also starts the dancing Counter-subject. Let your fingers trip daintily now. Practise the Answer (bars 9-16) in exactly the same way, then play it with the Counter-subject, but in such a way that even your softest notes in the Subject have more weight than have the notes of the accompaniment.

No pedal may be taken, as it would muddle the parts, and clearness is the first essential.

Nearly all the shakes begin with the upper note. Play them quite evenly, and remember that the beauty of a shake is in its smoothness and equality, not in the number of notes that can be squeezed into it.

At bar 23 there is a shake in the alto. Play the little note D with the minim E, and follow up with the C sharp. On page 20 there is a long shake beginning on the lower note F, because the last note in the previous bar is G. Put no turn to the end of it, but stop on the F where it falls with the D in the bass in the third bar. On page 21, in the third bar, there is a shake in the bass. It too must begin on the lower note, because the C sharp requires a strong accent, such as only the first note can get. The end of this trill must be C, D, C, B, E.

Play the long shake on page 23 like the one on page 20, beginning and ending on C. The G at the end of the page, which has to last through four bars, must be played very firmly and be well held down. Though it is called a pedal-point, you must not take the pedal to it unless you have one of those pianos with three pedals.

The shake on page 24 is like the one at bar 23. Play B flat and D together. On page 26 the doubling of the notes of the Subject is Bülow's addition. I do not like it, but this is a matter of taste. Only the upper notes were written by Bach.

The scale of D minor at the end was also only written for one hand—the right—the left hand resting until it takes the chord of the seventh on A in the penultimate bar.

Rules of Membership.

Every reader of The Girl's Own Paper (boy or girl) can become a member.

1. Copy out the following in your own handwriting, and fill in the particulars; send it to the Editor, The Girl's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., with "Fidelio Club" written on the outside of your envelope at the top left-hand corner.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Age.—Under 12? Under 16? Over 16?

Pseudonym (if desired) .....

Chief musical characteristic—

Mind? Emotion? Muscle?

2. In the space marked "Mind, Emotion, Muscle," underline the quality of which you believe yourself to be possessed most, and cross out the other two, thus—

~~Mind~~ Emotion ~~Muscle~~

3. Every member may, each month, make one suggestion—that is, she (or he) may name a composer, a piece, or a style of composition to be analysed for practice.

4. Every member may also ask one question each month, and this may have reference to any piece that has already been discussed, or to any difficulty experienced in practising.

5. Such suggestion and question must always be accompanied by a "G. O. P." coupon (to be found near the Contents of the magazine), and will, with the answers, be published in The Girl's Own Paper.

6. Members may join at any time.

Answers.

"Ladybird."—Play the turn at bar 53 of the *Adagio* in Beethoven's Sonate, Op. 31, No. 2, as follows—



The other turns are played in the same manner. The tied semiquaver falls with the fifth demisemiquaver in the bass, the triplet with the sixth demisemiquaver, and the other notes as in the above example. In bars 43 and 44 of Chopin's "Berceuse," play seven treble notes to the first bass quaver, seven to the second, eight to the third, that completes the run; for the trill, play eight notes to the quaver chord, and seven on the crotchet, which will bring you on to B double flat, without a break go down to A flat, and finish the shake on A flat and B flat—eight notes to complete that bar, then seven notes to the first quaver of bar 44, that will bring you back to A flat; the nine little notes, in groups of triplets, must all go to the second bass quaver; the similar passage at the end of the bar is done the same way. Do not hurry over the little grace notes. Play them as quickly as you can with distinctness, and give the third and sixth quavers their full value. Whenever you find that you cannot play a passage exactly in time, make a general *rallentando*. You must never rob Peter to pay Paul!

"Buds and Blossoms."—Chopin's "Funeral March Sonate" only got three votes, so I cannot give it just yet, but it will come, and I will remember your difficulties. The little trills (they are not turns) in Mendelssohn's L. O. W., Book V., No. 2, at bars 39, 43, 45, will only require three notes—B flat, C, B flat—because the time is quick. I could not say that Chopin, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Mozart are the best. Your last should have been second, and your first third; and even then, where are Bach and Schumann?

"Sheltie."—Your name is not entered on my list. You must send your form of application, properly copied and filled in, with the "G. O. P." coupon.

[*Continued on p.* 559.

NOT ON THE CORONATION PROGRAMME.

It is the things which are not upon the programme which sometimes add an unexpected touch of tenderness or brilliancy to a ceremony, or which may tax the tact and resource of the most experienced to whom they may occur. That in so complicated a ceremony as that of the coronation of our kings some things should happen which are quite unexpected is inevitable, especially when it is remembered that those who go through the ceremonies have probably not done so before. Though it has happened that a Sovereign has been crowned more than once, this has been a very rare occurrence. It is also seldom that an archbishop officiates at a second coronation, so that most of those chiefly concerned come to the great ceremony quite unfamiliar with its complications. We propose to look at some of the incidents which have crept into various coronations of our sovereigns, and have helped to make or to mar their success.*

These have arisen from different causes. Sometimes it was the King who brought in some unrehearsed element, as when Richard I. took the crown from the Holy Table on the day of coronation to crown himself, thereby signifying that he held the crown from God alone; or when John—weak-minded King—laughed so immoderately at the time he was being crowned that he let fall a spear placed in his hand.

Richard II. became so tired with the protracted ceremonies that he was carried on the shoulders of knights, "being oppressed with fatigue and long fasting."

Edward VI.'s interruption of the order of the service was in keeping with the gentle character of this boy-king. When the three swords were carried before him, he observed that there was one yet wanting, and called for the Bible. "That," he said, "is the sword of the Spirit, and ought in all right to govern us, who use these for the people's safety by God's appointment. Without that sword we are nothing. From that we are what we are this day . . . . we receive whatsoever it is that we at this present do assume."

A somewhat similar motive doubtless prompted George III. When the time arrived for the reception of the Holy Communion on the day of his crowning, he wished to take off his crown to signify that he received the elements as a man and not as a king. He asked the Archbishop if he should do so. The Archbishop in turn consulted the Dean of Westminster, who is the instructor of the sovereign in these matters, but neither of them could say which was the usual form. The King took off his crown, saying, "There ought to be one."

Queen Charlotte desired to follow her husband's example, but the crown was so securely fixed that it could not easily be removed. The King told her that it might be considered as part of her dress, and not as an indication of power or greatness in one kneeling humbly in the presence of God.

As was to be expected, queens regnant or consort have also had their share in bringing about the unexpected on the occasion of their coronation. Queen Elizabeth was nothing if not a woman of decided action and speech. After she had been anointed with the oil, she said to her maids that it was "greese and smelt ill."

Queen Anne, the wife of James I., refused to take the Holy Communion at her coronation, remarking that "she had changed her religion once before," for the Presbyterian form of Scotland, "and that was enough."

When Mary was lifted up into the chair by the side of her husband and co-sovereign, William III., she was in due course girt with the sword and invested with the other

* For other interesting particulars as to coronations see *Crowns and Coronations*, William Jones, in which many of these incidents are found.



"GOD SAVE THE KING AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA."

symbols of authority. At the sight of this, her sister, Princess Anne, remarked, "Madame, I pity your fatigue."

On hearing this the Queen turned sharply round and said, "A crown, sister, is not so heavy as it seems."

This was an unfortunate remark of Anne's, for when she came to be crowned, though she was but thirty-seven years of age, she was so infirm from gout and corpulency that she had, when standing, to be supported by the arms of those who surrounded her.

One of the most dramatic examples of unanticipated incidents was the attempt of Queen Caroline to gain admission into Westminster Abbey at the coronation of her husband, George IV. When she presented herself at the door, the embarrassed door-keeper demanded her ticket, saying no person could be admitted without a peer's ticket. A door-keeper of a superior order informed her that no preparation had been made for her Majesty. Being thus repulsed, the unfortunate lady withdrew and went home to die.

Mr. Greville tells us, in regard to the coronation of Victoria the Well-beloved, that Lord John Thynne, who acted for the Dean of Westminster, informed him that so few persons knew the order of the ceremonies "that there was continual difficulty and embarrassment, and the Queen never knew what she was to do next." They made her leave her chair and enter into St. Edward's Chapel before the prayers were concluded, much to the discomfiture of the Archbishop. She said to Lord Thynne, "Pray tell me what I am to do, for they don't know," and at the end, when the orb was put in her hand, she said, "What am I to do with it?"

"Your Majesty is to carry it, if you please, in your hand."

"Am I?" she said. "It is very heavy."

The same writer mentions the incident of the Queen's ring. The coronation ring had been altered, owing to a mistake as to which is the "fourth finger," to fit her little finger. When the Archbishop was to put it on, she extended this finger, but he said it must, according to the rubric, go on the fourth finger. She said it was too small, and she could not get it on. He said it was right to put it there, and as he insisted she yielded, but had first to take off her other rings, and then this was forced on; but it hurt her very much, and as soon as the coronation was over, she was obliged to bathe her hand in iced water before she could remove it.

There have been times when it was the officiating Archbishop who has been the one to contribute the unexpected element. Lingard tells us that when Harold I. was to be crowned King, after usurping the throne in the absence of the legitimate claimant, Hardicanute, the Archbishop of Canterbury, at that time Egilnoth, refused to give the royal benediction, and turned to the King and said, "There are the crown and sceptre which Canute entrusted to my charge. To you I neither give nor refuse them, you may take them if you please; but I strictly forbid any of my brother bishops to usurp an office which is the prerogative of my see."

When Henry I. came to the throne, the title of Archbishop of Canterbury was in the keeping of Ralph of Escures, a palsied old man. Without the knowledge of Ralph, Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, was appointed to undertake the office of actually putting the crown upon the King's head. But this did not suit the old man, and when he saw Roger take the crown in his hands he stretched out his hand to take it himself. For a time the two prelates held it together, but notwithstanding his palsied state, indignation and pride made Ralph the stronger of the two. He succeeded in freeing the crown from his rival's grasp. But in his haste he nearly knocked it off the King's head altogether, and it would have fallen to the ground but for the timely intervention of the officials who saved it from such a fate.

It is a remarkable fact that when the crown was placed upon the head of James II., it tottered considerably. Henry Sidney, brother of Algernon Sidney, was the one who prevented it from falling, and as he did so, he remarked, "This is not the first time, your majesty, that my family have supported the crown!" The Queen noticed the insecurity of the crown, and when the Revolution had occurred, she remarked upon it in these words—"There was a presage that struck us, and everyone observed it; they could not make the crown keep firm on the King's head; it appeared always on the point of falling, and it required some care to hold it steady." The Queen was evidently somewhat of a wit, for another remark of hers is recorded anent the insecurity of the King's position. At the coronation banquet "when Champion Dimock," so says Pryme in his *Ephemeris Vitæ*, "let of his horse to kiss K. James II.'s hand, after that he had challenged any one that durst question the King's rights to the crown, as the custome is, the Champion in moving towards the King, fell down all his length in the hall, where there was nothing in his way that could visibly cause the same: whereupon the Queen sayde, 'See you, love, what a weak champion you have.' To which the K. sayd nothing, but laught, and the Champion excused himself, pretending his armour was heavy and that he himself was weak with sickness, which was false, for he was very well and had had none."

We have referred to the tottering crown. Another instance of the crown being in jeopardy was at the coronation of George IV. When the Lord High Steward carried the crown to the Holy Table, he found it heavier than he had anticipated, and it slipped from his hands; fortunately it was saved from reaching the ground.

In a few cases the addition to the programme has come from other than the highest concerned in the ceremonies. When Charles I. was presented to the people, Archbishop Laud said, "I desire you by your general acclamation, to testify your consent and willingness thereto." But to this invitation not a voice nor cheer answered; there was a death-like silence. At length, prompted by the Earl Marshal, the spectators cried out, "God save King Charles."

The mention of Earl Marshal recalls a mishap which occurred at the crowning of George III. That official on that occasion forgot the sword of state, the canopy, and the banquet chairs for the King and Queen. A sword had to be borrowed from the Lord Mayor of London, and a canopy was hastily raised. When the King complained of this omission, the deputy Earl Marshal—the Earl of Effingham—replied, "It is true, sir, that there has been some neglect, but I have taken care that the next coronation shall be regulated in the exactest manner possible." This unfortunate remark so amused the King that he insisted upon the poor Earl repeating it several times.

Mishaps have occurred to other parts of the regalia at different times. At the crowning of Charles I. the left wing of the dove that tops one of the sceptres was broken off. This was considered by the superstitious as an ill omen. When George III. was moving away with the crown upon his head, the great diamond in the upper portion of it fell off and was found only after considerable search.

At the coronation of Charles II. a quarrel took place between the royal footmen and the barons of the Cinque Ports for the possession of the canopy borne by the latter over the King's head. The King, having noticed the disturbance, ordered the footmen to be imprisoned and dismissed his service.

A difficulty arose at the ceremony connected with the crowning of George I. The King did not know English, and those around him were not well acquainted with German, and so the service had to be explained to the King in Latin. This gave birth to a joke which had a long run, that much "bad language" had passed between the king and his ministers on the Coronation Day.

The unrehearsed incident of poor old Lord Rolle falling in his attempt to pay homage to Queen Victoria and the Queen's gracious and touching descent from the throne to meet him are so well known as to need no minute description. Miss Martineau states that a distinguished foreigner in reporting the incident affirmed that the Lords Rolle hold their title on condition of rolling down the steps of the throne at the coronation of a sovereign.

Let us hope that there will be nothing "not on the programme" at the Coronation of Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, or if there is, may it be of the pleasant order of unrehearsed events.

SHELTIE.—Your coupon has come, but I want your form of membership filled in. Don't cut it out of the magazine, but write the particulars asked for.

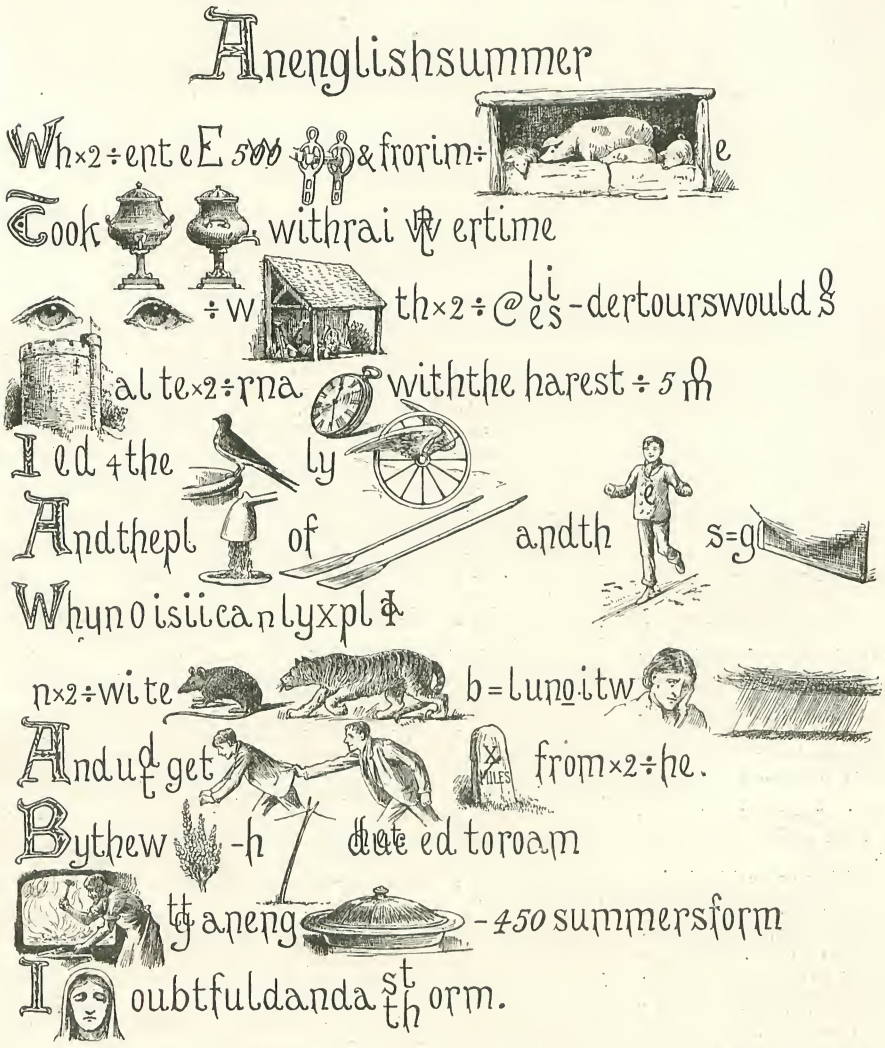
PHŒBE.—Your letter only arrived just in time to record your vote for the Bach paper. Write earlier next time.

G. CRAIG-HOUSTON.—Why did you not write sooner? I should like to help you, but I am afraid it is impossible now.

PIANO.—I have played a very pretty duet for piano and harp on airs from Weber's "Oberon," arranged by Oberthür, and the "Mermaid's Song" came in it. I have not heard it as a solo, but you can get the opera "Oberon," arranged by Ritter for piano solo, in Breitkopf and Härtel's edition for 1s. 6d.

YIB (Liverpool). Over 16. Emotion and Muscle.—*I will* see what I can do for you.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



NEW CONDITIONS.

The monotony of seeing the same names in the Prize List time after time leads us to impose New Conditions in the interest of the less expert solvers.

The Prizes will all be of the same amount—HALF-A-GUINEA each. Twelve will be awarded for each puzzle, including two for Competitors living abroad. No Competitor will be allowed to take more than one of these Prizes during the year; so that for each puzzle we shall have an entirely fresh list of Prize-winners.

Two Special Prizes, TWO GUINEAS and ONE GUINEA, will be awarded at the end of the year to the two solvers, whether previous winners or not, who have secured the highest number of marks during the year. This condition is framed to induce the expert solvers to persevere after they are debarred from winning one of the monthly prizes.

Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only, and to be headed with the name and address of the sender.

Solutions must be addressed to The Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.

The last day for receiving solutions from the United Kingdom will be July 16th, 1902; from Abroad, September 16th, 1902.

This Competition is open to all, irrespective of sex or age.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

GRACIE VEATS.—We are sorry that we cannot possibly enter into correspondence through the post in connection with this column, nor do we keep a register of addresses. If you scan these pages regularly, you will probably see a reply to JASMINE in due course. One would not be sent to her privately, and, if an answer comes, it will be in "Our Open Letter Box."

A HELP IN TROUBLE.—We are exceedingly sorry for you; but we advise you constantly to copy passages out of a book, being careful to get the spelling right. Your writing is not bad enough to justify your own condemnation of it. We have seen, and often see, much worse writing. It would do you good to get a series of copybooks and practise in them daily, just noticing how the headlines are spelt. Do not be troubled. You will certainly improve as you are so determined to try, and even half an hour a day will do much. Pray ask us any questions you wish. Always keep your eyes open as to the spelling of words. Your letter is neat, and you need not be in the least ashamed to write to anyone if you take the same pains that you have expended upon writing to us.

IPHIS.—Your writing is only pretty good. It is rather boyish, and might be very much improved by care. The words are too sprawling, and you should also be careful not to leave a margin at the end of your lines. We should advise you to try to keep the letters more closely together and take pains in their form, making them as graceful as possible.

BASS.—The story you relate is told of a great many musicians; we have heard it about Hummel. Probably it is founded on truth, in one instance or more; but we are unable to give you chapter and verse for the incident. We must repeat that we cannot answer letters by post in connection with "Study and Studio."

C. I. MCTAVISH.—Your little story is not at all bad, and, although we cannot say definitely that you will be "able to make money by writing stories," we think you may be encouraged to persevere. Do not be in a hurry to try to publish, for you are very young. Your writing is rather cramped, and the letters are not well formed. It is shown to disadvantage by the MS. paper you use with such very close lines. Aim at greater freedom, and avoid sudden blacknesses in the wrong place. You should let the reader understand at the outset that the scene is in South Africa. It is not until the Boers are mentioned on the last page that we know "where we are." You have our best wishes.

MISS VIOLET CORKE, Studley House, Hounslow, Middlesex, does not wish to exchange any more post-cards.

THE FIDELIO CLUB.

Answers.

Oxoniensis.—Your appreciative letter gave me great pleasure, but though I like to know that my papers make music more interesting and living to you, I should be grieved if they caused you to neglect your other studies, and compromised your chances of success in exams. The "Fantasie Impromptu" will not come yet, but as you chose so many pieces, two of your wishes are gratified in this number. With reference to the octave *glissando* in Weber's "Concert-Stück," it must be played with the thumb and fifth finger of the right hand. You can do it if your hand is large enough to strike a tenth, not otherwise. I can only stretch an octave, so I can only play *glissando* sixths, but I was taught by Paderewski how to do that, and I will pass on the lesson to you. Begin with sixths and go on to octaves afterwards. Place your hand on a sixth, say C-A, without sounding the notes, or moving your fingers, draw your hand down the piano. Note the part of your thumb and of your little finger that touch the keys. Now practise the *glissando*, sounding the notes, first with the thumb, then with the little finger, then together. You won't be able to do it at once, and much depends on your piano. Paderewski plays an Erard, I play a Blüthner. It is much easier to play *glissandos* on his piano. I shall like to know whether you succeed.

"Mayblossom."—You shall have the "Sonate Appassionata" next time. Now I am going to tell you something about Chopin's 15th Prelude. He composed it at Majorca in an old and deserted monastery. You know he was very nervous and excitable. One night there was a terrible storm, and as he sat alone in his little dark cell, he became so frightened that he forgot where he was, and imagined himself lying at the bottom of a lake with drops of ice-cold water falling relentlessly on his breast. At last the storm passed over, and the moonbeams flickered through the narrow casement. Then, seating himself, half in a dream still, he played, and the piece that he improvised was the 15th Prelude, with the ever-recurring A flat or G sharp, symbolising the steady drop, drop of the water on his breast, which had probably been suggested to his fevered imagination by the heavy fall of the rain-drops on the roof. Now, dear little Dutch friend, don't you like your Prelude better? The first part, which is repeated at the end, has a tone of comfort, for the storm is passed; the middle part, which is sad and piteously appealing, is the remembrance of that terrible dream. I don't think you are old enough yet to understand it, and gayer music is more fitting for my twelve-year-old Mayblossom.

Elsa.—I am afraid that all your pieces are a long way down the list; but I took Grieg's "Norwegian Bridal Procession," which, I imagine, is the "Bridal March" you mean, in the February "G. O. P."

Evelyn.—There were more votes for the "Nocturne" by Paderewski than for the "Theme Varié," so you must practise it first. I should not think that it can be very good to practise on an American organ instead of on the piano. I should fear it would make the touch heavy.

"Enitor."—Marx wrote about Beethoven's Sonates, but he only took a few of them, and Op. 54 is not one. I am afraid I cannot solve your enigma in the short space of an answer.

Brandane.—I took pity on the poor soul living on an island; but here is the answer for other Fidelians. Pauer's "Courante," given in List C, is marked "*Leggiero non legato*, but without *staccato* dots." How is it to be played? If there were *staccato* dots, you would take up every note as soon as it was struck; you are not to do that. If it were *legato* you would join each note to its successor; you are not to do that. A Courante is an old form much used by the Masters who wrote for the harpsichord. On this instrument it was impossible to play *legato*, and music on it had a tripping tone, which reminds one of a Frenchwoman talking English. Try to play your Courante like that, and remember that the first essential is absolute evenness.

A Scots Thistle.—I hope my analysis of the "Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue" this month will help you with your exam. There is a very good book, *A History of the Pianoforte and Pianoforte Players*, translated from the German of Oscar Bie, published by Dent & Co., London. I can recommend it to all my Fidelians. The price is 12s. 6d. You can send me your album to 41, Holland Road, Kensington, but you must enclose stamps for its return.

Evie Rawska.—You must be satisfied with the Nocturne this time, but you said you would like anything by Paderewski.

Animato.—I am afraid I cannot help you to minimise the difficulty of the last movement of the Waldstein Sonate. With short arms it is almost impossible to play with the left hand up in the treble. It is very important to have perfect freedom in your sleeves (I am a heartbreak to my dressmaker!). The height of your seat must also be carefully regulated. Never sit on those awful round stools, but have a square seat on which you can lean a little to one side, and sit just so high that your elbow comes on a level with the keyboard. If my seat is half an inch too high, I am like a tenor afflicted with stage fright—my top notes won't come off!

"Waveney" (Rochdale). Over 16. Mind.—I am very sorry, dear Fidelian, that your membership was not published before. I cannot account for the omission, for I have you enrolled as one of the first on my long list. I am very glad that you have enjoyed the club so much.

Nelly Smart.—*Musical Forms*, by Pauer, published by Novello, price 2s., might help you. I am afraid you cannot do much alone.

"French Horn."—Strictly speaking, only the fingers engaged in the shake should move, but if your next finger is sympathetically inclined, I should not be too severe with it. You might practise the shake holding down the unused fingers, to get greater freedom. I am sure it is quite time you "attacked a fugue."

Lynette.—I am glad you gave your vote for a fugue paper, and the Chromatic Fastasie and Fugue is the most beautiful composition of this class that I know. You ask why should the trills in the last movement of the Fantasie Sonate begin on the upper note? Because the dissonance with the lower note is in character with the poignant tone of the music, because you must end on the lower note in order to finish off, and finally because Bülow gave the direction in his edition, which is the best. Are you satisfied?

Marjorie (Pocklington). Over 16. Emotion.—Like Waveney, you have been badly treated, for your name is also on my list. I hope I have not overlooked any more Fidelians. You have one of your wishes granted in this number.

Pianoforte.—It will be better to play the Forty-Eight Preludes and Fugues without any pedal. It is really inadmissible in fugue-playing, but it might be used sparingly in the preludes.

Daffodil.—To improve your reading, read something every day. Let it be something that you could play without difficulty, and before you begin each phrase or line, read the music as you would a book without the piano. Note what sharps or flats are in the signature, what accidentals occur, and count each bar before playing it. If you do all this carefully, you will soon improve.

Fidèle.—I am delighted that you have passed your L.R.A.M., and hope you will keep up your music. You can work at the Chromatic Fantasie this month, and next time you will have the Appassionata.

Waldstein.—It was very nice of you to vote for a piece that would probably please a number of Fidelians, and you were lucky in your choice. The "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso" will come next time. Yes, Beethoven is my favourite composer, and Fidelio was his ideal woman. That was why I chose her name for our club.

Excelsior.—I am greatly pleased that my fingering of the Ricordanza helped you. I felt sure that would be the stumbling-block to most of you.

Achea (Hampstead). Over 16. Emotion and muscle.—Thanks. Is it a riddle?

Florrie (Southend). Over 16. Mind.—You will not have played anything so difficult as the "Appassionata" at the Senior Trinity College Exam., but never venture, never win.

Valeria (Gainsborough). 18. Mind.—I am sorry I cannot give you the Fugue in E minor, as there were many more votes for the Chromatic; but as you wanted a paper on fugue, your vote is recorded above. Haydn was not asked for before, but I have made a note of his Sonate in F major, No. 3, for another time.

Vectis (Bonchurch). 19. Mind.—Certainly, you must try again. It would do you good to study the Chromatic, and I should advise you to get it. If I were asked, I should certainly recommend the Associated Board exams. in preference to any other, but I try to help my Fidelians with any exam.

Woodsome (London). Over 16. Emotion.—Chopin's "Nocturne, Op. 72, No. 1, had only two votes, so it cannot be given just yet.

Hina (New Zealand). Over 16. Emotion.—Yes, it is interesting to know that in so many parts of the world Fidelians are studying the same compositions. I hope you will find no difficulty in obtaining the pieces. Why do you take your "G. O. P." quarterly? It would surely be more interesting to have it monthly.

"Chiny" (Kew). Under 16. Mind.—Your letter was neither long nor a nuisance; it was very nice. I hope to hear that you have passed in List A.

Maude (Chili). 20. Emotion.—I have had to change your pseudonym, because I have a "Fidelia" already. The "Polonaise," Op. 53, by Chopin, is on the list—55 was a misprint—but it only had three votes, so it cannot come just yet.

Enthusiast (Newcastle). 16. Emotion.—Your letter was very interesting, and I am glad to enrol you as a member. I think your idea of corresponding with another Fidelian, with a view to mutual improvement and enlargement is good, and I will forward your address to anyone who asks for it.

Sylvain (Redhill). Over 16. Mind.—I am glad to be able to grant your wish at once, and hope you will pass in the "Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue."

"Dutch Girl" (The Hague). Under 16. Mind.—I am glad to welcome a compatriot of my little Mayblossom, and I shall like to hear from you too. Valeria wants Haydn's 3rd Sonate, and you want his 19th. As no one else has asked for Haydn, we must ask the Fidelians to send in votes for either of those Sonates, and I will take the one that is most liked. Your English is excellent.

C. Winifred James (Plymouth). Over 16. Mind and Emotion.

"Golden Legend" (Arbroath). Over 16. Muscle.

"Lullaby."—As you see, I shall take one of your pieces next time. I am glad you also voted for a fugue paper. Schumann's "Schlummerlied" was composed in 1841, the year after his marriage.



Girls' Own Paper. *London.*

"HERE IN COOL GROT AND MOSSY CELL."

From the painting in the Salon by L. E. ADAN.

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THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XXIII.—NO. 1171.] JUNE 7, 1902. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A WOMAN PAINTER.



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LUCY KEMP WELCH. [*Photo by R. Haines.*

LUCY KEMP WELCH.



WOMEN seem to have succeeded in the art of animal painting. About two years ago the collected works of that wonderful woman, Rosa Bonheur, were shown in one of the galleries of Bond Street, and we wondered at her marvellous gift in painting the life-like pictures of cows, and horses, and goats, and all sorts of animals. The French artist died in 1899, and now her mantle seems to have fallen upon a young English woman — Lucy Elizabeth Kemp Welch.

Miss Kemp Welch is a Hampshire girl, having been born at Bournemouth in 1869. She was a pupil at Herkomer's, having received her art education in his school at Bushey, near Watford. No one who was present will forget a morning in Herkomer's studio, some twelve years or more ago, when the students brought in the work which they had done by themselves away from the school; the turn came for Miss Kemp Welch to show her work; the fair, small, slight girl dragged in a picture so large that she could hardly manage it alone. The master frowned at the enormous canvas, and looked annoyed that a young pupil should have wasted so much paint. But when the picture was placed in front of him, astonishment and pleasure dawned upon the master's face, that a mere girl should have done this. He could hardly believe his eyes that such a fine conception could have been executed by this young pupil, and she a woman! This was the first knowledge the school at Bushey had that they possessed a woman genius in their midst.

The first picture which Miss Kemp Welch exhibited on the walls of Burlington House was in 1894. But the picture by which she made her fame was one of wild ponies, called "Colt Hunting," which she painted near her old home in the New Forest, in 1897. This picture was bought for the nation by the Chantry Bequest, and you can go and see it any day you like at the Tate Gallery on the Thames Embankment. Another of her great pictures, the subject of which is "Horses Bathing in the Sea," is far away on the other side of the world, having been bought by the Australians and placed in their National Gallery at Victoria.

Most of you will remember her picture in last year's Academy; it was on the subject which had been filling all our minds a few months before—"Lord Dundonald's Dash for Ladysmith." The small hills round, the rough boulders in front, making the ground look anything but agreeable for a dashing gallop; Lord Dundonald, the central figure in the picture, pulling in his horse for a moment as he speaks to an aide-de-camp on his left; and the other officers on horseback all around him, some in sun-helmets, some in the khaki felt hats we have learnt during this war to know so well. A most business-like group of determined soldiers they look, bent on the relief of that small town, about which the whole of the English-speaking world was thrilling with excited fear.

Here in this war-subject Miss Kemp Welch seems to follow in the spirit of another great woman-artist, Miss Thompson, whose famous pictures of battle scenes are of world-wide fame. Miss Thompson—Lady Butler, as she afterwards became—had one special advantage in her life—she married a soldier, and she used to get the men of his regiment to charge right at her as she painted them on the parade-ground at Dover. Miss Kemp Welch can hardly have had this advantage, and a charge of cavalry might have disquieted the calm little village street at Bushey!

What a charming little place Bushey is! The railway station is some way from the village. You walk up a hill with fields and hedges on either side, and then come to the winding village street with its quaint old houses, and then a pond on your right and the village church standing behind it. In one of the old cottages with its bow windows looking down the village street, Miss Kemp Welch lives with her sister, and she has built herself a studio at the back of it.

Near by in a wonderful house, a copy of a German mediæval castle, lives her distinguished neighbour and master, Herkomer. Your breath is almost taken away with amazement when you turn in at the gate and suddenly see this massive stone castle with its copper hall door in front of you. Inside it is full of beautiful carving and tapestries with gorgeous patterns; the interior is very much in the style of those wonderful castles built by King Ludwig in Bavaria.

Miss Kemp Welch used to ride after the hounds when she lived in Hampshire; she is also very fond of hockey, and cycling. She is very industrious, and from a young girl she has always been making sketches of horses and dogs.

Two women have had the honour of being made Royal Academicians—Angelica Kauffmann and Mary Moser. They were both nominated in the very first batch of R.A.'s by George III. Another lady during last century very nearly gained the honour. When Lady Butler came up for election she missed it by one vote only; the votes were equal; the president gave his casting vote for a man instead of for the woman. In this enlightened twentieth century is it too much to hope that the Royal Academicians will once more invite a woman to join their ranks? If so, we venture to say that the first woman to receive this honour will be Lucy Kemp Welch, whom we consider without a doubt the greatest living woman-artist.

THE FERNLEY GIRLS' GUILD.

By SARAH TYTLER.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD RULES.

"NUMBER First Rule," proclaimed Sophy, "has to do with an offence with which girls have been charged for generations, nay, for centuries. I will not go so far as to say it is a sin; but unquestionably it is a nuisance much complained of by older people. I myself think it is unbecoming rational creatures, and that it is enough to cause us to be treated with scanty respect. The offence is giggling. We must give over giggling. We are getting worse than our grandmothers were, for they were taught to struggle against giggling except in strict privacy. 'A giggling miss in white muslin' was held up as a reproach to them. Now misses no longer wear white muslin in ball-rooms, but discipline is relaxed, and unless

when the girls are of an entirely different—of what I may call an academic type, they have resumed their giggling—in public!"

Sophy had been permitted to get as far as this, when Clara and Katie Field broke out in one aggrieved voice, interrupted by such a flourish and fanfare of giggles in which Annie Field instantly joined, that they sounded positively hysterical, and like hysterics they were infectious. They made Alice Singleton titter and only recover herself with a guilty gulp and a shame-faced look at Sophy. To have failed Sophy when she was making her first point was too bad. But no wonder Alice failed when even Maggie Somerville was nearly set off her balance by the giggling chorus. Nobody's composure continued intact save that of Sophy herself, who looked a little put out and hurt, and that of the Torrenses, who were indignant in their judge-like solemnity. When did they deign to giggle? What cause was there for any apprehension of giggling from them, and what did Sophy Singleton mean by her reference to the academical type of girl? Was that allusion aimed at them?

"My!" Clara Field, who was not choice in her expletives, got out at last. "We are not to be allowed to laugh? What are you coming to, Sophy Singleton?"

"Giggling is not laughing," retorted Sophy in a tone of pained rebuke; "in fact, it is the destruction of genuine laughter, which only comes when the sense of humour is keenly aroused, and there is a lively impression of something witty said, or something droll happening. The perpetual giggler at nothing is not in a state to appreciate wit or drollery. She is like a man who goes on idly sipping sugar and water till he has forgotten the taste of honey and does not realise it when he chances to meet it. Laughter is for our distraction and relief; to exercise it is not to be the main purpose of our lives, else they will lose their dignity, and it will lose its zest. But I have no quarrel with real hearty laughter. If you had listened to the end of the rule, you would have found that my suggestion was when we girls were together—and we might follow up the plan with advantage at home—we should be allowed to indulge either simultaneously or separately in three good laughs in an hour. If we exceeded our allowance, we should be made to pay a small fine every time we broke the rule."

"I should not wish to be laughing uproariously even once in an hour," said Lilian Torrens loftily, "smiling would suffice for me."

"You may as well call us a guild of owls at once," protested Katie Field, and the comparison awoke another round of giggles; but though it was emphasised by an attempted dramatic version of the simile delivered half under her breath by Annie in a couple to "to-whits to-whoos," the refrain was neither so long nor so loud as on the previous occasion. The very word giggle had stimulated a faint sense of resentful affront.

"We shall be as dull as ditch-water," complained Clara with only the ghost of a giggle.

"Earnestness is not dulness," Sophy corrected the inference. "And, oh, dear, what would life be without earnestness? How unsubstantial and vain! What mere froth! I am sure we all know Longfellow's line and agree with it that

'Life is real, life is earnest.'

I am not a good linguist," broke off Sophy modestly, "but one German quotation has stuck fast in my mind:

'*Ernst ist das Leben.*'

I hope we don't need to be in church on a Sunday to understand that."

"So we are going to be intense," muttered Gladys Torrens, by no means so low that the words did not reach Sophy, who coloured. But she was prepared for home-thrusts. She knew they must be given and taken if the root of the matter were to be reached. If the Guild were to enter a new era of being scathing, bracing, ennobling, of course she must accept her share of the home-thrusts. But she believed it might be time to put the rule to vote, which was like applying the parliamentary closure to which her father so strenuously objected in reading his newspaper. "It may save time," he said, "but no fellow gets his say out, and no subject is thrashed to the bottom."

"Shall we vote for the passing or the withdrawal of Rule First?" Sophy put the question not without fear and trembling to the assembled guild; but there was no opposition to the taking of the vote. The tug of war confined itself to the words "passing" and "withdrawal." Alice Singleton, the two Torrenses, Maggie Somerville and Sophy with her casting vote were safe to vote "pass," and this was an ample majority when the number of members was considered, but when the division was put to proof, it was shown that there was uncertainty in the enemy's camp. Indifferent, even ranged in hostility to public opinion, as the Fields were apt to show themselves, Clara hated to have herself branded by her companions as a giggler and a supporter of giggling. She was growing just a little beyond it, and attaining to the rank of her mother and her elder sisters, who laughed, chuckled cosily, or shrugged their shoulders and broke into ringing peals, but were too completely grown-up for giggling. Clara, in spite of her earlier outburst, actually voted "pass," and Katie and Annie were so taken aback by her action that they copied her example and voted "pass" also, gaping in derision of themselves as they did so. Therefore, to Sophy's gratified amazement, Rule First was carried unanimously. The small success gave her courage to declare her next proposition.

"The Second Rule supposes that there are some among us more highly educated than the others. We admire their learning—even if we are not jealous of it, as perhaps it will be natural for them to suppose after I have finished. This rule prescribes that for the good of the many, when we are together, our learned members shall restrict themselves in the expression of their learning. They are not to talk classics, or to dwell on the profound intricacies of Greek grammar and the difficulties of Latin prose; they are not to enlarge on the philosophy of Plato, or Aristotle, or Hegel, or Schopenhauer, or even Herbert Spencer oftener than twice, for ten minutes at a time, while the rest of us sit uncomprehending, at any of our gatherings. Even when our learned members encounter congenial spirits, for the college girl is abroad and rather much in evidence nowadays, still, the substance of the rule is to be observed. The daughters of the Universities are not to form cliques for the thorough consideration of ancient charters and of the foreign policy of dead and gone monarchs, treating the bulk of us as Philistines, shutting us out of the conversation, ignoring us, as if we were not worthy of their notice."

"Hear, hear!" cried the noisy section of the Philistines.

Upon the whole, the Torrens girls took the open assault on their ramparts in good part. They had learned to give and take among their other acquirements at College. They were at the foundation good-natured and kind-hearted, under the superficial accumulation of pretentious pedantry. For they were not

among the few women who—very often in proportion to the profundity and soundness of their attainments—can wear their learning gracefully. They were more flattered than offended by the rule which could only relate to their conduct. At the same time, Gladys immediately caught at what struck her as a flaw in Sophy's logic.

"You mean us—Lilian and me," remarked Gladys coolly, "you can mean nobody else here, but I am afraid you are very inconsistent, Sophy. If we are better educated than the rest of you, and I am not going to be guilty of mock modesty by denying it, and if you call this a mutual improvement guild, how can you start by refusing to be improved? How can we hand over any information to you if you decline to let us talk of the very subjects we have studied, with which you are unacquainted?"

Sophy was taken aback and stood for a moment convicted of glaring inconsistency, till Maggie Somerville, seeing that her president looked abashed and did not answer, came to her rescue.

"I don't think it is intellectual improvement exactly that Sophy proposes we should seek—is it, Sophy? It is with minor morals and manners you said you were dealing, didn't you? As for information on the classics or on mathematics or physics, I don't believe that we could pick up much from the tallest conversation, which does not, even in its tallness, rise to the rank of what father calls 'trashy popular lectures.' If we wanted such scraps of knowledge we could ask and get them from our fathers or brothers any day. What Sophy means is that we should all be intelligent and intelligible in a general way, able to meet each other, and follow each other on the thousand and one topics open to us all. Is not that it?"

Sophy was herself again.

"Certainly. I was thinking more of courtesy, which I read the other day is a most sweet and gracious quality that is being rapidly stamped out in society, especially among young people. Everybody is so self-assertive, impatient and rude nowadays. No, no, I don't mean you, Gladys and Lilian. If I had meant you, the rudeness would not be far to seek. Only girls used to be deferential to their elders, obliging to each other and amiable all round: and I don't know that they are a bit the better or the happier for suffering themselves — nay, for absolutely trying to be the reverse."

"It is sad," Lilian Torrens professed to lament the change, overdoing the lamentation. "But, you know, you class us two as blue-stockings and *précieuses ridicules*, and did you ever hear of persons like these being timidly retiring or effusively polite?"

"I have always understood that blue-stockings were detestable frights and slovens, going out of their rooms with their shoes down at heel and their hair about their ears, reading an old fogey like Homer—Gladys says he is out of fashion—and doing problems in Euclid. I am sure I wish he were shelved with the other ancients, we cannot get through 'Locals' without him," Katie Field asserted loudly.

"We have made an advance on our predecessors," announced one of the Torrenses, putting out a shapely foot in a shapely boot, and just tilting her little hat for an instant to reveal the artistically piled-up hair beneath.

"As to the other creatures to whom you gave a foreign name, we know nothing about them—they are not on our visiting list," cried Annie Field, with careless nonchalance.

"We might have introduced you," put in Gladys, "but there, we do not insist on casting our pearls——"

"Before swine," shouted Annie Field, in the greatest glee. "Do you hear, Clara? Kitten and the rest of you—even Sophy there, telling us how to behave—are the swine, and Gladys and Lilian are the jewellers—or pearl-divers were they?"

"Hush!" "Order!" "Unparliamentary language!" were remonstrances addressed to Annie—in vain, so far as contrition and amendment were in question. Without doubt she had not come in contact with many examples of soft euphemistic speech during the railway journeys, in which a considerable portion of her life was spent, and the shrieks of laughter in which she indulged, throwing back her lovely little head and face, were hardly preferable to the giggles which she had pledged herself to abandon—that they had replaced.

"I never said you were a piggy-wiggy. They don't grunt or squeal so loudly; but I shall say without fail, that you are a tomboy, who interrupted me without scruple when I was in the act of informing Sophy and the Guild that though your second rule is personal—decidedly personal—Lilian and I bear no malice. We vote 'pass' to it as to the other. But mind, we do not promise always to keep it in mind and observe it. We shall be constantly forgetting, discussing what interests us, and getting fined."

Nevertheless, Rule Second passed unanimously like Rule First.

In Rule Third it sounded as if Sophy were really aiming, after all, at the intellectual gain of herself and her companions. She had heard of a club called the Half-hour Club. Most likely it was of Transatlantic origin, in which the members were bound to read a solid and improving book for half an hour every day. In order to direct their selection, lists of proper books for the purpose were supplied, and still further to ensure the members' fulfilment of their obligations, there were stated club meetings, at which the contents of the books were discussed, when prizes were given for the best summaries and analyses of the volumes. The scheme had caught Sophy's imagination; she fancied that if it were adopted by the Guild, it might help to steady some of the members, and to render them more thoughtful and serious. Besides, it was calculated to supply a rational motive for their gatherings, and to compel the girls who composed them to be more sensible and in earnest. In time a far higher attraction than that of mere girlish chatter and teasing opposition might be given to the Guild's proceedings.

Rule Third failed to evoke universal applause, or, indeed, strong applause from any side.

"I say, you don't mean us to spend half an hour over some dozy prosy book when we cannot find time to do our lessons—those of them we haven't learnt in the train," objected the two younger Fields, with one voice. "What do you take us for? What do you mean to make us? Mother says when we come home, 'Poor things, let them alone! They have had enough work and worry for one day; let them enjoy themselves.' She will not suffer Adela, or Harriet, or Geoff Parker to nag us, and bid us go and find our histories or our anthologies, instead of playing halma, or joining the grown-ups in their various games. Annie here is a dab at them, I can tell you. But you would have us work from morning to night, I declare, though we have no intention of going in for certificates of merit, or anything of the kind. No, no, Sophy, we beg off; we are hard enough worked already. Keep your instructive books for yourself and Alice, who are done with lessons,

happy creatures! To be sure, you have not the fun of our rides to town every day; if it were not for them, I don't believe we could stand these horrid lessons."

Gladys was tilting her chin again, and shaking her head significantly to Lilian.

"Half an hour of any book worth reading and remembering! why, that would only be a sip, a crumb, we should hardly have settled down to read. Three hours—the whole morning would not be too much. How many hours a day did we read at Newnham, Lilian? Nine hours, wasn't it, when we were in full swing? And we contrived to evade the restrictions, and put in eleven just before the exams. Half an hour would be baby's play, of no earthly good."

"It might not always be a heavy book requiring accurate, prolonged thought," faltered Sophy. "It might sometimes be a good novel. There are clever, wise novels, pictures of human character and life—illustrations of history."

"Not for us," interrupted Clara Field emphatically. "We all of us hate novels with reflections and a moral. We should as soon dream of reading a sermon or an essay for pleasure. When we want a story it must be a story and nothing more, and the more exciting it is, the more it makes our hair stand on end, and forces us to clench our teeth the better."

"I doubt whether I should have half an hour to spend every day on the plan of reading which you propose," speculated Maggie Somerville anxiously. "At least it could not be done in a lump and at a regular time. Half an hour seems a very short time to Gladys and Lilian, but you see there is so much to be done in our house. Mother is not so strong as she used to be, though she won't say it, and frequently won't call me as she ought. She says young folks should not be constantly on the grind. Older people are used to it, and don't feel it to the same extent; but I think it is all the other way sometimes. The most of the reading I have to do is for the children—to keep them quiet or to send them to sleep. Or father feels his eyes weary and wishes me to read out to him, and then mother will have her turn. 'Give me a bit of Schiller, Maggie, while I mend the table-cloth, that I may see you are not forgetting your German.'"

Sophy felt lost when she heard a dissentient voice from her most devoted adherent. She made an effort to recover herself.

"We might reduce the time to a quarter of an hour," she conceded. "I remember reading how much Ann and Jane Taylor of Ongar made out of a quarter of an hour's study."

"Why not bring it down to five minutes?" demanded Lilian Torrens with incredulous laughter. "I daresay some other geniuses accomplished wonders on a five minutes' allowance."

Finally it was settled that Rule Third should pass with an indulgence of a quarter of an hour granted to those who could not undertake the half hour.

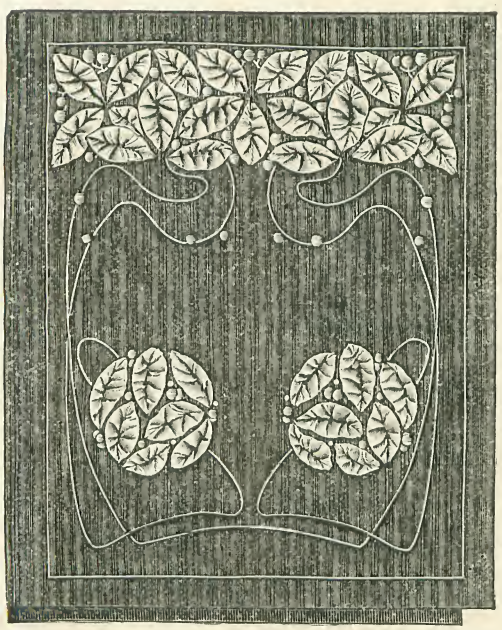
"We may do it when we are waiting for breakfast or for the train," agreed the Fields.

"I may manage the half hour when Hardy is brushing out my hair—how comical to accomplish my serious studies during so short an operation!" said Gladys Torrens.

(*To be continued.*)

MY WORK-BAG.

Blotter with Raised Ribbon Embroidery.



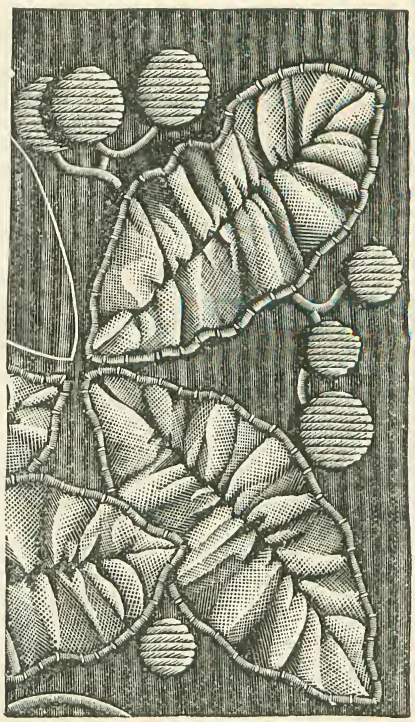
BLOTTER WITH RAISED RIBBON EMBROIDERY.

Length 16 inches, width 12¼ inches. This is ornamented with a very effective scheme of embroidery which is easily carried out.

Take a piece of green Empire silk 16½ inches long and 21¼ broad and draw or trace the design on it in its natural size.

For carrying out the embroidery use cream-coloured ribbon, three-quarters of an inch in width, cord to match, and strong thread. The stalks are formed with the cord, which also outlines the leaves, and the balls are stitched with the thread. The leaves are formed of ribbon. Cut off for each leaf a length of 6 inches, sew the ends together and draw up the inner edges with one thread. Thus you obtain a leaf-like form, which is sewn on to the material according to the design. The edges of these leaves are firmly sewn down with thread to match. When finished the blotter is mounted.

Our model was lined with green silk.

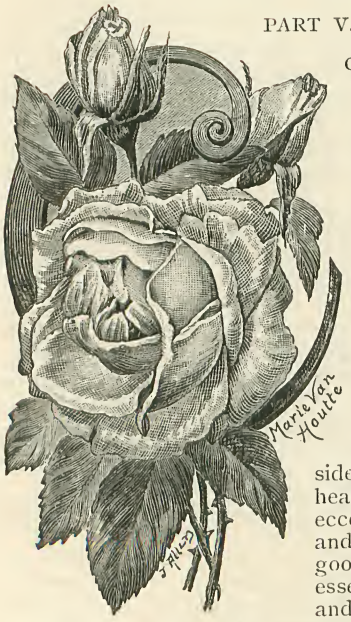


DETAIL OF BLOTTER. *(Natural size.)*

CHARACTER AND CONDUCT.

STUDIES IN CHARACTER.

By ALFRED T. SCHOFIELD, M.D. (*Chairman, Parents' National Educational Union*).



PART V.

CONDUCT is the expression of the qualities of character. We will shortly consider these before saying a few words on conduct.

The value of a girl's character, curiously enough, does not depend entirely upon its qualities, but upon their harmonious proportions.

We find the importance of proportion generally recognised in our current expressions: such as "a well-balanced character," "a one-sided character," or "a level-headed man." Cranks and eccentrics and "hobbyists" and faddists may all have good characters, but they are essentially ill-proportioned, and therefore of little value.

The first meaning of δικαιοσύνη as understood by Plato is not justice, but the equal balance of the different factors of character, and this is a point we would specially press on our readers.

Rationality and sanity depend on all-round views—on seeing things from a general standpoint (which is, of course, the combination of various standpoints), and not being wholly absorbed by a single aspect.

Such rational characters affirm much and deny little, knowing that we are generally right in what we affirm and wrong in what we deny. Truth is so many-sided that they who have seen what different aspects it may wear from various points of view know the force of this. But they who have only one standpoint, and observe that a certain object appears round, are not content with saying it is round, but must deny that it is square, and quarrel with any who assert this. One can always rightly affirm the truth of what one sees and knows, but to deny there can be anything else, is to say one knows the thing or matter completely and perfectly. The fact is that on earth we cannot *comprehend* truth. At most we *apprehend* in part and know in part. Truth, like light, is one, and is white; but passing through the prism of the finite mind truth becomes split up, like light, into many coloured rays—violet, indigo, blue, red, etc. The man who discovers the red ray is so fascinated with its beauty that he constitutes himself its champion, and declares that red is truth, and truth is red and nothing but red; and he becomes a bitter antagonist of another seer, equally limited in thought, whose path, having been illumined by a green ray, proclaims henceforth that truth is green and nothing but green. It is sad to think that these two doughty champions, both valiant fighters for different aspects of the one truth, may not become reconciled until the diverging rays become again absorbed in infinity, and the light that is "above the brightness of the sun" reveals to their astonished gaze that truth itself is neither red nor green, but white. The one who takes the widest views is always the one who makes the most moderate statements, and the strongest characters are generally the simplest in speech; the feeble endeavouring to conceal their weakness by the strength and, sometimes, profanity of their language. This is one reason why weak young men are so given to swearing and to superlatives.

Emerson says, referring to the balance of common-sense: "There is a certain wisdom of humanity common to all men." The "sweet reasonableness" of Matthew Arnold still better describes the quality we are dwelling on. "Let your moderation be known unto all men" perfectly expresses the idea of a well-balanced character in New Testament language. It is the curbing of instinct by wisdom that governs destiny. Just as a circle is the most perfect figure in geometry, so is a character perfect in proportion as it is circular in form. All square characters have angles, and all lopsided characters are uneven.

Overgrown powers on one side of the character dwarf and starve the others; as Lord Bacon with his enormous intellect and defective moral nature. If we take a circle to represent perfection in character, we may be sure that if we see a bulging on one side, there must be a corresponding flattening or deficiency on another side. We all have the defects of our virtues in this sense. We cannot be *specially* strong all round. Again, each vice has its opposite virtue, and according to the Divine teaching it is not enough to overcome the one, we must practise the other.

In hatred it is not enough not to hate, we should love; he that steals is not only to steal no more, but to give to him that needeth; corrupt communications are not only to cease out of the mouth, but that which is good is to proceed from it; we are not only not to be drunk with wine, but are to be filled with the Spirit. Evil habits are best overcome, not by mere resistance, but by the vigorous formation of the opposite virtuous habits.

We will now consider the question of self and selfishness in the balance of character. But what is selfishness? "Faith in self," says Dr. Sophie Bryant,* "and self-confidence is the salt of character. Self-interest is not selfishness. Selfishness is self-gratification at the avoidable expense of others."

Love of self is assumed in the New Testament. It is found in the golden rule "to do unto others as we would they should do to us," and also in a remarkable passage in Ephesians v. 28.

Another balance we must strike is between the intellectual and the emotional. We are accustomed to think much more of the heart than the head, because of the supposed warmth of the former, and the coldness of the latter. But if emotions are deeper, intellect is higher, and the mountain is necessarily colder than the valley. Intellect and morals may, and often do, go together, as we have seen; and, on the other hand, a warm heart by no means implies a good character. We cannot exalt one at the expense of the other.

That character is best and most perfect when a good intelligence is joined to a warm heart, and the stream of emotion is controlled by wisdom. It is this, I think, that makes humour such a "saving grace." A character with no sense of humour is essentially deficient. It is a peculiarly rational quality, and is generally present in a well-balanced mind.

Turning now for a moment to another quality of character—truthfulness—we find a subject full of complexity.

We must always be as truthful as possible, even if we are not to be truthful at *all* costs. At any rate we are never to compromise truth from self-interest. Motives are, however, hard to analyse. We cannot define moral motives with precision, nor press them absolutely; they must be followed and practised in the light of common-sense.

A certain compromise of truth is involved in answering "yes" or "no" to doubtful questions about matters which

* Dr. S. Bryant: *Studies in Character*, p. 9.

are partially right. So long as the answer given is understood by the hearer to be only true within limitation, no harm is done; and this is the case where one person of average intelligence speaks to another.

To speak the truth three things are required: one's words and actions must represent one's thoughts; they must represent the facts; and they must convey the right meaning to the hearers. When the Chinese are told the blessed dead are clothed in white, and are placed at God's right hand, that does not convey the truth to the hearers, though it does to the speaker; for to the Chinese white is the colour of mourning and the symbol of death, and the right hand is not the place of honour.

If a real deliberate suppression of full truth be ever required by higher interests, pain at the needed compromise must and should be felt by a truthful character. Such occasions will occur occasionally in the course of life.

With regard to good qualities we must remember we have besetting virtues that may need repressing as well as besetting sins. Candour, benevolence, humility and love itself often require moderation in their exercise.

We may now pass on to consider the expression of our qualities in life which we call conduct.

When a girl performs any action, she may know why she does it or she may not; that is to say, the conduct may spring from a conscious motive or it may be spontaneous, instinctive, the result simply of the girl's character expressing itself unconsciously.

In the former case the conduct may not express the girl's character at all, but may represent a part she is playing for the occasion on life's stage.

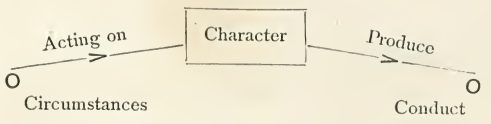
There is no doubt the less we think of our conduct the more truly it expresses our real selves.

Consistent and inconsistent conduct refer us to the character which they do or do not express.

Acts that are not the result of character have comparatively little influence; for it is rightly felt that action should be the outcome of the personality. The effect of any action is measured by the depth of feeling from which it proceeds. But we must remember that character itself is, or ought to be, growing, enlarging and consolidating. Our actions are the result of our character, just as character is the result of heredity and education. But we are free to improve character. Quite so; we are free to do so, but our doing so depends upon the will. The desire must be there, and for this often an external influence—the Breath of God, the Holy Spirit—is needed to put life into the dry bones of a purposeless character.

By conduct we mean our words and acts and general deportment. As expressers of character we have also our thoughts, but these reveal character only to ourselves. Others can only arrive at our thoughts through the conduct. Just as in a watch, anyone may see the face and observe the hands move round, and judge of its value by the accurate time it keeps, yet no one but the owner ever opens the case; so with ourselves, anyone may judge of our value by our conduct and the way in which we keep God's time of day in this world, but only ourselves, the owners, can open the case and there see the mainspring (*the will*) that sets the works (*the character*) in motion, controlled by the balance-wheel (*the moral sense*).

Conduct is generally called forth by circumstances. Indeed, it is the product of circumstances and character. It may thus be represented as a reflex action—



Conduct is of practical value to the mind. If the ideas of reason are to become any part of our character, they must be lived and acted on as they come to light. "The limbs of the mind," says Ruskin, "must all be exercised." Conduct, of course, varies at different ages. At first it is largely the result of the natural instincts modified by hereditary instinct, and is wholly unconscious. When it becomes conscious, then the child is said to be "old enough to be good," that is, old enough to control its actions by reason.

Human life is three-fourths conduct, and this should be, as we have seen, the expression of the character.

For we should not depend on the belief or even on the facts of our character being good, but should express the same in our conduct. Many girls think the great point is to be right within, and leave the outside to take care of itself, and are thus careless about their actions. This is as wrong as if we said we know the watch has good works, and do not therefore care what time it tells.

On the contrary, we should see that our conduct is up to our standard of life, even in the small matters of dress, cleanliness, deportment, and manners. Many minds are so great that they neglect these small matters; smaller minds are absorbed with them, while other minds again are so petty that they depend upon being thought great because they neglect them. The first is bad, the second worse, the third worst. We hope our readers do not belong to that untidy sisterhood the beauty of whose minds is supposed to make up for their deplorable outward appearance, nor to the other company the emptiness of whose minds is imperfectly concealed by the fulness of their dress.

When conscious action is of the same character as the unconscious, it shows that our conscious mind and unconscious correspond; when our conscious actions are easier, better, and more refined than our unconscious, it shows that our conscious mind is better educated than the unconscious; in short, that education has done more for us than heredity. When our unconscious actions are easier, better, and more refined than our conscious, it shows the reverse, that however defective has been our conscious education, our unconscious mind is educated and our heredity good. We are all well acquainted with these different characters, the best, of course, being when both have reached the same standard, and the unity of the woman is proclaimed.

After all, however, the character is more than its expression, however perfect this may be, just as the works are more than the hands of a watch; nor, indeed, is action the only way in which character is expressed. It is exhaled from us every moment. It declares itself unconsciously, not by acts only, but when sitting or sleeping. It is shown in silence itself. We cannot find the full worth of Washington, of Chatham, of Sidney, of Essex, of Schiller, or of Gordon in their deeds, or even in their words. Their characters were greater than either. Character not only affects conduct, but conduct affects character; in all these matters there can be no action without reaction. We are never exactly the same after our deeds as we were before them.

The true development of mind lies in right doing and true knowing, with attention paid to ends and objects, and not to the growing and changing self. Our moral character is thus the outcome not only of external influences, but of our own conduct.

With regard to the connection of morality and conduct, we have already spoken at some length.

Morality is said to be the science and art of conduct; certainly the value of morality is in its practice, just as the end of knowledge is conduct. Conduct when it is good brings happiness and peace to the person. It is the flower and fruit of the inner life. The leaves of profession may make a goodly show, but the fig-tree must be cursed if it bear nothing but them; the flowers and the fruit alone display the full character of the stock, and in bearing these the tree alone fulfils its destiny.

The object for which we are sent into this world is to bring glory to God, not by our characters alone, but by the conduct which expresses them for good or evil.

Still, as of old,
Man by himself is priced;
For thirty pieces Judas sold
Himself—not Christ.

(*To be continued.*)



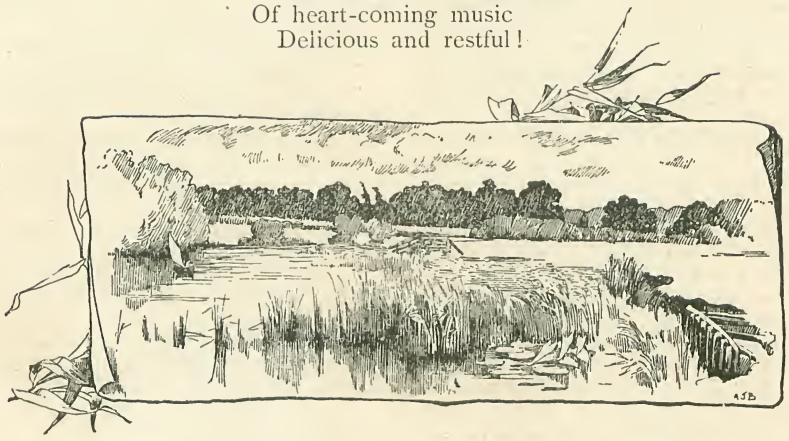
THE READING LESSON. [*From the painting by W. A. Menzies.*

THE BLACKBIRD.

By NORMAN GALE.

My compliments, blackbird,
To you and your fellow!
I hear of your bridal
In histories mellow
That rush from black bosom
And beak of fine yellow.

My love to you, blackbird,
And luck to your nestful!
May buds in my lilac
Give beakful and breastful
Of heart-coming music
Delicious and restful!



THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

By GERTRUDE PAGE, Author of "If Loving Hearts were Never Lonely," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"THERE, now," said Peggy crossly, "if I haven't made both sleeves for the same arm."

A lady with soft bands of white hair, lying on an invalid couch near the window, looked up with a little smile.

"You're tired, girlie, that's what it is," she said. "You've been working too long. Run out now and talk to Jack for a change."

Peggy pursed up her lips disconsolately.

"That won't make the sleeves come right," she said.

"No, but it will probably prevent further mishaps."

Peggy glanced out of the window to a bank where a stalwart form lay stretched on the grass, gazing idly across the blue waters of the Atlantic, which lie along the north of the Emerald Isle, like a frame of brilliant turquoise. Then she threw down her work.

"Silly old sleeves," she said, and stepped out of the window.

Jack Nelson turned his head very slightly as he heard a light footstep approaching over the grass.

"How's the smock?" he asked, as Peggy planted herself with a little grunt on the bank beside him.

"It's not a smock"—shortly.

"Well the bodice then?"

"It's not a bodice."

"I beg its pardon—the confection—is that the right word?"

"No, it's a common or garden blouse."

"Well, is it finished?"

"No."

"It seems to me," said Jack teasingly, "that there's something rather like a little black dog on your back."

"And if there is," she replied airily, "I suppose I can please myself about it?"

"Oh, yes, and I hope you'll keep it there. Your mouth was made for pouting."

The pretty mouth in question relaxed a little.

"I've made both sleeves for the same arm," she volunteered ruefully.

Jack lay on his back and shouted with laughter.

"Really," said Peggy, bristling like a little hedgehog, and pointed a small nose with a naturally upward tendency to the clouds.

"Don't look like that," said Jack, "or you'll make me worse. It really is rather funny, you know, and so like you. I expect you were up in the moon half the time you were cutting out, and not paying the least attention to what you were doing. When you told us you were going to make yourself a blouse, I concluded at once you would cut it out upside down, or inside out, or something; but I daren't say so, because you were so awfully solemn."

"Well, you were just wrong, anyhow. Anyone but a ninny would know you couldn't cut a blouse out upside down, because you can turn it which way up you like. You think I can't do anything but dream, just because you happen to be rather clever yourself, and fancy you can draw houses and rows of ugly little villas better than anyone else." After which speech Miss Peggy Wardour got up and marched off with her small nose at much the same high altitude.

"Fie, fie," called Jack after her, "the little black dog is getting quite vicious."

But Peggy marched on and did not deign either to look round or reply.

Jack lay still watching her, and the laughter in his sunny blue eyes gave place to a longing expression. He had been in love with Peggy such a long time now; ever since she was a small, snub-nosed imp of about seven, and somehow he did not feel to be getting any nearer to the goal of his hopes. Many summers now they had met at his

aunt's, Mrs. Nelson's, in the north of Ireland, where he usually went for his holiday, and where Peggy paid a yearly visit from England about the same time. And it seemed to Jack in his longing, that she slipped, if anything, further from him each year, instead of nearer. But that was not really the case; it was only that Peggy was at an age to be very full of dreams and fancies of her own, and being a very independent young person to boot, resisted all attempts at persuasion or coercion.

So Jack lay still and watched the girlish figure, with its airy, independent bearing, pass over the cliff to the sands without attempting to follow; for in spite of his boyish face he had a wise head for twenty-four summers, and probably knew more about Peggy than she did herself.

"She'll have to get over her fanciful dreams a bit first," he mused to himself, "and come down to earth. I wonder if she's all the time picturing to herself a Prince Wonderful who will combine all the virtues with all the graces in his single, beloved person?" and poor Jack pulled a daisy to pieces a little moodily, never imagining for a moment that even then she need not go very much further abroad than her immediate neighbourhood.

Meanwhile Peggy scrambled down the steep cliff to a little favourite nook of her own, where she could watch the sunset, and see the glow steal over the romantic island of Rhona. This particular island was really a kind of fairy-land to Peggy, where King Arthur's knights still rode out to right the wrong, and succour beautiful ladies in distress, and she liked nothing better than to sit in her little nook and weave strange and wonderful romances, far removed from the exigencies of everyday life. In fact, when Jack remarked, as he did some three or four times a day, that she was up in the moon, it would have been more correct if he had said "in Rhona." "Are you there?" he used to say to her. "Are you there? Is that Miss Peggy Wardour?" and Peggy used to ruffle up her feathers like a small bird and try to kill him with a look.

On the afternoon in question, however, Peggy did not travel so far afield even as Rhona for her subject, as she was much exercised in her mind concerning a mysterious stranger in their own little fishing-port. This stranger appeared to have sprung from nowhere, and belong to no one in particular, but just to have dropped silently into the little out-of-the-way port, and settled down for good. She had brought an old servant with her, who was very deaf, and quite as uncommunicative as her young mistress, and they had taken a small cottage a little way apart from the rest, seeming to imply that they wished to be left in seclusion.

Peggy could not make up her mind whether the stranger was hiding from some dreadful ogre in man's clothing who persecuted her, or whether she had been sent into exile for a punishment by some equally dreadful relative; or whether she had come to write some wonderful book. All she knew at present was that she was more than fair to look upon, quite young and very sad.

While she was trying to make up her mind on the subject for the hundredth time, she was suddenly aroused by a light footstep, and a second later, the stranger in question walked straight into Peggy's private, open-air sanctum.

For a moment both girls stared at each other, then the stranger said, in a slightly embarrassed voice—

"I beg your pardon, I did not see you were here."

Peggy smiled graciously, and when she liked she could be very winsome indeed.

"Oh, don't go away," she said. "Won't you sit down?" and made as if to leave a greater space on the ledge that served for a seat.

The stranger hesitated, but did not accept the invitation, though she seemed willing to linger a few minutes.

"Have you been here before?" asked Peggy, anxious to keep her there, and thinking she had the sweetest and saddest face she had ever seen.

"Yes, and I am afraid I have been trespassing. I generally know when you are here, and I have noticed that you rarely come after tea. It is such a beautiful spot. I am very fond of it."

"But it is not my property," replied Peggy. "You have quite as much right here as I. It's such a dear little nook, isn't it? I always think Rhona looks so nice from here."

"Yes"—quietly, and the stranger turned a pair of inscrutable, blue-grey eyes to the sun-bathed isle.

Peggy glanced at her shyly, and wondered vaguely if she were a princess in disguise. She thought perhaps she wanted to marry someone who was not royal, and not being allowed to, had been sent away to Port Mena to forget him. She certainly had delicate little hands and feet, and the exquisitely chiselled features, such as Peggy always associated with blue blood.

"Have you been to Port Mena before?" she asked.

"Yes. About four years ago. I drove through with some friends, and I have always hoped to come again some day."

"Are you making a long stay?"—growing bolder.

"I have no idea"—a little coldly.

"I am afraid you will find it rather dull."

"With this sea?"—pointedly—"and these cliffs, and that island?"

Peggy relapsed into a few moments' silence, somewhat nonplussed. She was very fond of it all herself, but she would not have liked to live there with an old, deaf woman.

"Are you fond of reading?" she asked at last, seeing the stranger carried a book.

"Yes, very"—in the same quiet voice.

"Is that a book of poems?" Peggy was half afraid she was asking too many questions to be polite, but she wanted to put this sad-eyed girl into a lovely romance she was weaving for her own delectation, and felt it necessary to know something of her.

"Yes."

"May I ask who's?"

"Robert Browning's."

"They are so deep," said Peggy deploringly. "I never can make out what he is driving at."

The stranger smiled a little.

"I am very fond of Mrs. Browning," ran on Peggy, "and Tennyson, and Keats and Jean Ingelow. Have you other favourites?"

"A few, but I prefer Robert Browning."

Peggy got up a little reluctantly.

"I am afraid I shall be obliged to go," she said, "as it is almost dinner-time. I hope we shall meet again, and that you will come here whenever you like."

The stranger thanked her quietly.

"I'm sure Mrs. Nelson, the lady I am staying with, would be very pleased to see you at The Mount if you care to come. She is a great invalid and can only walk a few yards, so I am afraid she will not be able to call on you; but she would like so much to meet you."

The stranger thanked her again in the same quiet manner, and as she did not seem inclined to shake hands, Peggy departed without.

When she reached home she was so excited that she almost fell over Jack, who was sitting in a low chair by the front door just in her path.

"Pray don't mind me," he said, stooping as if to make sure the foot she had knocked was not badly damaged.

"How you do love to get in the way!" she retaliated, then, hurrying on, "Whom do you think I've been talking to?"

"The spirit of the sea, or perhaps a ghost in the churchyard."

"The mysterious stranger"—with an air of great importance.

"What, the girl with the pretty hat?"—looking wicked.

"As if it was her hat or anything she had on which made her striking!" said Peggy indignantly. "It was something much more important."

"The shape of her nose perhaps?" he suggested mildly.

"I suppose you think you are funny?"—crushingly.

"Oh, no! haughty," mimicking her, with a little laugh.

Peggy looked offended, but after a moment's pondering, being a small person who loved to chatter, she ran on—

"I can't quite make up my mind what it is that makes her noticeable, but I'm sure it is not her dress."

"Isn't it?"—innocently. "I thought it fitted very nicely."

Peggy knitted her straight brows into a charming frown, and Jack watched her covertly.

"I wish you wouldn't frivol so," she said severely. "I shall go and talk to Mrs. Nelson instead of you."

"No, don't. I'll never, never do it again," and his winsome tone appeased the young queen.

"You see," she explained, "it is really most romantic. Here is a lovely girl——"

"Yes, I see her," he interrupted.

"Don't be silly. You know I am talking about the stranger. Well, here she is, in this out-of-the-world fishing-port, quite alone with a deaf old servant, spending all her time walking about by herself, apparently without the slightest wish to know anybody."

"How do you know she hasn't come to see me?"—breaking out again.

"Because she is a sensible-looking girl, and very superior," was the quick retort.

"I hope you were able to keep up with the conversation then, and did not get out of your depth," for which remark he received a cushion at his head.

"Quarrelling again?" said Mrs. Nelson's sweet voice behind them. "What a pair of children you are."

"I shouldn't call twenty-nine much of a kitten," said Jack. "I think it's ridiculous the way Peggy tries to pass herself off for nineteen."

"I beg leave to tell you I am only twenty-one," put in Peggy.

"You surprise me"—with feigned amazement.

"Such little things surprise some people"—quickly. "He's like a great baby, isn't he, Mrs. Nelson? Here, have my chatelaine to play with," and she tossed it across to him. "I want to talk to your aunt."

Jack lay back with half-closed eyes and listened while she repeated her conversation with the stranger, in whom Mrs. Nelson was greatly interested.

"She's prettier than ever close to," finished Peggy. "I never saw lovelier eyes."

"I wish I could call on her," said Mrs. Nelson wistfully. "I think you must go for me to-morrow, and take my card and a message."

"Oh, I should love to, only she is certain to be out. Still she would be sure to call back, and we might get to know her better, mightn't we?"

"Yes; and I can't help feeling a little sorry for her. Perhaps she has no mother and is in trouble, and I might be able to help her. At least we might perhaps make her stay a little more cheerful for her."

"The mother-aunt on the war-path again," said Jack smilingly. "Always trying to be a good angel to someone, aren't you, Mavourneen?" for which pretty speech Mrs. Nelson stooped and kissed his forehead.

Meanwhile the subject of their talk sat on where Peggy had left her, only now her hands were clasped round her knees in a strained attitude, and the inscrutable expression in her eyes had given place to one of passionate longing. The last red glow was fading from the distant island, and the first stars appearing in the sky, and it seemed to the girl in that magic hour between the darkness and the light, that the spirit of her lost love was coming to her across the waters.

"Basil," she breathed in a low sobbing voice, "Basil," and reached out her arms to the emptiness in a sudden spasm of pitiless, hopeless yearning.

Then she sank down again, and buried her face shudderingly, for it was an hour of weakness, and it seemed to her that the infinity and immensity, above and around, were only an immutable, eternal emptiness.

It was to her one of those dread hours when the soul is staggered by the mysteries it cannot solve, and thrown back upon itself helplessly, after blindly groping for light and finding none.

She hid her face in that shuddering way because she was in a mood when even the stars hurt her. They used to be the angels' night-lights in heaven, but those dear days were passed now, and she knew them to be worlds and suns and solar systems, sunk in the depths of space and time, and seeming to mock with careless glitter at the little lives of men. She had unlearnt the old, dear delusions, without yet having had time to replace them with the ennobling, inspiring knowledge of how God's goodness is only yet more gloriously shown forth in the wonders of His most wonderful universe. To-night there was instead a terrible soreness in her heart for one other human heart, which she sometimes felt she could never hope to find again amid such vastness and immensity.

But it was only in her weak hours; at all other times she clung passionately to the old belief, and as she turned homewards now to the solitary cottage she prayed—"O God, help me to endure bravely and patiently until I find him again."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Help for the Deserving.

Once in Edinburgh, when Lady Blanche Balfour, the mother of the present leader of the House of Commons, was hastening along the street to catch an afternoon train for home, she saw a child weeping bitterly. She stopped, questioned it, and was told it was starving, that at home they were all starving, and the mother dying.

She let the train go, went with the child to see if the story was true, found it entirely so, and that the mother, who was a widow, was weighed upon in death with the thought of what would become of her children. Before she left, Lady Blanche undertook to care for them, and this she did till they were started in life.

Art in China.—The straight line in art is an abomination to the Chinese. They will always substitute a curve wherever possible, or they will torture it into a zig-zag. To the Chinese mind the straight line is suggestive of death and demons.

A Motto for a Fiddler.—The following appropriate motto has been suggested for all violin-playing girls—"Toujours fidèle."

"The Miserable Rich."

It was at a meeting in London. One of the speakers expressed a hope that a well-known evangelist who was present would "do something for the miserable poor of the metropolis."

"I will try to do so," was the evangelist's reply, "and I hope also to be able to do something for the miserable rich."

"The miserable rich!" Some would think the expression almost a contradiction in terms, but it is not, for the rich have many things to render them unhappy.

The poor in sleep forget their misery, but too often the rich are tortured by sleeplessness. They suffer from *ennui* —"that awful yawn which sleep cannot dispel."

Slaves to Custom.—There is nothing that has so much authority, and is entitled to so little, as custom. It rules fools with a rod of iron and threatens even wise people.

Time changes all Things.—Thought grows mouldy. What was good and nourishing food for the spirits of one generation affords no sustenance to the next.—*Hawthorne.*

THE LONDON FLOWER MARKET.

"WHAT strikes me most in London," said a country cousin, who had come to pay me a few days' visit, "is the beautiful flowers. In the country now"—it was December—"we can't get flowers, but here even along the pavement are ranged baskets full of the most lovely blossoms." The street baskets were full of chrysanthemums and white narcissi and violets, and the flower-shops already had bunches of small daffodils and white lilac, and pots of cyclamen in all varieties of colour, and that small but loveliest of begonias, with its little pink blossoms.

One morning in the early summer someone suggested a visit to Covent Garden. Six of us said we would go, and we agreed to meet at a house in Porchester Square at five o'clock the next morning. I went home and told my maid to set her alarm-clock at four, and to be sure not to be late, to come down at once and wake me, and if possible get me a cup of tea before I started, which I thought would be comforting and grateful at that early hour. Do not think me cruel to bid my maid to wake me thus early. I never keep her up at night, and to get up once or twice at sunrise in summer is looked upon in the light of a treat! She called me punctually and brought in hot bath-water. If the kitchen fire is well stoked at night, there is plenty of hot water to be drawn from the boiler at any hour in the morning, so I had not to resort to the bachelor's resource, his hot-water bottle!



A FLOWER-MARKET IN FRANCE.

I looked out of the window—it was a lovely, pure, pearly grey summer morning, with yellow and pink effects in the east, where the sun was beginning to rise in his summer splendour. The roads were as dry as bones; that was a comfort, because, of course, we were going to bicycle. There is no other way of reaching Covent Garden in the early morning except on your feet or on a bicycle, unless you hire cabs, and we, being poor, could not run to that!

My maid brought me a lovely breakfastcupful of tea, with some bread and butter, then she kindly pumped up the back tyre of my bicycle, which had gone down. Jumping on to my iron steed, I started for the trysting-place. Two bicycles were already resting against the railings—I was not the first. One of the girls of the house opened the door to me, very soon another man rode up and our party was complete—three men and three girls.

"Let us go to the river first," said Dr. MacNeil, a young man from the north, who had lately come into our neighbourhood as an assistant.

"Right you are!"—and the rest of the party nodded its acquiescence.

"Only one caution," said an older man, "beware of the milk carts. They are so unused to other traffic at this early hour that they generally cut sharp corners."

It was delicious racing through the almost deserted streets, and the fresh morning breeze felt as if it came straight in all its purity from the country fields and flowers. We soon found ourselves across the Park at Hyde Park Corner, and by Grosvenor Place and Victoria Street at Westminster. Here and there a poor man or woman examined a dust-bin left on the edge of the pavement for the early dust cart, and he or she, having found some hidden treasure, took it out, and wrapping it in a dirty piece of paper, placed it in a still more dirty pocket or shawl. A policeman, waiting to be taken off duty, looked at us with sleepy eyes, and here and there a hansom or four-wheeler with boxes on the top brought some early arrival from the railway stations.

We dismounted on Westminster Bridge, and gazed down at the silver grey river, and across it at the beautiful lace-like tracery of the Houses of Parliament, with the Abbey behind them. Some of us wanted to linger longer, but the word of command was given to mount and ride to the Mansion House. We wasted some of our time racing in and out, up and down, through the narrow side turnings in the heart of the City, from the sheer delight of tearing about on the asphalt, delicious for our bicycles to glide along, but so terrible for the horses when damped by a slight shower of rain. I know one very sagacious horse who absolutely refuses to go on asphalt. This horse belongs to a doctor friend of mine; if his coachman tries to take him on even one street which is asphalted the horse pulls up at a dead stop directly his hoofs touch it, and the coachman has no other choice but to go round and find another road.

But we must hurry on and get down to Covent Garden to buy our flowers and fruit. Outside we meet some people in evening dress, evidently coming from some very belated evening party, and attempting to do their marketing on their way home. By the way, it is rather a fallacy to expect to get things very cheap at Covent Garden. You certainly get them very fresh, but it is a wholesale market, and the men look upon retail customers as rather a nuisance. They recognise you as no ordinary buyer in a moment. You want to buy one bunch of flowers or one pound of fruit; the usual buyer asks the price by the dozen bunches or by the dozen pounds. They put up their prices directly they see you, and in the long run you do not get your purchases much cheaper than at an ordinary shop. You will also discover that this sudden retail price to which they have raised their goods is not uniform all over the market, and at some stalls you will get your goods cheaper

than at others. At one of the fruit stalls they absolutely refused to sell the fruit retail. One of our party wanted to buy a pound of apricots; the man informed her in rather a rough way that he only sold them by the dozen boxes.

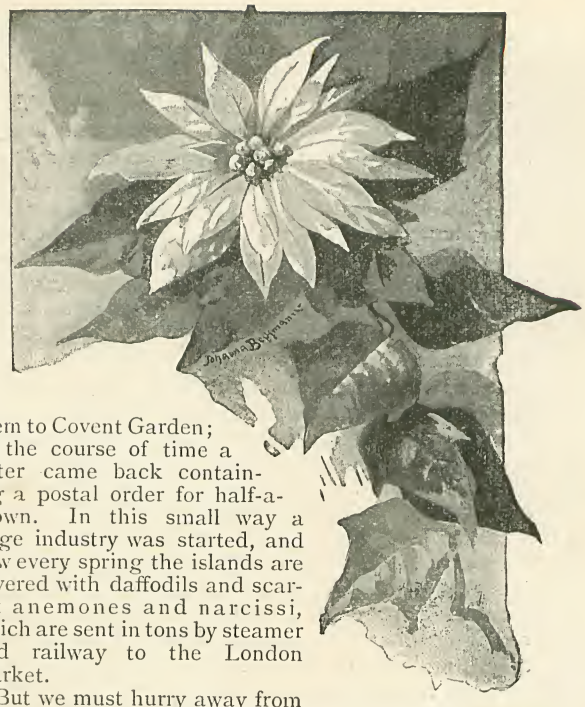
We had to take it turn about to go out and look after the bicycles; everyone was so busy there was no one in whose charge we could leave them. As we walked up and down the narrow passages between the stalls there was every now and again a shout of "Take care of the paint!"—a witticism to make us move out of the way and let a man with a large basket on his head pass.

"Good morning, dear, what can I oblige you with?" said an older man. "You don't mind me calling you 'dear'? I have a daughter at home as old as you! Yes, my dear, I have!"

I smilingly acquiesced and professed myself delighted at being thus addressed. The best way to get on with these market people is to answer them with the same good humour with which they speak to you. When you are at Rome you must do as Rome does, says the old proverb, and if you want to get on at Covent Garden you must not bring your high and haughty manners with you.

If ever you have had occasion to drive home late at night by either of the main roads leading from the country to Covent Garden, I daresay you will have noticed the number of carts you meet slowly winding their way in long lines to the market, constantly with the driver fast asleep on the top, the horse being so used to the daily journey that he finds his way unguided. If you often meet these carts you will be struck with the variety of the flowers they bring. Shortly before Christmas the carts are piled up with holly, not with mistletoe, for mistletoe mostly comes straight into the market from Normandy, where the farmers grow it on the elms and apple-trees; other carts will be full of Christmas roses, the white flowers glistening in the light of the lamps from out of their dark foliage. In early summer you will meet cart after cart full of the lovely Madonna lily, which sheds its fragrance all over the road through which it passes. Or later on into the summer you will meet carts piled with every colour and variety of geranium, lobelia and marguerite.

A great many of the cut flowers at the market arrive in large white wooden boxes straight from abroad or from the Scilly Isles. Quantities of flowers now come from the Scillies. The story goes that when smuggling was suppressed, the inhabitants of these islands became very poor, when someone told them that there was money to be made out of flower-growing. Before this these people had never thought or dreamt of the commercial value of the flowers which covered their islands. One day a man asked leave from his neighbour to dig up some of the bulbs out of his orchard. He planted them in his own garden, they brought forth lovely flowers; cutting some of them he packed them into a box and despatched them to Covent Garden; in the course of time a letter came back containing a postal order for half-a-crown. In this small way a large industry was started, and now every spring the islands are covered with daffodils and scarlet anemones and narcissi, which are sent in tons by steamer and railway to the London market.



But we must hurry away from Covent Garden, otherwise the omnibuses will have started, and our ride home will not be nearly as enjoyable. We managed to buy a few bunches of flowers as a memento, and attached them to our bicycle handles.



AN EASTERN GARDEN.

THE FAIR CAPTIVES OF CASTLE VUFFLENS.

A Story of Love and Loyalty. From the Records of the Tenth Century.

CHAPTER VI.

The ancient château situated in the Canton de Vaud, behind those Hautes Alpes enclosing a rich and beautiful valley, was inhabited, under the prosperous reign of Rodolphe and Queen Berthe, by the Baron Aymon de Blonay. He had married Isabelle de Gruyère; and was living happily with her and an only son when the Saracen War obliged him to take up his arms. Courageous and valiant, he did not hesitate to leave his home in order to defend his country. His wife's tears, deeply as they touched him, had no power to deter him from this resolve.

Before departing, he took his little Henri, placed him in his mother's lap, and thus expressed himself—

"Dear friend and noble lady, I am terribly grieved, but it is necessary to leave you. When proud brave knights draw their swords for their country, the Baron de Blonay would not wish to remain tranquilly in his home. If it please God, his absence may not be a long one. However, as a warrior's life is full of uncertainty, I resign this child—the precious pledge of our love—entirely to your care. I shall have been greatly deceived if he does not become, in due time, a brave true knight, and sustain with honour the noble name of Blonay. He is not lacking even now in courage and spirit, and promises to resemble his father in valour and his mother in grace and beauty. But I fear, dear Isabelle, that you may have trouble in directing his conduct.

"If it should so happen that I lay down my life on the battlefield, then I conjure you to bring up the child as should be brought up the latest born of a lordly race. Above all do not allow him to make a misalliance. She who is destined to become Baroness de Blonay should be of good family, as illustrious and ancient as his own, and as that of the Countess de Gruyère from which you are descended.

"Thee, my dear son, I command to obey in my absence and after my death, thy honoured mother in all things.

"On this I give my benediction."

He embraced them both with touching tenderness, then, mounting his palfrey, and followed by equerries and servitors, took route for Château Châtelard, distant half a league away.

He sought there his intimate friend and brother-in-arms Rodolphe de Gingins, lord of that castle.

They went in company into a perilous campaign. Like Aymon, the Baron du Châtelard left behind an only and much-loved son—the young Berthold, younger by two years than Henri; but did not leave him to the vigilant care of a good mother, for the Baroness had died when he was a child. Therefore, Lord Rodolphe had begged his friend's consent for his son to remain during his absence at the Château de Blonay, under the eyes of Lady Isabelle—an arrangement very agreeable to the boys.

As long as the battlements of his castle home were in view, Aymon turned from time to time to see his wife seated on the wall of the long terrace, with Henri in her arms, kissing him adieu. When but a single step would take him out of sight, he cast back one long regretful look and signalled with his gauntlet to these two cherished ones that he was bidding them his last farewell.

Alas, Aymon never looked again on wife or child. He encountered a mortal blow in the very first battle.

A faithful equerry returned to Blonay carrying his master's arms—and conveying his lifeless body for interment in the tomb of his ancestors.

Lady Isabelle would have succumbed under the weight of this affliction but for her motherhood. For the sake of her son, her dear Aymon's heir, she compelled herself to bear with life and to overcome her sorrow.

As Aymon had predicted, the youthful Baron Henri, by his gentleness and thoughtlessness, caused pleasure and pain to his good mother.

She idolised him, but without weakness. Her son's friend—more tranquil and amenable, however, than the turbulent Henri—she treated with the same judicial care.

She had been widowed a year, and peace once more gave repose to many a proud knight, when the Lord of Châtelard returned to his own land and to Blonay.

The beautiful chatelaine was seated on the balcony, watching Henri and Berthold at play on the terrace, when, in the distance, she espied Lord Rodolphe, whom she at once recognised by his armour. Doubtless he came to claim his son.

"Ah, my Henri will never again see his father," she sighed.

But the Baron de Châtelard had come to treat with the charming chatelaine on many other matters little anticipated by her. After dismounting and affectionately embracing Berthold, he entered the great hall to offer his compliments of condolence and expressions of glad greeting to Lady Isabelle.

Together they mourned Aymon's loss. Afterwards, Lord Châtelard falling on his knees before her, presented a letter, the sight of which caused her tears to flow afresh. It was written by Aymon on his death-bed, in the candid style of that far-off century, and ran as follows—

"The Baron Aymon de Blonay, mortally wounded. To his dear wife and companion, Isabelle de Gruyère and Baronne de Blonay.

"Noble and dear friend,—It grieves me sorely that I shall never again see thee in this world, but one must submit to the will of God, who, by His grace, will reunite us in Paradise. I am struck unto death by the enemy, whom I valiantly contended against, and I write, dear one, to take an eternal leave of you and of our son Henri, whom I have so much wished to lead myself along the road that leads to glory. God knows better than we what is for our best good.

"Henri must, therefore, of himself take up his part. I enjoin you to take up also yours, and not to grieve yourself overmuch. Think that I die the death of the brave, and thus will I be a good example to my son. Do not forget that you, as his mother, ought to preserve your life and be able to carry out these my last wishes, with which I am now about to make you acquainted, reminding you that you have vowed at the altar obedience in whatsoever it might please me to command you. Knights and barons will doubtless present themselves in order to obtain your hand.

"Fearing that through ignorance you may choose unwisely, which would perhaps give a bad second father to our Henri, and knowing that in these days astuteness and disloyalty are less rare than simplicity and virtue, I—still for some moments your lord and master and your best friend—command you to marry the bearer of this letter, my companion and brother-in-arms, the Lord Rodolphe du Châtelard, whom I have

ever looked upon as another self and who is himself well disposed to it. On his faith as a knight has he vowed that he will guard over your happiness as I have tried to do, and give good sustenance and admonition to my well-loved son. Under his care Henri will become honest and brave. And you will make the happiness of my faithful friend, and be a good mother to his son Berthold. Thus will these two young persons be, as were their fathers, friends in life and death.

"With this assurance I meet death tranquilly, resigning my soul to God, and all that is dearest to me on earth to my feal friend, in whom you will have a good husband, by whom my last wish will be gratified—you receiving my final blessing for respecting this desire formed at the instant of death.

"Adieu, my Isabelle! Adieu, Henri mine! My hand can hardly trace the testimony of being unto my last breath.

"Your tender and faithful husband and father,

"AYMON, Baron de Blonay."

Lady Isabelle wept bitterly over this epistle. The Baron de Châtelard knew the contents of the missive, and humbly demanded that the desire of his deceased friend should be carried out.

Isabelle submitted from respect, since Aymon desired it, and she wished to obey him. She had known Lord Rodolphe for a long time—known him to be a brave loyal knight. She felt besides that a mother would find it difficult to altogether guide and restrain one so high-spirited as her son.

Therefore, as soon as the year of mourning was expired, she fulfilled her promise to marry Lord Rodolphe. What she felt most was being obliged to leave the more attractive Blonay Castle for that of Châtelard. Her son, however, accompanied her, and the Baron treated him in every way as his own child, and the two boys loved each other as brothers. In character they greatly differed. Berthold had a cold reserved exterior, and gave but little vent to his feelings, the which, for this very concentration, were all the keener and deeper. He rarely fell into fault, because he gave himself time to reflect, but having once resolved upon a thing, it was irrevocable. He loved Henri, but never yielded to him.

Henri was impetuous and rash, exposing himself to every danger. While his feelings and desires were not very deep, he was always disposed to follow either his own first impulse or the suggestion of someone else. Frank, generous, ardent in enterprises, nothing seemed to him impossible when it was to please those whom he loved.

The physique of the two friends was as different as their dispositions. Henri was short in stature but well-made, upright and free in all his movements, with a demeanour distinguished and elegant. Hair blond, eyes blue and full of expression, his face brightly animated, revealing all his thoughts. His talent for poetry had early shown itself, and he found little difficulty in the composition of rhymes and ballads, which he could sing accurately and feelingly to the accompaniment of his lute.

Attractive as a troubadour, he moreover bid fair to be brave as a knight.

Berthold was in no way his inferior as regards bravery, but the gods had not bestowed upon him the same sort of alluring gracefulness. He was tall, and his figure somewhat heavy; his bronzed complexion, his dark eyes, his pronounced expression made him appear unduly hard and anxious. One would have said in seeing him beside Henri that nature had expressly destined them to be comrades. A similarity of character is less necessary in intimate friendship than affinity in tastes. Berthold's tastes were also Henri's.

Both burned with an ardent desire to distinguish themselves in arms and to follow in the footsteps of their forefathers.

The Lady Isabelle treated both alike. Still, her mother's heart naturally leaned towards her own child. Her son's future occupied her above all else, as she constantly reminded herself of his father's counsel concerning him.

In their frequent expeditions to Blonay, sometimes on foot, at others on horseback, she would talk incessantly of his father's courage and chivalry in combat and tournament. The young man was thereby incited to look forward to the time when he would be able to speak thus of his own exploits. Isabelle would often remind him of his father's last farewell—of the positive command that he should only ally himself in marriage with some maiden of noble birth, and never forget to respect in every way the wishes of his mother.

"You may rest assured of my entire submission on the last point, mother, for I know beforehand that you will bid me do nothing but what is for my own best welfare. As to marriage, I would first show proof of my prowess. What noble lady would consent to marry me before I had made myself worthy of being received as her chosen cavalier? Presently, yes, I shall be of sufficient age to attempt the attainment of such an aspiration."

Nothing was neglected in the education of the young barons. They learned with facility all that was considered desirable to teach them.

Lady Isabelle, all anxious as she was to see her son honourably distinguish himself in arms, often trembled at the mere thought of the dangers to which he would be exposed. She had hoped to see him married young, for wife and children would, she thought, be an additional inducement to draw him homeward, apart from her own joy in their company while he should be absent.

Hence, if the young man himself had no such dream, his mother dreamed of it for him, all her will being concentrated on the desire to see him wedded to one of his kinswomen whom she had not seen from infancy, but who from her cradle had given promise of future charms, and whose rare perfections were at this time being noised abroad—the beautiful Eléonore, only daughter of the Lord d'Aigremont, of the illustrious family of Pontveyre, Countess de Gruyère.

The Château d'Aigremont was situated from eight to ten leagues from Blonay, and overlooked the Valley Ormonts, close to that known as Pays d'Enhaut. Its owner at this period, the wild and terrible Archibald, Eléonore's father, was the terror of his vassals and neighbours. He was, in a word, one of those tyrants of the days of feudalism, abusing his strength and power, and dishonouring his valour by cruelty. He was as much hated as his daughter, an angel of beauty and beneficence, was loved.

The unhappy Countess d'Aigremont had fallen a victim to her husband's bad treatment, and his innocent daughter would have shared the same fate if her angelic sweetness and inexhaustible patience had not sometimes disarmed the barbarity of this barbarous man.

Strange to say, he regarded his daughter's virtues as a sort of safeguard in this world and the next. Thus protected, he seemed to feel free to commit with impunity all manner of crimes.

(*To be continued.*)



TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

A. E. D.—Such longings as yours can only result from the influence of the Holy Spirit, and you must not doubt that the yearnings of your heart after a greater knowledge of God and true love for Him will be answered by a message of peace. Such longings are heart prayers. You seek to know God. Be comforted by the words of our blessed Lord: "Seek, and ye shall find." You write of the reserve between yourself and all the rest of your family on religious subjects, and add, "Only to you, whom I have never seen, could I speak like this, dear mother-friend, and nothing cheers me so much as the knowing that others are bearing their crosses bravely and not shirking the burden. Will you tell the Twilight Circle from me that I am striving also far away in a strange land, not as bravely, perhaps, but doing what I can, and the thought of them urges me on when I am weary? Give my love to them, and say I will pray every day for them." I know they too will pray for you that you "may not miss the right track, but may enter in at the strait gate." To you and several others who are hesitating, my advice is, "By all means join the Guild of Sympathy."

GRACE DARLING.—I do feel it both a great privilege and responsibility to be assured that the answers to my Correspondents "reach so many hearts," and that to yourself they have come "as messages dealing with the subjects nearest your own heart at the time." I feel for you in your loneliness. The feelings you speak of are natural and right, and I earnestly trust that your hopes will be realised in the best way and at the right time. As you say, "God's time and way are sure to be the best." Hearty thanks.

DOLLIE (Jamaica).—You send me good news, and I rejoice with you. I had your former letter and answered it. Letters are taken in their proper turns, but the pressure of correspondence has been very great. Space is limited, hence answers are belated. I gladly pass on your love to all the girls, and accept from you and return a double share. The second series of Twilight Talks is not yet re-published as a volume.

TAMARIND (St. Vincent).—I hope you will hear from a dear girl of suitable age before you see this in print. Yes, dear child, it is one of the delightful features of our Twilight Circle that it encloses some as young as you—not yet fourteen—and others who have grandchildren. What a large and varied family! And can we not say, "What a happy one"?

NINA.—Many girls write to me asking to cheer lonely unknown sisters of the Circle by writing bright letters to them. They give me particulars about themselves, telling their age, special tastes, position, and the branch of the Christian church to which they belong. These particulars guide me in bringing pairs in touch with each other, and as a rule the correspondences have been a source of happiness and helpfulness to those concerned. Full names and addresses must be given but will not be published. You, my dear lonely girl, are just the one who would be cheered by such a correspondence. Send particulars.

MARA.—I wish you could report that you had followed my advice, for indeed, whilst feeling deeply for you, I can add nothing to it. Write if it comforts you to be sure of my sympathy. Give yet fuller confidence to the one who is entitled to it, and seek strength from God to battle against the terrible temptation which besets you. No words can express how sorry I am for you, my poor, troubled girl-friend.

MISCELLANEOUS.

L. U. L.—The Norland Institute, 10, Pembridge Square, London, W., trains nurses for young children. I know of no training-home nearer Croydon than this institute. The limit of age for students is eighteen to thirty years. The scheme of training is three months in the institute, three months in a hospital, and three months as a probationer in a family. The course of study includes the following subjects: *Needlework.*—Lessons are given in the cutting out, making and mending of children's garments under seven years of age, and in simple dressmaking. *Hygiene.*—Probationers are taught the importance of variety in nursery diet and the nutritive qualities of different foods. Lessons are given in making beef-tea, simple puddings, how to prepare poultices, and how to apply simple remedies for cuts, burns, etc. They are taught to take temperature and how to notify changes in illness. They are taught to wash woollen garments, silk stockings, laces, etc. *Education.*—Probationers are taught the simpler Kindergarten occupations, and they are given Froebelian instruction. The fee is 36 guineas for a six months' training, including three months' residence, board, washing, teaching, etc. When the certificate is gained, the minimum salary for a probationer is £20 for the first year, with an annual increase of £2. Nurses belonging to this institute are expected to wear a uniform.

IGNORAMUS.—The best way of keeping polished boards is to have them rubbed every morning with a soft duster, and now and again furniture polish can be used on them, but this makes them very slippery. Lift any piece of furniture which stands on the boards, as pushing it is sure to scratch them. Water left on them will stain boards. It ought to be wiped up at once. If the polished boards are round a bedroom, a mat should be placed in front of the wash-stand to prevent their getting sprinkled. The best way to clean cork carpets is to wash them with soap and lukewarm water. Some people rub them with milk. This again is apt to make them slippery. People have different ways of keeping their spare room beds aired. Some people make the servants take it in turns every now and again to sleep in the different rooms. Others have hot water bottles put into the beds. Some take the unused mattresses and put them under other beds which are in use. Some have them brought down, and when no cooking is going on, placed in front of the kitchen fire. In the summer in the country it is a great thing to put the beds out in the sun.

TOPSY.—Mrs. Beeton's is, I think, the best cookery book you could get. *Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management* would be the most useful, but the price of that is 7s. 6d. She, however, publishes several other cookery books. One of them only costs 1s.

BULLFINCH.—The right way to address a surgeon is "John Brown, Esq.," and then any letters he may have after his name. The right way to address a physician or a general practitioner is "John Brown, Esq., M.D." I could give you a recipe for cleaning kid gloves, but I am afraid it would not do for suède. Try rubbing them with a little bread. Benzine, they say, is good.

ALYS.—The Secretary, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18, Stepney Causeway, E., is the London address, but the village homes are at Barkingside, Ilford, Essex, and I think you had better write to the superintendent there. These homes are formed on the cottage system.

THREE SPINS.—I am so glad you read the "G.O.P." every month and like it so much. You say you have tried lemon-juice for removing the collar line round your neck. Try it again mixed in equal parts with glycerine and shaken together. Put this mixture on each night, rubbing it well in, and then tie a silk handkerchief over it. Sprinkle a little plain rice powder on your neck in the daytime, or Fuller's earth. If you could wear some soft lace round your neck instead of the hard collar, I think it would help to remove it.

JOSEPHINE.—Part of the sense of taste is in the nose, and this is lost entirely when you have a cold. All flavours are a compound of taste and smell. True tastes, viz., sweet, bitter, sour, etc., can still be detected, notwithstanding the fact of your having caught cold, whereas flavours cannot. You say you will be very grateful for a remedy to cure your sense of taste. Of course the remedy is to cure your cold. I think the best preventive of cold is to avoid hot, stuffy rooms and to live as much in the open air as possible, and to sleep with your window open. To restore your taste you might try snuffing up your nose a little very weak salt and water every morning.

CYNTHIA.—You are a shorthand reporter and typist, and you complain of a stiffness in your right hand, which is, of course, very serious for you in your profession. I should recommend you to take a short course of electricity, and it would, I think, help you if you used a very large pen or pencil and held it very loosely in your hand. Also get a good nerve tonic from your doctor, and take plenty of sleep and fresh air and good food.

RUTH.—You ask a very difficult question, as to the cause and prevention of cancer, or carcinoma. It is a malignant tumour. It lasts in some cases for months, in some cases for years, before it causes the death of its victim. In some cases it is quite painless until the end, in others—when the swelling presses on a nerve—it is very painful. Some authorities have a suspicion that like leprosy and tuberculosis, it is produced by a microscopic parasite, but no positive evidence has yet been found to support this view. Tomatoes are not known either to prevent or to give cancer. Those who think themselves liable to this disease should avoid all pressure or irritation of any likely part, and keep themselves generally in good health and spirits. Great anxiety and shock should be avoided. The best preventive is to avoid thinking about it, and to live an outdoor life, with sufficient wholesome food and sleep.

A CALLER.—After a call upon new acquaintances has been made and returned, you can invite them to your house, or they can invite you to theirs; or, after some time has elapsed, the first callers can call again if they like.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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FORMING THE GUILD.

CHAPTER IV.

RULES FOURTH AND FIFTH.



ULE FOURTH drew out another storm of exclamation and remonstrance. Sophy read it with a lowered voice, reverently and humbly.

"Shall we engage to do one good action between sunrise and sundown each day, for the sake of our Christian religion and the Master who went about doing good?"

"Dear me! is she getting up a new Salvation Army, or is she under the impression that we ought to enlist in the one already established?" whispered Katie Field across the table to the Torrenses. She was so startled that she could not contain herself.

Her sister Clara entered into details in her protest.

"If you mean that we should become district visitors and Sunday-school teachers on the spot, going about 'tracking,' as they say in the comic papers, and hunting up our scholars, you go farther than father does. He says we are scholars ourselves, and far too heedless and inexperienced for such work. He prefers to keep it in his own hands and in those of Geoff Parker, though—Adela may say what she chooses, but Geoff is not so very much less foolish than we are, granted that he is ordained and all that. He let me wheel him in the gardener's wheelbarrow out of the shrubbery gate down the slope to the beginning of the village street only last week. To be sure, he could not stop me when he had been such a gosling as to sit down in the barrow. I was prepared to say to anybody who stared at him that his steed had run away with him. Father sends us sometimes with sweets to the children, and tobacco to the old gaffers, and we don't mind that. But how would you like, Sophy Singleton, to be taken off like mothers-in-law in half of the illustrated papers and magazines? Clergymen's daughters are always shown in the plainest of frocks and jackets and hats, sometimes with a small basket over your arm, from which you are distributing tea and sugar and doctor's drugs. Or we are in the attitude of stopping one of our father's choir-boys, or bell-ringers, or ordinary parishioners, and rebuking him for not behaving during the service, or for not attending church the previous Sunday. And we are just like other girls, with no idea of either patronising our neighbours or preaching to them. We don't profess to be examples; some people regard us more in the light of warnings."

Annie broke in.

"Lady Ramsbottom took mother to task for letting other people organise 'Mothers' Meetings' in the parish, and preside over the district 'Girls' Friendly Society'; but father would not have mother interfered with. He said she was a good wife and mother, and nobody could say she either absented herself from the ministrations of her husband and son-in-law, or failed to pay proper respect to the ordinances enjoined in the prayer-book."

"Oh, Annie, I don't think your father would like you to repeat what he said to Lady Ramsbottom," cried Sophy, scandalised by these parish and domestic revelations.

But Annie had the bit between her teeth and would not be stopped. She had lived all her life in a glass house, where every door stood open wide. There was no reserve, there was nothing kept back—not from children and servants in the Fernley Vicarage.

"Mother was not hard upon her dependents, and she was not unmindful of the poor. For anything else, nobody had the right to require it of her. If she had no turn for delivering addresses or holding meetings, that was his business and hers, not the business of the public. She had told him——"

"Oh, oh!" groaned Sophy frantically, looking towards Clara and Katie, but they only laughed and shook their heads.

"Before she married him that it was not in her to be a clergywoman, and he had taken her as she had accepted him, on these terms, and was content. No, he did not think women ought to be no more than affectionate, indulgent wives and mothers, he did not consider that was the full fulfilment of the word help-meet, and he was deeply grateful to the lady-workers in his parish. But that ought not to make him undervalue the essential blessings he possessed, or tempt him to be unfair in claiming more than could be got from a happy union, upon which he had entered of his own free will and open-eyed. Oh, I was glad when father gave Lady Ramsbottom that set-down. You would have suited her as father's daughter, Sophy, only other people might have urged against you the same disqualification which was brought against Adela when Lady Ramsbottom decoyed her into taking a message to Mrs. Massey, the wheelwright's wife—not to dress her children in such fine clothes for the Sunday-school. I daresay you are all tired of hearing me speak, but it is a good story if you have not heard it before. It was before Adela was married, you know, when you were away at school. 'Yes, miss,' said Mrs. Massey, after she had listened quietly to Adela's remarks, 'I am much obliged to you for your good advice, and I am sure you must have had plenty of experience and brought up a large family yourself.' And Adela only eighteen, younger than Clara is now!"

At last there was room for another speaker, and Maggie's was the next dissentient voice, raised diffidently and reluctantly, for this was a question of opinion—not of duty, and again she was contradicting her leader, and in the present case appearing to criticise her judgment.

"Shouldn't we always be trying to do our best and be as good as we can? To arrange deliberately to do one good action seems as if it would be something forced and artificial, what some people call supererogatory, on which we should put too much weight. It would make us self-conscious and conceited."

"It need not be anything that we could speak about, that people would notice," replied Sophy, "perhaps only giving up a chair, or a book, or being particularly patient with some tiresome person."

"Like our President," interjected Katie Field waggishly.

"In the hackneyed 'helping a lame dog over a stile' fashion," quoted Gladys Torrens.

"If you think it easier to be good all day than once upon a time, I think you are very conceited, and I don't agree with you, Maggie Somerville," said Clara Field, with good humour as perfect as her frankness.

Since the rest of the company seemed to be at one with Clara in her conviction, Rule Fourth was passed with the prudent proviso—to do one good act when they remembered to do it, and with a dissenting voice—that of Maggie Somerville of all people.

There remained only Rule Fifth—one more rule to propose, and Sophy summoned up all her courage to bring

it forward. She had anticipated and had encountered considerable difficulty in promulgating some of the others—when were reforms introduced or even breathed in social circles high or low without provoking a certain amount of clamorous opposition? But even the most delicate and tactful handling of Rule Fifth was a ticklish job.

"We move a resolution," stated Sophy in a strained voice, taking refuge in official language, "with reference to many grave facts brought prominently before us at this time—that is to say, we are likely to enter upon a war with all its costs and losses, some people say our trade is leaving us, most people agree in the opinion that, as a nation, we are getting too extravagant and luxurious in our habits. We are also influenced by the recollection that an inspired Apostle gave it as his injunction to the women of his day that they should avoid all superfluous expense and excess of display in dress, so that their adornment might be that of a meek and quiet spirit and not of gold or silver or pearls or of costly array. Therefore we girls of the Fernley Guild bind ourselves to combine and do our little best to dress simply and suitably—surely not on that account unbecomingly, and to avoid waste of thought, time and money by employing good, modest, conscientious dressmakers who have taste and skill, but do not call themselves Court dressmakers, or insist on copying stage costumes. If we do dressmaking at home we will only use fashion-plates and patterns in order to adapt and modify them so as not to be eccentric, entirely out of date and peculiar. We will not be peculiar, but at the same time we will be ourselves, we will decline to dress either like duchesses or like actresses."

Sophy sat down amidst a tumult of accusations and denials.

"That was a hit at my white feathers. Oh, and last month she herself had such a swell hat of burnt straw and Parma violets. She only wore it thrice, and then, as if she were ashamed of it, exchanged it for the charity school girl's affair she is wearing now—I call that downright waste."

"To speak of a meek and quiet spirit when she has been haranguing and finding fault with us for a whole hour!"

Sophy rebelled against the wholesale condemnation of her mild proposition. "Don't give in to her. Don't let her persuade us into making grotesque frights of ourselves. It is not for her, it is for our mothers, when we have mothers, to choose our frocks."

The last speaker was evidently in extreme trepidation. She had clearly an appalling apprehension that the slight perturbed figure at the head of the table, Sophy Singleton her contemporary, had an abnormal power to induce her to do anything, to talk her out of her right mind, and cause her to wear a coal-scuttle for a bonnet, and a man's coat for a jacket.

"What has made you hate pretty things, Sophy?" implored another. "You used to like to be smart as well as any of us. Can we not be nice, and good at the same time?"

"Of course," cried Sophy, almost weeping as she sought to stem the torrent of reproaches and accusations levelled at her. "I never said I hated pretty things, I don't, I am too fond of them, as most of us are. I only wanted you to see that we should not attach too much importance to them, so as to sacrifice far higher and better things in order to please ourselves by dressing according to some passing fancy."

"But people say the more we are spending on dress the more trade of one kind we are encouraging, the more work and wages we are securing for poor people." Maggie Somerville brought forward a threadbare argument, not because she held it, but to satisfy herself how Sophy would dispose of it.

"I believe that is a plausible fallacy," Sophy readily replied. "When we spend money on what is necessary, the demand for which is likely to last, we are encouraging sound trade, but when we spend money, often much more money, on mere luxuries, the fashion of a day, no sooner introduced than they are abandoned, we are encouraging trade which is always precarious. When the buyers cannot afford the money they have lavished, it is doubly disastrous. Father knows something of political economy, and he has told me the manifest truths I am retailing."

"I suppose you don't approve of these gowns of ours made by a rival of Redfern's," suggested Lilian Torrens, "any more than you would a ball-gown devised and built up by Worth's successors? I admit they cost a good deal of money, but as to lasting we feel we cannot outlive them."

"I don't disapprove of your tailor-made gowns, if they were really made by tailors—men—unless they took women's work which they could not well spare from the women, and were highly paid for the appropriation," owned Sophy with a reservation. "No, it is not true that a really skilled, well-trained sempstress cannot sew as neatly and firmly as a man. Compare the men and women's hands, and you can judge for yourselves. But you can afford a high price, and your gowns, which do not engross much of your attention, look very comfortable and sensible," observed Sophy with grave commendation, "besides lasting as you say. I am afraid you could not apply any of these merits to the ball-dresses you mention, though they may be things of beauty like dreams, as sentimental dressmakers and modiste-novelists, both men and women, term them, as unsubstantial as dreams, and not destined to exist for more than a night or a couple of nights. Oh, what a shame to spend small fortunes, when poor families are starving, on such flimsy, evanescent creations, just for a passing sensation of gratified vanity! And I believe, after all, most women would look quite as well and not half so foolish in something a great deal simpler and less expensive, which they would not be ashamed to wear, not once nor twice only, but as long as it would remain fresh and unspoiled. I declare, it sounds as if we never had read that passage of St. Paul's written for the benefit, not of the Jewesses and Gentiles of his generation alone, but for the women of all time."

"Shut up, Sophy!" cried Annie Field, as the rudest of her little brothers might have done. "Father knows the Bible by heart, and, what is more, is always doing what it bids him, but he never so much as said the word 'dress' to us. Dress is women's business. I cannot think how St. Paul came to write of it."

"Perhaps St. Paul had more of the wisdom of the serpent than Mr. Field has," said Lilian Torrens in an aside to Maggie Somerville, while Annie Field chattered on.

"The poor dear Vicar! he has certainly the innocence of the dove; I am certain he does not see the difference between silk and cotton, a Puritan's gown or a gown *décolletée à la les Parisiennes*."

There was no chance of Sophy's carrying her point here. Her sister Alice, who had only raised her voice to vote with Sophy, might still vote with her devotedly, though Alice sighed longingly—hankering fifty times

more as she did after the purple and fine linen than over the flesh-pots of Egypt. Maggie Somerville, too, might be staunch, while, as she laughingly acknowledged, her acceptance of the rule which had to do with greater simplicity and plainness in dress could have no weight for her. As everybody knew, it was out of her power to be anything save simple and plain in her attire. But the rest of the little party were more or less obdurate. Sophy had touched on a delicate subject and encroached on privileged ground. The idea was too deeply engrained on the female mind that religion was one thing and dress was another; they had nothing to do with each other. Only Quakers had thought otherwise, and it was notorious that the Quakers were coming round; they no longer dressed unlike other people.

Sophy as a reformer had talked over her audience when the question was to resist the habit of giggling; she had got those among them who had scaled the schools to make a concession on the inadvisability of thrusting scholastic lore down the throats of their companions. She had extorted a fraction of a pledge in favour of serious study and active beneficence in the face of the Fields' aversion to being reckoned the embodiment of improving reading, district visiting, parish clubs, coals and flannel petticoats. But she met her defeat the instant she invaded a department of ethics in which the dwellers were used to immunity, and at the same time stood on the defence with sensitive foresight. In the domain of dress Sophy ran her head against a stone wall

(*To be continued.*)

PRACTICAL POINTS OF LAW.

By A LAWYER.

Dogs.



THE owner of every dog that is six months old must take out an annual licence for the same

The cost is 7s. 6d. for each dog, and the licence is obtainable at a post office.

The licence must be produced when required by a constable or excise officer.

Dog licences expire on the last day of December; they should therefore be renewed early in January or during the month.

Dogs kept by shepherds and blind men are exempt from duty. Hounds under the age of twelve months not entered in or used with the pack are also exempt.

The person on whose premises the dog is found is deemed to be the owner until the contrary be proved.

The penalty for keeping a dog without a licence is £5 for each dog.

Any person may keep a ferocious dog to guard his premises at night.

The person who suffers an unmuzzled savage dog to be at large renders himself liable to be fined.

A person has no right to keep a savage dog unchained on his premises to the danger of people calling there for a lawful purpose.

A person who keeps a dog which is in the habit of biting people does so at his peril, and will be responsible for any injury the dog does to people.

A Court of Summary Jurisdiction may order a dog which is dangerous and not kept under proper control to be destroyed, without giving its owner the option of looking after it more carefully.

The penalty for non-compliance with this order is £1 per day until the order is complied with.

The owner of a dog is liable in damages for injury done to cattle, or sheep, or horses by his dog. Even though he were unaware of his dog's propensity to worry sheep or cattle.

And it is not necessary for the person seeking damages to show that the dog had betrayed any previous disposition to worry cattle; or that the injury was attributable to neglect on the part of the owner of the dog.

It is popularly supposed that every dog is entitled to one bite, and this is true to the extent that a person seeking damages on account of being bitten by a dog must show that the dog had bitten or attempted to bite some other person, and that the fact was known to its owner or his servant.

A constable may take possession of any dog which he has reason to suppose is savage or dangerous and which he finds straying in the street or highway and not under any person's control.

No one has the right to maliciously kill or wound any dog; or to wilfully place poisoned meat upon land for the purpose of killing them.

Powers have been conferred upon the Board of Agriculture to make orders from time to time as to the muzzling and keeping of dogs under proper control; as to the seizure and detention of stray and unmuzzled dogs; as to regulating the importation of animals from abroad, and all other matters connected with the suppression and extinction of rabies.

Therefore it is an offence to do anything in contravention of an order of the Board of Agriculture or the regulation of a local authority, or to omit to carry out their orders.

Such as omitting to supply water to an animal travelling by rail.

Neglecting to keep an animal isolated or failing to give notice of disease with all practicable speed.

It is the duty of the dog owner to find out what regulations are in force in the district in which he resides and act accordingly.

Ignorance of such regulations will not be treated as a lawful excuse; but may serve to mitigate the penalty.

The publication of the order as an advertisement in the local paper will be taken as proof of its having been duly made.

A certificate of a veterinary inspector to the effect that an animal is or was affected with a specified disease will be accepted as conclusive.

For the purposes of enforcing the Muzzling Orders it has been held that a dog driving with its mistress in an open private carriage requires a muzzle. And that a dog is not under proper control who is lying outside the garden gate.

One of the latest regulations of the Board is to the effect that all dogs brought into this country from abroad and intended to be kept here for more than forty-eight hours must be isolated away from their homes for six months in the care of a certified veterinary surgeon.

The regulation does not apply to performing dogs.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

By GERTRUDE PAGE, Author of "If Loving Hearts Were Never Lonely," etc.

CHAPTER II.

PEGGY paid her call the following afternoon, but, as she had anticipated, the stranger was out. However, she left Mrs. Nelson's card and message, and then went down to the shore to see if she could find Jack, who had gone out fishing. He had anchored his boat in the bay, and descried her red sunshade long before she had begun to search for him, immediately preparing to row in and fetch her. He had not really been fishing at all, he had been thinking about her all the time instead. He had been trying to make up his mind if he would speak now, or go on waiting, and finally decided he could not bear the uncertainty any longer, and would rather know the worst at once, if it had to be the worst. So when he saw the well-known sunshade, he turned his boat to the shore with feelings of mingled gladness and trepidation.

"Not at home," said Peggy, as she clambered into the boat. "Just what I expected. I wonder if she is in my nook? I might have brought her for a row, mightn't I? What a pity she was out."

"I think we shall be just as happy without her," was Jack's verdict.

"Oh, you never know!" said Peggy. "You might have fallen in love with her, and all manner of nice things."

"I might, but I shouldn't."

"Why not?"

Jack was busy with the rudder and did not reply for a moment.

"Because I'm in love with someone else," he said, at last.



"HE SPLASHED RIGHT IN."

Peggy was looking to the horizon, and the red of her sunshade cast a rosy glow over her pretty face and dress, and Jack was devouring every line of the charming picture with longing eyes. At his reply she turned to him slowly, and a little wonderingly, then flushed scarlet and looked away hastily.

Jack dropped anchor again, and came and sat down close beside her, feeling almost as if Time had stood still for a little. The sea had forgotten to heave or ripple, and was basking lazily, the gulls had left off screeching to take afternoon naps, and the little port looked as fast asleep as any. He was not at all given to romancing, but it did seem just then as if there were nobody in the world but themselves.

"I love you, Peggy," he said, with a simple directness, characteristic of the man.

Peggy was a little taken aback, but vaguely conscious that she liked the situation, because it was all so romantic.

"I'm so sorry, Jack," she began hesitatingly. She had thought for one instant she would laugh the implied question aside, but something in his face over-awed her.

"Do you mean you don't love me?" he asked.

"You know I am very fond of you," she answered, looking to the horizon, "but——"

"I want you to marry me." It sounded a little blunt, but that was only Jack's way of trying to hide that he was deeply moved. He was not one for flowery or eloquent discourse at any time; if he felt anything very much he was sometimes so abrupt that he was liable to be misjudged.

Peggy felt a little carried off her feet. However, she managed to reply quite calmly—

"I'm afraid I couldn't do that."

"Why not?"

She fidgeted a little.

"I'm afraid I don't love you in that way."

He picked up a piece of rope and played with it, tying and untying it in fantastic knots.

"Couldn't you try?" he said. "I've loved you nearly all my life."

It occurred to Peggy then that it was incumbent upon her to be the high-souled compassionate woman to this man who offered her so much; and without exactly meaning it she became conscious that she was acting in a real and very interesting romance. She rested one little hand on Jack's arm and looked very sweet and tender as she said in a motherly way—

"I'm so sorry, dear. I did not think you cared like that. I hope it is not my fault. You know I would not willingly have made you unhappy if I could help it."

"Why can't you love me?" said Jack. It was no question of romance to him. His was a very different standpoint, in fact he almost erred in the opposite direction. He argued that no one could love her more than he did, or take better care of her; and that therefore in the natural order of things, she ought to try to love him in return. He was before everything a plain-spoken, straightforward young Englishman, such as the Empire has the greatest reason to be proud of; and knowing exactly what he wanted, he went straight for it without much palaver.

"You see, dear," continued Peggy, in the same voice, "it is not a thing that one could force, or would wish to if one could. I am very sorry I can't marry you, because it is dreadful to make people unhappy; but I am sure you will soon forget about this, and let us go on squabbling and loving in just the old way."

"No," said Jack, "I sha'n't forget."

Peggy looked distressed.

"At least you will try," she urged. "Some day some one much better than I will come into your life, and then you will be so happy again."

"No," said Jack again. "I always told myself I would have you or no one, and I don't often change my mind when it is once made up." He hesitated, and added a little stammeringly, "Perhaps I could persuade you if I could talk about it better. I know I'm rather blunt. I was always a muff at putting things nicely. I know how much I love you, and it seems as if you ought to know it too."

"Dear old Jack," said Peggy. "You are much too good to be thrown away on a girl who doesn't love you with her whole heart and soul. I am very sorry about it all, but you will just have to be very brave, and forget me." He did not reply, and she added, "I think I'll go in now, it's getting a little cool out here."

He seized the oars and rowed swiftly ashore, as if the effort eased his mind a little.

"Are you coming in?" she asked, when they landed.

"No, I think I'll go for a long walk until dinner-time," he answered, and turned away.

Peggy went slowly and thoughtfully home. She felt very sorry for Jack, but the drama of the afternoon had interested her immensely, and she was pleased with her own part in it.

"Poor dear Jack," she said sentimentally, once or twice, and then went through it all again.

Mrs. Nelson wondered a little when she saw her strolling home alone, looking so thoughtful, and her motherly heart felt a sudden pang for her beloved nephew, if, as she feared, he had pleaded in vain. She felt a little sorry for Peggy, too, for she was a very sweet girl by nature, and would one day be a very sweet woman. But Mrs. Nelson recognised that at present she was just a little too happy and too satisfied with herself and everything else, for the best that was in her to come to the front. After a life of much trouble herself, she had at last reached that happy plane where sorrow is seen only as a means of grace, and, in a high and holy sense, akin to joy. She loved Peggy dearly, but she knew that until she had wept she would not fulfil the promise of her girlhood.

Meanwhile Jack strode along the sands scarcely looking to right or left, and conscious only that bodily exertion was somehow a relief to him. Indeed he would not have seen a girlish figure far out across the sands, endeavouring to find a way through an unexpected flow of water, had it not been for the bark of her dog. Then he looked in her direction casually, and only after a few moments realised that she had evidently been sitting too long on a rock in the sea, and been nearly caught by the tide. As it was she would have to wade through water nearly waist deep if she came on, for a little stream ran across the sand at that point, and the incoming tide had filled it up. The instant he grasped the fact, however, he shouted to her and ran across the sand.

"Stay where you are," he called, when he was within hearing, "and let me fetch you."

She seemed to hesitate, but he only splashed straight in and waded through to where she was standing, with the water well over her shoes.

"I am sorry you have got your feet wet," he said, raising his hat, and looking into the beautiful eyes of the mysterious stranger. "If I had only been a little earlier I might have prevented it. You must let me carry you across."

"You are very kind, but I am so heavy," she demurred, "besides, it was very foolish of me to sit so long. I deserve to get wet."

"I can carry you quite easily," he said, and promptly prepared to lift her, pretending not to see her shy reluctance. When he put her down on the opposite side, and she attempted to thank him, he only said simply—

"You are not so heavy as Peggy, and I have had to carry her much further. It was really nothing."

"Who is Peggy?" she asked, and at the question a shadow came over his face and into the deep blue of his eyes.

"You met her yesterday," he replied, "she is staying with my aunt, Mrs. Nelson."

"I remember. I'm afraid I was trespassing on her preserves, but I had no idea she was there. I hope she has forgiven me?"

"I think she was pleased. She has been to call on you this afternoon."

"That was kind of her," the stranger answered. "I am sorry I was out."

She glanced towards the port, and quite naturally Jack turned in the same direction.

"I am going home now," he said; "may I walk with

you?" and she could only assent. Something in the extreme sadness of her face appealed to him just then, and he felt he would like to talk to somebody as unhappy as himself. Ethel Rivers noticed his dejected, hopeless air, and wondered a little, because he seemed to have changed considerably since she saw him last.

For some minutes they walked on silently, as if a mutual understanding of each other had already arisen.

"I suppose you are very fond of the sea?" he said presently.

"Why?"—a little curiously.

"I have noticed that you rarely leave it, and that your face is always turned to it."

"You must be very observant."

"Yes, I believe I am. Particularly with anything connected with Port Mena. You were something quite fresh here, so naturally I observed you rather closely. Also Peggy told me you were always by the sea."

"How amusing!" she said. "I have scarcely noticed you or Miss Nelson at all. I remember the first time I saw her thinking how extremely pretty she was."

"She is not Miss Nelson, she is Miss Wardour of Ilkley. She comes to see my aunt about this time every year."

"She is very fond of the sea also."

"Yes. We used to come as children and paddle here together, but that seems very long ago now"—sadly.

Ethel glanced at him again, and thought what a manly, nice face he had, and the indefinable sense of sympathy towards him deepened, lessening a little her habitual reserve.

"You will always have pleasant memories of it," she said, "and pleasant memories are such a good possession." Her eyes grew wistful. "I am learning to live on mine," she added, half to herself.

"It sounds rather hopeless," he answered. "If I can't have the real thing, I think I'd like to forget altogether."

"Oh, no, don't say that. The world is so cold and bleak and desolate; some day you will be very thankful for a few glad memories."

"Is that how it seems to you?" He looked into her face, and his voice was very kind, but she flushed painfully beneath his scrutiny. She felt she had said too much, and was vexed with herself for such a sudden confidence to a perfect stranger; she who had said no word of her pain for six months to any living creature.

When the blow first fell there had been several who had tried to comfort her, but she had always replied coldly and shown only an unchangeable reserve. She had intended that it should be so always, but she had not known then how, even in this workaday world, it is as though some hearts had a special power towards others. She only felt that somehow, in spite of her regret, it seemed perfectly natural that they should be talking to each other thus, and that beyond doubt he too was in trouble.

"I suppose whatever has been there is always a possible good to come," he said, as she did not speak. "At any rate, it is wisest and bravest to be hopeful." They were nearing the turn where they would part now, and he added, "I wish you would come and see my aunt, Mrs. Nelson. You could not help loving her, everyone does, and it would be a real kindness. She is a great invalid, you know, and she suffers a good deal of pain, so that a fresh face is often a help in making her forget for a little."

"I should like to come," said Ethel, with a promptness that surprised herself. "I will call to-morrow afternoon"—and then she held out her hand.

At the end of The Mount garden, on a small mound commanding a view of the road and coast, Peggy stood. After she had been home some little time, in the midst of her half-dreamy cogitations, came the thought that Jack had looked rather desperate when he strode off across the sands. A sudden dread seized her. What if he should be tempted to do himself some injury? With the thought still in her mind, blanching her face, she hurried down the garden to the spot where she could get the best view of the coast, wondering whether she had better go along the cliff after him.

While she was still hesitating, he came in view with his companion, both apparently deeply interested in their conversation.

Peggy gasped, and then hurried away, conscious of a feeling wonderfully near to resentment, but whether because he had not chosen to drown himself, or because he had made friends with another girl, she hardly knew!

(*To be continued.*)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

About Potatoes.

It is far the most economical plan to buy good potatoes, and, when possible, to buy a sack at a time. They may then be stored in a dry dark place, looked carefully over from time to time, and any which show signs of disease, or those which are beginning to sprout, should be used first.

If no choice in this direction is necessary, let me advise all mistresses to see that the potatoes selected for each day's consumption are of as much the same size as possible. If large and small potatoes are cooked together, one must suffer. Either the large potato is properly cooked and the small one reduced to a pulp, or the small potato is properly cooked and the large one is underdone. Much waste is occasioned in this way, besides much grumbling about badly-cooked potatoes.

I cannot understand why people do not adopt the plan more generally of cooking potatoes with their skins on. They are much more wholesome, cooked in this manner, as they retain their mineral salts which lie near the skin, and there is less waste both of the potato and also of time in preparing them.

Green Vegetables.

All green vegetables should be used the same day they are cut, so there is no question of storing them. When buying them, choose those of a healthy green colour, not yellow, and see that they are firm and crisp. When they are flabby and limp, it shows that they are stale, and stale vegetables are most unwholesome.

Choose cabbages and lettuce with firm compact hearts. Cauliflowers should have the flower in a firm compact white mass. If the small branchlets of the flower show, and the whole flower-head is expanded, the cauliflower is too old, and will be tough and strong.

French Beans.

The beans inside the pod should be very small and showing no colour, and the pod should look succulent and not stringy. If fresh they will be stiff and firm.

Green Peas.

Garden peas may readily be told from field peas; they are a brighter green, and the pods have a smoother surface. Peas in perfection should be picked when they are three parts grown. If they are allowed to grow to their full size, they are dry and have lost much of their flavour.

If green vegetables are brought into the house in the morning to be used in the evening, it is a good plan to lay them on a stone floor in a dark cool place till one hour before they are required to be prepared for cooking. Then remove the outer leaves, and immerse them in cold water to which has been added one tablespoonful of salt. Look them over carefully and remove any discoloured or worm-eaten parts, and lastly rinse the vegetables thoroughly under a tap of cold water.

If you are preparing vegetables such as lettuce, endives, etc., for a salad, dry all the leaves carefully, after they have been rinsed, before proceeding to mix the ingredients.

"GOD IS GOD."

Let men murmur as they will,
"God is God, and shall be still."
Swift there spread through all my being,
Like a flash of lightning bright,
As I groped about unseeing,
God's divine and dazzling light.

Let men murmur as they will,
"God is God, and shall be still."
O'er my heart-strings, dull and soundless,
He has swept his Godlike hand,
Till their music deep and boundless
Rolls like waters o'er the sand.

Let men doubt, if doubt they can!
"God is God, the God of man."
All the thoughts that give men pleasure,
Raising them to God's own throne,
All the hopes men fondly treasure,
They all come from God alone.

From the Norwegian of Hjalmar Meidell.



THE FAIR CAPTIVES OF CASTLE VUFFLENS.

A Story of Love and Loyalty. From the Records of the Tenth Century.

CHAPTER VII.

Archibald would hardly allow his daughter Eléonore to leave him for a single moment. She ought, he considered, to prepare his meals, serve them herself, watch beside him while he slept, and when he awoke be a butt for his furious outbursts. In short, the savage rule of this small sovereign and the unhappy existence of his daughter were the talk of the neighbourhood.

Eléonore's mother and Lady Isabelle had formerly been great friends. Brought up together in a convent at Fribourg, they had only been separated from each other when marrying two noblemen of knightly renown. Their careers were henceforth very different. Isabelle had already shed many tears over the sad fate and premature death of her friend; and the desire to protect her daughter Eléonore from her father's tyranny was one of the influences which attracted her towards the alliance she contemplated.

"As the wife of my Henri, occupying with him the Château Blonay, her position," thought she, "will be worthy of envy, and through it all her troubles will be quickly forgotten." This good mother took care, however, not to speak to her son of her project. She knew that youth is but rarely in accord with parental wishes, especially in the matter of marriage; and that the fact of anyone being selected for them was sufficient to deter them from caring at all for that chosen person.

Besides, it was very difficult to gain access to Eléonore, seeing that her father did not wish to be separated from her. She little suspected that the two friends were as anxious as she about this same Eléonore. Since the report of her unhappy existence had reached them, they had dreamed of nothing else but the means of delivering her—Berthold more especially.

"Nothing is easier," declared Henri, in response to the proposition. "We will scale the walls of Château d'Aigremont. We will capture Archibald. We will carry away Eléonore and conduct her hither!"

Berthold was of the same opinion in the matter of merely capturing the master and sovereign ruler of Aigrement.

"Eléonore will have nothing to say to me," he said, "if I sacrifice her father."

"Say to thee, Berthold! Dost thou think of marrying her?" asked Henri quickly.

"It is the most ardent wish of my heart. To thee alone I confide it. I have never seen Eléonore, but from all I have heard, I adore her, and never shall I see myself married to anyone else."

"Let us go then and seek her," said Henri promptly. "And if thou wilt, it is I who will be the first to wound her father in desperate combat. Otherwise, I have no wish to fight with him."

Henri was scarcely twenty, small and spare, and Archibald d'Aigremont was, in comparison, a giant, and celebrated for his strength. But he was all anxious to serve his friend and to deliver the oppressed Eléonore. And this young man dreaded nothing.

They resolved to put their project into execution on the morrow, without saying a word to anyone about it.

Aigremont was only eight leagues from Châtelard. They proposed to set out at daybreak. Their coursers were in good condition, and they would certainly be able to return in the evening with the beautiful Eléonore, whom the Lady Isabelle and Lord Rodolphe would receive with astonishment.

These two friends were at that age when one believes nothing impossible that one may desire.

They talked to their parents that evening of a hunting expedition in the Blonay woods, and they spoke of dining at the Tour de Saleuscé, the ruins of which long remained on the Kubli height below Clarens.

"TWO PEASANTS CARRIED A LITTER ON THEIR SHOULDERS.



The Lords of Blonay had always retained a gamekeeper in this mountain tower. Formerly, in autumn, Aymon had been accustomed to assemble his neighbours there by the attractive halting accommodation which he offered them. But since his death no one ever seemed to go to the place.

"I am curious to inspect the old haunt along with Berthold."

"You will return before nightfall," Henri's mother replied. And they promised her, smiling.

If Henri had not promised to keep faith with his friend's secret, he would have whispered to his mother to make preparation for Eléonore d' Aigremont.

They set out at dawn.

When evening arrived and they did not appear, the Lady Isabelle became distressingly disquieted. She listened, opened a window and looked anxiously in the direction of Blonay, but saw nothing.

Lord Rodolphe sought to reassure her.

"Fear nothing, dear one. Our sons are no longer children. They are of sufficient age to take care of themselves. They have doubtless lost their way pursuing some of the mountain deer. The woods are dense. Night has surprised them. They will not have started to return before starlight. To-morrow they will come with the game they have carried for our acceptance."

Isabelle felt reassured. But that day passed as well as many succeeding ones without their parents having the pleasure of seeing their children return. Isabelle was in despair. Lord Rodolphe was contemplatively concerned, and went in search of them, in this direction, then in that. He went first to Blonay; afterwards to the Tour de Saleuscé. The young barons had not been seen at either place. He next traversed the woods and mountains, without discovering any trace of them.

Now considerably concerned, he returned to Châtelard. Who can describe the poor mother's anguish when she saw her husband come back alone, and that he had learned nothing. She tried each morning, however, to hope afresh.

"They will come to-day," she told herself. Evening came. Her cherished child and Berthold had not yet arrived. A great and poignant grief now overwhelmed her and drove sleep entirely away.

"Never—never again shall I see my son, nor you yours!" she said to her husband, weeping bitterly.

Lord Rodolphe was sorely afflicted also, but, with more restraint, compelled himself to find consolation for her in the fact that the young men, thirsting for adventure and renown, had resolved to gain their spurs.

"They will return covered with glory," he said.

But what is glory to a mother's heart?

"Ah!" she sighed, "if only he had received my blessing! If only I had given him his father's sword! If I had clasped him once more to my heart!"

Alas! this poor maternal heart was well-nigh broken with grief. If she could at least have fixed her thought upon the place where he was! If she had known the nature of the dangers to which he was exposed! Instead, the destiny of the young barons was obscured as by the darkest night.

Lord Rodolphe bore his inquietude with the firmness of his sex, but his heart was not the less distracted. He at length resolved upon making new and further research; of inspecting all the plenary courts, all the towers within reach, and not to return without bringing some news of the lost loved ones.

Isabelle was rejoiced at this. Inaction only added to her distress. If anxious solicitude had not minimised her strength, she too would have wished to set out, and to have sought through every land for her son and her husband's son. But in absenting herself, she would, perhaps, defer the moment when she might embrace them. Therefore, Lady Isabelle remained behind, bidding adieu to Rodolphe with a mixture of pain and pleasure.

In order to sustain her, he had affected an assurance in which she could hardly participate, offering her innumerable consolations and hopes which only redoubled her doubts and were to her inopportune, since she saw none of them realised.

Isabelle obtained her husband's permission to dwell during his absence at Castle Blonay. He hoped that so agreeable a residence would lighten her trouble. Hélas! the poor mother thought only of trying to solace herself with more freedom in the place where her Henri was born, where she had nursed him, and where, constantly with him, she had devoted herself to the forming of his character.

The moment for departure arrived. Isabelle, in bidding a tender farewell to Rodolphe, urged him to consider his own safety, and to send her word by his page as soon as he should glean any news, promising to apprise him, on her side, immediately she had the happiness of recovering her son.

Then Lord Châtelard took route for France, and his wife that which led to Blonay. The situation, always so beautiful and varied, seemed, on this occasion, to be enveloped in funereal crape.

Six months of anxious vigil did not bring any consolation to her troubled spirit. Being deprived of sleep and tranquillity of mind, enduring her existence in a state of continual high fever, had rendered Lady Isabelle unrecognisable. A few days more of such torturing uncertainty and the young Baron de Blonay would find his mother no longer alive. But the good God did not permit so great a misfortune.

One evening the Lady Isabelle was attracted to the window by a surprising spectacle. Beneath the bare sides of the Dent de Jaman might be seen, in a large expanse of sky, a deep red tint, now bright, now faint, but always there. It seemed to be caused by an alarming conflagration. It was impossible to locate the exact situation. The mountain prevented this. But it presumably proceeded from the Pays d'Enhaut or in the Vallée des Ormonts. The chatelaine looked on with fear and pity, saying to herself—

"I am not the only one unhappy. Many mothers, perhaps, are losing sons at this moment in that devouring fire."

Critically she continued to consider the brilliant illumination which was lighting up the landscape so deplorably. The full moon reflecting the ruddy colour appeared now through the foliage of the dark fir-trees and made every object clear to her.

All at once there appeared on the steep stony pathway skirting the mountain, something so singular that Lady Isabelle could not keep her eyes from gazing at it intently. Every living object, however far away, was calculated to attract her attention, always believing, as she did, that it might be those so long waited for, and whom she so passionately desired to see again. How many times had she been mistaken! In this instance nothing contributed to the sweet illusion, and her curiosity alone was excited.

Two peasants carried a litter on their shoulders, on which lay a strong powerful man, firmly fastened to it by cords in such a manner as would prevent any movement on his part. The litter was followed by two

other serfs, intended, doubtless, as relays to the first two, whom a burden so heavy would quickly fatigue.

Lady Isabelle's attention was attracted most by the sight of a woman enveloped in cloak and veil, whose figure was not distinguishable, but who seemed to have the air and grace of nobility. She was seated upon a sort of chair elevated on poles; and those who carried it—is it one more error of a mother's heart?—those supporting the chair in which the lady was seated were certainly not peasant-folk, for she could distinguish the coat-of-arms of knighthood; on the head a helmet, the visor lowered. One was taller than the other; and he who followed last, thin and slender, has the carriage, the walk—— Isabelle pressed her hand to her heart and murmured feebly—almost inaudibly—

"Thank Heaven! Henri——"

At this moment the procession was passing under the terrace of the Castle. The projecting walls robbed her of all sight of it. But she heard a voice which carried conviction to her heart pronouncing these words—

"Here is the Château de Blonay. It is here that——"

Isabelle heard no more. What little strength was left to her gave way under her emotion. She fell fainting upon the marble floor, where her women and servitors found her.

Restored to consciousness, she looked around and asked for Henri.

"Where is he, that I may embrace him before I die from joy?"

Hélas! he was not there. No one could understand what she tried to convey.

The procession had not stopped at the Castle gates after all. It was doubtless a prisoner or wounded knight being conducted by his children to the city of Lausanne where clever surgeons could be found.

Others watching the progress of the fire from the terrace had likewise seen it pass and likewise heard one of the knightly bearers say—"This is the Château de Blonay."

Groans and curses reached them from the bound man, as well as the lady's tearful ejaculation—"My father—my poor father!" to which a voice replied—

"Dear sister, calm yourself. He will soon be in a place where he will be well cared for, if not cured."

"I will devote my life to that end," another voice assured her.

Lady Isabelle listened mournfully to this recital, destroying, as it did, all her hopes. No one had the least idea that the knightly bearers of that lady were the young barons of Châtelard and Blonay—no one but the poor mother, who could not bring herself to abandon the impression so firmly rooted. But could Henri have passed under the very walls of his own Castle without staying there? And the lady whom he addressed as "sister?" Thus did many conflicting thoughts oppose each other in her mind.

Sometimes certain, sometimes in doubt, Lady Isabelle passed a sleepless night. With the morrow — at daybreak—ah, who can convey the joy which that mother's heart experienced! Her Henri is clasped in her arms. No more doubts, no more tortures. These are all forgotten. Pressed to her bosom, she could scarcely bring herself to release him, even to look at him.

He was thin and pale. She saw he had suffered. But there is no mistake. It is her own Henri. She embraced him once more, wept and caressed him yet again. These tears of joy must freely flow to efface all the sorrowful ones that had been shed for six months past.

"Dear and honoured mother," said Henri to her, covering her hand with kisses as he spoke, "one has but to look at you to imagine the sorrow you have passed through, and which renders me very culpable. Who would have dreamed when I passed the Castle gates yesterday that I was so near to one never absent from my thoughts? Impatient to see you again, I hastened to Châtelard to end your disquietude, and found only servants there, who informed me that you were here at Blonay. The fear of disturbing your sleep deterred me from coming until morning."

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

Stealing a Saint's Head.

One of the most authentic and interesting of mediæval relics was the body of Saint Geneviève, the patroness of Paris.

In 1162 the terrible news went forth that the saint's head had disappeared, stolen by some too ardent devotee. The then King Louis VII. made it known that if the head was not replaced by a certain day, he would have all the monks in the Priory of Saint Geneviève, where the relic was kept, severely beaten. But as sometimes happens on less important occasions, the threat had its desired effect, and when in the presence of the King and the whole court the reliquary was opened, the saint's head was found intact.

Old Umbrellas.

Umbrellas came into general use about 1775. They were made of oiled silk, and were very clumsy and difficult to open when wet, while the stick and furniture were heavy and inconvenient. It was at first considered a mark of effeminacy to carry one.

The transition to the present portable form is due partly to the substitution of silk and gingham for the heavy and troublesome oiled silk, which admitted of the ribs and frame being made much lighter, and also to the many ingenious mechanical improvements in the framework.

A Note about Buttons.

How buttons came to be placed on the back of a man's coat has been explained in this way. When a man carried a sword, he held his sword-belt in place by means of two buttons on the back of the coat. But though swords and sword-belts have long gone out of fashion, the two buttons on the back of the coat still remain, and no man would consider his cutaway or his frock-coat properly finished if it did not have two buttons placed in the small of the back immediately above the coat tails.

What we can all do.—The world is never all we could wish; but if it goes wrong, let us not act so as to make it go worse. Rather let us try to make it move a little smoother and a little pleasanter by our disposition, manners and actions.

A Famous Authoress at Work.—The well-known authoress "George Eliot" was very particular as to her surroundings. When about to write, she dressed herself with great care and arranged her harmoniously furnished room in perfect order. She was slow and painstaking, seldom writing over forty to sixty lines a day When one of her books was finished, she found herself so exhausted nervously that only a trip to Italy or the South of France could restore her to normal condition.

A GIRL'S RAMBLES THROUGH HAUNTED SCOTLAND.

By JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.

PART V.

IN THE BORDER-LAND.



THERE is no more fascinating district than the Border-land in all Scotland; indeed, everything considered, we might say in the whole kingdom.

Think of its beauty, of its green hills and dales, its clear and musical streams, the fresh breezes of its mountain and moorland, the quiet simple healthy life of its cottage homes, with the lark soaring high overhead and the purple heather and the golden furze blooming at one's very door. And add to these charms that it is a region rich in poetical associations and historic interest. According to Sir Walter Scott, who knew more about it than anybody else, "a continuous flow of romantic and poetical tradition has been one distinguishing characteristic of the Scottish Border-land."

A fact much in favour of the intellectual interest of this remarkable tract of country is that it was for long the scene of conflict between the rival kingdoms of England and Scotland. It was a constant fighting ground, for the two kingdoms were habitually hostile, and the exciting and desolating wars only terminated after centuries had elapsed by the union of the two crowns on the accession of James VI. of Scotland to the throne of England in 1603.

The wild romance of history has always proved the best possible material for forming the soul and inspiration of poetry. In the old songs, ballads and traditions, of which the Border can show such remarkable examples, we have a mixture of the shadow world of fancy and the actual world of grim fact. In them history and poetry are inextricably interwoven, every phrase suggesting that we are in the presence of circumstances well calculated to fire the imagination and melt the heart.

The inhabitants of this region during the days when fighting was ever in the wind, were a rough and sturdy race not troubled much with scruples about mine and thine. They became thieves in spite of themselves, and the rapine by which they subsisted was even looked upon as lawful and honourable. No doubt it was often a case of thieving or starving. How they lived on the Border sometimes is a mystery, or how any man could have the heart to plough and sow when there were odds against his ever reaping.

The most conspicuous figure in the history of this famous district is that of the great enchanter whom we have just named, Sir Walter Scott. In the midst of it, for the greater part of his life, he had his home, and it was by the exercise of his magic pen that the fame of its romance was spread abroad throughout the world.

The residence of Scott, as everyone knows, was at Abbotsford, in a beautiful situation on the banks of the Tweed, about two miles above Melrose. The mansion and grounds were entirely his own creation; they formed the joy and ambition of his life and were also, alas, the cause of the financial disaster which clouded his later days. Here he breathed his last on September 21st, 1832, within sight and sound of the ripple of the Tweed.

But Abbotsford was not his first home in the neighbourhood. At Ashestiel, a house charmingly situated at the top of a steep bank overlooking the Tweed and surrounded by rich woods, he lived for eight years—from 1804 to 1812—among the happiest years of his life. There he was surrounded by his young family, and there he first freely gave the rein to his muse.

The neighbouring town of Selkirk—a good specimen of a Border burgh—is proud to this day of the fact that Sir Walter Scott presided as Sheriff in its county-court house. In the principal street is a statue to Scott, and on its pedestal are inscribed those lines of his which form a touching embodiment of his attachment to the Border region:

> "By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
> Though one should guide my feeble way,
> Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
> Although it chill my withered cheek."

Selkirk is situated on the River Ettrick a little below its junction with the Yarrow. Of these two streams, the more famous, at any rate in literature, is the last named. It is one to which great attention has been paid by the poetic brotherhood. The vale through which it flows forms the subject of three well-known poems by Wordsworth: "Yarrow unvisited," "Yarrow visited," and "Yarrow re-visited," the last being a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott and other friends in visiting the banks of the Yarrow under Scott's guidance immediately before his departure from Abbotsford for Naples.

Of other poems the scene of which is laid in this enchanted region, girls may be referred to the old ballad "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow," and to what Wordsworth calls the "exquisite ballad," by William Hamilton of Bangour, beginning:

> "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
> Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow."

A young woman of this district famed for her beauty was Mary Scott, who came to be known in song as "The Flower of Yarrow." She was the daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope in Selkirkshire, and was married to Walter Scott of Harden, a noted Border freebooter in the reign of Queen Mary. The ruins of Dryhope Tower, which was her birthplace, are still to be seen—at least they were to be seen not so long ago—near the lower extremity of St. Mary's Loch.

Wat of Harden, her husband, may be taken as a type of the lawless spirits of his day. He was in the habit of levying blackmail on all "weaker" than himself; in the words of the old poet he said: "All that cowards have is mine." Not only did he take the cattle of his natural enemies on the other side of the Border, but with strict impartiality

> "He sought the beeves that made the broth,
> From England and from Scotland both."

He generally managed to keep his byres full, but this was not always the case. On one occasion he heard a servant calling to another: "Jock, bring out the cow."

"Preserve us!" said Wat. "Is it come down to one cow? By my faith, it will be kye (cows) before night."

And saddling his horse and calling out his men, he soon brought the cow plenty of company. Whence they came we need not too curiously inquire; but of this we may be sure, they were not bought at any market, nor was any price paid if we except a few blows given and received.

The father of this Walter Scott of Harden had been in the same line of freebooting and plundering business. Of him, a very handsome young man it is said, a good story is told. He had made a foray on the lands of the Murrays of Ellibank, and being seized in the act was about

to be hanged. The wife of the enraged Murray, however, represented to her husband that it was a pity to take the life of a fine young fellow who was well connected and possessed of a good estate, while they had a daughter whose extreme homeliness made it unlikely that she would ever be solicited in marriage. Scott was offered the alternative of being hanged in a quarter of an hour or of being wedded to the damsel, who from the extent of her mouth was called Muckle-mou'd Meg, and he chose the latter. It is a pleasure to add that the story represents her, in conclusion, as having proved a very amiable and exemplary wife.

The Douglas Glen opening out of the Vale of Yarrow, a gloomy hollow about two miles long, shut in by steep hills, is the scene of the Douglas tragedy, the hero and heroine of which, Lord William and Fair Margaret, were buried in the forest kirk of St. Mary near the Loch.

It forms the subject of one of the most popular of the old Border ballads. Lord William stealing away Lady Margaret Douglas is pursued by her father and seven brothers, with whom he fights and leaves them either lying dead or sore wounded. The lady, after vainly trying to staunch the wounds of her expiring parent, sadly gets up on the pillion behind her lover. The two then rode slowly across the hills between the Yarrow and the Tweed amid a quiet sheen of moonlight all over the vague, wierd-like moorland. But the lover carried with him a wound—in fact, his death-wound—from the conflict. At last—

"They lighted down to take a drink
Of the stream that ran so clear,
But down the stream ran his good heart's blood,
And sair she 'gan to fear."

Game to the end, he protests in answer to her exclamation—

"'Tis but the shadow of my scarlet cloak
That shines in the water so plain."

They mounted again and rode on till they reached his mother's door, but it was the last effort of a dying man.

"Lord William was dead long ere midnight,
Lady Margaret long ere day.
May all true lovers that go together
Have more good luck than they!"

The Yarrow in its course down the Vale flows through two lochs, separated one from the other by a narrow neck of land. The loch higher up the stream is known as the Loch o' the Lowes, the other as St. Mary's Loch.

In the glen of Meggat water, about a mile from St. Mary's Loch, are the ruins of Hinderland Tower, the scene of the "Lament of the Border Widow," whose husband, Percy Cockburn, a noted freebooter, was hanged by King James V. The King, who was on an expedition directed against such lawless characters, surprised Cockburn whilst he was sitting at dinner, and had him executed without delay or ceremony, hanging him over the gateway to his own tower.

Near the Tower is a mountain torrent rushing impetuously through a rocky chasm. Here the wife of Cockburn retreated during her husband's execution; and a place called The Lady's Seat is still shown where she is said to have striven to drown, amid the roar of the foaming water, the tumultuous noise which announced the close of his existence.

It was during this expedition that Johnnie Armstrong, another and still more renowned freebooter, came to his end. His evil genius had prompted Johnnie to present himself before James at the head of thirty-six horse, arrayed in all the pomp of border chivalry. It was at a place called Carlenrig chapel, about ten miles from Hawick.

The King ordered him and his followers to instant execution. Johnnie Armstrong used all his eloquence to save their necks, but the King was not to be moved. At last, seeing there was no hope of favour, he—to quote the old ballad—said very proudly—

"To seek hot water beneath cold ice
I trow it is great folly.
I have sought grace at a graceless face
And there is none for my men and me!"

And hanged they were—the whole thirty-seven of them—on trees growing on the neighbouring hillside.

Not far from St. Mary's Loch—between it and Moffat—was the haunt of a brownie, the last ever heard of in that neighbourhood—known as the Brownie of Bodsbeck. Brownies formed a class of supernatural beings, believed in long ago; a class remarkable for industry, and distinct, we are told, in habit and disposition from the freakish and mischievous elves, who were, however, their near relations.

They were meagre, shaggy and wild in appearance. In the daytime they lurked in remote recesses of the old houses which they delighted to haunt; and in the night sedulously employed themselves in discharging any laborious task which they thought might be acceptable to the family to whose service they had devoted themselves.

This last of the Ettrick Forest brownies, according to Sir Walter Scott, resided in Bodsbeck, a wild and solitary spot, where he exercised his functions undisturbed, till the scrupulous devotion of an old lady induced her to "hire him away," as it was termed, by placing in his haunt a porringer of milk and a piece of money. It was a great offence, for so delicate was the attachment of brownies to the human race, that the offer of reward, but particularly of food, infallibly occasioned their disappearance for ever.

After receiving this hint to depart, the Brownie of Bodsbeck was heard to howl and cry "Farewell to bonnie Bodsbeck," and from that day to this neither he nor any of his race have been ever there seen.

Not far from this is the source of the River Tweed, a conspicuous and famous feature of the Scottish Borderland. We seem never to get far out of sight of its rapid waters. "Historically," says Professor Veitch, "the river has been ever the heart of this Lowland country, so far at least as strong bold action, the gradual growth of history, tradition, legend, the continuous flow of song, ballad and music, wholly native, have moved the feeling and moulded the imagination, not only of the people of the district, but of the whole land of Scotland."

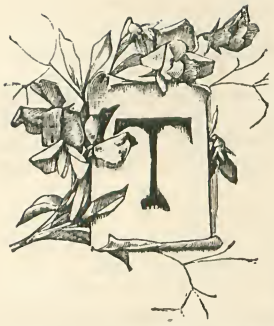
The Tweed has its source in a mass of mountain ground occupying the upper parts of the counties of Peebles, Lanark, and Dumfries. Almost in the same place—though they flow in quite different directions—two other leading rivers of the South of Scotland have their origin. This fact has been made the subject of an often-quoted rhyme—

"Annan, Tweed and Clyde
Rise a' out o' ae hillside.
Tweed ran, Annan wan,
Clyde fell and brake its neck o'er Corra Linn."

The Annan having the shortest course is supposed to win the race, whilst popular fancy represents the Clyde as breaking its neck at the picturesque Corra Fall near Lanark.



GIRLS' AMBITIONS.



PART V.

WANTED—A GOVERNESS.

THE only profession for which women were supposed a generation or two ago to be eligible was the

EDUCATIONAL PROFESSION.

If a girl wished to "go out into the world," or were forced by necessity to do so—a girl, that is, of the upper or middle class—a governess she must become, or perish in the attempt.

There was a song our grandmothers used to sing, doubtless relegated to the limbo of things forgotten, which was wholesome in its satire and significant in its burden. It was rather too much like a small cantata for modern taste; a portentous performance altogether, which now would startle a drawing-room and tax the energies of the modern languid vocalist. It was called, "Wanted—a Governess," and began by that phrase, melodiously hooted twice or thrice, with loud chords in between. The words were to this effect—

"Wanted a governess, fitted to fill
The post of tuition with competent skill
In a gentleman's family, highly genteel,
Where 'tis hoped that the lady will try to conceal
Any fanciful feelings or flights she may feel,
For this gentleman's family's so very genteel.
The pupils are five, ages six to sixteen,
All as promising girls as ever were seen,
And besides, though it's hardly worth while to put
that in,
There are two little boys, but they only learn Latin!"

The subjects to be taught are then enumerated in overwhelming array, and it was a *sine quâ non* that they should be rattled off swiftly by the performer in such combinations as—

"Arithmetic, use of the globes, and conchology.
* * * * *
Italian she must know, of course; nor need banish
Whatever acquaintance she may have with Spanish,
Nor would there be harm in a trifle of German,"

the song declared. The sum offered to the unfortunate compendium of all human learning who should accept this situation was twenty pounds a year. The sum was proclaimed to a *bravura* accompaniment at the end of the song.

The satire, though we may laugh at it as cumbrous, was not wholly farcical. The number of women applying for the post of governess brought down the salary to a preposterously low figure, and the requirements of employers were proportionately unreasonable.

Are things much better now? The answer is, Yes—and No. An advertisement for a governess in a daily paper will bring in more replies than can be answered by any householder of average leisure, especially if the governess be of the "nursery" variety.

There is certainly "plenty of room at the top," but for the rank and file of governesses the pressure is very painful, the competition severe, and the prospect of old age alarming in the impossibility of making any adequate provision for it.

Only yesterday, as I write, the fact was announced at a first-class training college for elementary teachers that there were more posts vacant than could be filled, and it at once occurred to me that here was an opportunity of impressing upon English girls the advantages of the elementary teacher's life. More posts waiting for women than there are women waiting for posts! What an unusual and startling fact! Yet a fact it is.

The time is passing by when the post of "Board School teacher" was supposed to be only fit for those who had received a Board School education. We may put aside the term "Board School," by the by, as not particularly appropriate, and substitute Elementary School. There are a vast number of elementary schools all over the kingdom which are not under the School Boards. To some of the training colleges practising schools are attached, and the post of a teacher in these schools is a pleasant one. There are also charming schools here and there in the country, the hobby, in some cases, of educationalists, where teachers are wanted. And they are already needed for South Africa. Therefore we will look broadly at elementary teaching as a profession for women. It is a profession which girls of all social grades may embrace if they like. As our paper is intended for all classes, let us first indicate the steps by which a pupil in an elementary school may qualify herself for teaching.

First of all she becomes a pupil teacher. As soon as she has passed through the elementary school and reached her thirteenth birthday, she is eligible as a probationer. She must pass a Government examination, and provide herself with a medical certificate.

At the beginning of her apprenticeship she must not be less than fifteen years of age (fourteen in some special cases); she serves at a school under a certificated teacher for three or four years, and receives special instruction herself for a specified time. In some towns there are Pupil Teachers' Centres for the instruction of these girls in their free hours. At the end of their apprenticeship they take the King's Scholarship Examination, which is held every December.

As "pupil teachers" are in a position to know all about these matters, it is scarcely necessary to dwell on details which will be familiar to them from the routine of their daily life. But there may be girls who have received a different class of education from that given in the elementary school, who have never been pupil teachers, and who may nevertheless like to qualify for the post of elementary teacher.

Any girl of eighteen years of age may enter a training college provided she can pass the King's Scholarship Examination. For this examination the subjects can be ascertained by a letter of inquiry to the Education Department, London. She must decide on the training college she prefers. A list of these can also be obtained from the Education Department. Of the British and Foreign School Society (undenominational) there are Stockwell Training College, with excellent practising schools attached; Saffron Walden, Essex (for "infant" school-mistresses); Darlington; Swansea.

The Church of England has a long list of training colleges. Whitelands, Chelsea, is one of the best known, and also the Home and Colonial School Society's College, Gray's Inn Road, W.C. At Chichester there is the Bishop Otter Memorial College, for daughters of professional men. Other Church of England training colleges are at Bangor, Bishop Stortford, Brighton, Cheltenham, Derby, Durham, Kennington, Lincoln, Norwich, Ripon, Salisbury, Wantage, Clewer, Tottenham, Truro, Warrington. There are Roman Catholic training colleges at Liverpool and Wandsworth, London; and a Wesleyan college is "Southlands," High Street, Battersea.

There are also undenominational training colleges as follows: Cheltenham (St. Helen's, Lansdown Place); Homerton, New College; Cavendish College, Cambridge; Edge Hill, Liverpool.

Our reader, then, who wishes to qualify as an elementary teacher, enters her name as desiring, say, to get into Stockwell College, and "sits" for the King's Scholarship Examination.

If she obtains a good place on the list (not otherwise), she will probably be successful in getting into this College. But there are university examinations which (for a limited number of students) stand instead of the King's Scholarship. Full details can be obtained from Alfred Bourne, Esq., 114, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C. A medical certificate, recently obtained, is also necessary.

The entrance fee at Stockwell is £25 for a course of two years. In the case of very promising students, and at the discretion of the Education Department, a third year may be added, to be spent abroad or in London. The fees in some other Colleges are lower. They vary, but may be roughly stated as from £15 to £25. When it is remembered that the sum covers two years' board and education, it is evident that it is only a nominal fee. It is, of course, supplemented by the Government.

Some Colleges receive day students, but it is far better to go into residence. One obtains the full advantage of the surroundings and of the *esprit de corps* by living in College.

The College authorities are now left free in a great measure to choose their own course of study, and examinations are passed by the students periodically.

On the successful close of the College training, the student with her "parchment" finds herself (with rare exceptions) immediately appointed to a school. The great majority of certificated mistresses receive from £75 to £150; a few as much as from £300 to £400. There are many advantages in this profession, *e.g.*, certainty and definiteness of income; fixed hours of work; good holidays in the summer; independent leisure. The hours of work daily are usually six; Saturdays and Sundays are whole holidays.

The salary may not seem large, but it is increasing. In some country places a house is provided for the head mistress in addition to the stipend. The conditions under which teachers are required for South Africa are made known by the Government (see THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for February).

The life in a high class Training College for elementary teachers is one of the most delightful lives a girl can lead, and is looked back upon with affection in after years. It is not to be despised even in comparison with Girton, Newnham, Holloway.

We have in mind a typical college near London. The building is large, airy, spacious. In the corridors one meets groups of girls, animated, bright, eager, with no look of weariness or dull constraint. In addition to the lecture rooms, there is a large and lofty "day room," the walls adorned with engravings of merit, the many tall windows opening on a garden—not indeed of the same spacious type as the college buildings, but leafy in the summer. The College Kyrle Society interests itself in the adornment of this room. A piano stands here, and the room is adapted to many a varied use. Generation after generation of girl-students have clustered here, to sing, to recite, to welcome a gracious Princess, to listen to the teaching of men honoured throughout the world of literature, to form part of the throng that gathers for a public meeting presided over by peer or illustrious commoner, to join in informal social intercourse with friends of the College, or to dance merrily together after the day's work is done. One charm of the dances is the possibility of "sitting out" with some favourite teacher and having a quiet talk, difficult otherwise to obtain in a great household of some two hundred women.

On the upper floors of the building are dormitories divided into cubicles, each decorated at the fancy of the owner. Very dainty and pretty are some of these little rooms, for such they are, ensuring absolute privacy. There is a large library for the use of the students. The teachers are ladies of high culture, most of them of University training, and the relation between them and their pupils is of the pleasantest kind.

The ordinary course of education comprises Scripture, reading and recitation, blackboard drawing, music, needlework, physical training, theory and practice of teaching, English language and literature, history and geography, mathematics, general elementary science; French, or an extended course of English; while students who take University examinations study the specific subjects required.

There is a model kitchen where excellent courses of cookery lessons are given. Nor are outdoor games neglected, for there is a playing-field some little distance away, used by the students on certain afternoons in the week, where tennis and hockey are enjoyed. Visits are paid to the historic buildings of London from time to time. Everything is done to make the two years' stay in the College a time of real advantage, and if a third year is added, in France or elsewhere, it comes to one who is already fitted to appreciate the privilege.

There are admirable practising schools connected with this College The school teachers are often drawn from the ranks of the students, who, when the college course is finished, are delighted thus to retain connection with their *Alma Mater*. Lessons are given by the students, as students, in rotation, to a class of children from the schools, brought into the College for the purpose.

The Principal, one of the highest authorities on education, observes the lesson given, and criticises it after the children have gone. This is an ideal way of learning how to teach, and if Practising Schools were always found in connection with training colleges, one reason for the pupil-teacher system would be gone. That system is open to many objections which need not be discussed here.

The intellectual life of our College is fed by other sources besides those we have indicated. There are many addresses and lectures which form no part of the stated curriculum. Men who are known throughout the world of literature, science, and art, come to lay their best at the feet of the fortunate girl students. Inspiring words are spoken to them on the threshold of their career by honoured teachers in the service of the Church. Such men as the Bishop of Hereford, and others belonging to different parts of the Church Universal, come to bid them God-speed and point out to them the nobility of their work.

Even the visit of H.M. Inspector, at stated times, is not so terrible as might be supposed. He knows he shall find good work done here, and comes in a spirit of sympathy and kindness, not of cold criticism. In brief, enthusiasm—gift from above!—dwells within these walls, inspiring teacher and student alike.

The college described is only one out of a number, and each has its special features. The May-day festival of Whitelands, instituted by Mr. Ruskin, will, for instance, be remembered.

Such, briefly indicated, is the delightful introduction to this under-stocked profession.

The power for good that rests with the elementary teacher is tremendous. Here is a worthy ambition for the ambitious girl—to influence the future of her country! For her, work is not bounded by the four walls of her school-room; it will extend far beyond her day and generation, and will be one of the forces that help to shape the destinies of the world

LILY WATSON.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

TUBEROSE *would like to know the derivation and meaning of the word "Ampersand."*

In old spelling-books the character "&" was added to the letters of the alphabet. Children, after repeating their letters, came to this sign.

How were they to express it by speech? It was called "and" *per se*. *Per se* is Latin for "by itself." They were accordingly taught to say ". . . x, y, z, and, *per se*, and." These four words were, by a natural process, contracted into the absurd "ampersand," also spelt "amperzand," "ampusand," "ampussyand."

In *Punch* for April 17, 1869, the couplet occurs—

"Any odd shape folks understand
To mean my Protean amperzand."

It is unnecessary to say that the word is seldom heard nowadays.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than one question may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of "The Girl's Own Paper," 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

*** We acknowledge with thanks a copy of the *Clavier*, the quarterly journal of the V. P. C. (Virgil Piano School) Society. The account of the Clavier system is very interesting, and the tabulated comparison between the ordinary method and the Clavier method of pianoforte teaching, is striking, but we are not in a position to offer an opinion on the matter. The *Clavier* (in this case) is a toneless instrument on which technique is learnt, the pianoforte being used for music properly so called.

W. A. S.—The fault in your fragment of verse lies not in the second line, but in the first. For the three succeeding lines the fitting first line would be of this cadence—

"In childhood friends, in girlhood friends."

If, however, you have

"Friends in childhood, friends in girlhood,"

you should have the three succeeding lines of the same length and cadence, or else have a short second and fourth line like this—

"Naught our love shall sever."

At any rate, your first-third, second-fourth lines should correspond in length and cadence. As the quatrain stands, you have a first line of one length and cadence, a second and fourth line alike, and a third line of another length and cadence, making three separate sorts of line. You might consult Mayor's *Chapters on English Metre* (Clarendon Press).

BERTHA GEE.—You have a wrong idea of our mode of procedure with regard to foreign correspondence. You must now advertise for a correspondent if you wish for one. We do not undertake any direct communication in connection with our correspondence columns. Consult "The Girl's Own Column" in the advertisement sheets of the monthly part of the magazine.

MILDRED JOHNSON.—If you really consider your verse "doggerel," you should not occupy our time by sending it up for criticism. We cannot contradict your own estimate of it. You do not adhere even to the elementary metre in which it is written. "Surrounded" is not of the right cadence for one line, though "gentleman" may be. "John Wenlock" is also an incorrect line. We should have thought a beautiful and historical house might inspire better work in the way of description.

JESSAMINE.—Your verses duly came up for criticism, and as we recognise "*Hitherto*," we will simply tell you that we are sorry you have had to wait so long for the answer which doubtless you have read by this time. We go to press long before the magazine reaches your hands, and there are other reasons which render it necessary for our correspondents to exercise patience.

ATALANTA.—Your first poem, "The Storm," begins fairly well; but the metre suddenly changes at the second verse. "Borne" and "storm" do not rhyme. "Scandal" contains a useful lesson; but if you use a metaphor, you should keep to it. You liken scandal to a stinging little creature on the wing, flying hither and thither. So far, so good; but you abruptly change the image from that of a stinging creature to that of the sea—

"It buzzed, it swelled, till from the waves
That idly lap the sand
It grew into a mighty roar
That covered all the land."

We quote this to illustrate a defect too common among young writers. Again, you talk of stinging words bearing fruit, another change of metaphor, which is not admissible.

E. GEORGE.—No; we cannot say that your lines are fit for publication, though their spirit is devotional; and, considering that you are only fifteen, you could scarcely hope to see your work in print. You should not use "thou" and "you" (verses 6, 7, 8,) alternately. Use the second person singular, or the second person plural, but let no requirements of rhyme, etc., tempt you to mix them up indiscriminately. The second person singular is the more usual in religious compositions of this kind. "Come" and "begun" (verse 7) do not rhyme. There is no harm in expressing your thoughts and feelings in verse, so long as you do not expect to publish it, or spend in this way time that ought to be devoted to study and other duties intended to prepare you for life's work.

MAUD A. PETT.—We regret that we cannot write private letters in connection with this column. We advise you to get *Chamber Comedies*, by Mrs. Hugh Bell. *Twenty Minutes*, by Harriet L. Childe-Pemberton, is good. In *The Early Bird*, by Hon. Mrs. L. Tollemache, you will find some duologues (publisher, John Macqueen.) French, 89, Strand, furnishes a descriptive catalogue of plays.

PHOTINI MAVROMICHAELIS (Ionian Islands), LILY WATSON (New Zealand), LILY R., MISS BOUSTEAD (Ceylon), PADDYMELON (Australia), LILY E. LAW, MISS RALPH (Korea), W. BOOKER, L. VAN LENNEP (Smyrna), NAN, LUCIENNE LAMBERT (France), MISS SHIRLEY (New Zealand), D. SIMPSON (New Zealand), ARUM (Africa), ESME REID (Cape Town), EVA F. WILLIAMSON (Simla, India), G. E. and A. ROBERTS (Australia), MISS TENNANT (Montrose), and others.—We regret to inform you that we have found it necessary to banish "International Correspondence" from this column of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Advertisements for correspondents, or for exchange of any kind, must now be prepaid, and inserted in an advertisement sheet. Consult "The Girl's Own Column" in the advertisement sheet of the monthly part.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

A. M. B. is again answered by WILHELMINE (S. Africa), BUSY BEE, and E. P., a reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for eighteen years. The two last-named Correspondents kindly enclose a written copy of "A Woman's Answer to a Man's Question." WILHELMINE refers A. M. B. for this poem, also L. E. G., for "A Woman's Rights," to *The Thousand Best Poems in the World* (Hutchinson & Co.).

E. J. WALES (Australia), and SEDGEMOOR, answer NEW READER to the effect that "A Dream of Paradise" is written by Claude Lyttleton; the music is by Hamilton Gray.

IONA informs ISABELLA FOUNTAIN that the song she inquires for, beginning

"My father was a Spanish merchant,"

is entitled "No, Sir." It is a ballad by A. M. Wakefield, published by Metzler & Co., London, and also by Paterson & Sons, 27, George Street, Edinburgh.

VIOLET begs some reader to find for her a piece of poetry she lately heard recited, "What is a gentleman?"

MISS F. GERTRUDE NEWBERY, Wootton Bridge, Isle of Wight, and E. ALLEN kindly inform C. MACREADY, New Zealand, that Mrs. Mary Jane Holmes wrote *Lena Rivers*, and the publishers are Milner & Co., Paternoster Row, London. MISS NEWBERY has had the book for more than ten years.

MISS J. FACEY, 3, Ranelagh Road, Wood Green, N., says she will send MISS EDITH KING the words of the song, "Will you come with me, my pretty one?" if MISS KING will forward her address.

MAUDE W. SIM, Quilpué, Chile, S. America, kindly offers to copy out and send for ALYS, on receipt of address, the lines she quoted from Austin Dobson's poem, "Incognita" ("At the Sign of the Lyre").

"NAN," a country girl, offers to send JESSIE W. some flowers for her girls, and will copy out the words of "The Gipsy's Warning" and send them to CARNATION, if desired.



VOL. XXIII.—NO. 1173.] JUNE 21, 1902. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

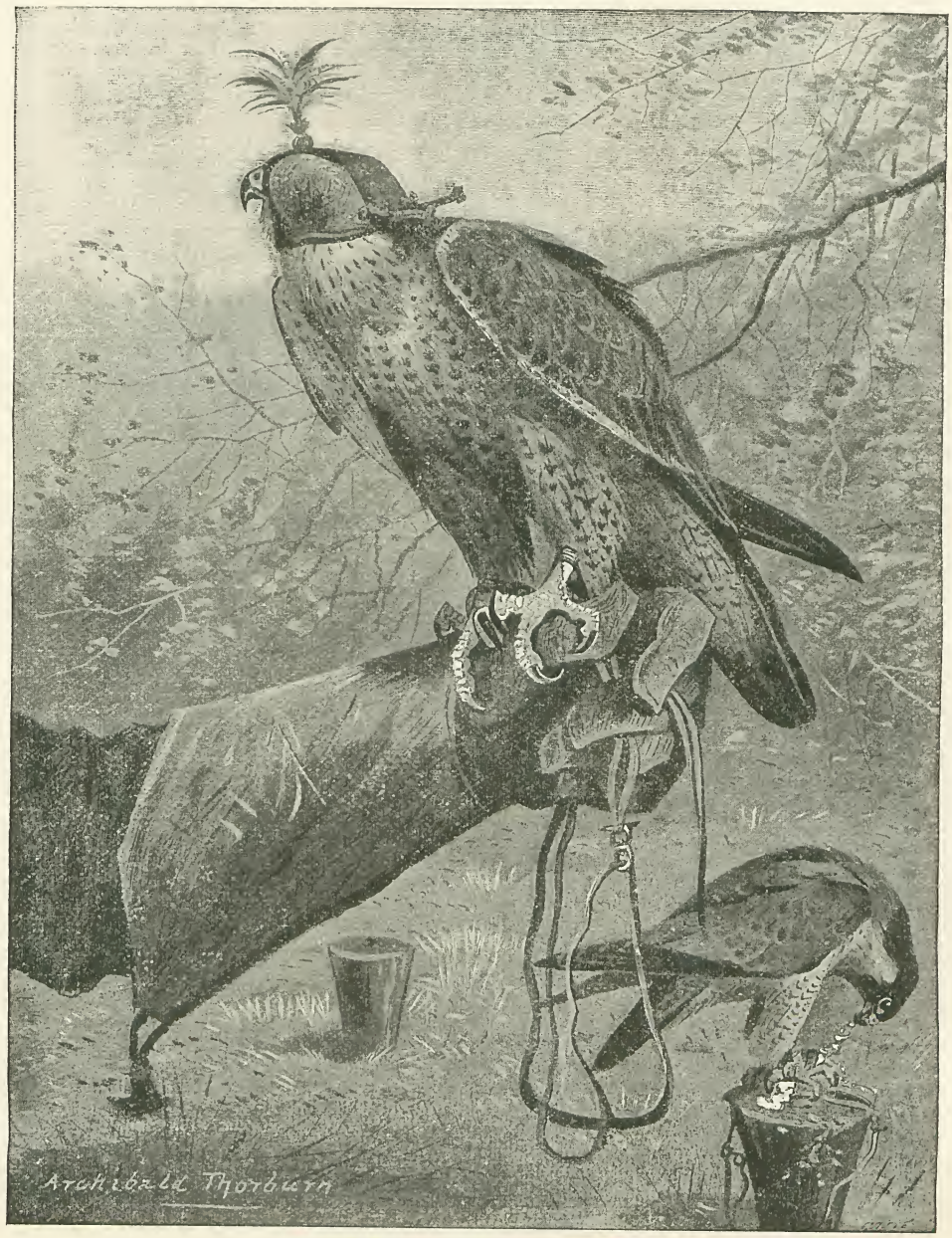
THE LATE LORD LILFORD AND HIS WORK.

BY JEAN A. OWEN.*

PART I.

LILFORD HALL is a beautiful old house, a genuine Elizabethan building, situated near Oundle, in Northamptonshire. Its exact date is uncertain. The walls are immensely thick; and the panelling of one large wainscoted room, at least, shows that it was finished before saws were in common use, since the woodwork is all hewn instead of having been sawn. Saws, I believe, first came into use towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign. In this room the axe only has been used. There are some very picturesque bits about the mansion, especially at the western corner. Sir Thomas Powys, who was a judge in the times of King James II., and also of William of Orange, bought the manor of Lilford in the year 1711. He was Solicitor-General in 1686, Attorney-General in 1687, and one of the Judges of Queen's Bench in 1713.

The Powys family claims descent from the Princes of Powysland, in the person of Meredith, Prince of Powys, representative of Mervyn, King of Powys, North



LORD LILFORD'S FAVOURITE HAWK ON FIST.

* The Hon. Mrs. Drewitt, a sister of the late Lord Lilford, who has written in our GIRL'S OWN PAPER, published recently a memoir of her brother. My own two articles in *Blackwood's* and the *Pall Mall* magazines were sent to Lord Lilford in proof just before he died.

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Wales. The late Lord Lilford's name was Thomas Lyttleton Powys, the name of Lyttleton having come into the family when Thomas Powys, Sergeant-at-Law and a bencher of Lincoln's Inn, married the daughter of Sir Adam Lyttleton, Bart., Chief Justice of North Wales. His son, Sir Lyttleton Powys, having been knighted by William III., and appointed to the Chief-Justiceship of North Wales in 1692, was made in 1695 one of the Barons of the Exchequer, and in 1702 a Judge of the King's Bench; in fact he served for thirty-one years as one of the Twelve Judges. This was the father of the first Thomas Powys who lived at Lilford, whose monument is to be seen in the church of Achurch, close to the park.

When the third Lord Lilford, the late President of the British Ornithologists' Union, was a child, he was asked by his grandfather, the third Lord Holland, what he would like best in the world. "To live in a den with a good-natured animal," was the ready reply, which was rewarded by the gift of a black Shetland pony. Many a day was spent by the boy nest-hunting in the ample demesne of Holland Park, then the centre of a rural district.

It was at Holland House that his grandmother, Lady Holland, first introduced the dahlia into England as a permanent species. Some roots had been previously imported by Lady Bute, but they had failed. The first seeds brought from Spain to Holland House failed also, but Lady Holland procured more from Holland, and these were a complete success. She reared them in her own flower-garden. This was in 1824. Her daughter, Lady Lilford, used to tell her son about a splendid blue bird which had been brought from Spain by her father, and lived for many years in a disused conservatory, but unfortunately it had the ill fate to be shot at last in the shrubbery by an Italian servant who, when blamed for it, declared that he thought it was a "blacka-cocka." The "blue-bird" had long been forgotten when, some time after Lord Holland's death, Lady Lilford recognised in the collection at Lilford one of the purple gallinules (*Porphyrio cæruleus*) as identical with the famous and mysterious "blue bird" of her childhood. As a girl she had spent much time at Ampthill, in Bedfordshire, the seat of her uncle, the last Lord Ossory, whose fine collection of stuffed birds was eventually left to her son, the late Lord Lilford.

From his grandfather—in that hospitable mansion, Holland House—the genial host who delighted in gathering round him so many of the choicest spirits of his day, men of such diverse gifts, of such various nationalities—Lord Lilford inherited an absorbing passion for the things of Spain and for its literature. In August, 1856, he made his first visit to that country. Sailing from Falmouth in the Royal Yacht Squadron's schooner *Claymore*, he touched at Corunna, and thence, avoiding Portugal on account of the cholera which was then raging in Lisbon, he sailed on to Cadiz and visited all the principal Spanish ports on the Mediterranean, including Palma and Port Mahon in the Balearic Isles. During this cruise there was not much opportunity for the observation of birds, but during 1864 and 1865 Lord Lilford spent a considerable time in Spain. He gave his experiences and the result of his observations in the pages of the *Ibis* in 1865 and 1866.

Ornithologists who may not have read them will be much interested if they look up these papers, as well as those notes on the birds of European Turkey and Greece, which were made between January, 1857, and the end of July, 1858.

Speaking of the kite, Lord Lilford wrote: "It is constantly to be seen circling alone, or in pairs, about the villages"—*i.e.* of Central and Southern Spain—"on the look-out for chickens, refuse, or materials for its nest, which is often built of very curious substances. A Spaniard, who accompanied me in my bird-collecting rambles in Central Spain in 1865, assured me that he had once taken a purse containing nine dollars from a kite's nest; and I first learned the news of President Abraham Lincoln's murder from a scrap of a Spanish newspaper found in a nest of this bird by my climber Agapo near Aranjuez." These ornithological rambles in the company of his guide and assistant, Manuel, and the agile climber Agapo, make very pleasant reading indeed.

They took a black or cinereous vulture's nestling, in the same year, from a nest near San Ildefonso, Old Castile. This bird is, I believe, still alive at Lilford, and in perfect health, with a number of others of its family, in the large eagle-house. It was thirty years old at the time of my visit to Lilford, and on the morning we first made its acquaintance it very obligingly laid an egg, as though for our personal gratification.

Under the beautiful sky of Spain delightful days were spent by the traveller, followed by pleasant evenings in the different *ventas*, listening to the bird-stories of the native *convives*, gathering all he could about their local haunts and habits. There were also, as he wrote, "delicious summer nights in Southern Spain, when all the louder sounds of human life were hushed, and nothing broke the silence but the monotonous notes of the scops owl, and the 'wet-my-lips' of innumerable quails." Of the little kestrels he says: "The cry of these pretty birds is as certain to strike the ear in the towns of Andalusia as the twang of the guitar and the click of the castanets." Then there were the more exciting delights of driving the great bustards in Andalusia, in the peculiar balmy but exhilarating air which, come from whatever quarter of the compass it may, has blown for miles over wastes of rosemary, gum, cistus, and thyme, or through pine-woods and orange-groves. It possesses an indescribable charm, and renders existence in itself more enjoyable here than in any other part of the world with which I am acquainted." In speaking of the remarkable cries that may be heard sounding in the air at times after nightfall, Lord Lilford says he has sometimes wondered how these strike others. The French author, Guy de Maupassant, alluding to the same subject, says poetically that "*ce cri fuyant, emporté par les plumes d'une bête*," seemed always to him like "*un soupir de l'âme du monde*"—a sigh from the very heart of the world.

His lordship's favourite bird was the falcon. The peregrine is, next to the kestrel and the sparrow-hawk, the commonest diurnal bird of prey in Northamptonshire. From the many high old elms and ash-trees in the valley of the Nen between Thrapston and Oundle, he had his look-out station, commanding fine stretches of meadow and arable land.

In the winter it was in Lord Lilford's sitting-room, which he pleasantly called his "hibernaculum," that the true life of the house centred. Here, unfortunately, owing to physical infirmity, he had to remain for about six months of the year. Lady Lilford spent much of her time with him in this delightful apartment, helping on his work in various ways; and I knew of no busier people. Half of the floor is raised—it had been constructed so for purposes of dramatic performances—and from it he could command a better view of the windings of the river Nen and of the finely-wooded grounds. Now and again, even in the winter-time, he would note, from his seat in the bow window, some interesting visitor or fact connected with natural history. In this large room, too, he kept some special pets—a coal-black bullfinch here, a blue rock-thrush there, a brilliant troupial from Brazil, and various other individuals. There is a finely-carved mantel in the same room, by the way—some of Grinling Gibbons's best work—and on the walls are water-colour drawings of the falcon family by Wolff and others by Thorburn; in many of the Lilford rooms, indeed, one finds the marvellously life-like work of these two incomparable masters in bird-life.

The county of Northampton has been less written about than almost any other, although it has a gentle pastoral beauty which is peculiar to it. A very old writer said that it was noted for "its squires, its mires and its spires." I would add also for its fine stone bridges, with their many arches, and for the picturesque, grey, lichen-covered mills beside the river. The valley of the Nen, in which Lilford is situated, has some specially fine bridges, one or two of which are said to date back to the period of the Roman occupation. The river used to be called the Nyne, some say because it has streams from nine springs running into it, but this is somewhat doubtful. Its source is on Naseby Field, it runs into the Wash; and it is worthy of note that whilst much runs from it, no water runs into this county.

Morton, writing in 1712, says of the Nyne, "It flows from at least a thousand springs, which are usually discharg'd in united Currents from the smaller Valleys." From above Naseby also run the Welland and the Ouse, both into the Wash. The Cherwell runs by Banbury into the Isis at Oxford, and the Avon and the Leam flow hence also through Stratford. It is a neighbourhood very favourable to ornithological observation, since great numbers of birds pass up the valleys of the Welland and the Nen on their migratory flight southwards, the Wash being a great receptacle for fowl.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

By GERTRUDE PAGE, Author of "If Loving Hearts Were Never Lonely," etc.

CHAPTER III.

The following morning Jack started off on his bicycle for a day's tour, and in the afternoon Peggy went sketching, so that Mrs. Nelson was quite alone when Ethel Rivers called to see her. Jack had forgotten to mention that she was coming, so that she was both surprised and pleased when the mysterious stranger she had heard so much about was actually sitting beside her couch. One look into the girl's face sufficed to draw out all her tenderest sympathy towards her, and with a smile, that sometimes made those who saw it think vaguely of angels, she said simply—

"I am so glad to see you, for I have heard of you often from my young people, and I feel I know you quite well."

Ethel tried to retain her distant manner, but after ten minutes she gave it up, metaphorically kneeling down with all the rest before this perfect lady's wonderful charm and sweetness. Before she had been with her half an hour she was, to her own incredible surprise, actually telling her her story. She sat as she did so with straining eyes fixed on the blue Atlantic, now rolling great swelling waves one over the other in rampant glee on to the rocky shore.

"We had loved each other for four years," she was saying in a low voice steadied with an effort, "but we had only been engaged for two. My people were all opposed to the match because of his position, but it would never have made any difference to our love, and in the end they had to give way." She paused, then added, "I think I might tell you they had no reasonable objection. Basil was of good family and a fine character, but he was only a poor doctor, and my mother had high views for all her girls. I think especially for me, because I was the eldest, and she never forgave Basil for winning my heart, although she consented to our engagement when she found I would not change."

"Poor girlie," said Mrs. Nelson in her soft, sweet voice, "it must have been very hard not to have your mother's sympathy!"

Ethel leaned her head back wearily.

"It did not matter so much as it might have done, because Basil was so good to me. He was father, mother and lover all in one."

There was another silence, and Mrs. Nelson went on quietly with her knitting, giving her her own time in which to finish her story.

"The wedding was fixed for the nineteenth of January," she continued presently. "Everything was ready for us, and on the tenth Basil died."

Mrs. Nelson uttered a smothered exclamation of pained surprise, and Ethel suddenly rose to her feet and walked to the window, standing with her back to the room while she tried to recover her self-control. The struggle was sharp, but it would have ended in victory had not her companion's charm once more carried all before it. For Mrs. Nelson, divining from the girl's manner much that had passed since the blow had fallen, went up to her and putting her arm round her murmured tenderly—

"Poor child, poor child! It will do you more good to cry than to struggle against it."

Ethel caught her breath with a gulp, and then, burying her face against her new friend, burst into tears. Mrs. Nelson did not seek to stay her, but soothed her gradually with tender words and caresses, as she would have done her own child.

"I am very weak," Ethel said at last, drying her tears, "but sympathy like yours is so new. The others tried, but they only seemed to make things worse, until I could not bear the subject mentioned, and then they said I was hard. After a little it got so that I could not bear being at home at all, and I came away here with an old nurse who was with us when we were children."

"Poor girlie!" said Mrs. Nelson again, softly stroking her hair, and waited.

"Basil and I were once here together," Ethel went on. "We were driving from Portrush and we stayed a few hours, and we said afterwards we would come again some day when we were married. We were both passionately fond of the sea, and I knew that when I came here the sea would comfort me more than any human being. It has been so, and I am going to stay always. I can't tell you why, but somehow it is not quite so lonely here. The sea seems to understand, and it whispers to me by night and day. When my heart is nearest breaking, it soothes me after a time and lulls the anguish to rest. They said at home it would be the death of me; but they do not understand, they never did, and so I just came away, and now I am here I shall not go back."

"Perhaps by-and-by you will want their companionship dear, and then it will be easier to go to them. They will be wanting you."

"No"—quietly, "I shall not go back. I have come here to wait until I can go to Basil. I have no further interest in the world or the things in the world. Everything seems a mockery to me now he is dead. It is as though I had dropped out of the tide of human affairs, never to actually live in them again. All my life will be just a waiting."

Mrs. Nelson continued to stroke her hair gently, but a pained expression had crept into her face, which made her lean back in the shadow that it might not be seen. Her whole soul cried out against this young heart's quiet contemplation of a life that could only be selfish through and through from every point of view, but she knew that this was not the time to speak. She knew that she might only estrange her, and lose the chance of helping her in the future.

So she only spoke of her deep sympathy and her earnest longing to give comfort; and the light in the girl's eyes, and the pressure of her hand when at last she rose to go, told her that she had won her affection at least, and paved the way for other things.

And Ethel went away with a lighter heart than she had known for six months. At the door she met Jack, looking dusty and fagged after his long ride, but he turned at once and asked if he might walk part of the way home with her.

"I think your aunt must be an angel," Ethel said, after a little; "I have never known anyone so good and sweet and beautiful before."

"That is what everyone thinks," Jack answered quietly. "Did she tell you anything about herself?"

"No, but I should like to hear about her."

"There is not much to tell, only that she and my uncle were in a railway accident, when he was killed on the spot and she was injured for life."

"Oh, how sad! How terribly sad!" she exclaimed. "What a dreadful lot of sorrow there is in the world."

Jack was silent a few moments, then he said—

"But I suppose it is her sorrow that has made her what she is. I believe, by nature, we are too much afraid of any suffering. No doubt the world would be badly off without it."

She shot a swift glance at him, remembering with a little

surprise that yesterday he had seemed in great trouble himself. He was looking across the sea, and she saw that his face was more resolute and less dejected, so she supposed it had not been very serious. She did not know of the long conflict fought out that day, in which he had been victor. Instead, as with so many of us, she imagined the sorrow that showed the least sign was the least deep; whereas it is oftenest the one that never heals.

At the bend of the road they met Peggy, looking a little cross and disconsolate. Things had not gone very well with her that day. Instead of Jack's pleasant companionship she had been left lonely, and all the consoling administrations she had prepared for him were wasted. She had quite thought he would be unable to tear himself away just at first, and had planned to be very gentle and considerate to him. So his early departure had been a second shock for poor Peggy, and now came a third. Truly the world appeared an odd, unsatisfactory abode; and she began to feel that it was she who was the injured one.

Jack introduced the girls, and after they had chatted a minute or two, proposed that they should all three go fishing some day. Ethel accepted gladly, for she dearly loved boating, but Peggy coloured a little and assented more

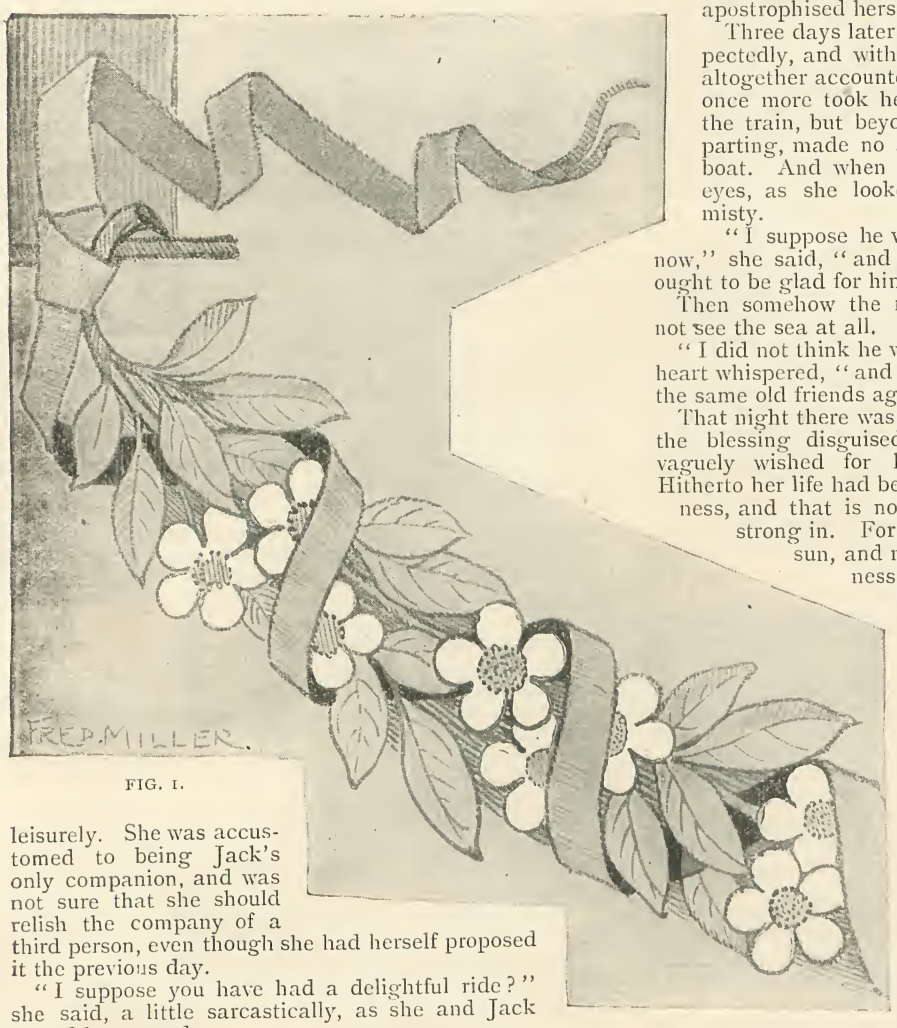


FIG. 1.

leisurely. She was accustomed to being Jack's only companion, and was not sure that she should relish the company of a third person, even though she had herself proposed it the previous day.

"I suppose you have had a delightful ride?" she said, a little sarcastically, as she and Jack turned homeward.

"It wasn't bad, considering," Jack replied. "What have you been doing?"

"Trying to sketch"—shortly.

"And wasn't it a success?"

"No, the thing all went wrong. The sky looks like a sooty volcanic eruption, and the cliff like a stodgy ginger pudding."

Jack smiled.

"What about the sleeves?" he asked.

"Cliffs and skies don't wear sleeves."

"I mean the two that were cut out wrong."

"Oh, they haven't come right of their own accord, if that's what you mean. I didn't think they would."

He glanced at her with a tender look in his eyes. He could see she was tired and cross, and somehow he didn't feel inclined to tease her to-day as usual. He wanted to fold her in his arms and soothe her as he would a tired child; and it seemed so hard that she would not see how happy he could make her, and come to him. She was in what she called her hedgehoggy mood, because she felt prickly all over, and it was one Jack rather liked than otherwise. He couldn't bear the woolly-lamb type of girl.

And all evening he watched covertly the little pouting mouth, and smiled inwardly at the little fretful speeches, thinking longingly what a sweet woman she would probably make some day, in spite of her many faults. Mrs. Nelson watched too, and felt very sorrowful for her winsome, blue-eyed nephew, as well as for her sad-eyed girl-visitor of the afternoon.

But after all it was Peggy who cried herself to sleep that night, though she had not the least idea why, and apostrophised herself as a silly baby.

Three days later she was sent for to go home unexpectedly, and with a somewhat woe-begone face, not altogether accounted for by her sudden departure, she once more took her leave. Jack saw her safely into the train, but beyond crushing her hand a moment at parting, made no allusion to their conversation in the boat. And when the train steamed away, Peggy's eyes, as she looked wistfully at the sea, were very misty.

"I suppose he will fall in love with Ethel Rivers now," she said, "and get engaged to her. I suppose I ought to be glad for him to be happy again."

Then somehow the mistiness increased, and she could not see the sea at all.

"I did not think he would have forgotten so easily," her heart whispered, "and now perhaps we can never even be the same old friends again."

That night there was another wet pillow for Peggy, and the blessing disguised in tears that Mrs. Nelson had vaguely wished for her, seemed already descending. Hitherto her life had been all sunshine and careless happiness, and that is not the best soil for hearts to grow strong in. For as the flowers wither with too much sun, and need the dew of even and the darkness of night to bring them to their fullest beauty; so the heart can be spoilt by too much happiness, and needs the dew of tears to bring it to its best fulfilment. We run hither and thither after happiness as moths to a candle; not understanding that what looks only a warm bright light may prove our hurt if it is not tempered in some kindly way. When we are young we want to take all the pleasures and escape all the ills, and map out our own path just as we would like it. But when we are older and look back we see with clearer vision, and learn at last to be thankful even for those—

> "Prayers which God in pity
> Refused to grant or heed."

It is best to take the good and the ill together quietly, just as they come, and in the end we shall find that whenever we let it the ill was turned into good. And better things than some of those we prayed for vainly with such passionate pleading have come straight from the Father's hand in His good time.

(*To be concluded.*)

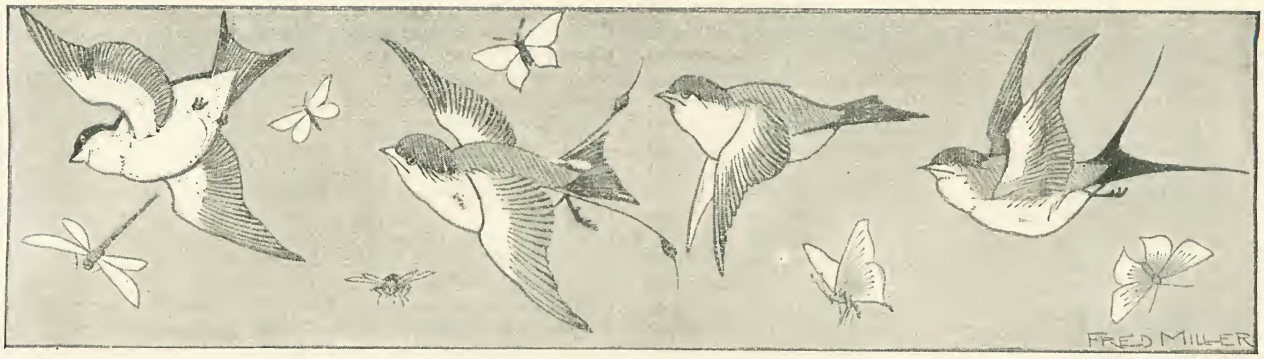


FIG. 3.

SCREEN EMBROIDERY; WORKING DETAILS.

In No. 1168 of the "G.O.P." I gave a few details as to the making of a screen in which the panels were filled with some fabric, either plain or embroidered, and I now propose dealing with this latter aspect of the subject, for there is a grand opportunity here for a little nice work with the needle—an excellent chance of showing your skill in the direction that Tennyson in "The Princess" said it should go—"Man for the sword, and for the needle she."

Artistic needlework will outlast a good many other forms of decoration, and as it is a branch that women have practically to themselves, it is the one a girl with leisure can best expend her artistic energy in following, and in the panels of a screen there is a chance of showing your skill to the greatest advantage.

Now it is not the most elaborate design that makes the most effective decoration—quite other; and one of the chief points to be observed is that whatever you put on the surface should occupy the right place, and form pleasing lines or combination of lines, for the eye takes in generally before it searches out details, and the lines made by your pattern are therefore what should receive your first attention.

Next to that comes the colour, and this is every whit as important as the design—more important to the worker, I conceive, as some old needlework, which is not very remarkable as pattern, is made precious by its colour, sometimes partly due to the toning of age, though age will never make a bad combination of colours good. I have a bedspread, probably nearly one hundred and fifty years old, which I picked up second-hand. It is composed of a continuous kind of running design, archaically simple as to form, worked in worsteds or linen. The greens and blues of these old crewels are delightful, and the scheme of colour from the first must have been good.

The archaicness, quaintness, savagery, call it what you will, is a quality worth making an effort to get into one's work. One can become so refined, so suave that the interest is never once aroused, the attention never for a moment arrested. And so much old needlework, like the piece I just mentioned, possesses this delightful *naïveté*, while so much excellent needlework as regards skill of stitching done to-day is without it. The introduction of some very emphatic motifs, such as birds, insects or telling splashes of colour, will sometimes secure this ruggedness.

I am a persistent advocate of *appliqué*, and it is to this



FIG. 2.

combination of stitching and *appliqué* that so much old work owes its effect. In Fig. 1 I have drawn full size (though it has now to be reduced to get it into two columns) a portion of a festoon or swag, which I have indicated as a motif in the former article, to which the reader should refer. Here the ribbon, which is a motif so largely introduced in this class of design, could be real ribbon *appliquéd*. It need not be stitched down when stretched out taut, but would look better applied with some fulness. Where this ribbon goes at the back of the leaves, it must be worked, as there is no room for *appliqué*. In working this, keep the stitches parallel, taking them right across the width to be covered. This will give a sheeny appearance if silk or flax be used, and help to detach it from the leaves.

The leaves can be treated largely in outline, using worsteds of agreeable colours, such as soft mellow greens, golden browns or reds, for you must go in for a scheme of colour and not think of following Nature. The design is kept very simple and ornamental, for though there are leaves and flowers, no particular plant is suggested; therefore the worker should be free to follow the dictates of her fancy.

A good plan to adopt in arranging a scheme of colour is to think of some plant which suggests a pleasant harmony. The forget-me-not, with its turquoise blue and pinkish flowers with their yellow centres against their soft warm green leaves, would be a nice palette on the present occasion. The ribbon could then be a darker blue.

To give substance to the design it will be seen that I have put in a sort of background. This should be worked in a grey green in parallel lines, the stitches being a little apart.

Another colour arrangement might be, the flowers white, centres lemon yellow in knots, ribbon turquoise or pale blue with dark blue for the underside, leaves reseda and grey green.

In Fig. 2 we have an enlarged fragment of the tree design as indicated in the former article, which, as it shows the worker all the details necessary in carrying out the design, should make it a comparatively easy thing to do. Here again I cannot say that any one shrub has been taken as the type, though possibly it suggests the Portugal laurel. I have endeavoured to indicate the direction in which the stitches should be taken, and it will be observed that the leaves themselves are wrought largely in outline, though to give relief and to avoid flatness some few are worked all over, while others are shaded in parts. This treatment of using outline embroidery largely not only secures a very decorative effect, but takes up less time than if all the leaves were elaborately worked, and for such large panels this surely is a desideratum. Of course, those who wish to work the leaves all over can do so; in fact, only take my sketches as hints, and work out a scheme for yourself.

Readers who have never tried this combination of outline and solid work, such as I have suggested in Fig. 2, will, I venture to say, be very pleased with the result. The fruits, modelled on the hawthorn berries, should be worked solid, taking the stitches right across and keeping them close together. The colours can vary between pinkish red and purple brown, and might be in silk or flax, while the rest of the design can be in worsteds. The stems and trunk should be worked close, the stitches being taken across, following the form, but without an outline. The fruits, too, need not be outlined if the needle be taken through each time exactly at the right spot as the Japanese do so skilfully. There is another point about the carrying out of this design which I think will be found worth attending to, and that is to put some stitches on the background in the upper part of the panel. They need not be close together, but should be in some nice tones of blue.

Get the colour lighter by degrees until, as you come down the panel, you gradually let them cease. This play of light and shade which is produced by these various combinations will greatly enhance the general effect, and it shows the skill and ingenuity of the worker and the resources of her craft.

The introduction of birds and animal forms into a design adds both to the interest and general decorativeness. I have sketched four flying attitudes, which may be taken to represent the fundamental positions of a bird in the act of flying seen sideways, for to represent a bird flying towards one presents insuperable difficulties in needlework, unless one treats needlework as paint, which I do not think is the right way to use the needle.

It will be noticed in the sketches that everything about a bird has been simplified, only the bare facts being recorded. It is the attempt to do too much that is so fatal to good decoration. If we observe restraint and keep well within our means, success is easily within our grasp. Birds and butterflies come well in *appliqué*, and in carrying out the forms in Fig. 3 the whole shape or silhouette can be cut out, and then after it is *appliquéd* some portions can be worked in medium and dark colours, either in open lines or close together, as necessity dictates.

FRED MILLER.

UP AND DOWN THE NILE.

BY AN ORDINARY GIRL.



My first experience of the old Nile was not so agreeable as might have been wished, for the morning of our departure from Cairo it rained in torrents. Such a deluge I have never seen before or since. Cairo itself was under water, as there are no gutters, as in European cities, to carry off the rain, and on our way to the boat we forded several good-sized lakes and rivers which yesterday had been broad streets and pleasant squares. Arrived at the bank, we slipped and rolled through an avalanche of mud on to the deck, where we were scraped and rubbed down by Mahomet (the chief waiter) and his satellites, and after dinner we settled down resignedly; for it still rained as if, indeed, the windows of heaven had opened, and for the rest of the day every one played unlimited patience (in more senses than one) while gloomily surveying drowned palms, dripping pyramids and mud villages fast resolving themselves into their native elements.

Next day things were rather more hopeful, for the sun came out and dried us up a little, though it still blew a gale and was icy cold, and this reminds me to warn all and sundry not to omit a warm jacket or cosy wrap to put on at sundown, for though the days are burning hot, the evenings are often bitter, and catching cold on the Nile means fever and other complications.

It was all perfectly delightful after that, and we used to sit in a dream most of the day, watching the wonderful panorama as we glided along. Our only grievance was that all the most interesting things happened at meal-times, and our dear Maltese steward, who had a great sense of orderliness and punctuality, was nearly driven crazy by constantly finding the saloon emptied during dinner, as we stampeded to the side of the boat on the slightest provocation.

I had always had a hazy notion that the Nile was perfectly straight, but this is far from being the case. It winds and twists like an ordinary river, and its banks are not by any means always flat and low. It is very shallow in parts, and as the sand is continually shifting, even the river-pilots cannot be sure of the channel, so we frequently ran aground and had to be pushed off with much chanting and a great expenditure of energy. We took no notice of the shocks at

last, only looking up casually at a bigger jerk than usual with the remark—

"Another sand-bank!"

There was vast excitement the day we sighted our first flock of vultures, sinister-looking, hump-backed birds with outstretched wings and red-rimmed eyes, but after a time we became quite *blasés*, and it needed flocks of pelicans or a flight of flamingoes like a rosy cloud to rouse our enthusiasm.

How shall I describe the sunsets or that wonderful zodiac light that not even scientific men can explain, which flashes up across the sky at twilight like a searchlight and dies away again almost before you know it is there? Every moment of the day and every mile we travelled had its special interest, and the only difficulty was to know which bank to look at first.

We anchored every night, as it is not safe to go on in the dark, and we used to lie in our bunks and listen to the pariah dogs howling and the Arabs down below praying and quarrelling, and feel very far away from England and civilisation.

Then there were expeditions to various temples on shore which were marvels, baffling description, and made one hold one's breath with awe. Fancy looking at a temple two thousand years old, and being told it is quite modern compared to others one will see later on!

We were a week on the Nile altogether that first time, and then we stopped at Assouan for a week and saw the great river from quite another point of view.

On the very day we arrived, there was a memorial service for our dear Queen Victoria in the English church and very impressive it was. The altar was draped with the Union Jack, and the font, which she herself gave and which bears her monogram, was decorated with branches of palm. It was wonderful, too, how, out there in the Nubian desert, the few English ladies had managed to scrape mourning together, and the tiny church was half filled by the military who had assembled to do honour to their dead Sovereign.

The two great amusements at Assouan were donkey-rides and sailing on the Nile. It was too hot to ride far by day, so parties of us used to ride out by moonlight into the desert after dinner, and chase jackals and discover the tracks of hyenas and eat ginger-bread nuts in the sand, and altogether enjoy ourselves.

Of course we went to Philæ, that fairy-like island of temples and palaces, and the world-famous Barrage naturally occupied a large portion of our attention, but it was too hot to be very energetic, so we liked best to lie in a boat rowed by four jolly little bronze Arab boys, all turban and white teeth, who knew exactly when to run the big white sail up to catch the wind, and then used to produce a native drum on which they softly strummed, singing meanwhile a weird little chant which sounded most poetical, but the exact words of which were, I believe, "Very good cabbages at Cairo!" or something like that.

In this way we sailed down to the First Cataract (which is not really a cataract at all as we understand the word, but rather rapids racing along at express speed in the midst of the otherwise calm river), and it was most exciting to watch the men letting the boat drift into the current which took us along like lightning until a deft turn of the helm brought us up alongside an island just in time to prevent our dashing on the rocks. One is not allowed to shoot the cataract now, as the Barrage works have rendered it very dangerous, so we had to content ourselves with looking at it from the island, and then sailed home in the wonderful opal light of a marvellous sunset, all ivory-pink and blue-green and silver-gilt, which seemed to be too good to be true.

Another favourite occupation was to row to the Place of Tombs opposite Assouan, and burrow in the hot golden sand for "mummy beads," supposed to be relics of the Pharaohs, but I rather lost my interest in them after I heard that the Arabs secretly manufactured them and then went over-night to strew them in likely places, demanding exorbitant backsheesh next day for guiding you to the spot.

After all, I think I enjoyed my rides the most, for my dear donkey, "Khartoum," and I were on most excellent terms, and I picked up enough donkey-boy Arabic to talk a little to him, though the words I used most often were "Hoosch!" which means, "Go slower!" and "Wriglac!" which signifies "Mind where you're going!" (literally, "Take care of your legs!") As I never saw them written I will not be held responsible for the spelling.

My favourite ride was along the desert "high road" to Khartoum, which our brave troops trudged along so nobly, and many a gallop I enjoyed there in the early morning and on the moonlight nights.

The Bishareen, too, are most fascinating, weird-looking people, with deep copper-coloured skins and funny, frizzy black hair, which seems to grow in tufts, and is elaborately dressed and ornamented.

This half-tamed desert tribe had an encampment just outside the town, and pervaded the whole place, selling lovely bead necklaces and bundles of savage weapons (made in Birmingham) and quaint ornaments which rapidly ran away with all my money.

Altogether I was very sorry to leave Assouan and drop down to Luxor, which was hot and crowded and noisy to my mind, although our hotel boasted a lovely tropical garden, where strange birds flashed about and a glory of purple bougainvillia climbed up giant palm-trees against a cloudless blue sky. Here we idled away a lot of our time, and as we looked at the roses and lilies and custard apples all round us, we found it hard to believe it was only February.

I have mingled recollections of our dragoman, Ahmed Abdallah, a most insinuating person with the manners and face of a dethroned prince, who adopted us from the first and assured us we were his "fader and his moder," meaning, I suppose, that he looked on us as his special friends; of the native market where they rarely saw a European, and consequently our appearance and my camera excited a good deal of comment; and of the gymkhana, where the "grand stand" consisted of three rows of hencoops and a mud bank, which were charged by the excited animals during a camel race, causing much consternation and a general stampede. The proceedings were slightly irregular, as amateur photographers wandered about all over the course and people moved the "grand stand" just anywhere they liked, but we all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, and the exhilarating air and brilliant sunshine would have made anyone feel happy.

Oh! the wonders of Karnak and Thebes, and the joy of the picnic we had (alas! the desecration!) in the courtyard of a ruined temple, with lotus and berberis columns all round us and pariah dogs begging for our scraps! And then the journey back from Luxor to Cairo, with more sand-banks than ever and longing looks at all the strange sights we might never see again!

While visiting one of the temples a somewhat awkward accident befell us. In our party was an immensely stout German, who insisted on doing what everyone else did, although he often found it difficult. We penetrated that day into a crypt beneath the floor of the temple, and after descending some shaky steps had to double ourselves in half and crawl between two stones which were within two feet of each other. We all did it by degrees, until the German came, and after he had squirmed half-way through he stuck hopelessly, and neither pushing nor pulling had any effect.

It really was rather awful, for there was no other outlet, and there we were imprisoned in a pitch-dark crypt, inhabited by bats and ancient mummies. We all mentally calculated how long it would take to make him thin enough to get through, and whether by that time any of us would be alive, so it was an immense relief when, with a mighty effort, he struggled out, nearly black in the face with his exertions.

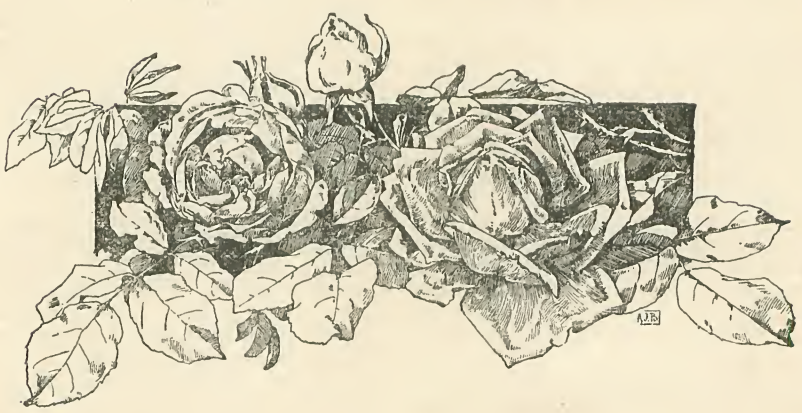
I could fill volumes with all I saw and did, and the only difficulty is to know when to stop, but my last recollection of the old Nile is anchoring below Cairo at about ten o'clock at night in black darkness, and waiting until the faithful Mahomet returned with a carriage, while the wind sighed above us in the palm-trees, and the stars sparkled down from a lapis-lazuli sky.

HEAVEN ASKS NO FUR FROM FEATHERS.

THERE are devoted hearts whose perfume rises
Like a sweet evening psalm:
And gentle hearts that, bruised, will make a balm:
And hearts like daffodils—dear, gay surprises—
And hearts with kindly grace of root or pod:
And shady hearts, most restful, deep, and calm:
And simple hearts, like daisies of the sod:
And hearts like heliotropes,
So full of holy hopes
They cannot turn their gaze away from God.

Flower-Hearts or Herb-Hearts, creeping hearts or tall,
In Heaven's large house there is a use for all.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.



THE FAIR CAPTIVES OF CASTLE VUFFLENS.

A STORY OF LOVE AND LOYALTY. FROM THE RECORDS OF THE TENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER VIII.

"BUT where then is Lord Rodolphe?" Henri asked of his mother. "They tell me he is absent?"

"He seeks you through hill and dale," said Lady Isabelle. "Ah, if he only knew how happy this moment finds me! But why is Berthold not with thee?" she asked in her turn.

"He is not far away, mother," Henri answered her, smiling. "He remained at Châtelard in charge of a dear and sacred trust. We return with an angel and friend to put under your protection. If you could only guess whom we have conducted to Châtelard!"

"Stay, Henri mine! Tell me first where it is you have been for so long, and why you have let six months go by without a word of news?"

"It was not possible to communicate with you. We have suffered terribly in consequence. But you will cease to blame our silence when you know that we were prisoners in one of the dungeons of Château d'Aigremont."

Henri then related to her how Berthold had taken it into his head to release the beautiful Eléonore from her father's tyranny. How they had set out with this object, expecting to return on the evening of the same day, or, at the latest, on the following day.

"But arrived at the foot of the Castle fort," he said, "we learned that our enterprise would be more difficult of accomplishment than we had imagined. The bridges were kept raised day and night. No one entered. No one went forth from that gloomy manor. No cavalier was ever admitted to the presence of the terrible Archibald; and he himself, armed with crossbow, attacked anyone he might see approaching.

"A gamekeeper informed us that he and his son were the only persons who had access to the Castle, to carry thither game and other provisions, but they were never allowed to enter. On their pulling a bell-rope, the chatelain or his daughter would themselves open a small door, take the basket of provisions, dismiss them, and close the door.

"'Eléonore comes then sometimes, and alone?' Berthold said to the gamekeeper.

"'Yes, my lord,' he replied. 'Rarely, it is true, but always alone, for her father must either be ill or occupied on some other matter. We are always rejoiced to see her, since we are then greeted with kind words in place of insults.'

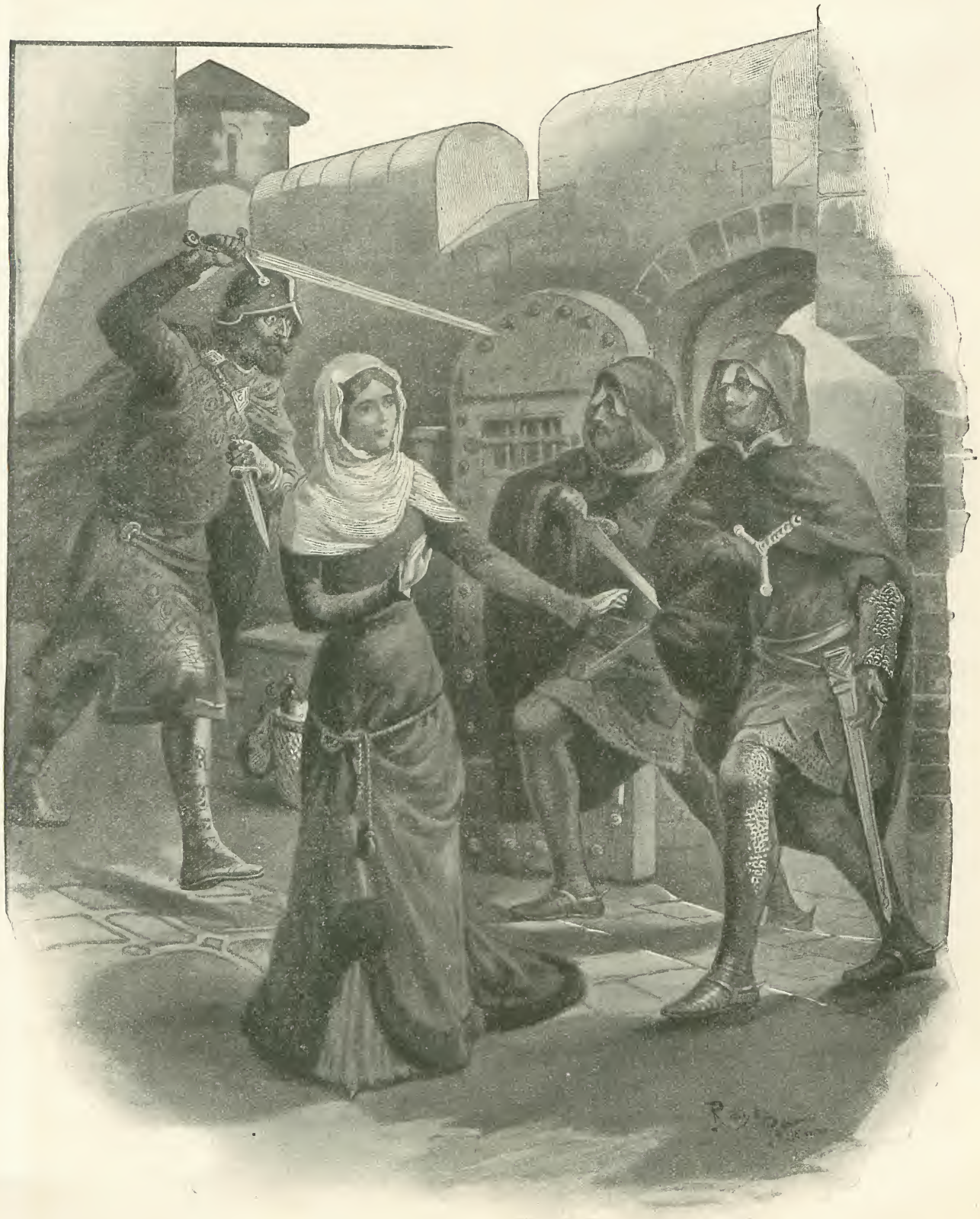
"We were not disheartened at this, mother," continued Henri. "The possibility that it might be Eléonore who would come to open the door revived our courage. We offered the serf a sufficiently tempting sum to obtain his leave to go up to the Castle in lieu of himself and son, promising him, moreover, a large reward if we succeeded in our project, undertaking, besides, to engage the services of both for the future, and so shield them from this tyrannical master's vengeance.

"The gamekeeper enveloped each of us in a mountain cloak, the large hood of which concealed our

features, and, taking the basket of provisions, we started on foot, devoutly hoping that it might come to pass that the Demoiselle d'Aigremont should on this occasion answer the summons."

Although her son was now safe at her side, Lady Isabelle, as she heard of the danger he had incurred, exclaimed—

"Imprudent youth! You gave no thought to your



"'HE SEES AND HE HEARS THE TRAITORS!' CRIED THE FURIOUS ARCHIBALD."

unhappy parents! If it had been Archibald, what would have become of you?"

"If it had been he, mother mine, you, in all probability, would never more have seen your son, although we had our arms under our cloaks, and would have sold our lives dearly. For an anxious moment we were fearful; then, after sounding the bell, Archibald responded in a terrible voice, 'One minute and I am with you!' With drawn swords we awaited him, not without considerable agitation. Soon a sweeter voice struck our ears, and if our hearts beat yet more wildly, it was not with fear. 'I will go, father,' said Eléonore. There was the sound of a light step on the bridge, the key turned, the door opened, and Eléonore was before us. All unconsciously at first, she told us to wait while she emptied the basket. As she advanced to take it from us, she perceived that we were not the customary purveyors. With a cry of surprise she was about to make a hasty retreat when we stopped her, making her understand the motive which had led us thither. We conjured her to come with us there and then. The door once closed upon us would leave us a little advantage over Archibald.

"'And this evening,' I assured her, 'you will be with my mother, and your cousin, Lady Isabelle of Châtelard and Blonay.'

"'My mother taught me to love and respect Lady Isabelle. I am greatly obliged, my noble cousins, for your kind intention on my behalf, but I cannot, nor do I wish to profit by it. Never will I leave my father, except with his permission. I must remain where Heaven and duty have placed me. Depart quickly, while you can do so without danger. Happily my father has not yet perceived you.'

"'He sees and he hears the traitors!' cried the furious Archibald, coming forth from a sentry-box which had concealed him, and throwing himself upon us with such violence that, embarrassed, as we were, by our borrowed cloaks, we were unable to defend ourselves. He wrested our swords from us, broke them, and consigned us to the sentry on duty, ordered us to be executed and our bodies to be afterwards thrown to the bottom of the rocks. Thus were we about to perish when Eléonore, on her knees, begged him to at least spare our lives, in accents of such pitiful pleading that he found himself unable to resist her.

"'My father, I have never before asked favour from you,' she began. 'Refuse me not to-day on behalf of my cousins. Think of their youth. Think of my refusal to follow them. I was not inclined to it. I have only done my duty. But they deserve my thanks. You will receive from their parents what ransom you may judge requisite—even if it be the confiscation of their castles. Their entire fortune, if need be, would be given to save their children.'

"The old cavalier appeared sensible to this last argument.

"'I consent,' he said, 'to accord them their lives in thy honour, and because thou hast not wished to desert me. But those who would deprive me of my one consolation merit punishment. I condemn these two invaders to ten years' imprisonment in the dark dungeon of the tower. Afterwards I will consider what best to do with them, and what ransom to accept.'

"Unable to obtain anything better, the sweet Eléonore followed the guards who conducted us, and tearfully saw the door of our prison shut upon us."

"Kind Heaven! I had good reason to be alarmed!" exclaimed Lady Isabelle. "Ten years! You and Berthold would never have been restored to me."

"Heaven has not willed for us so hard an experience," returned Henri. "We were unhappy enough in our captivity, thinking of your keen anxiety and grief. Nevertheless, we were not without some consolation. Often while her father slept, Eléonore, like a good angel, came, lamp in hand, to revive our courage. These were her only free moments, snatched fearfully, lest awaking and finding her absent, Archibald might come and visit our prison, and in his fury massacre us. Eléonore would have dearly loved to release us, or at least to put us into communication with our friends. My generous cousin was most anxious to set you at rest, even if she had in consequence to endure the worst of ill-treatment. Any communication with the outside was, however, impossible. Archibald carried the keys about his person, not only of the Castle, but of the drawbridge. Since our attempted invasion, he no longer allowed his daughter to speak with the serfs. His vassals and neighbours, he knew, despised him, and the continual fear in which he lived was his chief punishment. At last one day we presumed, from a noise we heard, that something of unusual moment was astir in the castle. The heiress of Aigremont suddenly entered our dungeon.

"'Noble knights and brothers, you are free! But if it be true that you have any love for me, and in remembrance of the service I have rendered, I come now to demand proof of it. The vassals of Ormonts have armed themselves against us. They have burned the drawbridge and have entered in force, setting fire to all four corners of the castle. They would spare me and convey me hence in safety. To this I cannot agree. I have never yet left my father, and I will perish, if it must be, at his side. Hélas, less than ever would I abandon him at this moment of his greatest peril and ill-fortune. My father tried to defend himself, but overwhelmed by their number, and our guards having been treacherous enough to turn their arms against him, he has been dangerously wounded and appears to be in a delirious fever. Our vassals, touched with pity by his sorry plight, granted me permission to convey him to some other place. In this dilemma, my dear brothers and faithful friends, I am ready to follow you to my cousin's house, if you still believe she would be willing to receive us—me and my father?'

"I promised in your name, mother. Yesterday morning we started before daybreak, avoiding, at Eléonore's urgent request, the frequented route. We took the mountain path, which is the worse and longer way, and we were only able to arrive last night, greatly fatigued. The Castle d'Aigremont we left in flames. It is ere now a mass of ruins. The gamekeeper, his son and two servitors have transported the chatelain bound to a litter. As for Berthold and me, we preferred to devote ourselves entirely to the one so dear to both, who well deserves our devotion. You have now a daughter, for I have already named Eléonore 'sister,' and I love her dearly."

"Yes, she shall be my well-beloved daughter," said Lady Isabelle, "but not thy sister. A stronger, tenderer tie must unite you. For a long time, my dear Henri, my most ardent desire has been that she should be thy wife. It would seem that Heaven has directed everything towards this end, and I am more than grateful. Freely I pardon thee for all that I have suffered through thy rash departure, since it ends in realising my most cherished hopes."

"No, mother mine," cried Henri, "I am sorry to say it, seeing that such has been your dearest desire.

Eléonore is an accomplished person, but my wife she will never be."

"Why, my son, since thou dost love her?"

"I love her with a simpler love—the love one gives a sister. Berthold's love for her is more ardent, and I could never be a treacherous and disloyal friend."

"Eléonore? Loves she Berthold, then?" asked Lady Isabelle.

"Eléonore's soul, mother, seems to be above such sentiments. She loves us both as brothers and friends. We have good proof of it. Berthold adores her so ardently that it is to be hoped he will be able to touch her heart. When you see her, mother, for yourself, you will, no doubt, speak to her on behalf of your step-son."

The Lady Isabelle promised, sighing, to do all she could in the love cause of Rodolphe's son. Impatient to see Berthold as well as her interesting kinswoman, she mounted her horse and accompanied her son to Châtelard.

Eléonore came into the courtyard to receive her, threw herself into her arms and tearfully prayed her to give protection to the unfortunate daughter of her deceased friend.

Isabelle, finding her more beautiful than she had ever imagined her to be, acquiesced with all the tenderness of the most tender-hearted mother. In her face was something that approached the celestial, and her beautiful features, marked though they were by sorrow, were still more striking.

They proceeded to the salon, and here Eléonore told her that she could not remain longer with her, much as she would like to do so, for her father, whose cries of suffering could be distinctly heard, insisted upon having his daughter near to him. Whenever she left him for a moment it put him into such a state of fury that she was obliged to at once return to her post. She alone was able to somewhat soothe and calm his frenzy. It was pitiable to see this angel of goodness shut up with such an unhappy mortal, with whom, had he been strong and unwounded, she would have been in great danger. As it was, this virtuous daughter had decided never to leave him for an unnecessary moment. And being unable to bear the idea of others seeing him thus deprived of his reason, she begged her cousin to allow them to occupy the Tour de Saleuscé, which she had seen in coming—their route having taken them quite close to it, and the retired situation of this isolated dwelling having greatly tempted her. It was the very place in which to hide an insane person.

In vain did Lady Isabelle try to persuade her to remain at either Blonay or Châtelard. She was inflexible, only consenting to wait for the medical advice Berthold had gone to seek.

When the doctors came, they declared the form of insanity from which the old cavalier suffered to be incurable. Upon this Eléonore begged with so much insistence to be conducted to the Tour de Saleuscé that her hostess felt obliged to consent.

Early on the following morning, the poor man was replaced on the litter. At his side rode his daughter and Lady Isabelle, who wished to herself escort her guests to the wild lonesome dwelling on Mount Kubli. The young barons had gone in advance to prepare everything for her reception.

It was then that Lady Isabelle was able to speak to Eléonore of Berthold's love for her.

"I pray to God continually that he may be cured of his love," replied Eléonore, "for his hopes can never be realised. It is with this in my mind that I decided to leave Châtelard. I wish to remain with my father as long as he lives, and to devote the rest of my life to work, away from the world, by way of compensation to the good God for the ill-deeds of past days. In a convent therefore shall I take the vow of consecration."

Lady Isabelle then spoke of her own previous project, and looked for some indication of gratified vanity. Mothers who are fondly proud of their sons expect every maiden to regard them with her appreciative eyes. Isabelle thought that if Henri had only offered himself, Archibald's daughter would have thought less of compensating her father's sins.

After her father's death Eléonore entered the Convent Ursulines in the town of Fribourg, and lived there in saintly simplicity. She gave the revenue of her vast domains to her vassals in compensation for sufferings endured under her father's rule.

Her goodness and piety were kept in remembrance for many years after her death. Curious to relate, Archibald was feared almost as much as when alive, for his spirit, it was asserted, visited his old Castle at midnight, and disturbed the peace and quietness of the locality by the noise it made.

(*To be continued.*)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Quince Jelly.

This makes one of the nicest dessert sweets I know, as not being too sweet and having a peculiar flavour of its own. If properly made, it should be perfectly clear and very brilliant, and a most lovely tawny, pinkish, orange colour. I can only compare it to a lovely jacinth. This is how it is made—

Pare, core, and quarter four pounds of quinces, throw them immediately into one quart of spring water in a clean earthenware jar. Cover the jar closely down, then place it in a moderate oven, and allow the fruit to cook gently until it is quite tender; then turn the whole into a linen jelly bag and allow the juice to drip without pressure. The bag should be drawn close up over the fruit whilst the juice is dripping. Allow fourteen ounces of sugar to each pint of juice. Make a syrup of the sugar and one quart of water, and boil it for ten minutes. Remove all the scum as it rises. Allow the syrup to come off the boil, and then add the quince juice to it; now boil both together quickly for a quarter of an hour. Just before removing it from the fire add some lemon juice in the proportion of one teaspoonful of lemon juice to each pint of fruit juice. Have ready some small glass jars or moulds, dry and warm. Fill them with the jelly, and the next day cover them down in the usual way.

Cocoa-nut Ice.—This sweetmeat, when carefully made, makes an extremely pretty and tempting dish, and is a great addition at a party, especially "children's." Take half a pound of coarse cocoa-nut, put into basin, pouring over it two wineglassfuls of milk. Let it soak one night. Put one and a half pounds of loaf sugar into a pan with one and a half wineglassfuls of milk or water. Let it simmer, stirring all the time, till it thickens, and then add cocoa-nut and boil eight to ten minutes. Line a box with buttered paper, and pour in half the mixture; the other half colour with cochineal—a pale pink—then pour on top of white. Before taking to table cut into strips and arrange in silver or glass dish.

THE FERNLEY GIRLS' GUILD.

By SARAH TYTLER.

CHAPTER V.

THE RULES IN PRACTICE.



THE first public opportunity Sophy had of judging whether a majority of the Fernley girls remembered the first and last rules of their Guild in its new phase—whether they resisted their propensity to giggle and spoke an occasional sentence soberly, and whether their dress had not cost them more money and trouble than it was worth—occurred on the occasion of an evening party at the vicarage. The vicarage was given to impromptu "easy way" evening parties, largely for the young people, sometimes in the form of a carpet dance, sometimes as an illustration of round games.

There were those in the parish who censured the vicarage and its master and mistress for these evening parties, and called them exhibitions of levity, frivolity, silliness and childishness, but Sophy Singleton, being young herself, notwithstanding her earnestness, could not see the parties in this light. The village and its environs were quiet to stagnation; she knew that Alice and she never found one of those three-cornered notes addressed in the same would-be "bold" slanting handwriting without a throb of satisfaction, which meant a welcome to social gaiety and good fellowship. True, it was all rather tame and stale—the same people the guests saw in other circumstances several times a week; the same slender variety in the entertainment.

Sophy could have wished the dancing had been something more than mere physical exercise, though her lithe limbs craved that, in its place, as the other supple limbs around her craved it. But it need not have been all exercise, it might have had its pauses and its background of interesting conversation, such as she had read of in descriptions of the quaint, elaborate country dances in which her grandmothers and great-grandmothers had figured. Now the only opportunity for conversation was when partners sat out a dance, and the Fields' drawing-room was too small, and partners were too limited in number to admit of such an indulgence. If all the young people were not up on the floor together, there would be an imperative summons to the truants. "Don't be lazy, Sophy," "There is Sandy Somerville without a partner for the Barn dance," "You are wanted to make up the couples for the Lancers."

Sophy would fain have had the songs less weakly sentimental or outrageously comic, and the riddles and games which took the place of the dancing a little more ingenious and witty, and a little less screamingly funny and boisterous, like "Hunt the Ring," or "Hunt the Whistle." Above all she wished the Vicar would not have been content with putting his head inside the door, bowing and smiling benevolently all round and then beating a hasty retreat to the quiet refuge of his study; for she was sure that there would have been no room for those charges of merriment approaching to what was fast and furious, and its accompanying rowdiness, if he had lent them his countenance for an hour. It was like his never saying the word "dress" to his daughters and not knowing one kind of dress from another. But Sophy was not there to carp. There is something omnivorous in the appetite of youth for the society of companion youth, for brightness, stir, movement. There were the Torrenses with all their learning, playing at thought-reading, at "Subject and Object," or swinging in the sheer hilarity of a Swedish peasant dance, as zealously, with as much joyous *abandon*—not to be surpassed by the most ignorant girl present—as if their lives depended upon it. Youth was youth under whatever conditions you found it.

Mrs. Field was a handsome, wonderfully young-looking woman with the flower-face—the pure balsam red and white complexion, and the radiant spirits she had transmitted to her children. She was an Irish woman with Irish blue eyes and blue-black hair, and Irish pleasantness galore. She wore no cap, her hair was puffed and waved in the fashion of the day, her dress was cut low to show her fine neck and shoulders. She might easily have been mistaken for an elder sister of her daughters—even with Adela, a matron in her turn, and the little grandchild in the curate's cottage, which the Parkers rented and slept in, but could hardly be said to occupy by day, when they were always running in and out of the vicarage.

Sophy had an uneasy feeling that it was not as it should be; but it had come about so naturally, it was so frank and open and free from evil intent, and Mrs. Field herself disarmed criticism. She was so warmly kind, so unaffectedly blithe even when she professed to take Sophy to task for proposing to put old heads on young shoulders, so as to shame the seniors of the party for not being hoary wiseacres, for still having laughter lingering in their improper composition, and for being so left to themselves as to consent to make themselves useful and companionable. How could Mrs. Field help being so young-looking and so young in heart? Was she bound to dress and behave like a grandmother, in which case she would appear supremely ridiculous?

Mrs. Parker and her curate and Harriet Field followed suit in bantering Sophy Singleton about her experiments and aims at reform.

"We are glad to see you here to-night, Sophy, but we were really doubtful whether a sage, superior person like you would have anything to do with so trifling an institution as one of mother's 'evenings.'"

"Suppose now we have a round of catechism?" was Geoff Parker's attempt at teasing.

"Or let us have in one of Lady Ramsbottom's mission and Dorcas baskets, and have a spell of plain sewing at unbleached cotton nightgowns and check aprons," from Adela Parker.

"Can you remember any hymns to start with?" was Harriet's contribution to the raillery.

But their sarcasm was not so sweet and gracious as their mother's, and Sophy did not feel abashed when she defended herself by the reminder that there were times and seasons for everything.

There was one benefit which the Fields' attack conferred upon Sophy. It recalled to her that she ought not to be merely entertaining herself; she should be looking about her to see how the girls of the Guild were fulfilling their obligations. She had nothing to do, that is to say, she was not responsible, fortunately, in connection with the conduct of any of the others. Alas, alas! giggles were to be heard, but they came in solos—at most in duets—they were not in choruses. The younger girls did not get into corners, as Sophy had seen them do, and make the general company the sport of their risible faculties. Unquestionably, their attention having been called to the matter, and something like their word extracted that they should restrain their inclinations in this direction, the girls were just a shade subdued from what they had been formerly.

As bad habits are hard to eradicate, perhaps Sophy should have been content with the slight improvement.

With regard to dress, in the same way, the over-sumptuousness or over-picturesqueness in which the seniors revelled were beyond Sophy's province, though she could not help a passing thought on what cares they must add to the Vicar's careworn contemplation of his straitened means, over which she had heard her father lament. If Mr. Field had not a thought for women's dress, he had many painful thoughts for the drapers' and milliners' bills which the dress of the women of his family called forth. Ought not the women to have spared him the heaviest burden of these thoughts? Even Clara and Katie and Annie were in rose-coloured chiffon over rose-coloured silk slips. It was some relief to Sophy to recognise that these were frocks the sisters had worn for some time, and of course they must "wear out" their extravagant finery. As to the gold-coloured sashes which two of them wore this night, Clara cried in passing—

"It was mother's doing, she would give us something new. She said our friends had seen our red frocks till they must look as old as the hills—we must have a change. How could we prevent it, and aren't our orange sashes just glorious?"

But Annie contradicted her flatly, while she flourished a red rag of a sash which had seen better days.

"You could have prevented it well enough, Claypots, you and Kitten. Mother would not force the sashes upon us. I told her I did not want one, and she let me have my own way; she would have let you and Kitten have yours, but you are mad upon dress, everybody knows, and Kitten thought that Hal Blake might come. It is no secret that Hal—he was father's pupil for years, you remember—and Kitten are gone on each other—idiotic, for he is not called to the Bar yet, and they will not be able to marry for dozens of years. People say Kitten has soon begun, but if I were to tell everything that has happened to me in the train and out of it—whisper, Sophy, I have had a proposal myself and at my age—whole fourteen months younger than Kitten! I don't believe you've ever had a proposal, staying on in this old-maidish, old-bachelorish, Darby-and-Joanish hole."

"What nonsense you are talking, Annie! It must have been a bad impertinent joke. A proposal to a child like you! From a stranger, I daresay, for nobody who knew your father and mother would forget themselves so far."

"Child! I am nearly as old as you are, not that you have ever had a proposal, for as old-fashioned and stuck-up as you are—worse than Addie and Hetty, and ten times worse than Geoff. Never mind who made my proposal; he got his dismissal, I can tell you, and that was the only thing which signified. But I say, Sophy, you should think much of me, for I'm the only one who has obeyed you and St. Paul," Annie boasted exultingly.

Sophy had given some time to fixing how she and Alice should be dressed—of course alike, and equally of course, as Sophy should decide. When she came to think of it, she believed she had given about as much time and thought to the consideration as the Fields had bestowed on the hand-painted satin sleeves in one case, the *appliqué* embroidery outlining the V-shaped bodice in another, the lace insertion everywhere. But then the notice was entirely different. Sophy did not seek the laborious adornment of herself and Alice in the most artistic or the smartest style of the day. She sought for what her mother would approve of and her father would not object to, what was suitable for girls of the Singletons' age and station, what would be in keeping with her late sentiments as expressed before the Guild and with Rule Fifth, which, though it had not been passed by the meeting, was passed so far as it had to do with Sophy. It seemed to her that some pieces of white Japanese silk, which had been sent for the girls' use by an aunt in India, might be made up with advantage into frocks for her and Alice and worn courageously, without any feverish thirst for variety, till the frocks were soiled, when she was told they would wash and look as well as ever, of which she had doubts. But, in the meantime, the frocks would not be too conspicuous, and they would cost no more than the charge for their being made up by the Fernley dressmaker, to whom Sophy could give directions and show patterns. It was a mortification to her that, while Maggie Somerville and her mother made their dresses, she had not dared to venture on anything more ambitious than a little house-frock for her small sister Bea, which Sophy was afraid had turned out somewhat of a failure. It might be she was better employed managing her father's house, relieving her invalid mother, rousing and guiding her young companions, who were like sheep waiting to be led, than manufacturing garments. At least she was giving legitimate encouragement to trade by employing the village dressmaker, who was clever, neat-handed and proud of any instance of the gentlefolks' patronage, and who profited by it. Sophy had meant the soft, clinging silk dresses to be perfectly plain; that would be desirable if they could be kept clean for half-a-dozen occasions, though she need not be troubled on account of herself and Alice appearing continually in the same attire after she had discovered an illustrious precedent in Petrarch's Laura, the beauty of two courts, that of the Emperor and that of the Pope, who had yet never shown herself for a period of years in other than two gowns—one green trimmed with violets, one purple trimmed with grey feathers.

However, Alice came upon a baby's hat of Bea's—a white beaver embellished with cut-steel buckles. She fell in love with the buckles on the spot, and was so charmed with finding them, and with her cleverness in immediately conceiving the idea of how well they would look on her frock and Sophy's for the night of the vicarage party, that her sister could not find it in her heart to reduce Alice to a state of blank disappointment. Alice so rarely had an idea of her own, was so habitually subservient to the ideas of Sophy, she felt that she owed Alice some recompense—a will and an opinion of her own once upon a time.

Sophy had thought the pair all right, even with the addition of the glittering buckles, till Maggie Somerville entered in the cambric muslin, which toned down her abundance of colour better than anything else until it

became only a glowing relief to the pure white of the muslin—white that would wash perfectly so long as two threads hung together. The cluster of blush roses which Maggie had gathered and stuck in her bodice worked into the scheme of colour and completed it.

"Oh, Maggie," Sophy, in chagrin, confided to her friend, "I thought Alice and I would do till you came in."

"Do? Why you do do exceedingly well," exclaimed Maggie in a puzzle. "You both look very, very nice."

"That is just it," said Sophy, with a groan, "that and the Rule Fifth. Have you forgotten it? Oh, I feel grossly extravagant and foolishly fine."

There was not an opportunity for any trespass of Rule Second until Sophy went in her mother's place with her father to dine at the Torrenses', in order to meet two foreign professors, who had brought an introduction from some of the Torrenses' college friends to the ladies at Fernley Manor. As her mother's representative, Sophy was comforted to think the Japanese silk rather erred in simplicity and inexpensiveness than offended in the opposite direction. And she tried to be fair and liberal in her interpretation of Rule Second in its application to this dinner. The Torrenses were entertaining foreign savants, and were bound to serve up for their benefit, not only the dishes the great men would relish, but also the topics of conversation which would interest them. The one professor was an antiquarian, the other a geologist. The neighbourhood of Fernley was fortunate in possessing both ruins and fossils, which attracted such visitors as had presented themselves. The younger Misses Torrens must talk shop to them, irrespective of the fact that the elder Misses Torrens, and such natives of the district as Major Singleton and Mr. Field (who were formally invited to support the hostesses in their hospitality to strange gentlemen), were guiltless of any save a superficial acquaintance with the beaten tracks of natural history, and with the rudimentary remains of the former animal and vegetable kingdoms in the strata of what was equivalent to a former world. Naturally, Sophy Singleton and Clara Field—in the train of her parents, not having been to College—were no better informed than their elders.

Still, the younger Torrenses' chief duty was due to the strangers, though their talk should be a mystery to a portion of the company. As it happened, one of the guests—the historian—did not need encouragement to expatiate on the subject nearest his heart. He was an enthusiast, with an enthusiast's natural eloquence. In his delight of finding so much treasure of his particular kind in the ruined castle and abbey, both within a radius of five miles of Fernley, he started a discourse on the *raison d'être* of the castle, the different great families which had held sway there, the stirring events which had come to pass within those crumbling walls; and, again, on the architecture of the abbey, its foundation, its constitution, the days of its usefulness, the days of its corruption, the tragic period of the dissolution of the community of monks, to which it had belonged, at the time of the Reformation. He spoke so well, carried away by his knowledge, as if every lord and lady and man-at-arms, every abbot and prior, down to the humblest lay brother, had been his familiar friend, that he not only held the pleased attention of Mr. Field and Major Singleton, he entranced Sophy. When she was sufficiently disengaged to look round to see how the rest of the party, and especially Gladys and Lilian, were enjoying themselves, she was astonished to find the sisters looking decidedly glum, toying with their wine-glasses, and with their coffee-cups, when the lecture gratis by Professor Heyse was continued, by the request of Mr. Field and Major Singleton after the party had repaired to the drawing-room. Gladys and Lilian had not found a word to say for themselves, a question to ask, a suggestion to make. They had fidgeted as much as their good manners would allow them to do, and been nearly as irresponsive and restive as their elderly aunts, who had hidden their yawns with difficulty.

Gladys and Lilian took the first opportunity of telling Sophy and Clara that such local and provincial history had not come into their course—they would never have dreamt of "taking" it, even if there had been a professor or a coach for it at their College. If it had been European history, or constitutional history—but this was mere county history gossip.

"I thought that was its attraction," Sophy ventured to say. "To think it all happened so near to where we live now, and not to kings or cardinals, but to men and women a little more like ourselves, though they existed so long ago!"

"I don't see the advantage of that," said Gladys. "I call that provincial or parochial. It is never to get beyond our own little Pedlington, though we do travel some centuries back."

"I am thankful," remarked Lilian languidly, "that the stone man is a silent man, else we should have had the crust of the earth and its strata thrust down our throats, till we were half choked. We did not take geology either, in our College course; we were not among the science girls—though, when it comes to that, it was chemistry and morphology they dabbled in chiefly, I believe. I have heard that in American colleges, where the students have a smattering of everything, the girls have to do something in science—it must be uncommonly little; I cannot conceive how they find the time, though they only scratch on the surface. We found enough to do devoting ourselves to classics and the English and German schools of philosophy. We had nothing to do with algebra and higher arithmetic after we surmounted our 'Smalls.'"

"Girls, you cannot tell how thankful I am to discover there is something you do not know," struck in one of the elder Misses Torrens. "It was quite refreshing to see you to-night sitting dumb before your elders, as girls are bound to do."

"Looking pretty, with our hands in our laps like Harriet Smith in 'Emma,'" said Gladys scornfully.

"It was what well-bred girls used to do," insisted the other aunt. "But I defy young girls to look either pretty or pleasant nowadays—you have too much on your minds—the instructing of your seniors among other things. I do not know what you are all coming to with your Browning and Shakespeare Societies, your Junior Primrose Leagues, and Liberal Girls' Clubs. Oh, yes, of course, you are fit to dictate how the country is to be governed, and to give hints to your father—to yours, Miss Somerville, what he is to prescribe to his patients—and to yours, Miss Field, how he is to impress the girls in his confirmation classes to be better mannered. I am sure there is much room for improvement—and to dress like Quakers—or Puritans, is it?"

The last hit was directed against Sophy, for girl-reformers were as distasteful as were girl-scholars and philosophers to the elder Miss Torrens, who were luxurious in their habits, old-fashionedly conventional in their ideas, and dressy to the last degree of elderly ladies' dressiness in their toilets.

Sophy was afraid that the benefit of a grain of fellow-

feeling, as an aid to the comprehension of the discourtesy of one-sided or cliquey conversation, was swamped in their aunts' sweeping prejudiced condemnation of the schoolmaster abroad, the march of intellect, the progress of the higher education with its results not yet classified and tabled.

In observing Rule Third to start with—in order to give an idea of the girls' tastes and conception of what solid reading implied—each reader was suffered to choose her book for half hours' study. But when Sophy, who for herself appropriately selected *Half-hours in a Library* as neither too heavy nor too light, found that the Torrenses elected to study, when their hair was being brushed out and crimped afresh, different works on Buddha and esoteric mysticism, and that the three Fields could arrive at nothing better to read, in turn, amidst bursts of laughter and the distraction of the railway station, than *Three Men in a Boat*, she was in despair.

"It is not a novel, Sophy," Annie kept telling her aggrieved leader, "it is a book of travels."

The fact that Maggie Somerville had employed her fractions of spare time upon White's *Selborne*, because Sandy recommended it, and the children enjoyed having bits of it told to them, was not enough to comfort Sophy. There must be rigorous selection and allotment of the books to be studied, if Rule Three were not by common consent to be allowed to sink into abeyance. It would be preferable to a travesty of serious reading (which all could understand and appreciate); that would only tend to bring the rule into disrespect and to render it ridiculous.

Rule Fourth was addressed to the conscience, and could not be tested by observation, for its very essence was privacy, as when the old Jews shut themselves into their closets and prayed to their Father which was in Heaven in secret, or when they fasted and appeared in public with their faces, heads and beards fresh and glowing, sleek and shining from their ablutions and their anointings. The special good deed done between sunrise and sunset was to be known only to themselves.

Sophy meditated every morning on the good deed she was to perform, and fell into the common, natural mistake of supposing that the best deed was what cost her most, so she took long fatiguing walks on other people's errands, which other people might as well, and with more profit, have done for themselves. She wrote tedious letters which she could not help rendering dull to acquaintances for whom she did not care, and who did not care for her. But they might think they had some claim on her time and attention, and that she was guilty of neglecting the claim if she did not spend herself on the fiction of keeping it in existence. Sophy's good deeds lapsed into tasks to be discharged.

Sophy had fully anticipated that the Fields, if they attempted good deeds, would not be prevented from launching them at her—through the gabbling mouth of Annie if by no other source—and she was not mistaken.

"Oh, Sophy, don't you know how good-natured we have been, and what charitable acts we have been performing, 'between sunrise and sunset' every day except Thursday this week? You know there has been a circus going the round of the nearest villages, Nenthorn and Blagrove, and those kill-joys, Peter Penrith and Mrs. Matthews, would not let their children go to either Nenthorn or Blagrove. The cross-pieces said the boys and girls would lose their marks at school, and would not be home in time to learn their lessons. But we took them up on the road in our T-cart and drove them part of the way, and waited when we were coming back and picked them up again, and gave them another ride. So they got back by the usual hour, and while they had the fun, the old crabs, Peter and Mrs. Matthews, were none the wiser."

"But that was not a good deed, that was very wrong, Annie," cried Sophy in distress. "It was teaching the children to play truant, and to deceive their father and mother, and they might have got into any amount of mischief at the circus. Besides, the pleasure and the deception alike were short-lived. Of course, the Board School master and mistress, Mr. Sykes and Miss Allan, would miss their scholars and send word to Peter and Mrs. Matthews, and the children would be punished, as they and you deserved to be."

"So they would, we did not think of that," admitted Annie, a little crestfallen; but brightening presently, "the children would have 'the fine fun,' as Maggie Somerville calls it, and that was something."

Oh, dear, the world was out of joint, and all schemes for the amendment even of its girls became out of joint in their turn!

"Never mind, Sophy," Maggie Somerville interposed to console her friend, "it is the effort and not the attainment which is to be thought of and drawn out first. The attainment will follow in time. Even to think and try, where we have never thought or tried before, is an attainment in itself—the beginning of an attainment. It went without question that the Guild should set out with making mistakes—all attempts at improvement in any line have to go through the blundering stage."

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

CLEMATIS.—Your hymn tune is not bad. It is fairly free from elementary errors; but the progressions are sometimes unpleasant. The progression of inner parts by fourths is not to be recommended to beginners, as, though not exactly incorrect, it requires careful management.

DOLLY.—We have read your letter with interest, and understand the need for expression of your thoughts to some sympathetic friend. We should advise you to try to find diversion in reading the work of the best authors, and also in some congenial occupation of an active kind. It seems cruel to criticise your verse, but we must tell you that it is written without much regard to metre, and frequently with very incorrect rhymes: *e.g.*—"season"—"freezing"; "river"—"heather." There are certain rules for metrical composition, which must not be disregarded. We quite agree that "Scotland's the land of rare delight."

CHUMS.—The poem "Abou Ben Adhem" by Leigh Hunt is about one recording angel, but we cannot at the moment recall a poem describing two. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to help you. The poem we mention is to be found in the *Thousand and One Gems of Poetry* (Mackay, Routledge). You say that in the poem you mention, one angel records a crime in his book, the other waits to see if it can be erased by a tear of penitence before it is taken up to heaven.

DESIGNER.—We think that you may safely submit your designs for wall-paper to good firms such as Messrs. Liberty of Regent Street, or Messrs. Knowles of King's Road, Chelsea, who have already purchased designs drawn by women. The only way, indeed, to obtain employment in this branch is to approach various firms with specimens of your work; but we need hardly say that the houses mentioned would require really good designs. You can obtain the addresses of other firms by looking through any ladies' paper. If you were in London we should advise you to attend the Central School of Arts and Crafts, 316, Regent Street, W.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

LEHRERIN.—So far from being in the business world, I have no personal knowledge of many of the occupations you ask about, and I can only offer one suggestion. With your thorough knowledge of German you might have a conversation class or give private lessons in the language to individual pupils. Your slight deafness would not interfere with such teaching, and many persons who would be too shy to join a class would be glad to learn the language conversationally during half-hour lessons. Were you my daughter, I should not advise you to go in a second time for the examination in which you have once failed. You seem to have neither strength nor money to risk on the chance of gaining what might be of little real use to you afterwards. By all means study the lip-reading. Much may be done, as I have reason to know, even without the help of a teacher.

A. E. I. O. U. has been obliged through illness in her home to give up her Sunday-school, but is anxious to do some quiet work for her Master by lending a helping hand to another who is seeking Him. I quote her words: "I know that without Him I can do nothing, but I also know that I can do all things through Christ. Will you let me try for His sake?" Most gladly. You will have a practical answer to your request. My loving thanks for kind words to myself.

CALLOUS ONE.—I am afraid you do think more of self than of others, but I am sure, if you try, you will conquer this failing. Determine to make somebody a little happier each day of your life. The knowledge that you have done this will make you feel glad, ay, and rich too. I do count you one of my Circle members, since you have appealed to me for help and offered me sympathy. You are not callous, or you would not have written such kind words to an unseen friend. May God bless you and give you the loving, unselfish heart you wish for. Is not such a wish the germ of prayer?



THE CORONATION CUP.

STELLA.—So far as I can judge, you have acted conscientiously and have taken nothing from the third party by accepting a friendship which never could have been hers, and which she would have been unable to reciprocate fully. By telling her of your mental conflicts and qualms of conscience you would do no good and might be misunderstood. Why deprive her of the happiness she enjoys in possessing, though in a less measure, the friendship of your "other self"? Had you been guilty of duplicity, there would be room for self-reproach. As it is, the third party is satisfied and feels her life enriched by the measure of affection and confidence given to her, even though she does not occupy the chief place in the regard of your mutual friend. My advice to you, dear, is "Let well alone." I shall be glad to hear from you again.

CHEERED-BY-THE-WAY.—Dear, it is such a joy to know that any words I have been enabled to write have given you comfort during years of weakness and suffering. I do so feel with you in regard to the spirit of submission in which our prayers should be offered, and I will pass on a few of your words to help other members of our Circle. "I had asked God repeatedly for a certain blessing. At last I left it, just saying, 'In Thine own good time, dear Lord,' and now He has heard and has given me another great cause for thankfulness in a cheerful spirit and an aptitude to see the bright side of things. If I could let some of your troubled, anxious girls know of the help that has been given to me, they would never despair of getting it themselves." I enter fully into your joyful anticipations, and I pray that you may realise to the utmost the blessing, the glory, and the responsibilities of motherhood.

E. M. M.—I well remember introducing you to a dear Christian girl as Correspondent, and I rejoice that you have cause to thank God that you knew her. And now you tell me she has been called "to higher service," that the meeting you looked for on earth can never take place, but you look forward to seeing her in "our Father's house of many mansions." I sympathise with you, dear, and share your sorrow. I will try to find you another Correspondent. Your letter brings good news of your work, and tells of your thankfulness for manifest guidance in the choice of helpers. I pass on your message of love and the assurance that you pray for all the Circle.

CHILDIE.—It is the miserable sense of sinfulness which comes between us and God and spoils our efforts after the "peace which passeth all understanding." You are truly penitent, and for you and such as you the beautiful promises and assurances of God's willingness to forgive are intended. Just take Him at His word. Would He Who "is love" mock His repentant child by giving pledges He did not mean to fulfil? Could anything but Divine love have planned a full, free and perfect satisfaction for the sins of the whole world in the life and death of Christ? Look from self to Christ, from your debt to Him Who paid it on the cross of Calvary. Believe and live. This is the only condition. Talk freely to the friend you name. She is sure to help you, dear girl.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NOT A CONSTANT READER.—You want more time to perfect the practice as well as the theory of speaking without stammering. You must have more patience and do what the doctor tells you. Stammerers as a rule breathe badly. They constantly try to speak when their lungs are empty. Fill your lungs well with air before you begin to speak. Stammering can be cured. It comes from the result of failure in co-ordinate action of certain muscles and their appropriate nerves. Stammering is unknown in less civilised countries, and it is much more common among boys than among girls. It may be hereditary, or it may be acquired by imitation. Like yawning, it is very infectious. Or it may come as the result of a shock. Stammering often disappears gradually without any effort to cure it. The best ways to remove it which we can suggest are: Regulate your breath, and try to use the chest voice, taking exercises in it on the sounds on which a stumble is apt to be made. Send to the office of the British Medical Journal, Strand, London, W.C., for the student's number for October, 1901, and that will give you all the information you want about becoming a doctor.

N. S.—We are so glad you like the "G. O. P." and are going to have it bound. I think your writing is very careful and good.

SWEETBRIAR.—"Clubs" is a good game for an elder children's evening party. Divide the children into two parties, form in two rings, send one child from each ring out of the room. Choose some subject for them to guess, either historical or local, for instance, the pearls worn round her neck by Mary Queen of Scots, or the poker in the fireplace in the dining-room. The children come back into the room, and each begins asking her group, Is it animal, vegetable, or mineral? and so goes on asking question after question, only receiving a "Yes" or "No" in answer, until she guesses rightly the chosen subject. Whichever group first has its subject guessed has lost the game. Blowing a feather on a sheet or picking up potatoes with an egg spoon are also good games. The average height of an English woman used to be five feet two and a half inches, but women have become so much taller of late years that the average now is five feet three inches. I am so glad you have taken our paper for four years and think it splendid.

FRANK.—Cream of tartar is lowering to the system if you continue taking it for any length of time.

IVY.—Eczema is a red patch on the skin covered with little watery pimples, which burst and produce a sore that soon gets covered with a yellow crust. Or it may be that your eczema is of the dry variety, and the red patch is covered with dry scales. It is principally due to disorders of digestion; the tendency to it is frequently inherited, and often depends on the quality of the skin, and local irritation often gives rise to it. It is very common on the face amongst poor and ill-fed children, especially during teething. The treatment of it is threefold. 1. The proper regulation of the diet and a suitable aperient. 2. The removal of all scabs or crusts by warm oil or poultices. 3. The covering of the raw surface with some mild and simple ointment until the new skin is grown. If the air is once allowed access, a scab forms again, and the whole process has to be repeated. I am afraid, as you have had eczema for some years, you will not be able to cure it yourself; you had better become an out-patient at a good skin hospital. It is doubtful whether eczema is caused by a microbe or not. It is by far the commonest of all the skin diseases, and it may occur at any age.

A MOSS ROSEBUD.—If you wish to write to Mrs. Lamb, a letter addressed to her, c/o The Editor, "G. O. P.," 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., will find her.

TROUBLED.—Your age probably partly accounts for it; most likely your face will become thinner as you grow older. Meanwhile, avoid all starchy foods and sugar.

MYRRHENA.—You had better find a tennis club near where you live, and go there and ask to see the rules. I think at most tennis clubs it is merely a matter of paying a subscription, and not a matter of introduction.

DAISY.—For the huskiness in your voice try gargling with one teaspoonful of chlorate of potash, and one ounce of glycerine of borax in a pint of water. Occasionally dissolve a little borax, a piece about the size of a pea, in your mouth.

A GIRL READER.—You complain of not being able to take a deep breath, as you have accustomed yourself to shallow breathing, and to using the top part of your lungs only. Practise deep breathing in this way. Unfasten anything tight you may have round your waist, and then lie down flat on your back on a sofa or bed, or, better still, on the floor, place a heavy book on your stomach, and as you inspire, or take in your breath, slowly raise it as high as ever you can. Do this twice a day for fifteen minutes.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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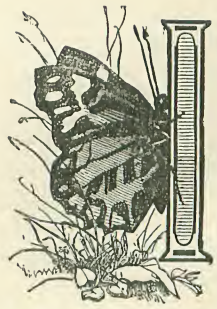
THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.



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"'I HAVE COME TO SAY GOOD-BYE,' SHE SAID."

CHAPTER IV.



It was not for many weeks, and long after Jack had left her, that Mrs. Nelson ventured to say something of all that was in her heart to Ethel Rivers.

She had half hoped the girl would weary naturally of her voluntary exile, but she saw no sign whatever of this. On the contrary, she seemed to be striking roots deep down into the life of the little port, having made friends with most of the fishermen and their wives. But the sorrow did not die out of her eyes, nor the lightness come back to her step, nor any flash of hope or joy light up the deadness of her sorrow. But what troubled Mrs. Nelson the most was, as it seemed to her, the turning of a deaf ear to the clarion trumpet of Right, and the voluntary deserting from the ranks of Duty. The possibility of power, influence and utility was written clearly in this girl's grave face, quiet eyes, and firm mouth; while she, heedless of all that might be expected of her, lulled her soul to sleep beside the sea, and steeped her senses in a luxury of sorrowful melancholy. How long it might have lasted is impossible to say, but when Mrs. Nelson saw her opportunity she hastened to make the most of it.

At first there was only quiet, semi-indifference on the part of her listener. It was as though she said plainly, "What you say would be right for many, but not for me. I have earned the right to indulge my fancy in this manner, and all that is required of me is to bear my loss patiently and make no plaint."

It was only at the mention of her own sorrows, which were many indeed, that Mrs. Nelson was able to rouse her. Ethel's lips twitched then and her face grew white, for Mrs. Nelson had found a key to her heart at last, and very soon she was listening earnestly to her loving counsel.

"My dear," she finished gently, "God has sent you a hard thing to bear in your life, but you are not the only one. I have generally noticed that those who have the most to bear have something special to do for Him. Perhaps a greater burden here is a greater joy hereafter; at any rate, it is a lesser need of training in another life. For sorrow is the great teacher, and what she teaches us we rarely forget. We may forget the sorrow, thank God for that, but we do not forget the lessons we learnt, and for which we are the richer for evermore. I have lived my life, and now I am crippled and cannot do much, God has let me come to this beautiful spot to rest quietly until the end. But you are young and strong, and life is all before you, and if you tarry here, voluntarily stepping aside from the throng, you are like the servant who buried his talent in a napkin and made no use of it. There is so much for such as you to do in the big world, even among the everyday acquaintances of your social life, and your girl-friends, and your own family. Everyone is precious in God's sight, and perhaps it is just as good for you to win a girl from too great love of selfish pleasure, as for another to save an outcast from drunkenness and evil ways. It is not the greatness of the thing we do that matters, but the spirit in which it is done. While you have a mother and sisters living, and no greater tie, you have a sacred duty towards them that nothing can ever absolve, even though your thoughts and feelings clash at every point and you have very little in common." She was silent for some minutes before she continued gravely, "And then later when you are more fitted for it, God may have some great work for you to do for Him, which, should you remain here, you may never rise to, and in consequence be the poorer always. It is not given to any of us to choose our way of life just as we would have it, but to follow the guiding hand as far as we can see it, taking not too much thought for the future, but being the best we know how to be at the present moment. My dear, my heart aches for you when I think of your bitter loss, and all the emptiness I know so well, which it has left for you; but it is because I love you dearly and see a promise of great things, I have spoken to you in this way."

Ethel had been sitting in the window gazing silently out to sea while her friend talked, but now she rose abruptly and came to her couch.

"I had not seen things in that light," she said in a low voice. "I will go away and think about it. You are so good. I am afraid you must be right."

A week later the young, sad-eyed stranger stood again in the little nook, looking towards the sun-bathed isle lying in the evening sea, and there was a great yearning in her face.

"I have come to say good-bye," she said, and a mist blotted out for a moment the tender autumn loveliness. She sat down, and later, when the stars peeped out, she was still there. Then it grew dark, and she rose to go.

"Basil," she whispered to the silent night, "I may not stay here where you seem so near, because I have been shown how, although I have lost you and happiness, there is yet a work for me to do in the world that I may not ignore." Tears choked her utterance, but presently she added softly, "I shall come back, Basil. I shall come here every year where once for a few short hours we were in heaven together, and perhaps if I have been able to do some small good, I shall feel your smile and find happiness again."

Then she turned her steps and walked slowly back to the little cottage, where her old nurse was doing the last of their packing.

It was not until the following July that Peggy heard the true story of her mysterious stranger. All through the long year after her hurried departure from Port Mena, she had waited anxiously for news, dreading their import, yet longing at times to know the worst. Mrs. Nelson had only mentioned Jack casually in her letters, and she had felt shy of asking about him, but in her own mind she felt quite sure that he would eventually marry Ethel Rivers. Had he not said she had a beautiful face, and been consoled by her when he was unhappy, in only a few days.

And now that it was too late, Peggy had learned to love him.

When she got home, she grew into a habit of measuring all other men by him, and it was always to their disadvantage. So the adulation she had previously delighted in grew to weary her, and she only wanted Jack's merry ways, and boyish teasing, and generous kindness.

When she once more crossed the threshold of the beloved home at Port Mena, it was with a quiet step and softer grace, in place of the old childish arrogance and careless independence. But beyond that she was much the same high-spirited Peggy, and in less than two hours was clambering over her favourite rocks, and paddling in clear sunlit pools, as happy, for the moment, as a small child. She found a rock where she could sit and dangle her feet in the sea, and soon settled herself in a dreamy state of perfect enjoyment, watching the clouds chase each other across the sky without thinking of anything in particular.

She was roused at last by a loud "Hullo," which nearly startled her into the sea, and, before she could well collect her scattered senses, Jack himself was actually on the rock beside her.

"Well, aren't you going to say 'How do you do?' to the gentleman nicely?" he asked in just his old way. "Naughty, rude girl!"

"I—I——" stammered Peggy, and blushed in a manner that caused a sudden light to shine in Jack's eyes. "I didn't know you were coming to-day."

"Neither did I until this morning. I got off two days earlier, so I just packed up my traps and flew. Aunt said I should find you somewhere down here. I suppose you were enjoying a tour in the moon as usual, and I've called you back to the commonplace old earth, like the tiresome boy I always was."

"It doesn't look very commonplace from here," she said with a little smile. "It's just scrumptiously lovely!"

"Will it spoil it to talk, or am I to try and work up a day-dream?"

"No. I'd rather talk. I haven't heard anything about you all the year."

"Nor I of you. Aunt Nelson is the sweetest woman that ever lived, but when she writes letters she always seems to leave out the one piece of news you want."

Peggy coloured, and a curious strained look came into her eyes.

"I expected I should have to congratulate you before this," she said.

"Congratulate me? What about?"

Peggy felt his keen eyes searching her face, and felt a little nervous.

"I thought you would be engaged, of course," she said rather bluntly.

"I wish I were," he answered, and flung a pebble into the sea.

Peggy hardly knew how to proceed.

"Whom did you think I should be engaged to?" he asked suddenly.

"Miss Rivers."

"What, your mysterious stranger?"—in surprise.

"Yes, why not?"

"Didn't aunt ever tell you why she was here?"

"No."

"Well, it was because she was going to be married, and the man she was going to marry died a few days before the wedding."

"Oh, how sad!" exclaimed Peggy, then looked away, unable to meet his eyes.

"In any case," he continued gravely, "how could I get engaged to another girl when I loved you?"

"I thought you might have forgotten"—nervously.

"I should have thought you would have known me better," was all he said, and they were both silent a few minutes, while Peggy's heart began to beat almost to suffocation.

"Would you have liked to congratulate me, Peggy?" he asked at last.

"I should have liked you to be happy," she replied, without looking up.

Another long silence followed, and she felt herself grow rosy under the consciousness of his persistent scrutiny. He was thinking how sweet she was, and how bonny. He did not quite know whether he liked her best shy like this, or full of fun, or in the hedgehoggy mood. He liked them all so much.

"Peggy, if you would like me to be happy, why don't you make me so? No one else can."

She played nervously with her fingers.

"But I thought you had forgotten," she said.

"Forgotten you?"—with emphasis. "Impossible!"

There was another silence.

"Why don't you look at me?" he asked presently.

She tried to, but looked the opposite way instead.

"Why, I believe you're shy, Peggy," he said teasingly. Then he grew very serious. "Peggy, will you congratulate me?" he asked.

"What about?"

"About being engaged."

"But you say you are not."

"No, but I want to be, and there's only one girl I should ever be likely to be engaged to. You know her well, Peggy. She's sometimes like a little hedgehog, but I don't mind that at all; and she's always very sorry when she pricks hard."

He drew a little nearer, and slipped his arm round her.

"Come, darling," he said in his winsome way, "I want you to congratulate me, because I'm engaged to be married to Peggy Wardour."

"But she's such a silly, and not half good enough," she replied with a touch of her old merry self.

"You little villain!" he exclaimed with a low happy laugh, crushing her to his heart; "I'll teach you to call my sweetheart names!"

"Auntie, you must speak to Peggy," he said, when he entered his aunt's room, looking radiantly happy; "she's been running down my sweetheart!"

Mrs. Nelson looked up inquiringly, and then half rose.

"What is it, Jack?" she said, flushing with ill-concealed eagerness. "You have some news?"

"Well, it's just this way," he began. "Peggy would persist in congratulating me, or at any rate in thinking I ought to be in a state to be congratulated, so to humour her, I got engaged on the spot; and then she said my sweetheart was a silly!"

"My dear boy," was all his aunt could say, "I'm too glad for words!"

GERTRUDE PAGE.

THE "GIRL'S OWN" GUILD OF SYMPATHY.

MISS E. QUAILE (Berkenhead).—We are very much obliged to you for your gifts. They have been distributed as you wish, and they have been exceedingly helpful.

We are very much obliged for flowers which have been sent by the Hon. Mrs. Bligh from Holy Trinity Vicarage, Farcham, Hants. They were sent to the hospital, and gave very great pleasure indeed to the patients. We have also to thank Archdeacon Sinclair for the many gifts of flowers during the last months which have been sent, in consequence of a communication of his, and they have been carefully distributed among a large number of sick people.

JESSIE ROBINSON (Tulse Hill).—Thank you very much for your gift of clothes, which have been distributed as you wish.

"ROSE-COLOURED SPECTACLES" (Alderley Edge).—I am so glad to think that you have become a member of our Guild of Sympathy; but what a very funny *nom de plume* you have chosen! I am sure I cannot understand what it means. Yes, your gift of clothing has been received, and rest assured it will be very acceptable for some poor people. Thank you very much for the stamps you enclosed; they were received all right. Anything that we can do to help you in your work we will very gladly do.

E. GEM (Tooting).—Thank you very much for your parcel of linen and clothes. I believe you are a member of the Guild. If not, may I send you all particulars of it? I should very much like you to join. The things, as you wish, shall be given to some deserving person, and I shall always be very glad to answer any question as to what becomes of any things that you send. Yours is a very cheery letter.

M. HALL (Ludlow).—Thank you very much for the parcel, which was received all right, and disposed of in the way you wished.

CLARA TULL (Skelmersdale).—We are very much obliged to you for your letter, and I have sent your address to Miss A. Sell, Springcroft, 106, Clapham Common. We are very glad that some of our members have thought about corresponding one with another, and I am perfectly certain that it would be a very good thing. Yes, I am sure there are many lonely ones who would like some English news, and if we are somewhat slow in finding you somebody, you must not mind, because some of our girls live in remote parts of Africa, and it takes six weeks for a letter to reach them. We will, however, try to do our best to carry out your wishes; meanwhile thank you very much for your letter.

E. A. BATH (Brighton Villa).—We are very glad to give you a hearty welcome to the Guild. Thank you very much for the very kindly things you say about the paper. We should be very glad if you could do any needlework, and if you have not been replied to through the post, you shall have a long letter as soon as possible. Just now, the prevailing epidemic in London is taking up many hours of work on the part of one or two of our voluntary workers who look out cases for us, and who do a lot of the secretarial work of the Guild. For instance, the flowers that you sent us were sent to the Isolation Hospital, and if you could have seen the cheery smiles of those poor people, who for weeks and months are living in tents separated from everybody, and as much cut off from the world as anybody in the South African camps, you would understand what a Godsend these bright homely flowers are to these poor people, who are not allowed even to see relatives. One or two of our members have gladly gone and isolated themselves, in order that they might take their stand by the dying, and try to cheer the dull hours, and we very much doubt whether this is realised by the Guild at large.

A WORKING WOMAN (Shanklin).—You have not given us any address, therefore it is impossible for me to answer your letter, as I should like to have done. Sympathy is very precious, and I do my best to cheer people, as you wished. These floral messengers of love make a very great impression on many a heart, and I am sure this is good in the sight of God.

AGNES AMIS (Cromer).—Thank you very much for the parcel, which was sent to a lady at Bermondsey, who was very glad indeed of them. Yes, I am sure the small suits that you speak of, if patched up, would be a boon to some poor little chaps. The Editor is often cheered by these words of encouragement about our paper, and only wishes he could know personally all his correspondents.

MRS. INGLIS (Totland Bay).—Thank you very much for your letter. I have written to you through the post, and shall be very pleased to give you all particulars of the Guild, if you are not a member. We are always glad to hear from you, and we are very anxious to get people interested in these far-away parts with ourselves.

MISS M. BLUNT.—Thank you very much for your gift of books and flowers. They were distributed as you wished, and gave pleasure to a great many people. We are glad to know that you, at any rate, will send us some more later on.

THE FAIR CAPTIVES OF CASTLE VUFFLENS.

A Story of Love and Loyalty. From the Records of the Tenth Century.

CHAPTER IX.



ERTHOLD remained for a long time in a grievous state of melancholy.

Meanwhile Lord Rodolphe had sent his page to Lady Isabelle asking for news. He had not succeeded, he sent her word, in tracing the whereabouts of their children, and he was then at Beaucaire, at the Court of the Count de Provence, from which point he wished to continue his researches.

The young barons obtained their mother's permission to go in person to put an end to this good parent's anxiety.

It was on this particular journey that they passed under the walls of Château Vufflens, where they saw, behind one of the barred windows, a face which attracted them.

Into this land of troubadours Henri had taken his lute. We have seen to what use he put it, and the pretty couplets he improvised in honour of the fair captive.

The conversation with Peter the gardener had arrested the warmth with which his heart had been carried away at the sight of this young and beautiful girl. But he retained the impression, and often said to his friend that, if in place of Lord Grimoald's vassal she had been his daughter, he would never wish to marry any other. Often he looked at the waistband she had thrown down to him, the silver clasp of which bore the initial B.

"This fair one's name is Berthe, or Blanche, or Béatrix," he said.

It can easily be understood what joy Lord Rodolphe experienced in recovering his sons, augmented on hearing from them that Lady Isabelle had already seen them. But she was now troubled, seemingly, by the sorrow and sadness which was overwhelming Berthold. He ascertained the cause of it, and thereupon decided to prolong his absence.

Again was a page despatched to Lady Isabelle to inform her of their lengthened sojourn in distant parts. Wise mother as she was, she accepted the decision with reasonableness, being glad that her son should learn to know the ways of the world, and that his first feats of arms should be made under the guidance of his worthy step-father.

She remained at the Castle Blonay; and, in order to amuse and distract herself, commenced extensive improvements and restorations. She raised the level of the terrace, and designed gardens which were to be walled round, ornamented her flower-plots with fountains, arranged plantations—all this to surprise and please Henri on his return, dwelling with delight on the thought that he would one day occupy this beautiful place with his chosen bride.

The travellers remained away for three years. Two of these years were taken up in visiting the different Courts of Europe, where they were received with honour and distinction. Lothaire, the young King of France, conferred the Order of Chivalry upon the young barons.

They were afterwards at the Court of the Emperor Othon, and presented to the Empress Adélaide, daughter of Queen Berthe, a princess renowned for her wisdom, virtue and beauty. She was charmed with the two distinguished-looking knights of Transjurane, her native place, and overwhelmed them with favours and presents, fêted them with jousts and tournaments, and praised their courtesy and conduct. Henri de Blonay was an especial favourite with the Court ladies and surnamed by them the Gentle Knight. Still he could not blot out from his memory the beautiful face at the Castle of Vufflens. That image was engraved there, dangerously so for all others which might cross his path.

"No one of them equals her in beauty," he said in confidence to Berthold. "I may not, nor do I wish to, marry her; but I cannot forget her, and I should well like to see her once again."

As for Berthold, although by now somewhat less melancholy, neither could he forget Eléonore.

After two years of travelling, Lord Rodolphe resolved to return, and put himself *en route* for home.

The young men were sorry enough not to have signalled their valour in anything beyond the tournament. They contemplated first seeing their mother, and then passing into Italy, where at that time wars of some importance were being pursued.

However, they had no occasion to go so far. Their youthful King, Conrad, who had succeeded his father, Rodolphe II. of Transjurane, was at war against Hugues, King of Great Bourgogne.

The Baron du Châtelard, as one of his chief vassals, did not hesitate to go to his camp and offer the services of himself and two sons.

This campaign, in which all three distinguished themselves by special deeds of bravery, terminated a disastrous war between the sovereigns of Great and Lesser Bourgogne.

By a treaty which gave Conrad the surname of Peaceful, the vanished Hugues ceded to him that part of his dominions, so that the two Bourgognes re-united formed henceforth one kingdom.

Conrad returned in glory to Orbe, having first thanked and discharged his vassals and barons.

In returning to Blonay and Châtelard our travellers passed by Vufflens. Henri gazed upon the towers but saw nothing.

Lord Rodolphe, too, inspected this noble-looking, beautifully constructed manor with not a little interest.

"I knew Lord Grimoald," he said, "before Queen Berthe bestowed this property upon him. He was harder in character than his own cuirass, but as strongly brave as the strength of his sword. Eventually he married the beautiful Ermance de Champvent, whom I have also seen, when very young, at the Court of Queen Berthe. He had several daughters; but Ermance and her children have been dead now a considerable time. Since I pass so close to his castle, I will see my Lord Grimoald and present you to him. Formerly, he was cruel, but full of courage. And if, as is doubtless the case, he now finds himself alone and unhappy, I am truly sorry for him."

"No, my father," quickly responded Henri. "He is, I assure you, neither alone nor yet unhappy, for he retains in those turrets such means of giving himself happy companionship that I am envious."

In saying this, Henri sounded the horn at the chief entrance. A servitor came to open to them, and they



"'IT IS SHE!' EXCLAIMED HENRI, FALLING AT ALOYSE'S FEET."

then learned, with great astonishment, of the death of the chatelain, and of the existence of his wife and children, who, instead of being dead, had only been imprisoned in the castle towers.

"In the towers?" repeated Henri in a tone of joyous elation. "Tell me, I pray you, if one of these ladies of Vufflens is not named Berthe, or Blanche, or Béatrix?"

"The second, my lord, is called Berthe."

"And she is very beautiful?"

"They are all beautiful," was the response.

"My father," spoke Henri impulsively, "I conjure thee, if thou dost wish for my happiness, to ask to see the Duchess Azzoni, Dowager of Vufflens. And, if it be possible, obtain for me the hand of Berthe. I saw her three years ago at the window of one of those towers, and I love her passionately."

Lord Rodolphe smiled, in no way opposed to the request. He was announced and conducted to the great hall, where he was received as became so loyal a knight. A mother in those days rarely refused to receive young cavaliers of good repute when she had daughters whom she desired to see well and wisely married.

Ermance happened to be alone with Gizèle when the visitors were announced, her elder daughters being absent in some part of the castle enclosure.

After congratulating her upon what had happened, Lord Rodolphe entered at once upon his mission, and, presenting Henri to the Dowager, said—

"This, madame, is my stepson, the young Baron de Blonay, sole supporter of this illustrious name. His father, the Lord Aymond de Blonay, my brother-in-arms, died honourably in battle. His mother, Isabelle de Gruyère, is now my wife. I look upon this young knight as my own son. I ask for him the hand of your second daughter, the amiable Berthe. Henri has once seen her at the window of one of the towers, and for three years he has never been able to forget her."

Then Henri himself, on bended knee, confirmed the request made by Lord Rodolphe, kissed her hand, and with deep earnestness begged the Duchess to accord him the hand of Berthe, and to bestow upon him the title of son.

"I find your proposal extremely flattering," responded Ermance. "You have all that I would desire in a son-in-law. I would prefer to see my eldest daughter married first. However, my Aloyse is not without suitors, and will willingly give way for her sister, since it is, you say, my second daughter you love and desire."

Ermance felt personally flattered that Berthe, who was a living image of herself, had made so brilliant a conquest.

"If then Berthe herself be willing," she said to the young baron with a sweet smile, "you have my consent."

"And she will consent also," cried Henri, raising himself from his knees, while pressing to his heart the belt he always carried.

In those olden days a simple piece of ribbon asked for and given as a gauge of love remained so through life.

At this moment the three sisters appeared. They might have been taken for the three Graces. But Aloyse far surpassed the others. The exercise of their walk, the embarrassment which the presence of the unexpected visitors occasioned, animated her. She looked exceedingly charming, and Henri could scarcely contain himself for joy.

But what was his surprise and trouble to see that it was not Aloyse but one of her sisters whom the Duchess addressed.

"My dear Berthe, this young knight, Baron Henri de Blonay, asks for thy hand. He has already obtained my consent, and thou couldst not hope for a nobler husband."

Henri was suffering keenly, and knew not what he ought to do. Berthe regarded him, smiling slightly, while her face clearly said that she was going to accept him. Before she made answer, Henri approached Aloyse, whose downcast eyes were full of tears, for she had recognised the cavalier of her romance, and even before such recognition the name "Henri" had caused her heart to beat wildly.

"What!" he said to her in a lowered voice. "It was not you, then, who threw that ribbon down to me?"

"Ah, no!" cried Berthe, laughing; "it was not she. My elder sister is too well-bred to be guilty of such thoughtlessness. It was little Berthe who gave her belt, and who was well reproved for so doing. But it was Aloyse who mounted the tablet. It is she who every day still sings your charming song and——"

"It is she!" exclaimed Henri, falling at Aloyse's feet. "It is she whom I adore and without whom I cannot live!"

Aloyse concealed her sorrow and her blushes, hiding her face in her sister's bosom, Henri the while covering her hand with kisses.

The Duchess Ermance, greatly astonished and deeply touched, rose and took both her daughters to her arms.

"I do not understand," she said to Aloyse; "the Baron de Blonay loves thee? And yet it is Berthe he asks for? What means this ribbon—this romance to which Berthe refers?"

Aloyse blushed and lowered her eyes. Berthe bravely took upon herself the story of the incident, doing so with charming grace and gaiety.

Even Berthold was forced to smile, feeling that other women besides Eléonore d'Aigremont could be both amiable and attractive.

"If this be so," said the mother gently, "I give my consent with more pleasure still. My first-born deserves to be the first one wed—the first made happy. And I see that she will be happy since there has been so much sympathy between her and the Baron Henri from the beginning. Love thy husband, my child. Be submissive, just and reasonable in all things. Be happier than thy mother was, and receive my blessing. I promised my father, Lord de Champvent, on his death-bed to use no constraint in this matter. It is for thee to choose well. And I trust that Aloyse will have no need to regret her choice. Regrets and happiness go not hand in hand."

Aloyse's beautiful eyes were wet with tears as she raised them to her mother's face.

"I shall have no regret but that of leaving thee and of being separated from Elise, from my sisters, and from Arthus. But often, very often, will I be at thy side. May it not be so, Monsieur le Baron? You will accompany me many times a year to see my mother and sisters and to visit the tower from which I saw and heard you first?"

Henri, overcome with joy, declared that no delight could be more pleasing to him than such a pilgrimage.

"My sister is very foolish," said Berthe, with mock malice, "to be so proud of one who can change his love in a quarter of an hour, for it is Berthe whom you wished to marry, my lord—it is Berthe who loves you.

Is it not so, good sir? Ah, well," she proceeded, "Berthe cedes you to her sister on condition that you ask for her over again. But I cannot live without her; and, with my mother's consent, I beg to be taken to the Castle Blonay."

Berthold awaited the Dowager's response to this with a heart-beat that astonished even himself, and for which he reproached himself as an infidelity to Eléonore. However, he felt glad when Ermance, with a sweet amiable smile, gently touched Berthe's cheek, and said—

"Thou wouldst leave me so soon, naughty little one? Ah, well, thou hast been a prisoner too long. So, my child, if the Baron consent, I will not oppose thy going. Thy sisters remain, and until the time come for them also——"

"Never, never!" together exclaimed Isaure and Gizèle, seizing each a hand.

"I will never marry," said Isaure.

"Arthus and I—we will remain always at Vufflens!" cried Gizèle gaily.

Aloyse, Berthe and Henri then joined this group, and afterwards Berthold and Lord Rodolphe.

"We will visit your Château de Blonay," said Gizèle to Henri.

"I shall be delighted to assist at the wedding. And you will continue to come and sing?" asked Isaure.

"And you will sometimes come to Châtelard?" asked Berthold of the pretty Berthe.

"And my good mother. How delighted she will be!" asserted Henri. "She so longs for a daughter."

"I will not fail to love my husband's mother," Aloyse assured him sweetly.

All were light-hearted and full of joy. All were impatient for the news to be conveyed which would so greatly rejoice the heart of Lady Isabelle.

When imparted to her, Lady Isabelle wished to go in person to ask for Aloyse, and set out at once with her son, carrying rich presents for the bride-elect and for her sisters.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR PUZZLE POEM REPORT.

SOLUTION.

Our Lily.

Our Lily is a girl of many moods,
Is sometimes bright, at other times she broods.
Seven is her hour for rising, but, alas!
Each hour beneath her feet doth grow the grass;
At eight o'clock she tumbles out of bed.
With dirty hands and face, and prayers unsaid,
She dishes nasty things at breakfast bell,
Then *Lilium Brownii* is she called, and well.
When she is clean, her face is sweet, demure,
Just like the *Lilium Candidum* so pure;
And how we'd like to call her this, but no!
To catch that hour she's always on the go.
At noon she's *Lilium Chalcedonicum*,
For then with heat is she quite overcome.
And so on through the day till evensong,
When green and yellow to her face belong,
And *Lilium Sulphureum* is she named,
And crawls she round the kitchen like one maimed.
But oh! the hour unbearable is ten,
For *Lilium Tigrinum* is she then!

Prize Winners.

Half-a-guinea Each.

Edgar Bradley, Sparkbrook, Birmingham.
Arthur E. Champ, Bridport.
Hannah F. Corke, Tunbridge Wells.
S. E. Gandy, Earls Colne.
Muriel Howie, Leeds.
M. F. Jamieson, Portobello, N.B.
Winifred Jones, S. Norwood Hill, S.E.
Eliza Learmount, South Shields.
L. Short, Hampton Hill.
F. M. Wright, Tooting, S.W.

Most Highly Commended.

Alice J. Chandler, Lilian Chard, Mary M. Coleman, Mrs. L. T. Davey, Ethel Dickson, Ernest Gough and Edith M. Higgs, Edith K. Gow, Violet Hewett, Dorothy M. Jennings, Sybil R. Jephson, Millicent King-Smith, W. Landels, Carlina V. M. Leggett, Mrs. F. M. Morgan, Hilda Paterson, Hilda Pickering, Madge Picken, Ellen Rothery Smith, Mrs. Alice E. Stretton.

Very Highly Commended.

Maud Abbot, Mrs. Annesley, Annie A. Arnott, Edith Ashworth, Elsie Mary Beeman, Joanna Margaret Bell, Mrs. J. Boardman, Alice Bromage, Jessie Brown, Ethel C. Burlingham, Jean C. L. Campbell, Dr. E. T. Carlyon, Miss Carlyon, Mary T. Chislett, Mrs. James Clarke, Florence Mary Coates, Grace L. Cockle, Maggie Coombes, E. H. S. Davenport, Francis A. Davis, M. Cerise Dean, A. Disney, Lillie Dodd, M. E. Tyrewhitt Drake, N. Eachus, Mrs. Fefennell, Mabel Ford, F. G. Freeman, Amie Furlonge, Ellie Gault, Ethel Gill, Madge Gill, F. Gittins, May Grimwade, Mary J. Hanmer, Mabel K. Hearn, S. E. Hemsley, Amy M. Henderson, M. E. Herod, Rosa Horridge, Edith Jenks, Gwendolen Owen Jones, Alice E. Journet, S. Kaye, J. E. Kingham, Hubert R. Leaver, H. Clare Lees, Jeanie W. Little, Florence Leish, Mrs. Donald MacAlister, Margaret A. M. MacAlister, S. Mason, Nellie Meikle, Mary F. Mellor, Elizabeth Morrison, Gertrude M. Naish, Mrs. Peacock, Mary J. Peacock, Phyllis Pearson, Ethel Polden, Mrs. Prestige, Mary Pudsey, Mary Rayner, Mrs. Ridlington, Mary F. Roberts, Edith D. H. Robson, K. M. Rollason, Fredk. Geo. Russell, Mrs. E. M. Sanderson, A. Scouler, A. Sewell, A. C. Sharp, Elsie Slater, Mrs. Grace Smith, Fredk. Wm. Southey, M. S. Steed, Annie Stevens, R. E. Symons, Ellen C. Tarrant, Annie Tatham, Louise E. Thomson, Mary C. Turner, Edward Waltham, Margaret G. Wark, Isabel Warner, Mrs. C. E. Warren, Henry T. Watson, Anne Levina White, Margie Whittingham, G. S. Wilkins, Mrs. Winny, F. E. Wootton, Gladys Wynne, Helen B. Younger.

Examiners' Report.

Unfortunately "Our Lily" was not difficult enough to puzzle our expert readers to any great extent, and considerably more than a hundred solutions were good enough to please the most fastidious examiner. Twenty-nine, indeed, were well worthy of prizes, and only the closest scrutiny revealed any points of difference, in the way of punctuation and other small matters, whereby we were able to pronounce ten papers to be better than the others.

In line four the majority of competitors preferred "under" to *beneath*, and in line five "o'clock" was often omitted, to the detriment of the rhythm of the lines.

"With hands unwashed, and face and prayers unsaid," could not be said to be a good rendering of the sixth line, but it was often thoughtlessly substituted for the correct reading. The *dishes* in the following line gave much trouble, although more excellent pictures of vegetable dishes could hardly be imagined. They certainly were not "covers" alone.

And so one might criticise each line, but there is really no need.

When will our readers learn the difference between O! and Oh!?

We were pleased to note many new names, and we received several most excellent "first attempts."

HOW A GIRL SHOULD DRESS.

By "NORMA."

As July is the popular boating month, one's desires in dress naturally turn to drills and flannels or suitable serges. Butcher blue linens have quite a novel trimming this year; French knots in black, orange, white, or darker blue. These knots are embroidered on to the narrow strappings on the collars and sleeves and on to the inner projecting pieces down the front of the open bolero. A coarse butcher blue I admired had a wide sailor collar strapped with white, embroidered with black French knot. A poppy-coloured drill had brown holland strappings knotted with black, a dark green linen looked well with orange and white knots on black strappings.

But linen and drill gowns have reached a wonderful pitch of perfection this summer. They are tailor-made and cost as much as a tweed or face-cloth costume. We can, however, steal a few hints from these ultra smart gowns in the way of effective combining of colours and novel strappings. Hand-embroidered collars of every kind form the chief features of every dress. The linen skirts are severely plain and perfectly fitting, the seams of the many gores are, of course, overlaid and beautifully stitched Of all the trimmings worked by hand, however, I think French knots and flat embroidered spots are the most popular.

Yet another idea for a useful linen dress caught my eye the other day. It was a dark blue Irish linen with a rough, undressed surface. The skirt was plain and plentifully gored; the blouse-bodice fastened down the back under a wide box-pleat; on the plain front, which fitted the upper part of the figure perfectly, was embroidered in white flourishing cotton a spray of wild roses. The petals of the flower were made of white Irish linen appliqued down with the cotton. Red is particularly effective on the river, and I think it is a happy idea to trim our red spotted cambrics or drills with grass lawn. A last year's red cambric spotted



On the left.—Costume of white serge strapped and finished with a bow of white silk. *In the centre.*—Costume of navy blue serge, strapped white silk showing inner sleeve of white chiffon, with silk waistcoat vest. *On the right.*—Gown of pale blue canvas; bolero shape fastened across with straps of same material, edged tiny grey strap, showing three-quarter length sleeve with turned-back cuff, edged grey strap.



Sitting figure wears dress of silk and wool material of a soft shade of rose-pink, with strappings of velvet of a deeper tint of same; bolero sleeves and skirt tucked in groups; trimmings of deep ivory lace. Standing figure wears dress of tucked dove-grey voile; vest and under-sleeves of soft muslin, frilled and edged with narrow lace; collarette of lace, and flounces edged with same; lappets inside collarette, and waist-band of grey silk.

with white was wonderfully smartened up by a dainty grass lawn collar embroidered with black spots. Red muslins are very pretty and last a long time clean. Another remodelled gown I saw worn by my clever American friend was made of pale pink delaine. Where the lace insertions had been last year she had cunningly inserted fine cream-coloured canvas; on these narrow insertions were embroidered black silk spots, a wide canvas collar was edged with black satin ribbon. Although this was a last year's gown, it is quite one of the most effective I have seen her wear.

In my last article I spoke in praise of grey and white. I must give another example of how *chic* it can look. One of the best dressed girls at a garden party of some importance wore a soft grey muslin gown very simply made. The loose blouse-bodice had a deep collar edged with coarse linen lace insertion; it was a clever imitation of the old Italian linen lace, which really is not lace at all but pulled linen. The long pointed vest was a wonderful piece of hand tucking on white nainsook. Yet another grey muslin as fine as gossamer sprinkled with wild pink roses had its many tiny frills edged with black *bébé* ribbon velvet; the long loops and flowing ends of the dainty bows were a happy mingling of black and pink. This was cleverly achieved by stitching pink and black *bébé* ribbon of the same width together. The stitching was of white silk exquisitely close to the edge. It is certainly one of the novelties of this season's muslins, the use of black *bébé* ribbon velvet instead of lace. Indeed it is in the matter of embroideries and stitchery that the difference lies between this year's and last year's gowns, the actual styles are quite unchanged, although Empire gowns for evening wear are perceptibly gaining ground.

Our thick tweeds and serges are all to be trimmed with insertions of bright flowered *chine* silk. I saw a lovely aloe green treated in this way. The silk insertions must be very narrow and inserted between strappings of tweed and serge. Blouses this summer are *tours de force;* many of the hand-embroidered nainsook ones trimmed with real Irish lace cost from eighteen to twenty guineas. Less expensive ones, but still costly enough, are made of fine lace trimmed with very narrow strappings of spotted foulard much stitched. One of deep cream lace had strappings of red foulard, spotted with white; one made of white lace had black silk spotted with white; but these blouses are beyond the dreams of most young girls. *Crêpe de chine*, however, which is not expensive and tucks beautifully, looks charming trimmed with lace insertions of the new tone of cream. The lace cuffs and collars should be trimmed with white satin ribbon embroidered with French knots of the colour of the blouse. But all these dainty, expensive blouses are expensive simply because they are all made by hand; it is the exquisite stitching which is bestowed upon these blouses which makes them so bewitching. I am making, with the help of my American friend, a satin-faced foulard blouse of pale mauve. There is to be a cream-coloured collar made of fine piece lace trimmed with tucks of white satin ribbon embroidered with fine French knots in mauve. The silk only cost 5s. 6d. at a silk sale, the lace collar once made big sleeves to an evening gown, the ribbon cost 4½d. per yard. So you see this blouse, which promises to be most fascinating, will not cost many shillings.

Hats are fast losing their three-cornered pointed appearance, and we are beginning to have a peep at the crowns again, which are often composed of roses without any leaves; the leaves are utilised to cover the brim if it is upturned. But the newest shape is much dashed up at the back and wide and round and almost shady in the front. One smart dark blue straw in this style had for its only trimming a narrow band of dark green velvet round the low crown and a most natural-looking bunch of tiny oranges on the dashed up part behind. Oranges are excessively popular this year, and so are cherries. The latter only look well, I think, on coarse burnt straw trimmed with rich red or brown ribbon velvet. My soft, pale blue satin straw is a great success. I bought a lace scarf (which will do for neck wear when it has grown tired of being on a hat), and folded it softly round the deep upturned brim; tiny pearl pins fasten it on in place of stitches, and the ends just drop over the hair. My big, blue turquoise hat-pins act as part of the trimming. This hat I closely copied from a French model which was a wicked price. My straw cost 6s. 11d., the lace scarf 10s. 6d. and the pins 3d., the head lining 6d. For home millinery these ready-made head linings are the greatest boon.

Tulle ties tied in a short smart bow are much worn again, and white veils with large black velvet spots with white edges.

Putty-coloured gloves are smarter than dead white, and a good deal less perishable. White serge coats, with loose sack backs held in at the waist with a stitched strap and one large button, are perfect things for the river. One I saw (made at home) was lined throughout with white satin which had once done service for a ball-gown; the wide white satin collar was beautifully embroidered with mauve violets, the coat was big and comfy-looking, reaching quite to the knees. It looked a most expensive garment, but only cost the wearer two pounds, including the making. She had used it as a theatre coat during the winter.

I think I preached upon the subject of petticoats in one of my last articles, so forgive me if I do so again; but do try the deep yoke shape, they fit the hips perfectly, and do not show a single crease under the finest muslins. The slightest gathering at the back of one's waist nowadays is quite fatal to smart dressing.

Our tailor-artist has sketched us this month three yachting costumes. The young girl's dress is of white serge strapped and finished with a bow of white silk; here again the *chic* of the costume depends upon the perfection of the strapping and the dainty finishing of the sailor collar. The centre figure wears a navy-blue serge strapped with white silk, with inner sleeves of white chiffon and a silk waistcoat vest. The third figure shows a gown of pale blue canvas. The coat is bolero-shaped, fastened across with straps of the same material edged with narrow grey straps. The smart sleeve is three-quarter length with turned-back cuff strapped with grey. This combination of pale blue and pastel-grey is very smart. In the other sketch, the seated figure wears a dress of silk and wool material of soft rose-pink, with strappings of velvet of a deeper rose-pink; the sleeves and skirt are all tucked in groups. The lace round the bolero and on the shoulder cape is of deep cream. The figure standing wears a gown of tucked dove-coloured grey voile; the vest and under sleeves are of soft white muslin frilled and edged with narrow lace. The collarette is of lace, and the tucked overskirt and wide flounce are edged with lace. The waist-band and revers are of grey silk.

VARIETIES.

Weddings in Saxon Times.—On the occasion of a wedding in far back Saxon times, after the ceremony the bride's father, or guardian, gave the bride's shoe to the husband, who touched his wife on the head with it as a sign that he claimed marital authority over her, and that he took her future maintenance and guardianship on himself. This explains the origin of the custom that we still retain of throwing old shoes on the wedding-day after the departing couple.

The Right Sort of Girl.—When everything is said, one of the most admirable beings in the world is a girl who has good sense and uses it.

Poverty.—"All the arguments," says Dr. Samuel Johnson, "which are brought to represent poverty as no evil, show it to be evidently a great evil."

The Magnifying-Glass.—Every time a girl looks at another girl's faults she uses a magnifying-glass.

THE FIDELIO CLUB.

CONDUCTED BY ELEONORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

BEETHOVEN, SONATE APPASSIONATA.

(*Asked for by "Blue Clematis," "Waveney," "Fidèle," "Oxoniensis," "Mayblossom," "Thistle," "Florrie," and "Träumerei."*)

The name, "Appassionata," is not a good one. It was not given to this mysterious Sonate by Beethoven, but by some publisher or *virtuos* whose mind never dipped beneath the surface.

That there is passion in such music no one will deny, but there is much more passion in the "Fantasie Sonate," Op. 27, No. 2. In it there is only passion, the unbridled passion of a man in the full strength of his manhood. In Op. 57 the passion is less personal, its individuality is already merged in that quality known to us as *Weltschmerz*.

"Der Menschheit ganzer Jammer fasst mich an" (Mankind's collected woe o'erwhelms me here). Goethe gave this expression to his *Faust*, Beethoven gave it to us in music in his Sonate, Op. 57.

This Sonate was composed at the country estate of the Brunswicks in Hungary. It is dedicated to Count Franz von Brunswick, and it was followed immediately by the sunny Sonate in F sharp, Op. 78, written for Count Franz's sister, the Countess Thérèse. They were the work of the summer 1806, the year in which Beethoven wrote the famous love letter which was found after his death among his papers, the letter which was addressed, as Thayer has proved, to Countess Thérèse, and which was followed by the beautiful love letter in music, the Sonate, Op. 78, which I will take very soon, because it is the natural sequel to the "Sonate Appassionata."

Op. 78 is a woman's Sonate, Op. 57 a man's. Beethoven never forgot for whom he was writing, and his music tells as plainly as words can speak for whom each piece was conceived.

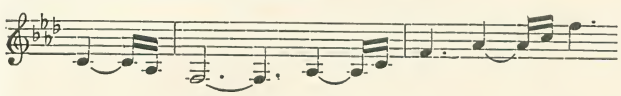
The masterful "Waldstein Sonate" was inspired by the brilliant courtier Count Waldstein. The "Appassionata" moves on a still higher plane—it longs and strives for a promised land, seen only from the mountain top, for though Love can lift the beggar-maid to the king, what power is there that can bridge the gulf between the lowly and the proud relations?

Beethoven's biographers have taken infinite pains to penetrate the mystery which surrounds the connection between the composer and the Countess. That they were betrothed is known, but why the engagement was broken off and why the name of Brunswick appears no more in the annals of Beethoven's life after this year 1806 nobody knows. I have a theory of my own, evolved, as all my theories are, from the music of the period, and it is this:—

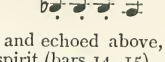
Count Franz was an excellent friend; he and Beethoven addressed each other by the familiar "thou." But Hungarians are a race-proud people, and Beethoven, though a genius, was of plebeian origin. We must remember, too, that he, during his life, had not the prestige which his name enjoys now. A name that has survived over a hundred years boasts the proudest ancestry, but, alas! no one enjoys the inheritance. Now, though any family would probably be proud to-day to be allied to Beethoven, it is certain that the desirability of the alliance was not at all apparent a century ago. The love letter written in 1806, after Beethoven had left the Brunswicks, was never sent, or else it was returned. How otherwise could it have remained in the writer's possession? But the fact of its existence proves that the relations between Beethoven and Thérèse were unbroken until this time, and that the rupture took place after he had left her home. There is something in the music composed for Count Franz which tells me that he was at the root of the trouble, and that while Thérèse could soothe her lover, Franz had a disturbing influence.

In the letter already quoted some misgivings are manifested. "Can our love endure except through sacrifices?" he asks, and continues, "Canst thou change it that thou art not wholly mine, I am not wholly thine? The heart is too full to speak much. Ah, there are moments when I feel that speech is nothing." It was in such a moment as this, I think, that he poured out his full heart in music.

The main idea of the first movement of Op. 57 is the painfully soaring phrase which sinks before it mounts—



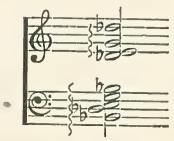
ending as it does with the indefinite mystical trill below the highest note. The bass, at two octaves' distance, accompanies like some grim shadow. At bar 9 the height is held, but a voice from the depths calls warningly



The call is repeated below and echoed above, and down from its giddy height tumbles the proud spirit (bars 14, 15). The struggle is resumed, the shadow is banished by petulant harmonies (bars 17, 20, 22); but though the height is regained, "it is but pain to mount so high, yet find on high no dwelling, to sink so fast, so heavily again" (bars 28, 29).

In A flat minor (the key of the "Funeral March," Op. 26) we have a new subject. Only one little semitone prevents this being a song of supreme gladness, but this sombre semitone represents that "if" which mars so much of human life. Leave out the C flats at bar 51 and you will see what life might have been for Beethoven if Thérèse had not been the sister of a Count. At bar 123 there is a phrase which is specially interesting, because it is nearly identical with one in the C sharp minor Sonate, Op. 27 (at bar 98, after the double bar in last movement). It is one of those passages which seem to suggest that the composer thought to overcome obstacles by rushing them. As if Fate could be rushed!

The second movement is based upon a beautifully calm and tender subject. To me it is significant of the situation that Beethoven found no other way of working it out than by the artificial means of variations. And how artificial are these variations! One has but to compare them with those in Op. 26 to see how little his heart was in them. There every variation presented the theme in a new light; here the theme is attenuated to trick it out with accompaniments after the manner of Händel's "Harmonious Blacksmith." But Beethoven could not long endure the fetters of an obligatory form—the movement is but a concession to convention such as life at a nobleman's castle had taught him the need for—and with a long-drawn sigh of relief he casts off the yoke and rushes headlong to his fate—



There is little to be said about the last movement. It is the struggle of a storm-tossed soul; but how great and strong that soul is we see by the firm determination of the final *presto*. There is something sublime in the scornful indifference of this little subject. It reminds us of Beethoven's saying some years earlier, "I will seize Fate by the throat; quite defeated I will never be!"

How are we to study this Sonate? Only those with whom mind, emotion and muscle are very fully developed should attempt it, for it makes large demands on all. A very young Fidelian asks me, Is the Appassionata difficult? For her I should say it is not difficult—it is impossible. And it will be impossible for many. But even those who cannot hope to play it properly should read it through, for in so doing they will gain a clearer understanding and listen with a more intelligent interest to its performance at concerts. Unfortunately the difficulties of execution which the Appassionata presents have made it a favourite with pianists whose powers would be more legitimately and satisfactorily exercised on Liszt's "Don Juan" Fantasie, and it is so often rendered like a set-piece at a firework display that it is difficult for an amateur to know what it really is like. There is no living pianist who gives us Beethoven's music with the perfection of D'Albert, and any of my Fidelians who have an opportunity of hearing him play the "Waldstein" or the "Appassionata" should not miss it. For practise, the Cotta edition is, as always, to be recommended, as it is the work of Hans von Bülow. Order from Augener, Regent Street, London, price 2s. The first movement, *Allegro assai*, is marked ♩. = 126. Hold the fingers low, and begin very softly; use the left hand still more softly than the right. But remember the length of the dotted minum, and give it due accent. The trill at bar 3 so—



All the trills are played in the same way. At bar 10 the three D flats must be evenly *staccato*, and not joined to the following crotchet C. Bar 14 is very difficult, but I do not think it is made any easier by dividing it between the two hands as suggested by Bülow. Slow, steady, persevering practice is the only cure for this. At bar 17 there are 12 chords, counting the first F as one. Remember that we are counting four in a bar, and let the accents come rhythmically on the first, fourth, seventh and tenth chords—that is, in both hands on the first; in the right, on the fourth; in the left, on the seventh; in the right, on the tenth. This gives not only the right beat, it also preserves the feeling of agitation which is uppermost. Bars 20 and 22 the same. At bars 28 and 29 note that all the right-hand quavers fall on the last quaver of each group of three in the bass. The phrase is marked *dolente*. What could be more dolorous than this downward flight with drooping pinions? Bar 30 speaks of courage—the long chords must be played with firmness and vigour—then gently the palpitating bass dies away, and at bar 35 we have a kind of Paradise Regained. It is the same phrase as at the opening, but now it is in the happy key of A flat major, the treble is doubled, and the bass, no longer dogging its footsteps, has a figure of its own. Very *legato*, "with much expression but without affectation," says Bülow. ♩. = 112. We can take the pedal twice in each bar, where the harmonies change; this will help to connect the links in the chain of octaves. At bar 44, begin the trill so—

and end on B flat without any turn; the left hand (M.S.) can then spring over to the next trill, which begins on F flat and ends with the turn given, and the right hand goes to the higher octave and repeats the phrase. Remember to keep the trills quite even and count four in each bar. Those who cannot get in six notes for each count can play four. At bar 51 the first *tempo* is resumed ♩.=126, and the beautiful melody must be played with singing fingers, not forgetting the second A flat, preceding the C flat, which is part of the melody, but is most often regarded as belonging to the accompaniment. Of course the same observation applies to the second F flat in bar 52. Note that the dotted crotchets (bars 61-63) follow immediately on the last semiquaver in the treble, also that these three semiquavers are not to be played as triplets with the accent on the first note. The movement is in compound common time—12 quavers—and cannot be subdivided into 8, as would be the case if it were common time (C). The rhythmical accent is as follows—of course, it must not be too strongly marked—



The passage beginning at bar 123 requires great strength and vigour. Lift the hand and let it fall on the first note of each chord. Take the pedal and hold it down till the end of bar 125. Then take it again for the downward harmonies and hold it till the beginning of bar 130. Here and in the three following bars Bülow doubles Beethoven's notes; I do not advise anyone to adopt the suggestion, for the increase in volume of tone is more than discounted by the loss of quality of tone. At bar 134 let the agitation subside gradually, as it does on water that has been disturbed. The rest of the movement is repetition, until we come to the *Più allegro*, where the *tempo* is increased to ♩.=160.

The second movement, *Andante con moto*, should not be too slow. The words mean "flowing." Begin with the metronome at ♩=100—four beats to a bar. Play with utmost simplicity and roundness of tone. In Var. I. the melody is in the bass, and the right hand plays chords which must be given their short value and no more. Var. II. may be a little faster ♩=108. The demisemiquaver Variation must be played very smoothly, with great delicacy. Let the last bar of it slacken gradually and lead imperceptibly to the repetition of the beautiful melody when the slower time is resumed. The two arpeggios at the end—the first *pp*, the second *ff*—begin simultaneously in both hands, but are very slow. A long pause after the last one, then, without a break, begin the *Allegro ma non troppo*, ♩=132. The first five bars as loud as possible, then, swiftly and daintily, the light semiquaver passages—increase the tone gradually to *ff*. Bar 20 is again *pp*. The fingering given by Bülow is so difficult that very few players will care to adopt it. I have found the easiest fingering to be this—1 2 3 4 5 4 3 2 4 3 2 1 3 4 2, but the passage will want a great deal of practising anyhow. The same fingering is best for bar 24. One of the—for most of us—impossible passages begins at bar 64. There is no way of making it easier, and for that reason the Sonate is practically beyond the powers of all whose hands are small. As is usual with Beethoven, the last movement is psychologically easier to interpret than the first. It makes enormous demands both on emotion and muscle, but it does not call for the detailed analysis that the first *Allegro* required. The *Presto* has to be increased to 𝅗𝅥=92—one beat in each bar. The two minims firm and loud, then suddenly *piano*, with loose fingers and wrists, the quavers must patter like rain-drops.

PADEREWSKI, NOCTURNE, Op. 16, No. 4 (published by Willcocks, 42, Berners Street, London, price 2s.).

(*Asked for by "Excelsior," "Marjorie," "Oxoniensis," "Evie Rawska," "Roseen Dhu."*)

"When I look at some pictures I seem to hear music," said Chopin. The reverse might also be said. When we hear some music we seem to see pictures. When the music is really beautiful it carries us further; it gives us the feeling of Nature herself. This Nocturne of Paderewski's never achieves its full effect except when it is played in the twilight. I have heard him play it in the Dome at Brighton when the great hall was almost in darkness. I had the unforgettable pleasure of playing it to him under similar conditions at Norwich one autumn afternoon. When I had finished, a friend who was in the room turned on the electric light. Paderewski smiled, held out his hand to me, and said, "Thank you." That was all.

"Who can describe the effect music has on us?" asked Carlyle. And he gave the answer himself—"A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that." I have had such moments when I played this Nocturne. To my mind it is the most beautiful thing that Paderewski ever composed. He has given us far grander conceptions, much more scholarly workmanship, but nothing that he has written has this delicate, fragrant atmosphere.

"It hath caught a touch of sadness,
Yet it is not sad;
It hath notes of clearest gladness,
Yet it is not glad.
A dim, sweet, twilight song it is,
Where to-day's accustomed blue
Is over-greyed with memories,
With starry feelings quivered through."

Lowell's graceful verses are the best commentary.

As a piece to play, the Nocturne is probably classed as easy. It makes no demand on our muscles, but on the other hand, it cries to us for sympathy. If you just play the notes rightly, and no more, your auditors will think my appreciation of the composition unaccountably exaggerated. It is the sort of piece that your pianola cannot play, though I am told that it plays like a real concert virtuos. But that is, perhaps, just why the pianola fails here. Our Nocturne will not appeal to the concert virtuos. Its friends are the tone-poets whose souls speak in their finger-tips.

It is difficult to put a metronome time to it, but, roughly speaking, ♪=78 (four beats in a bar) will be about right. The *crescendos, diminuendos, rallentandos, accelerandos* must be more matters of will than of force, of nerve than of muscle. The pedal is our best ally—it must be taken exactly as marked. When you press the pedal you release the spirit of the piano, which is clogged by the dampers. M.D., you will remember, means right hand. In bar 2 you lift the first semiquaver played by the right hand, and the left falls on the next G, the right hand going up to the little sighing phrase  The first chord — arpeggio—in bars 5 and 7 also falls to the right hand, but is immediately followed by the left.

On the second page, line 3, bar 3, there is a new subject—*molto cantando*. The bass sings now, its song floating like an evening breeze, while the accompaniment suggests falling leaves, and must flutter as faintly as they. Then, by slow degrees, intensity is gained—the climax, which is attained four bars before the end of the third page, must come as gradually as the dawn, and must be rather an accumulation than an increase of sound. The pedal is taken twice in every bar until the fourth bar before the end of the page. Here it is taken and held for those four bars, during which we have to fall back from *f* to *pp*. On a good piano this effect is extraordinarily beautiful, for the tone actually dies of itself. The greater the volume of tone that the instrument can produce the greater must be the *rallentando molto* (slackened very much), for the repetition of the harmonies only gives quivering intensity to them—the last ones are scarcely sounded at all, and the soft pedal, as well as the other pedal, can be taken to the last bar. Now we come to the final page. The *tempo primo* is resumed, and the subject is the same as at the beginning, but here a silvery voice sings above. To get the right ethereal tone it is necessary to keep down the soft pedal to the end of the piece. This means playing on one string only, the others vibrating sympathetically, but it does not mean that we are to play uniformly and monotonously *pp*. Fine gradations of tone can best be achieved with the aid of the soft pedal.

Note finally that the right pedal is taken four bars before the end. This F must be played with a good deal of tone, as it has to last a long time, and it must be held firmly right to the end of the piece. The chord of the seventh on the dominant F very softly, and only held for one crotchet's value; the tonic (final) chord the same. The lower B flat is played too in the bass to make the octave. Then take up the chord and the pedal, and let the F above be heard alone. The vague, questioning ending is in character with the dreamy, wistful nature of this beautiful Nocturne.

RULES OF MEMBERSHIP.

Every reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER (boy or girl) can become a member.

1. Copy out the following in your own handwriting, and fill in the particulars; send it to the Editor, THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., with "Fidelio Club" written on the outside of your envelope at the top left-hand corner.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Age.—Under 12? Under 16? Over 16?

Pseudonym (if desired) .....

Chief musical characteristic—

Mind? Emotion? Muscle?

2. In the space marked "Mind, Emotion, Muscle," underline the quality of which you believe yourself to be possessed most, and cross out the other two, thus—

~~Mind~~ Emotion ~~Muscle~~

3. Every member may, each month, make one suggestion—that is, she (or he) may name a composer, a piece, or a style of composition to be analysed for practice.

4. Every member may also ask one question each month, and this may have reference to any piece that has already been discussed, or to any difficulty experienced in practising.

5. Such suggestion and question must always be accompanied by a "G. O. P." coupon (to be found near the Contents of the magazine), and will, with the answers, be published in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

6. Members may join at any time.

THE BIRTHDAY PAGE.

JULY.

By FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

Absolute Artist.

One of the very few performers, male or female, upon the pianoforte who when she plays the instrument never fails to arouse in us the feeling that she is absolute master of her piano—my impression has always been that it is an instrument that can never be fully conquered — is Miss Agnes Zimmermann.* This consummate artist—for she is no less facile and industrious with her pen than with her fingers — was born at Cologne of German parents. At four years of age circumstances brought her to England, and here she has lived and reigned (artistically) ever since, save for those artistic tours to other countries which are inevitable with an *artiste* of her calibre. At nine years of age Agnes Marie Zimmermann entered the Royal Academy of Music, at which institution she soon made a name for herself by taking the Silver Medal, and by twice winning the King's Scholarship. The first occasion was in 1860; she was re-elected in 1862. At the Academy she received the benefit of instruction on the piano from Professors Cipriani Potter and Ernest Pauer; while in composition, *i.e.*, harmony and counterpoint, she had the advantage of lessons from Dr. Charles Steggall and the late Sir G. A. Macfarren. Her first public appearance was made at the Crystal Palace, and she afterwards played at the Gewandhaus in Leipzig, 1879–80, 1882–83, at Hamburg, Frankfort-on-the-Main, and in other parts of Germany. She has long been one of the best known of our pianists, and her compositions include three Sonatas for pianoforte and violin, a Sonata for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, a suite for pianoforte solo, besides numerous short pianoforte pieces, songs, partsongs, and pianoforte arrangements of instrumental works. In this country Miss Zimmermann has played at the Monday and Saturday Popular and Philharmonic Concerts, also at the Crystal Palace, at which place she made her *début* here, the Liverpool Philharmonic, Manchester (Hallé), and chief provincial concerts. To do all this spells one great fact, namely, that she is a performer of the very first order upon the pianoforte—a player whose technique is faultless and whose renditions are the more enjoyable because they are readings of the masters free of all clap-trap and managerial device. Most lovers of chamber music have heard Miss Zimmermann's chaste Sonata in A minor for pianoforte and violin; while all lovers of Schumann's music—and their name is legion—will remember the edition of that master's piano music arranged and edited by Miss Zimmermann. This work, containing the whole of Schumann's pianoforte solo pieces printed in their chronological order was splendidly edited and fingered by Miss Zimmermann, who often had the opportunity of consulting the great tone poet's wife upon doubtful points. It would be impossible to accord too much praise to this lady genius, even for the work she has done with her pen, to say nothing of all that she has accomplished and placed before us from her hands and heart.



MISS AGNES ZIMMERMANN.
(*Photo by Elliott & Fry.*)



MADAME TITIENS.
(*Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.*)



DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.
(*Photo by Russell & Sons.*)



MRS. CREIGHTON.
(*Photo by Russell & Sons.*)

Woman Among Women.

London has had many notable bishops. The wives of many of these have also been distinctly notable people of themselves—apart from anything they have derived from

* Born July 5th, 1847.

the fortune of marriage. Most emphatically may this be said of Mrs. Creighton,* wife of the late Bishop of London, that great scholar and dignitary who passed away, all too early, in January of last year, after being with us in the Metropolis but three short years. No thoughtful person can look into Mrs. Creighton's face, or hear her speak in public, without recognising in her a strong personality and a noble, kind-hearted woman. One summer's morning in 1850, the home of the von Glehns' at Sydenham was disturbed by a little stranger girl, destined to be the wife of one of the most genial, energetic, and learned prelates who ever held spiritual sway over the capital of capitals. Louise was the last of ten children, who were all thoroughly English. She was educated at home, and in 1872 married a young deacon seven years her senior—a clergyman to whom three years afterwards was given the Vicarship of Embleton in Northumberland. Her husband's fortunes also brought them homes at Oxford—where her husband was practically one of the first married Fellows of Merton College—Cambridge, Worcester, and Peterborough—Mandell Creighton being appointed to the Peterborough diocese in 1891. Mrs. Creighton is essentially a literary woman. Her *First History of England* for children is an excellent book, and the same may be said of her *First History of France*, and her contributions to the "Highways of English History Series." Her historical biographies of the Black Prince, Sir Walter Raleigh, and the Duke of Marlborough are gems of concise, authoritative, and illuminative writing. Like her famous husband, her impress upon the historical branch of English literature is no slight one. Yet, if Mrs. Creighton had not written a line, there would still be enough in her rare personality to stamp her as a woman among women. A clergyman's wife is always a much criticised woman. This is Mrs. Creighton's ideal—"The sphere of a clergyman's wife is, of course, a more subordinate one than that of any other wife. It calls for an absolute surrender of self. Her first object must be to make the surroundings of her husband's life such that he can do his work easily; to make no claims upon him which would interfere with or hinder his work. Any help she can give him should be known only to themselves and God. At the outset she is called to make a renunciation of that complete sympathy and confidence which is the ideal of a loving wife. That renunciation should be faced and bravely made; there must be no curiosity about her husband's intercourse with others. I need not say there must not be the least suspicion of jealousy." Here is another good piece of advice—"The best thing a clergyman's wife can do for her poorer neighbours is to visit them, get to know them, and make them feel she is their friend."



SOPHIE MENTER.
(*Photo by Elliott & Fry.*)

Mrs. Creighton can tell, has told women, a great deal. Having children of her own, she knows something about domestic worries and anxieties. She believes in home education. "I like nothing better," she once said, "than teaching my own children, although diocesan work now prevents my giving as much time to it as I should like."

There is no need to tell that Mrs. Creighton is a good speaker. Most well-informed girls know that. She is a power on the platform, or presiding over a meeting. It would be impossible for any man to hold a more absolutely just balance, with strict business procedure at a gathering than does she. Speaking of the Mother's Union, started in Worcester when her husband was Canon-in-residence, she expressed these views—"I think every earnest mother is an immense source of strength to the Union, but I also think it is much wiser to wait rather than start a branch where there is no enthusiasm for its object." Most of my readers probably know that the object of the Union is, in a few words, to lead mothers and families to lives of purity and holiness, and this largely through that all-absorbing, powerful agent, Prayer. Mrs. Creighton does not believe in Woman's Suffrage.

* Born July 7th, 1850.

A Noble Woman.

"Mademoiselle Titiens was not only the greatest artist of her time, but a noble woman, and was sincerely regretted by all who knew her." Such is the verdict of one adequately qualified to judge of one of the greatest singers of the nineteenth century. It is probable that few of the present readers of The Girl's Own Paper will be old enough to remember this large-minded woman and noble artist, but those who have parents who were privileged to have access to that most exclusive of all musical performances, the Opera, from the "fifties" down to 1875, will doubtless have learned from them something of the transcendent merits of this famous woman, whose singing and personation of the grandest parts in opera was nothing short of a grand art-lesson to those who worked with her and to those who listened from stalls and boxes. She was, indeed, one of the greatest musical educators of the age in which she lived.

Theresa Titiens*—the right spelling of her name is Tietjens, but it was changed by Mr. Lumley, *impresario*, to assimilate it with that of the famed painter Titian—was of Hungarian origin, and was born at Hamburg of parents who belonged to the upper mercantile class. The sweetness of her voice having attracted, whilst she was a child, the notice of a professional teacher, her parents resolved to have her educated for a musical career. Introduced to Madame Kornet, the wife of the director of the Stadt Theatre of her native town, she received such musical training that in 1848—she would have been eighteen years old—she made her first appearance in Auber's opera *Le Maçon*. After overcoming the reluctance of her mother, she made her professional *début* at Altona as Agatha in Weber's *Der Freischütz*, and convinced all who heard her that she was destined to prove a soprano of no common order. In 1849 she appeared at Hamburg in the title *rôle* of Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*, and at once established her claims to a distinguished position in opera. In 1852 she was engaged at Vienna, and made an extraordinary impression in the part of Mathilde in *Guillaume Tell*. It was in the spring of 1858 that the young singer made her first appearance in London. On April 13th she appeared at Her Majesty's Opera as Valantine in *Les Huguenots*, since which time to the day of her death she held the highest position to which a *prima donna* can attain. On this memorable occasion the Queen (our late lady sovereign Victoria) and Court and an overwhelming audience were present. An old opera *habitué* wrote: "Here was indeed a genuine *artiste*, who, if she had only been taught after the Italian instead of the German method, would have been the greatest *prima donna* that had ever been heard, or heard of, since operatic music had sprung into existence." For many years she remained *prima donna assoluta* at Her Majesty's. Her voice, a soprano of great volume and purity, combined with her dignified acting, made her without a rival in parts like Norma, Semiramide, Medea, and Fidelio. No one who ever heard her once could ever forget her. The present writer as a boy heard the great cantatrice in the *Trovatore*, and well remembers that a fine view of the opera from the stalls was only marred by the colossal proportions of Roger Orton, the notorious

* Born July 17th, 1834; died at London, Oct. 3rd, 1877.

claimant to the Tichborne estates, who sat next in front. Nor was it in opera only that Titiens so greatly excelled. She was equally great in oratorio, and there are those living, let us hope, who remember her marvellous singing in the *Creation* at the Crystal Palace in 1859. Her last great creation was the part of Ortrud in Wagner's *Lohengrin* in 1875. Her last appearance in opera was in *Il Trovatore*, May 19th, 1877. The great line of famous queens of song, which commenced with Catalani, was continued by Pasta, and sustained in all its honours by Schroder-Devrient, Malibran and Grisi. It found no feeble vindication in the genius of this gifted lady.

Popular Duchess.

It happens again this month that we have the opportunity of introducing in our Birthday Page another member of the English Royal Family, one who is deservedly very popular wherever she goes—the Duchess of Connaught.* The English people like pluck, and they do not forget that this lady comes of a line famous for its pluck and courage. When the Franco-Prussian war of 1870–71 was at its height there was no fitter soldier on the field than the late Prince Frederick Charles, nephew of William, King of Prussia. He was in command of the Second Army, and led it to victory at Gravelotte and several more great battles, until in the end he forced Bazaine and 170,000 Frenchmen to surrender. This fine soldier, surnamed the "Red Prince," was the father of the Duchess of Connaught. By the way, he was nicknamed the "Red Prince" not because he had seen so much fighting and bloodshed, but because of his partiality for the colour of his favourite hussar uniform. Louise Margaret Alexandra Victoria Agnes was the third daughter of the hero of Gravelotte and, therefore, grand-niece of the late Emperor William of Germany. At a Council held at Windsor on May 16th, 1878, our late queen, Victoria, declared the intended marriage of her third son, Arthur, to this fascinating lady and the ceremony was duly celebrated at Windsor on March 13th, 1879. Her Royal Highness has three children—the Princess Margaret, born at Bagshot Park, 1882; Prince Arthur, born at Windsor Castle, 1883; and Princess Victoria, born 1886. The family is a most united one, and most Londoners are familiar with the features of its members, so frequently do they figure at public proceedings. The Duchess of Connaught, like all the ladies of the Royal Family, takes great interest in everything English, and is rarely missing in connection with any good cause in which her presence and influence will avail. The Duchess is one of the Ladies of the following Orders: Victoria and Albert, Crown of India, Royal Red Cross, St. John of Jerusalem, etc. The residences of the family are Bagshot Park, Surrey, and Government House, Aldershot.

* Born July 25th, 1860.

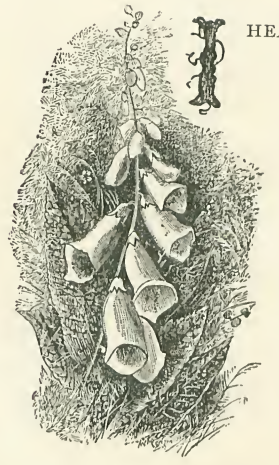
Famous Pianiste.

In the early years of the nineteeth century there was born at Teysbach, in Bavaria, a child who was destined to become not only one of the greatest of Germany's violoncellists, but also the father of a still greater executant—one who has given delight to thousands in this country, namely, Sophie Menter,* the pianist. This talented performer on that most difficult of all instruments, properly played, is of German nationality, having been born at Munich fifty-four years ago. She was the daughter of Joseph Menter, 'cellist at Munich opera. In due course little Sophie was admitted at Munich Conservatoire where her undoubted genius and rare intelligence were readily perceived. At the Conservatoire she made such marked progress that the attention of the Abbé Liszt was directed to her. The young pianist became one of his pupils, and, as we may imagine, was largely influenced by the musical genius and striking individuality of that master. At the age of fifteen years Fräulein Menter made her first public appearance, and by her original style and manner surprised all who heard her. This was at Stuttgart (1863). From that day to this it may be safely asserted that she has appeared at all the principal concerts in Britain and Europe. It was in 1887 that she successfully stormed that great art centre, Leipzig, and in 1881 she essayed London. Her masterly playing quickly conquered the hearts of all metropolitan lovers of music—her style of rendering and manipulation being distinctly German, and distinguished by much power in the performance of works of the most advanced modern school. Menter's pianoforte playing, in fact, is of a highly reflective order, making such demands upon the sympathetic qualities of the instruments, and so absolutely superior to all kinds of technical execution and impedimenta of that kind as to make one wonder whether, after all, the limits of the instrument have ever been reached by any of its professors. Calling to mind Sophie Menter's playing, and casting one's memory back to boyhood's days, when the late Arabella Goddard was "surprising" the public, we can realise something of the vast progress of music in England during the past few decades. The distinguished pianiste married Herr David Popper, the Bohemian violoncellist and composer, in 1872.

* Born July 29th, 1848.

A WHITE FOXGLOVE.

By NORA CHESSON.



HEARD white bells in a belfry ring,
Where a foxglove flowered in the end of spring,
Whiter than foam on the tossing sea,
Though a weedy ditch for her home had she.
Nightshade and nettle beside her grew,
But the snowy grace of her no one knew.
Her bells would ring if the wind but stirred,
And no one heard.

The nightshade ceased not to distil
Poison from dew, but would not kill
The nettle braving frost and showers;
The bindweed strangling weaker flowers.
None saw her beauty in broad light,
Or dreamed a dream of it at night—
She flowered, she died; her name grew strange;
They did not change.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

LYSBETH (*Sale of Drawn Thread Work*).—We advise you to offer your work to the firm the name of which you mention in your letter.

N. N. C. C. (*Inexpensive Training in Monthly Nursing*).—The work you wish to take up is not overstocked, and we think you would do wisely to be trained. But as the fees must probably be paid for out of your savings, expense is naturally a subject for careful consideration. One of the least expensive courses is that in monthly nursing only, which is given at a cost of ten guineas by the General Lying-in Hospital, York Road, Lambeth, S.E. The alternative plan to this is to give your services to some society for a time in return for gratuitous training. Both the Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses (General Superintendent, Miss Peter, St. Katharine's Precincts, Regent's Park, N.W.) and the Ockley Nursing Association (Hon. Sec., Mrs. Henry Lee Steere, The Cottage, Ockley) train some of their nurses. But the nurses, in both instances, undertake not only monthly nursing and midwifery work, but all other nursing duties. In your case, however, we think it would be better to try to work under one of these organisations, as, even though your earnings would not be large, you would be put in the way of work, and would not, as in the case of private monthly nursing, be entirely dependent on your own exertions and on the recommendation of doctors.

L. A. L. (*Age to Enter a Hospital*).—Twenty-three or twenty-four is the best age to enter a hospital for training. Children's hospitals accept probationers often at the age of twenty-one; but the number of applicants for admission to these hospitals is always large. A girl cannot do very much to prepare herself for nursing work before she goes to a hospital, beyond attending lectures on health subjects and possibly engaging in a certain amount of district visiting under some charitable society.

WHITE HEATHER (*Engagement in French School on Mutual Terms*).—We recommend you to write to Miss Cooper, Secretary of the Joint Agency for Women Teachers, 74, Gower Street, London, W.C., and ask her to be kind enough to give you particulars of the terms on which young English teachers are received into some of the French *lycées*, to be trained under the Government. If you could avail yourself of this opportunity, you would do much better ultimately as a teacher than if you were now to go into some ordinary French private boarding school on what are known as mutual terms.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—Yours is certainly a most difficult case, and it is very plucky of you to wish to do something by which you could earn a livelihood. Deprived of the right hand, most of us would feel sadly lost. The persons who could best advise you in your own town are probably the committee of the local Charity Organisation Society, 25, Humberstone Road, Leicester. The society might be able to arrange for you to go to some institution where you could be taught a trade. Artificial flower-making seems to us likely to be too difficult, but we think possibly you could manage cane basket-weaving. Very much can be done to help those who are handicapped in various ways if the teaching is given while the boy or girl is young. We are very much afraid that your disability would stand in your way as a school teacher.

A BIRMINGHAM GIRL (*The Life of a Hospital Nurse*).—In the space at our disposal we can only just outline the day's programme of work for a probationer in a large hospital. The probationer would be called at 6.30 A.M. and breakfast at 7.15. She would be occupied in the wards until 10 o'clock, when a few minutes would be allowed for a light lunch. Work proceeds till 12.30 or 1 P.M., when dinner is served. If the probationer is on duty, she returns to the wards till 4.30, when she has tea, returning to the wards at 5. Supper is at 8 or 8.30, then more ward work, and at 10 o'clock the probationer goes to bed, lights being put out at 10.30 or 10.45 P.M. This order of the day's work varies slightly at different hospitals. Probationers are generally off duty for about two hours daily, and get one afternoon a week or a whole day monthly. Two or three weeks' holiday are given during the year. Every other week probationers are on night duty. In regard to salary: if a probationer is received as what is called a "regular" probationer, she is bound to remain for three years' training. She gets throughout the time board, lodging, washing, and some part of her uniform free, together with some small amount of money payment during the first year. The salary of the second year is about £15, and of the third year £20. If at the end of her period of training she is engaged as a nurse, she will get from £25 to £30 per annum; and later she may be promoted to be a sister, when her salary will be higher. As you are only seventeen, you have still a good many years to wait before you begin your training. You could hardly enter any large general hospital—and such an institution is best for you—until you are twenty-three.

EMPLOYMENT (*Firms that give out Work for Girls to do at Home*).—Much of the work of this kind which is advertised is extremely poorly paid, and not to be recommended. We advise you to have nothing to do with any persons who advertise for home workers and insist upon a preliminary payment being made. Many of these advertisements are lures for the unwary. But in any case we think you had far better be trained for some regular employment and not attempt to earn pocket-money by minor industries, such as fancy work and knitting. Addressing envelopes and wrappers is work which can only be obtained in large towns, and is generally done by girls who work on the premises of some large firm which makes this sort of business its speciality.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. R.—What you really want is to change your outlook on life and to get hold of the secret of happiness. Remember that even in the midst of almost unbearable troubles and trials, it is possible to be always rejoicing. This life is only a pilgrimage—"here we have no continuing city"—we are journeying onwards to our Home, and if the troubles and trials raise our thoughts to the place where our treasure is, I feel sure that we shall look back upon them as blessings. I know one man, the whole of whose earthly happiness seems to have been taken away from him, yet it does one good to meet him, to see his smiling face, and to feel that the roots of his life are planted where nothing on this earth can interfere with or hurt them. You are still quite young, cease to worry about yourself or about your appearance, live a healthy life at home, have plenty of fresh air, sleep with your window open, that will improve the colour of your skin more than anything, and take a great deal of milk; it is the best food for you; take one quart, not less, daily, and then go out beyond yourself and find something to interest you. Try to make someone else happy; see what you can do for some friend or relation, and in doing this, I think you will find true happiness for yourself. Do you remember Kingsley's words—

> "Could we but crush that ever-craving lust
> For bliss, which kills all bliss, and lose our life—
> Our barren unit-life—to find again
> A thousand lives in whose for whom we die—
> So, were we men and women! and should hold
> Our rightful rank in God's great Universe.
> Wherein, in heaven and earth, by will or nature
> Nought lives for self!"

BATTLE.—I think perhaps your sister would have more individual teaching in the higher branches of cookery if she went to private classes, and not to a large school of cookery. I would recommend her o apply to Miss Orpen, 15, Upper Baker Street, London, W. I know that she is a splendid teacher. Her demonstrative lessons are 10s. 6d. for six high-class cookery lessons; but of course her practise lessons are more expensive, and special practise lessons, or entries, are 7s. 6d. each. These are her fees to ladies learning cooking; she also has special classes for cooks wishing to improve themselves.

BRIDE ELECT.—You can certainly take your bouquet away with you after your wedding if you like, but most brides leave it behind them, because they do not wish everyone to recognise them as brides at the railway station and at the hotel where they stay. Also, wedding guests often ask for flowers from the bride's bouquet, and it is very much destroyed by having flowers taken out of it. In writing to thank the doctor and his wife for their present, you should address your letter to the lady. "Dear Mrs. Jones. Thank you and Dr. Jones so very much," etc.

H. M. F.—I do not know what the special cruelty is, to which you allude, in connection with obtaining sealskin. The animal must be killed, of course, in order for us to get its skin, but then so must any other animal whose fur you wish to wear. Let me describe seal-hunting, as I believe it to be carried on. The largest seal-fishery in the North Atlantic is that of the ice-fields to the east of Newfoundland and Labrador. The vessels engaged in this industry almost all belong to Newfoundland, some being sailing-ships and some steamers. There are more than one hundred ships fitted out every year for this industry. The season begins in the middle of March and lasts for about two months. The crews land on the ice and kill any seals they can get hold of by clubbing them with a "gaff," and then take off the skins, with the fat adhering to them, and carry them to the ships. The annual catch is about 500,000, valued at £425,000. In West Greenland seal-hunting is mostly carried on by the natives, and they use the meat, skins, and oil for their own consumption. The method of hunting the southern seals in the Antarctic is to land men on the islands where the surf permits, the vessels returning afterwards to take them off with their booty. There the animals are killed with a club, or knife, or with the rifle.

M. B. writes: "In answer to DAHLIA, may I suggest either Cowes, Isle of Wight, or the village of Gurnard, two miles and a half from Cowes, which is in the north of the island, and about forty-five minutes by steamer from Southampton. The town (old part) is quaint, but very nice and healthy. The attractions are yachting, boating, picnics and cycling in summer, and skating, walking, concerts and pleasant socials in winter. The inhabitants dress more neatly, and are more sociable and kind than London folk. There is a very nice parade, green, esplanade, along which pleasant walks may be taken by the seashore to Gurnard. Wild flowers are numerous, such as violets, anemones, primroses, daffodils, bluebell, iris (yellow and blue), dog-roses, honeysuckle and clematis, etc., all of which one may pick to one's heart's content. The cheapest way to buy fruit and vegetables is to buy them from the market people, who call at the houses. Meat is cheap, and eggs one penny each. Rents are cheap. I know of a nice little house, three bedrooms, dining and drawing-room, bath-room, etc., for £16 and rates per year, and there are many more as cheap. One could add to one's income by letting in the summer."

CHRIS.—Try brushing your frame with a stiff brush. If it is plain carved wood, washing it with soft water and soap would not hurt it.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AS AN ARTIST: A SEA PICTURE PAINTED BY HER MAJESTY.



VOL. XXIII.—NO. 1175.] JULY 5, 1902. [PRICE ONE PENNY.



IN THE SUMMER WOODS.



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THE FERNLEY GIRLS' GUILD.

By SARAH TYTLER.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEPARTURE OF AN OLD SOLDIER AND TWO YOUNG RECRUITS.



In future years, when Sophy Singleton recalled the days of the founding of the Fernley Girls' Guild, it always seemed to her that it was like a group of children playing at the battle of life. The reality of the struggle appeared to begin just in these weeks when the Guild, and her responsibility as its foundress, was driven out of her head. She could not have believed that anything short of sore sickness or terrible calamity would have made her forget the obligation which had weighed upon her with almost crushing weight when she first incurred it. And it was no collapse of health and vigour, no catastrophe which befell her; it was simply the being roused to the actual events which in their momentousness were taking place on every side, hardly noticed by her. It was the awaking to a crisis which was a crucial period in her life, changing eager experiment for sober experience, turning over a page in her history which would never be re-turned.

All the time Sophy was forming her Girls' Guild, and out of her slender stores of wisdom laying down rules for their conduct, a great war in which England was engaged had broken out and was proceeding to shake the world. Of course Sophy heard of it and read of it in the newspapers, but as nobody from Fernley had any connection with it in the outset, it loomed too far away and was far too big a business for Sophy to be mixed up in it, or to regard it with anything save awed concern. As a soldier's daughter she might have heard more about it had not Major Singleton found reasons for shunning the subject, and avoiding any discussion of it in his family.

But all reason and possibility for reserve were at an end when, with the heavy losses in the earlier part of the campaign, came the calling out of the reserve forces, including a unit of some value in Major Singleton, and the delivery to them of marching orders to embark for South Africa in the course of three weeks.

Most people will admit that it is one thing to hear and read of a war in another continent, with the whole of the English army engaged in the war—strangers to you except in half-a-dozen instances where generals were known by name—and to have your very own father summoned to make a long voyage, and undertake a perilous journey for no other purpose than to join in the fray. Sophy could scarcely believe her ears or her eyes; the stir and confusion which arose in the ordinarily quiet house of the Bungalow were far more than her youthful management could cope with. Remember her Guild! Why, she could hardly call to mind that family meals were to go on for twenty-one days, and for days without number beyond that calculation, while she counted up the days till Major Singleton should sail, and strove to execute all the commissions he entrusted to her, and to remember all the directions he gave her for what she was to do *after*. How and when she was to draw cheques for the family expenses if her mother had one of her bad turns and could not undertake the business. Where she would find the tax-papers in his writing-desk and the dates at which they were due, the various addresses to which she was to forward letters to him. And if—if anything happened, something unforeseen, so that she could not communicate with him even by letter (with intervals of six weeks or so between the despatch of a letter and the receipt of an answer to it), then she was to have recourse to Mr. Latimer, his cousin and old friend, the barrister in London whom she knew by name, and he would come down instantly to Fernley, take charge of everything and tell her what she was to do.

If there had been nothing else to impress upon Sophy the great change which had come into her life, its effect on the rest of the household, especially upon one of its heads, would have enlightened her. The person referred to was not Major Singleton. He had been prepared, he was an old soldier accustomed to the rout. It was not altogether unwelcome; he was grieved to leave his wife and family with the time and circumstances of his return—if he ever returned—uncertain; but just at that epoch of the war it was still thought that England had only to show her power, to pour forth her troops, and transport them across the seas to a distance greater than any attained by the Roman legions of old, in order to crush the rude, unskilled enemy and end the campaign.

Major Singleton had not the lust for fighting, the joy in slaughter, which some men feel or feign. The idea of extending the Empire and reigning supreme over a conquered, devastated territory did not fill him with pride and elation. His patriotism was not centred in military glory, though he loved his country as he loved his own flesh and blood, and would have consented to die in its and their defence. He loved his profession, too, though he did not consider man-killing its chief and abiding merit. He had faith in the line—

> "Not once nor twice in our rough island's story
> The path of duty was the way to glory."

He was satisfied that his path of duty was to obey the orders of his superior officers, to defend and discipline his men, guarding them as far as he could from moral as well as physical evils, giving them an example of staunch courage and implicit loyalty to his allegiance, to his standard and his chiefs, rising in gradation from his Colonel and his General to the Commander-in-Chief and his Queen, whose sworn servant he was. And there were compensations in returning to active service. Routine at Fernley was monotonous and stagnant to a man used to the stir and variety of regimental life, not in barracks at home, but moving from post to post abroad. The sympathetic society of brother officers and old comrades was in itself a great gain. The increase to his income when he passed back from half to whole pay relieved him from certain difficulties. It was only when his wife's distress smote him, or when he took little Bea on his knee, and she chattered to him of what he was to bring back to her from the war, that his face took a grey tinge, or his moustached lip trembled.

But it was on Mrs. Singleton especially that Major Singleton's having been called out to accompany a detachment of the reserves to the seat of war acted in a startling manner. She rose from her bed and sofa, looking wan, woe-begone and weary, and insisted on playing the foremost part in the preparations for her husband's departure. She was as jealous of any interference with the lion's share of care for his outfit which she appropriated, as if she had been a girl-wife facing her first parting from the husband of her youth. She put a young girl, such as her daughter Sophy was, in her proper place, reducing her to a comparative cipher, with sudden surprising energy. Sophy was first amazed and a trifle offended; she had managed the household for fully a year, she had been allowed untrammelled liberty in the management. To be pulled up and have her wings cut at the very moment when she had understood she was to have more authority and responsibility than ever, and had resolved to be the strong, capable guardian angel of her family, was a shock.

Presently Sophy understood with a piteous womanly depth of comprehension—for she was precociously womanly. She had always thought of her father and mother as an old married couple. She had taken for granted that married couples were attached to each other with calm affection. Had she not witnessed her father's thoughtful care of her mother, his rarely-failing patience with her weaknesses and fancies, and her complete dependence on his care and entire trust in his patience? But now she penetrated into the mystery of that love which forsakes all other ties for the one closest, most indissoluble tie.

Alice was troubling herself needlessly, crying—

"Mother will be quite done up. Why does father not prevent her wearing herself out? Why will she not suffer us to help to pack his clothes?"

"Let her alone, Alice," was Sophy's imperative whisper, while there was a strangled sob in her voice. "She knows best what will comfort her. It is all she can do for him, poor mother! and not even their children should come between them now."

"Come between! I was only meaning to be of some assistance," protested injured Alice, round-eyed and slow of growth.

All Fernley was electrified by the calling out of Major Singleton. It brought the village circle so much nearer to the war to have one of themselves spirited away to vanish in the *mêlée*. There were endless interested inquiries as to when he was to set out, how long he was to stay, whether he could not come home at once if peace were proclaimed, as if the fortunes of the day rested with him. Every member of the family was waylaid in turn, that the public might learn further particulars of the Major's destination.

Then it leaked out, as if the proceeding were infectious, that Major Singleton was not the only hostage Fernley was to send to South Africa. Maggie Somerville's brother Sandy had secured a berth as dresser in one of the hospitals, in order to acquire an intimate personal acquaintance with what might be termed military surgery.

"If I were in your place, boy, I would catch at the chance," his father told him, while his mother looked up quickly from her sewing and looked down again, saying nothing. When Sandy caught successfully at the chance, she found time and means to work with Maggie at every moment they could give, with every shilling she could spare, in supplementing any necessary outfit the Government might grant, with every comfort the two women could devise.

And Sandy Somerville was not the only recruit stimulated by Major Singleton's departure. Hal Blake, the embryo barrister who had read classics for years with Mr. Field before going to Cambridge, volunteered in a troop of yeomanry, that were to sail in the same ship as that which was to take out Major Singleton and Sandy Somerville. Hal Blake was not a native of Fernley, and had no relatives there, but he belonged as much to it as to any place. His father and mother were dead, and he had been under the care of guardians. He had spent years at Fernley Vicarage, and was as much at home there as any child of the house. The consequence was notorious, though those who ought to have been accountable simply winked at a folly which they did not ratify by formally announcing it. As it was, only a married couple who, however different in other respects, resembled each other in being guiltless of worldly wisdom, would so much as have suffered a rash juvenile engagement like that which existed between Hal Blake and Katie Field. Hal was nothing more at present than a pleasant, slightly effeminate young puppy who loitered, dawdled and flirted whenever he could. Fancy him a responsible head of a household and its bread-earner! Imagine Katie still at school, with no more conception of what was required in the mistress of even the humblest establishment than would be entertained by a little girl of six or eight years, acting as his help-meet! A fine scene of discomfort and disorder lapsing into tragic ruin would be the result. The vision was so ridiculous that it did not excite even the slightest romantic interest in Katie's girl companions. They laughed at the connection and scorned it. To them Hal Blake was still the foolish idle boy they had been accustomed to think him, and Katie Field was equally the silly flirty girl. The pair were well matched in some respects, and the other girls derided them and declared they were ashamed of them. Girls are severe judges; if they make up their mind to scorn an incident, a person, a sentiment, they do not do it by halves.

The rest of the Fernley girls heartily despised the make-believe of love and plighted troth between so immature a couple, so little accountable for their sayings and doings as Hal Blake and Katie Field. But the boy and girl nonsense was one of the links between Fernley and Hal Blake, and to have whole three men—the married man and father of a family and the two striplings—so well known in their community, going out from the old peaceful surroundings in order to face danger and death in the far-off war, lent it an increasing extraordinary personal meaning and attraction to the people who remained in undisturbed safety at home.

The very characters of the man and lads sustained an alteration in the judgment of their neighbours. This was not so much the case with Major Singleton, who had always been considerably looked up to and appealed to as a man of varied and imposing experience—a warrior in his day who had been in battle, heard its roar, and been half blinded by its white smoke. He had not only known the adventures and hardships of camping and bivouacking in wild, uncivilised regions, but had encountered savage tribes in hand-to-hand conflict. He was only renewing his acquaintance with what seemed a less formidable environment and a tamer enemy. It was otherwise with the girl-faced dandy, Hal Blake, and the awkward hobbledehoy, Sandy Somerville. Could anyone call Hall effeminate when the manliness of his choice was staring them in the face? Or Sandy awkward when the dignity of his purpose was bestowing upon him confidence and composure? There was no need to wait for the fulfilment of the prophecy of the song

which was in the air when the boys were to "come home" brown and bearded and reap their reward. In the twinkling of an eye the two were transformed from lads into men who could not any longer be teased and laughed at, and held at arm's length by their sisters' friends, their own girl-companions, with whom they had been on easy brother-and-sister terms. Alice Singleton was caught saying "sir" to Hal Blake, and calling Sandy Somerville "Mr. Somerville."

Then that raw, idiotic understanding between Hal Blake and Katie Field came out in quite a new light. People began to talk of it seriously, to treat her as if she were quite grown up—more so than Clara, who had no particular lover, and of more consequence than Harriet, who was not married or even engaged, next in importance to Adela, who had a husband and baby as props to her social standing. Katie felt the delicate compliment both in her family and out of it, and enjoyed the distinction with which she was all at once invested, without reservation. For it was rather nice than otherwise to be pitied and coddled, by anticipation, when you had not realised the situation sufficiently to pity yourself. Of course, she would miss Hal dreadfully when he was gone for a year with no breaks at Christmas and Easter, no long vacation as when he was at Cambridge, to make up for his absence in term. But then they had not corresponded even surreptitiously. Now they were recognised as entitled to the privilege of writing and receiving letters, which would be an occupation. For of course there would be no more lessons and going to school—as soon send a married woman to school—for which she would be devoutly thankful, except for the loss of the railway rides to and from town. She did not know what she would do without them. She would hate to see Clara and Annie setting out by themselves. But at present it was delightfully exciting, and Hal looked more a duck than ever in his khaki.

As the time drew nearer for the exodus of Fernley's contribution to the great army in the mysterious continent—of which Bruce and Park, Livingstone and Moffat had for long been the only exponents, but whose mystery had resolved itself into Arabian Nights' tales of gold and diamond mines, with adventurers from north and south, east and west in the room of Oriental Aladdins, and in the place of the genii, wily Kaffirs and sturdy Boers—the hearts of the natives of Fernley—old and young, men and women—grew softer and softer. Major Singleton was entertained at a public dinner, where he had to say, amidst much cheering, he had done nothing to deserve the honour, he was only doing his duty in fulfilling a pledge, as he was sure every one of his hosts would have done in his stead. He pointed out it was as if the strife were ended, and he were returning one of the conquerors, not merely starting for the contest.

Not Sophy and Alice alone, but little Bea, with a sash of the regimental colours pinned by her mother's thin trembling hands round her waist, was kept out of bed to listen to this instance of her father's eloquence.

The girls generally were full—not of criticisms or farcical illustrations of the rules of the Guild, but of what they should offer as souvenirs to their old allies, butts and victims. They could not let them go without some such gages of neighbourly friendship when, as they told each other with bated breath, they—the girls—might never again see the lads they had known so well and taken such liberties with—mimicking Hal's Oxford drawl, and Sandy's habit of throwing away his legs. The circumstances warranted the gifts, and none of them was capable of any sentimental interpretation except the huswife which Katie Field was manufacturing for Hal Blake. Her name in full, worked with ever so many wrong stitches, was on the outside of the flap, and she was so long in finishing it that there was considerable risk either of its being taken incomplete, or of its being left behind. The Torrenses were no workers, but they went up to town without any other intention except that of buying a couple of serviceable silver-mounted flasks and two of the best Russia leather *porte-monnaies* for the wayfarers.

Maggie Somerville sat out of bed and strained her eyes to mark all Hal Blake's handkerchiefs in addition to Sandy's, not without a fear that she might be intruding into Katie Field's province, and that neither Katie nor Hal might like it. But Katie only looked with good-humoured commendation at the marking, saying—

"How well you have done it, Maggie! I should have made the letters all shapes and sizes, and should not have got through with them for an age. But you should have put your own initials in a different corner just to show who did the marking."

"So you should, Maggie," chimed in Hal with a will, as he was thanking her. "It was very good of you to take all this trouble for me."

"Wasn't it, Hal?" echoed Katie with the greatest cordiality.

"Anyhow, as I am told the marking will not come out, I will remember you gratefully whenever I look at it, even though you have not put your initials in the opposite corner."

Sophy and Alice Singleton crocheted each a muffler and a veldt cap for the respective recipients, in reference to the reports of the icy coldness of the night which alternated with the scorching heat of the day in the land of the mimosa and the aloe.

Katie Field's mother and sisters were not behind with heterogeneous heap of unsuitable encumbrances which were not likely to travel beyond Cape Town. Worked slippers—a favourite present of Mrs. Field's youth, exploded for many a day—as if the receivers of the slippers were likely to have the leisure to pull off their boots at their ease, don their slippers and toast their toes by a domestic hearth; embroidered braces; tobacco jars of blue china, bound to be broken in the transit; tobacco pouches too shallow and flimsy to bear the weight of an ounce of tobacco; cigar cases which burst with the load of three cigars; match boxes whose hinges gave way on the first trial and scattered the matches impartially on bed and board.

Sophy trusted that her attempts at providing something useful for the campaigners were more successful. Her single regret was that her parting presents were not the same for each lad, her muffler was for Sandy Somerville, her cap for Hal Blake. The apportioning of the articles was a mere accident, and they had cost her much the same amount of time and pains. But the cravat was the bulkier and apparently the more imposing in Sandy Somerville's eyes. The fellow cravat, which Alice had worked with much sense of responsibility and importance for Hal Blake, had not awakened in that cool, contented young man an overpowering realisation of a deep debt, any more than Sophy's cap had produced the same exaggerated effect, which was by no means what was desired.

Sophy detested premature uncalled-for philandering—while philandering would have been the last name she would have given to the boyish teasing notice she

could very well have dispensed with—which Sandy Somerville had been wont to bestow upon her.

"It will go with me wherever I go, I will keep it to the last day of my life. It was awfully good of you to work it for me, Sophy," Sandy declared fervently, looking with the utmost respect at the not too elegant muffler, which Sophy had designed with a view to warmth rather than beauty.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Sophy with something like asperity—she was not quite sure that he was not laughing at her. If not, she hated to have Sandy make an idiot of himself by paying clumsy unmeaning compliments which were not at all in his way. "I daresay you will lose it and the rest of your luggage before you get on board ship. I have heard Maggie say that you can never take proper care of anything that is your own. It won't matter in this case, for very likely you will tear it the first time you wrap it round your throat in a hurry—you are in a great hurry in a war. There will not be a rag of it left in the course of a month—so far from its lasting to the end of your life."

"You are wrong, as you will see," he told her reproachfully. "I will bring it back with me, that is, if I ever come back."

"What is to hinder you?" she cried so quickly that the words sounded as if they were spoken in anger. "You know the war is to be over very soon after you go out. You must make speed, else you will be too late for the hospital experience you are counting upon, and you must also be quick in getting home again"—relentingly. "What will your father, and mother, and Maggie, and the little ones do without you?"

"You will miss me too, Sophy, just the weest bit. There will be nobody to make stupid game of your Fernley Girls' Guild and your other fine devices. You will be quit of a graceless loon of a medical student. Still, you will miss him just the least thing."

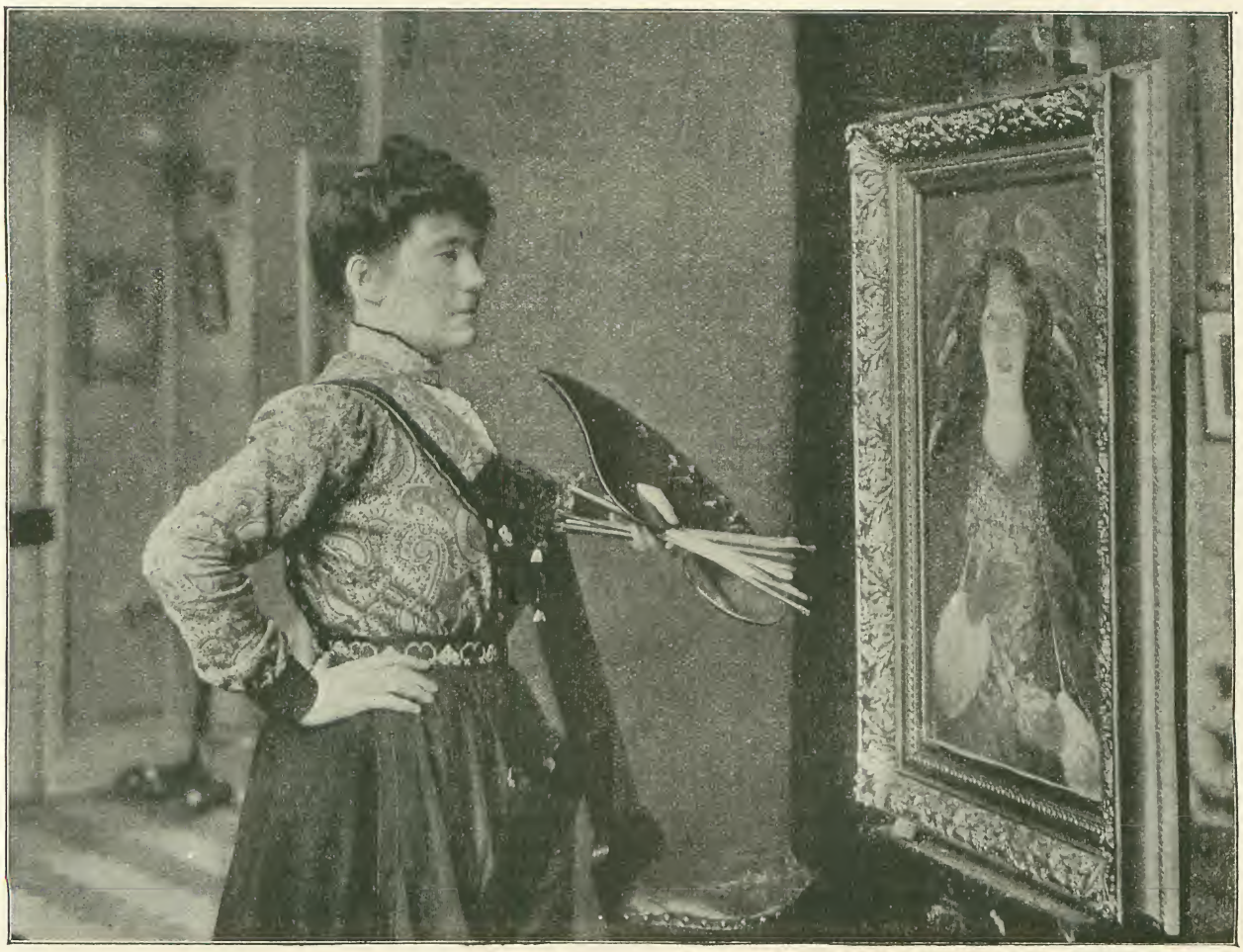
"It was of your family I spoke." Sophy drew herself up with great distance and dignity—she had less patience than ever with Sandy Somerville in this new development.

(*To be continued.*)

MRS. JOPLING.

MRS. JOPLING is a very successful teacher, and she has an art-school in Kensington. In her young days she herself studied in Paris, and she instils the best lessons of the French studios, as well as the English, into the minds of the young artists under her care.

A short walk down Earl's Court Road, and a turning



MRS. JOPLING. [*Photo by Haines.*

just before reaching Cromwell Road, brings you to Logan Place, and on your right is a large one-storeyed building with "Art School" written up in big letters. I rang the bell, a girl in a blue painting apron opened the door to me, and Mrs. Jopling herself walked across the studio to meet me. She is a tall, clever-looking woman, with charming manners and a soft deep-toned voice. This building, she explained to me, was her school. The pupils had all gone now, but their easels were left all over the studio. There was an inner small studio on one side of the large room, and on the other side was a kitchen, where the students could cook their luncheon. Mrs. Jopling not only holds a class here for girls learning painting, but she also has an art-club in connection with the school. Girls often pass through one or other of the art-schools and cannot go on with their studies, because a studio of their own and people to engage as models, are luxuries beyond the limits of their slender purses. But here girls can join this club by paying ten guineas a year, have all the advantages of a large studio to work in and a constant succession of models to paint from, and work away at their own sweet will, without instruction and without interference.

Many of our readers will remember our coloured picture of "Dear Lady Disdain," Mrs. Jopling's Academy picture, which forms the frontispiece to our volume for 1892.

Mrs. Jopling is a woman of diversified gifts. Besides being in the front rank of women-painters, she has written short stories, some poetry and newspaper articles; she is fond of music, cycling, golf, riding, driving, and reading. At her invitation I went up two steps of a ladder placed against one of the windows in the studio, and looked out upon the garden of her old home; such a charming house and prettily laid-out grounds. On leaving Kensington, Mrs. Jopling migrated to Queen Anne's Gate, but she soon found it was too far away from her school and her students, and so she has come back again to a house near by.

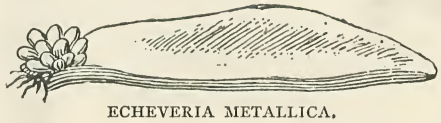
The picture by Mrs. Jopling of the Daughter of Herodias, carrying the head of St. John the Baptist, was hanging up in the inner studio. An imperious-looking girl, with golden red hair, encircled by leaves, and bearing her horrible burden under her arm, in the act of carrying it to her mother. This picture was exhibited at Burlington House some years ago.

In the portrait which we publish, Mrs. Jopling is at work on her picture for this year's Academy. It is her conception of the Irish saint, St. Brigit or St. Bride of Kildare. This saint lived between A.D. 453 and 523. She was the daughter of one Dubtach of Fochart Muirthemne in Leinster, and from her fourteenth year was noted for her extraordinary piety and beneficence. Saint Bride was a woman of great fame and influence. She was buried at Kildare, where a perpetual fire was kept up in her memory. Her day falls on February 1st. She was regarded as one of the three great saints of Ireland, St. Patrick and St. Columba being the other two. Mrs. Jopling took her conception of her from Miss Fiona Macleod's book *Iona*.

Mrs. Jopling asked me to come with her and see her new home, and the studio which she is building for her own special use. In her charming drawing-room, with its pretty plain white-wood book-cases running nearly all round the walls, she showed me Millais's picture of herself. It must have been painted at about the time when Sir John Millais was at the height of his fame, and is a striking likeness of her as a young woman. Sir John took a great interest in Mrs. Jopling's school, and had a high opinion of her ability.

After looking into the pretty dining-room, we mounted up the stairs to the studio, which was still in the workmen's hands. The light was so clear that it was almost like being out of doors. On one side Mrs. Jopling has had a wooden verandah made, so that she can have the advantage of placing her model really in the open air, and so getting all the effects of outdoor work. Mrs. Jopling goes in entirely for figure-painting, either portraits or subject pictures.

A few weeks ago the Royal Society of British Artists decided, after having been formed for one hundred and seventy years, to become vigorous and progressive. They began their new policy by electing that very rising and gifted painter, Miss Fortescue Brickdale, to become a member, and then, at the beginning of April, they still further opened their doors and invited Mrs. Jopling and Miss Kemp Welch to join their roll of membership.



ECHEVERIA METALLICA.

BUDS GROWING ON LEAVES.

We are so much accustomed to think of plants as springing from seeds or cuttings that the idea of growing them from leaves strikes one as something very new and strange.

My attention was specially called to the fact that some plants do thus propagate themselves, when a friend of mine, who had long been resident in China, related to me some of her experiences as a botanical collector. She was one day examining some specimens that had been placed in blotting-paper in a press some months previously, and which she expected to find thoroughly dried, when she came upon a spray of *Bryophyllum calycinum* with well-formed young plants growing from the notches all round the edges of the leaves. Pressed as they were between sheets of paper, they received no ray of light, and consequently the immature plants and their slender rootlets were of course flattened and perfectly white, but they looked healthy and vigorous, and no doubt had they been planted in moist earth they would soon have become green and increased in size like any other plantlets.



CARDAMINE PRATENSIS.

It was rather singular that, soon after I heard of this incident, another friend presented me with a leaf of this very plant, *Bryophyllum calycinum*.

Of course I immediately resolved to see for myself the mode in which the young plants would develop. I placed the leaf between several thicknesses of white blotting-paper laid on a plate which I kept constantly moist and covered with a glass. Placing the plate near a small stove which supplied gentle continuous heat day and night appeared to be the right treatment, for in ten days' time it was easy to discern the group of cells, which exists in each of the

notches of the leaf-margin, in the act of throwing out fine white rootlets. Two small leaves rose up on a slender stalk, and then on a short petiole three leaflets appeared, and I deemed the time had come when the plants might begin life for themselves in a pot of earth to which they were transferred. They now are rooted and developing into healthy specimens, the growth of which it will be an interest to me to watch.

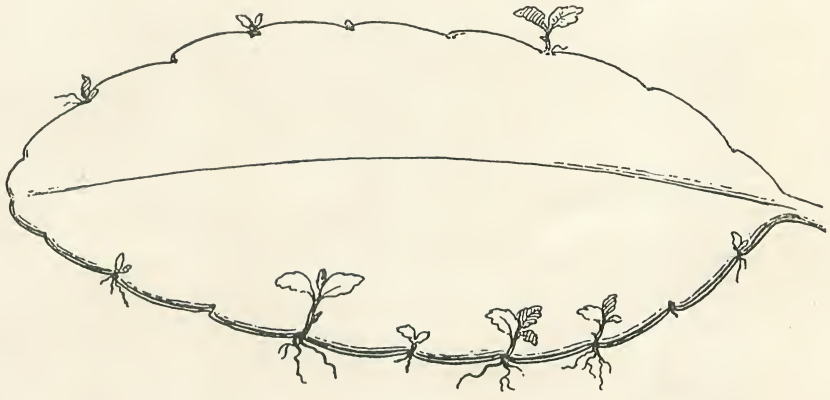
Bryophyllum is found growing in China, India and Madagascar, but is not very easily attainable in England. However, leaf-growing can be observed in many of our ordinary greenhouse plants.

Botanically such plants are known as *epiphyllous* (growing upon a leaf).

Begonias are, I believe, mainly propagated in this way, and I gather that the orange, citron, hoya and aucuba are also amenable to this treatment.

The common houseleek and the more delicate echeverias grow readily from single leaves and can easily be obtained. They do not start from the margin but from the base of the leaf where it has broken from the parent stem.

As there are nearly fifty species of echeveria, many of them may vary in their mode of growth, but the beautiful *Echeveria metallica* will not only form plantlets from the base of its leaf when laid on damp soil, but such leaves as drop from the plant on a greenhouse shelf will be found producing their little enterprising growths with no soil at all.



BRYOPHYLLUM CALYCINUM.

Usually it is best to break off a leaf (not cut it) if we wish it to sprout, and slightly insert the base in damp soil, which must never be allowed to get dry, else the rootlets, once withered, will not easily recover. Thus treated and with a glass over them, the plantlets will be visible in a few weeks, earlier or later according to the heat in which they are kept. When the common cuckoo-flower, *Cardamine pratensis*, happens to be situated in a damp and shady spot where possibly its seeds would not be likely to ripen, it may sometimes be found with a young plantlet growing in the centre of the leaf near the base, on which a small bud first appears and then gradually develops into a little crown of leaflets. If the leaf lies on the ground, the small root-fibres soon find their way into the soil, and a plant is formed which grows up in time to be independent of the parent stem.

Most of us are familiar with the viviparous ferns which produce buds upon the leaves. *Asplenium bulbiferum* is a pretty and much-enduring plant, and if its leaves are sponged with warm water every few days, it will continue in health in a sitting-room for many years. For this reason I often give the leaf-buds away to be grown in cottage homes, where some poor invalid finds pleasure in watching the growth of her tiny fern.

This property of bud-production is of great value to Dutch cultivators of bulbs.

I remember hearing a friend's description of the treatment of the hyacinth in Holland by which thousands of young plants are obtained. When the flower is over, the greater part of the inside of the bulb is scooped out, and hundreds of bulbs thus treated may be seen placed on shelves, where they remain for a few months. When examined they are found to contain a quantity of minute buds which, when the hyacinths are planted in very light sandy soil, develop into small bulbs and in this way by careful cultivation for about five years, new and choice varieties of hyacinths are produced.

It may interest those of my readers who have lilies in their gardens to observe the small bulbils in the axils of the leaves. These can be grown in the same way as the miniature hyacinths by simply planting them in moist earth and keeping them watered, but it would demand some patience to wait until they are large enough to produce flowers.

ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.

VARIETIES.

A FAMOUS BOOK.

The success of Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was extraordinary. It first appeared in 1851, and before the close of that year nearly half a million copies had been disposed of in the United States, and when it was afterwards brought out in this country the circulation reached a point almost unprecedented in the history of fiction.

Long afterwards when the authoress was questioned regarding her work, she said, "I did not write it. God wrote it. I merely did His dictation."

Uncle Tom's Cabin was one of those spontaneous literary productions written under the sway of an overpowering emotion; and its moving pathos made its way at once to the heart of every reader.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE.—The first person to receive a money consideration for sitting for a photograph was Charles Dickens. He sat for Gurney, who was great in those days. This got abroad, and Fanny Kemble refused to sit for less than £60, a small sum to pay now for a subject of her distinction, but at that time nobody would pay it.

CHARMING GIRLS.

Men, remarks a shrewd observer, regard "sweet simplicity" as the greatest charm in women and especially in girls. This does not mean simplicity in the simpering sense, but an absence of that affected air of boldness and mannishness which has lately been assumed by too many really lovable girls.

Then, too, sincerity in expression is one of the characteristics that charm men. To be sincere and candid, the girl in society need never be abrupt or self-assertive.

DUTY.—Duty only frowns when you flee from it; follow it and it smiles upon you.

In *The Story of Music*, by Frederick J. Crowest, the author in a few brief chapters traces the origin and progress of the art of music. The small unpretentious book will be of interest to our readers. We advise them to read with especial care the earlier chapters of the work. Few people know anything about the beginnings of the art that developed in so surprising a manner in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.



LIGHTING-UP TIME.
(*By Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.*)

A SPARK FROM THE FIRE OF ULLIN.

By SARA ERWIN.

PROLOGUE.

"St. Patrick, slave to Milcho of the herds
Of Ballymena, wakened with these words—
'Arise and flee
Out from the land of bondage, and be free.'

He rose, a man who laid him down a slave,
Shook from his locks the ashes of the grave,
And outward trod
Into the glorious liberty of God.

So went he forth, but in God's time he came
To light on Ulline's hills a holy flame,
And, dying, gave
The land a saint that lost him as a slave."

Whittier.

Slemish mountain looks down upon a fertile Antrim valley, which is fair in summer and beautiful when autumn finds it rich with yellow harvest. To-day this valley is known as The Braid. It is populous and prosperous, and as calm and quiet as if history had never written a dazzling page upon it; yet it witnessed the captivity and the triumph of one whom Ireland claims as her Saint. It was there that St. Patrick toiled and suffered ere he overcame and lit in Ullin a fire which is still burning. In our own day a spark from that fire touched the soul of a Braidsman and kindled a flame therein.

CHAPTER I.

THE RIGHT OF MIGHT.

RICHARD MCCANCE of The Braid was a hard man, hard and selfish. It does not follow that being a native of that valley will render a man saintly. Richard, indeed, was quite as unjust and unprincipled as if he had merely belonged to an ordinary locality. When James McCance, farmer, was dying, he gave his motherless son and all his hard-earned money into the hands of his brother Richard, imploring him to be a father to the lad and a good steward of the little orphan's patrimony. Richard promised. He took the boy—his namesake—home, but he was certainly not a father to him. He was, instead, an uncle, but unfortunately after the fashion of the uncles who played the *rôle* of guardians in the story of "The Babes in the Wood."

Little Dick McCance bore a life tried by active and passive unkindnesses very quietly. He was a wise boy, and he knew that when might is right the victim must be silent. Richard increased his own borders with his nephew's money; he added a wing to his house; he bought up adjoining land; everything flourished with him, and he felt happy as he thought of the fortune which he was making for his only son Will.

When Dick was twenty he began to find his position in his uncle's household intolerable. Richard and his wife Agnes were far more civil to the farm hands than to their nephew. The young men, engaged by the week, or the month, or the half-year, were all independent beings. They tacitly exacted respect; they plainly showed their unwillingness to be "put upon," in any way; they had all made bargains for certain "wages," which they received as a right. They held opinions as to politics, the best methods of farming, and, above all, of the magnitude of their own importance. Dick McCance held an anomalous position at Lismoss Farm. He had neither a son's freedom nor a servant's rights. He was overworked, yet made to feel that he was a worthless encumbrance. His every action was misrepresented, his most sensible opinion laughed to scorn. He was given a wretched sum of pocket-money; but it was not conceded that he earned it. Richard flung it as a charity, and made the unhappy young man realise that valuable coin was lost upon such a good-for-nothing, and that he, the donor, was most beneficent in bestowing it.

Dick looked on his bitter little world with gloomy, brooding, blue eyes. He would have been rather handsome, but his strong, clear-cut features were stamped with dogged sullen wretchedness. He walked with bent head, and scarcely anyone in The Braid had seen him smile since he became an inmate of Lismoss.

Will, his cousin, was quite a contrast to him. He was neither so tall nor so well set up as Dick, but he carried himself confidently and had a masterful air His coarse, pompous face was good-looking after a commonplace type, and his cheerful "hail-fellow-well-met" manner gained him a degree of popularity amongst those who had not the pleasure of business dealings with him.

Revolt was struggling in Dick's breast. He was almost a man, and his pride was protesting against the injustice and indignities which fell to his lot. Will was lazy and careless, yet his mother praised and fêted him, and his father gave him every pleasure that his means could command. Will must have this; Will must get that. Dick, perhaps, did not envy him enjoyment so much as peace. To the oppressed one, peace seemed life's greatest gift.

"Dick," said his uncle one glorious summer afternoon, "go and saddle Jinny. Will wants to ride into Ballymena!"

Hitherto Dick had replied respectfully to all such orders. Now something in his heart responded to the summer rioting of bees and the sweet bird-notes that sounded so happy with the joy of freedom in the glowing sunshine. He could touch Jinny in order to saddle her for his cousin, but he might almost as well have asked for a ride on Pegasus as on one of his uncle's horses. The worm turned, and spoke resentfully.

"Can't Will do it himself? I've to stack the turf!"

Richard was silent out of sheer astonishment. If sleek, brown Jinny had found a voice to utter protest, he could not have been much more overwhelmed by the fact.

"How dare you answer me back!" he said presently, frowning darkly as he spoke.

"I don't see why I should attend Will! He's as fit to do something as I am!" Dick's usually sullen tones were vibrating with keen excitement. He was startled at himself, too, at the identity of this new Dick who was a man and not a timid boy.

"You ungrateful, useless scoundrel! This is what I'm reaping for your keep all these years. There's small comfort with other people's children!"

The two angry combatants faced each other. Both were furious. Dick was filled with indignation at the man who had wronged him. Richard was pale with hatred of the nephew whom he had wronged.

The kitchen door opened just then, and Mrs. McCance came out. She was a heavy-jawed woman, all nose and chin, with small, keen eyes which were exactly like pin-points.

Richard told her how matters stood.

"Of course, it's only what I expected!" she said in a voice which brought several of the "hands" to listen. "I always said he was a lazy do-nothing, although he was afraid to show it plainly. Oh, he needn't bestir himself. He can go and sit in the parlour!"

"I've done the work of four or five people!" cried Dick. "You can't deny it. Who cut the two turf bogs? Who set all the potatoes? Who——"

The lads standing by grinned as Mrs. McCance interrupted the eager speaker. They did not dislike Dick, although policy made then applaud all the master's snubs and the heir's insults to him. As for the mistress of Lismoss they never contradicted her. She did all the catering for the servants' meals.

"There isn't a hand here that doesn't know you for a blundering stupid, Dick McCance, let alone a lazy fellow!" cried "Aunt Agnes." "Is there a lad amongst you that thinks him worth his salt?"

The audience addressed were silent. There was nothing to gain by defending Dick, and much to lose.

Aunt Agnes broke the stillness by a triumphant laugh.

"Tom, go you and saddle Jinny," she said to the lad nearest her.

"Ay, mem. Ah'll hae her in a minute or twa," he answered readily, in the broad Scottish dialect which prevails amongst his class in The Braid.

Dick walked quietly back to his work. He intended to conclude the interview with his uncle later on.

When the day labourers had departed and the resident "hands" had gone out to amuse themselves in the sleepy summer evening, he sought Richard, who was smoking in the kitchen.

"I want to speak to you," he said firmly. "I've something important to say. Will you come into the orchard?"

Richard arose and sauntered out with him. They passed Mrs. McCance, who was weeding her favourite flower-beds in the garden. She looked at her husband's nephew with angry disdain, but for once he did not shrink from her glance.

"Well, what is it?" Richard spoke in surly fashion but with a certain uneasiness of manner, for at heart he was a coward.

Dick paused a moment before replying, and the two men stood looking at the orchard. It was very still, very peaceful, and now and then a bird-note sounded sweetly through the silence. The trees were covered with small apples that would make a goodly display in autumn. Everything was flourishing and giving promise of an abundant crop. The uncle and nephew looked at the wide, cool, green area, and their emotions as they surveyed it were of a very different order. Richard felt the happy pride of ownership. Dick realised, only too well, that he could claim no share in the orchard's wealth. He had seldom enjoyed any of its products.

"I want my own money," he said suddenly. "I remember my father saying that he had saved a good deal for me. Give me what belongs to me, and I'll go away and strike out for myself as you all hate me here!"

"Hate you!" Richard McCance almost dropped his pipe. Dick's new departure in manner fairly nonplussed him.

"Yes, you know you do! I'm blamed for everything that goes wrong. I get no credit for my work. I've often and often wished myself dead. Give me my share that father left me, and I'll not trouble you any longer."

Richard recovered himself. "Your father had a little money. That's true enough; but it took most of it to keep you, and forby he owed me some hundreds, so the balance belongs to me. I've been a good friend to you, but you're very ungrateful!"

"I've not been so well treated as the two dogs," retorted Dick hotly. "Lassie and Bessie are more thought of than I am!"

"Tuts, nonsense! You're put out because we had a few words this afternoon. You must get over this huff. I'm willing to let bygones be bygones."

"I want to go away, anyhow," said Dick. "I can't stay here!"

"You needn't propose running off before the harvest! Your aunt won't hear of such a doing. Besides, how would you earn a living? There'd nobody give you a situation, for I wouldn't recommend you, and neither would any of the folk about here."

Dick was stunned. His uncle's statement was unanswerable. No one would employ him in a position of trust unless he could offer good references, and he would not lower his pride by sinking to the nominal rank of a farm-labourer. True, as such he would have a much happier life than he was now leading; but then, he could not face the humiliation of being a target for local scorn or commiseration.

"If you'd lend me money to go to America," he began with a sullen eagerness, "I'd get something to do out there, and I would repay you every——"

Richard interrupted him. "I've done as much for you as I mean to do. If you're not satisfied here, you can go and look out for yourself, but you'll not touch a penny of my money! It's like you to want to go away just before we're through with the harvest!"

Dick had no answer ready. He was baffled. How could he prove that his uncle had cheated him out of his money? There was no redress for him.

"If I wait till after harvest, will you pay my passage to America?" he asked, returning with steadfast determination to his point. He possessed a great deal of innate strength of character, although Fate had crushed him.

"I won't do that, but I'll give you an outfit and your passage money to Scotland. You'd better take my offer and stay."

"Oh, well, I suppose I will as I can't do anything else," answered Dick gloomily.

During the following days his uncle's household were less openly insulting to him. They seemed indeed greatly interested in some personal matter which they were constantly discussing. Dick caught detached phrases when he happened to be within earshot.

"She's a fine girl, just like my sister only better looking. She has two farms and a very big fortune, for there's no child but herself. Will, you had better get a new suit. I hope she'll think the parlour furniture good enough!"

The consultations and discussions were soon followed by action. There was a regular house-cleaning started, and Dick received orders to whitewash the kitchen, paint the garden gate and all the woodwork about the place. He had to lift and alter the position of much of the domestic furniture, and he struggled doggedly with heavy weights rather than take help with them from any of the household; only with impossible lifts did he ask assistance.

When everything was arranged to the satisfaction of Aunt Agnes, she informed Dick that she expected a visitor. "She's a niece of my own, a County Down girl, and I want you to see that things are kept in first-class order while she's here. Mind, the gig must be hose-cleaned every day, and Jinny must be always groomed; you'd better see that the garden paths are well scuffled. Don't let the dandelions show up—now mind the dandelions! The girl's my dead sister's only daughter, and she has two fine farms." Here Mrs. McCance expanded with family pride. "They're a sight to see! Such gardens and such a dairy! I'm sure I hope this place will look presentable to her."

Everyone at Lismoss was thankful when the day of Miss Belle Jardine's arrival came. Will was pleased because he wanted to sport his light grey suit in Ballymena—a market town within about eight miles of Slemish. All the others found their cause for gratitude in the expectation of a little relief from fuss and pressure of work.

Lismoss was gilded with a soft afternoon sunlight when Will drove Belle Jardine up to it. Mrs. McCance was standing at the door, shading her eyes with a large strongly-formed hand. Dick also happened to be in the front of the house, having just brought Aunt Agnes a message from his uncle. He kept his eyes on the ground, however, as Will alighted and helped Miss Jardine down.

"Here, Dick, take Jinny round to the yard!" he said imperiously. "Now, mother, this is Belle, and I'm sure she's tired after that long journey."

Dick obeyed the order, stealing a sulky glance at the newcomer. She was a tall young girl, with a rather pretty face and light brown hair. Dick noticed that she wore a blue gown and a sailor hat. She had on a grey cape, flung open at her throat as if the heat had rendered a wrap unnecessary.

He did not see her again until the farm hands were trooping in from the fields for their tea. Headed by Dick, they crossed the great yard where Belle stood listening to Will's remarks on churning and threshing machines. The girl looked with interest at the tired band. The lads smiled sheepishly and passed on into the kitchen, but an elderly man, who had much *savoir faire* in country etiquette, addressed Belle with admiring friendliness.

"You're the leddy from County Down, Ah'll warrant! Ah'm prood tae see ye in oor pairts. It's a rael fine place, the Braid, an' Ah'm sure you're welcome."

"Thank you," said Belle in her pretty Down accent.

"Ye had a gey long sail in frae the station. It's a guid wy tae here frae Ballymena."

Belle's pretty face looked blank.

"He means a drive," said Will in explanatory tones.

"Oh!" Belle seemed amused. "In our county we mean going out in a ship when we speak of 'sailing.' If you were in Kilkeel, where I live"—she smiled at Henry—"you would get a real sail!"

"Faags! I'd be feared to go on the water," returned Henry. "Ah'm no' travelled," he added deprecatingly. "Ah havena been farther than Broughshane."

"Broughshane?" said Belle. "Oh, yes, Will, we drove through it coming here! It's just a village."

Will smiled in answer. He looked unusually well, as he was flushed and elated. He was overflowing with pride in his cousin's appearance. She was all that he had desired, and the two farms within sight of the Mourne Mountains made a pleasing background for her charms.

The friendly attitude of the cousins struck Henry. He grasped the idea of a probable romance with a nice sensible ending. The Braid valley was, perhaps, a narrow area in which to spend a lifetime, but a far smaller place can supply materials for comedy or tragedy. Henry was pleased with his own perspicacity, and was beginning a brilliant epigram when Mrs. McCance came out.

"What's come over you, Henry? The tea's cooling; go in fast, now, and take it, or it won't be worth drinking!"

"Ay, mem! Oh, ay, this minute! Ah was just haein' a chat wi' the leddy here."

Henry did not wait to make the diamond epigram sparkle. It would keep for another occasion, and the tea would not.

"Take Belle to the orchard, Will," said Mrs. McCance, "and then to the moss. I'll show her the dairy myself when I have time. You know what farm life is like, Belle—scarcely a minute's rest. I keep an eye on everything, so that I'm sure the work's right done."

Belle went off gaily with Will. Nothing about a farm possessed the charm of novelty for her; but she enjoyed being fussed over.

Will played host really well. It was a *rôle* that suited him. Belle seemed pleased with everything, and she displayed an amount of practical knowledge that rather alarmed her cousin. Will was not well versed in the science of farming. Love of amusement had taken his attention from more prosaic interests, and then he had always relegated his small portions of allotted labour to poor Dick's shoulders.

At supper-time Dick lingered outside the small dining-room in which the family meals were served. He felt instinctively that Aunt Agnes would not like to have him disturb her circle; yet, considering that he would be obliged to meet Belle every day at table, he longed to have the ice of their first encounter broken. He stood, hesitating and wretched; then suddenly took his courage in both hands and marched firmly in.

Will was just setting a chair for Belle, and Mrs. McCance was altering the position of portions of her coffee-service. The servant's table arrangements seldom gave her satisfaction. She looked up when Dick entered, and a dark flush suffused her face.

"Belle, this is my good man's nephew, Dick McCance," she said, uttering Dick's name in tones that might well have been employed in alluding to a recent epidemic of small-pox or a rumour of the plague.

Belle held out her hand to Dick, and murmured a friendly greeting. Her blue eyes were like the forget-me-nots in Lismoss Garden, and Dick's eyes, meeting their frank gaze, showed darkly blue as Slemish does in the distance. His look seemed to the girl utterly inscrutable. Was it defiant or unhappy? Seldom had she encountered such a gloomy regard. She turned to take the chair which Will was offering her, and she mentally contrasted the cousins as they seated themselves. Mrs. McCance led the conversation. She was well versed in local gossip, and she possessed the gift of eloquence. Her husband struck in occasionally, and Will supplemented his remarks. Belle's answers to questions concerning County Down life were considered very interesting, and supper proceeded most satisfactorily. If Belle had not so much to say for herself as Aunt Agnes, she was certainly endowed with quite as keen powers of observation, and Dick's absolute silence was not lost upon her. She looked at him often, but his glance was bent on his plate.

What a curious person he was! How unlike other people! The feminine mind is seldom averse to a mystery. Belle had found a puzzle to solve, and solved it must be. She questioned Will as he walked her round the orchard in the dusk.

"Does your cousin object to seeing me here, that he's so very quiet?" she asked with a hint of vexation in her voice.

"He's not a great talker, generally speaking," returned Will cautiously. "I don't see how he can dislike you!"

"But you think he does?"

"Well, yes," agreed Will. It was a capital stroke of luck that Belle should be prejudiced at the supernumerary from the outset. Once she had a personal grievance against him, it would be easy to convince her of his defects of character.

"But what cause for dislike have I given him?" Belle's manner was resolute. She would have the why and wherefore of the mystery.

"Oh, he takes a spite at people without cause! He's queer, and has an awfully bad disposition. You know my father brought him up, and he keeps him out of charity, but, as mother says, he's a sad rearing!"

Belle plucked a leaf from an apple-tree and began to pull it to pieces. Then she changed the subject and spoke of other matters; but she had taken a resolve. She would sound Dick herself. She must read the riddle. She had solved problems and read riddles in Kilkeel, and there was no reason why success should not crown similar efforts in the Braid.

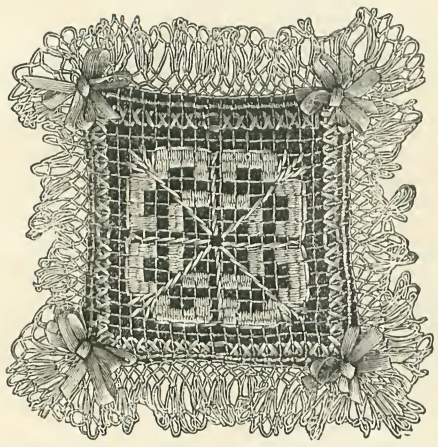
(*To be continued.*)



MY WORK-BAG.

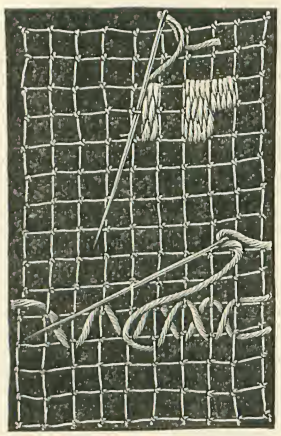
Pincushion Covered with Thread Guipure.

The cushion itself is $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches square, stuffed with down, and covered with apple-green plush, silk, or satin. On the



PINCUSHION COVERED WITH THREAD GUIPURE.

top is then lightly stitched the square of guipure, and the edge is finished off with the lace to match. Knots of cream-coloured baby-ribbon are fastened on to the corners.

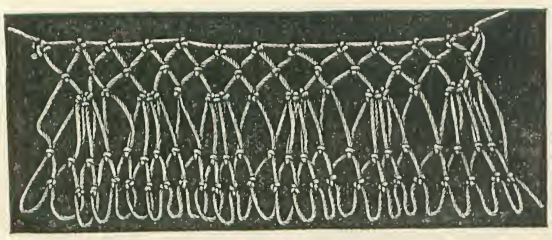


DETAIL OF PINCUSHION. (*Natural size.*)

For the netting you require cream-coloured thread (No. 30) and a bone needle half an inch in diameter. Begin with two stitches, and increase one at the end of every row by working two stitches into the last stitch of the preceding row. Proceed in this way until you have increased to twenty-four stitches, whereupon work one row without increasing. At the end of each succeeding row decrease one by netting two together. When done, the work is stretched tightly over coloured glazed calico, and then the ornamental embroidery is begun.

The darning-stitch is done with the same thread as the netting, but the other stitches are worked with two-thread filo-floss silk to match.

The lace-border is worked by itself, and then sewn on to the finished square. Cast on about 160 stitches with the same needle as that used for the square, and work one row



LACE BORDER FOR PINCUSHION. (*Natural size.*)

with it. Then take the next sized needle and proceed as shown in the border, working one stitch in one stitch of the preceding row, and in the next stitch three stitches, and so on. Then follow two rows with the original needle, working one stitch in each stitch of the preceding row.

Embroidered Bag for Skates.

This is made of coarse dark blue linen, and lined with dark brown box-cloth, and consists of two pieces exactly similar in shape. Trace the outline and patterns for both parts on to the material.

For the embroidery use two-thread *écru*-coloured and green filoselle silk.

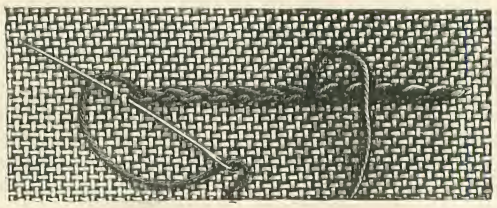
The pattern is worked with chain-stitch (see Detail), and then every upper stitch where it touches the next is crossed with green silk without taking it through to the material, giving the work a special character. The leaf-like designs are filled in with French knots. The first row of these must be worked close to the outer row, and each succeeding row close to the last.

For the handle, cover stout woollen braid with the dark blue linen cut in strips, and turned in on both sides so that it exactly covers the braid, and the two can be sewn together.

The work, when done, is ironed over a damp cloth, then lined and bound with *écru*-coloured braid. Patent glove-button fasteners serve as fastenings.



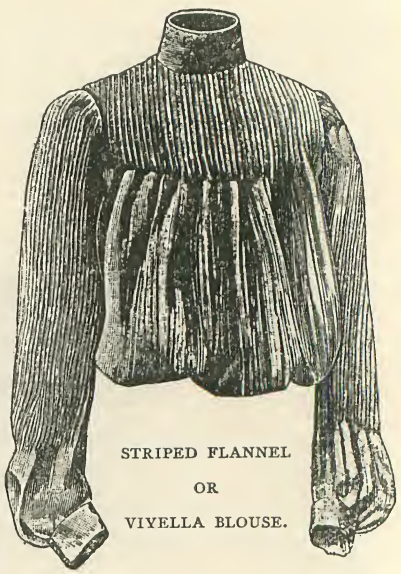
BAG FOR SKATES SLIGHTLY EMBROIDERED.



DETAIL OF STITCH FOR BAG. (*Natural size.*)

Striped Flannel or Viyella Blouse for a Girl of from Nine to Thirteen.

This may be lined or not according to taste, and is suitable for school-wear, if worn with a plain skirt or one to match. It fastens down the centre of the back, invisibly under a false hem. The material is tucked back and front forming a yoke, whence it hangs full and loose, being confined at the waist by a band.



STRIPED FLANNEL OR VIYELLA BLOUSE.

The sleeves are perpendicularly tucked until within a short distance of the wrist, thus forming a full puff. They are finished off with a plain tight wristband which buttons.

THE FAIR CAPTIVES OF CASTLE VUFFLENS.

A Story of Love and Loyalty. From the Records of the Tenth Century.



CHAPTER X.

No young girl could have been more winsome than was Gizèle at this time. Always on the move—usually skipping—often singing, bright, playful, light as a butterfly, she seemed to promise plenty of anxiety and trouble to any who ventured to fall in love with her, and she was too pretty not to have many admirers. Already Arthus loved her passionately.

Isaure, at first sight, appeared less pretty than her sisters. There was nothing specially remarkable about her excepting a supple figure and graceful carriage. Her features were not regular; her complexion, although good, had not the rosy tint of Berthe's. But her face was so full of such varied expression, her look and her smile telling of the mind and sensibility within, that, having once looked at her well, one was lost in admiration of her.

Her adopted mother, Elise Raymond, was no ordinary person. In her was a combination of many talents, and these were consecrated to the cultivation in her pupil of heart and soul, to the right developing of her intelligence, thereby giving her, as the safeguard of a high and deep sensibility, a strong sense of right. This the young girl always followed, however severe, hiding her acutest feelings beneath a well-informed mind which was sweetened by the goodness of her heart.

When she began to be recognised as Grimoald's daughter, her grief at first was extreme. She had learned to fear as well as to love her adopted parents, who had all the tenderness of real parents for her. She weepingly and unceasingly told them that she preferred to be their daughter and Arthus's sister.

Elise, even more distressed than she that she could no longer be regarded as the mother of this amiable child, promised always to retain her affection for her, and wept now in sympathy with her. By-and-by, recovering somewhat from her own feelings, she succeeded in calming Isaure's sadness of heart, reminding her of her real mother, to whom Elise had been, of course, introduced. With force and feeling she depicted all the wrongs Ermance had borne with so much courage and resignation, as well as those virtues too little appreciated until recompensed by the tender, touching affection of her children.

"I give up to her, dear Isaure," she said, "the first place in thy heart. She alone has most right to it. Happy am I if thou canst give me a second place."

"You will be on the very same line," asserted Gabrielle-Isaure. "I have no right to complain, since I have two mothers of whom I am equally proud, and, in addition, sisters and a brother, for Arthus will always remain the same to me, and perhaps become a brother in reality by marrying Gizèle."

"I desire it, and Raymond hopes it," replied Elise. "However, the distance which separates them is probably only exposing him to a sentiment which may make him miserable instead of happy."

"No, no," replied Isaure fervently. "My mother already loves Arthus. She respects my father Raymond. She adores Gizèle. And all will be happiness for me as long as Arthus is happy."

From this moment this good girl seemed to overcome the pain of her previous feelings, and testified a keen and tender interest in her mother, while loving none the less those she had hitherto believed to be her real parents.

She did not recognise any half-heartedness, and was ready and able to make any and every sacrifice for those whom she loved, while it seemed to cost her nothing to be obliging to any and everyone.

Very early had Elise accustomed her to that active goodness which doubles the value of a kindness. Never herself going abroad, she would send Isaure to the village to comfort and alleviate those in distress. Her presence alone sweetened their sorrows. Believing herself born to an unexalted position, she had neither pride nor haughtiness, and considered that true nobility was seen in the feelings rather than in exhibition of a station often little deserved. The change of station in no way changed this mode of thinking. She persisted in believing that her mother, by her virtues, had proved her real nobility more than her father had done by his prowess in arms or through his rough chivalry.

After appearing in the magnificent salons of the Castle, as became a Demoiselle de Vufflens, Isaure would joyously resume her morning-gown and return to assist Elise in the care of her household, or take her place in visiting the village poor.

She knew how to find time for everything, and knew how much activity, joined to good nature, helps to double one's life. Always bright, always sweet-tempered—and this in spite of her own secret trials—Isaure had the faculty of dispelling sadness. No one knew better how to condole with misfortune or console the sorrowful.

During the illness to which Raymond succumbed she was his assiduous nurse, who watched beside him, who calmed the anguish of his last moments, and, when he was dead, forgot her own sorrow in order to be better able to bestow the consolations of her heart and mind upon Elise and her brother Arthus, utterly unconscious of her own persuasive eloquence. She modestly ignored her own abilities, found herself in no way pretty, compared with her more favoured sisters, but without feeling on this account in the least envious, or stooping to love them the less because of it.

"It is necessary that I should be good if I wish to be loved, I, who am not beautiful like my sisters," she had said on one occasion to Arthus.

"It cannot be denied that thy sisters, and above all Gizèle, are charming, but my Isaure is more than beautiful. Who could help loving her?" he replied.

"Thou wilt love me, then, always?" she asked with a gleam of inexpressible tenderness.

"All my life as now," replied the young man, pressing Isaure's hand in his own. "After my mother, Gizèle and Isaure will always be the most dear to me. I do not even know if it be possible to make any distinction between them. If one were obliged to be separated

from one of them, it would be paying too dearly for the happiness of living with the other."

Isaure kept back the tears all ready to fall, and set about praising Gizèle, whose lack of seriousness often disquieted Arthus.

"She is still a child," she said to him, "but the most charming of children, who one day, by-and-by, will fully appreciate the priceless preciousness of thy heart. I repeat to thee—with much more reason—who could know Arthus and not love him?"

Both spoke truly. If Isaure was the most lovable of young girls, Arthus in this, as well as in physique and moral character, surpassed all the young men of his age. Brought up together in the same school, Arthus and Isaure were greatly *en rapport* in the matter of character. Arthus was courageous even to rashness and, perhaps, just a little too proud, but a look from his mother could bring back all his sweetness and docility in a moment.

Elise did not abuse this power, but employed it to the right directing of his soul and the right use of that very pride as far as it concerned the chivalrous side of character. Arthus's mother had been born in the city of Genève, a dependence, at that time, of the kingdom of Bourgogne, and which was, as at present, distinguished for the talent and learning of its citizens.

Elise's parents had little fortune. In order to aid them she studied the art of painting, still only rarely pursued. She made rapid progress in it without neglecting any other studies, and in this far-off century, when the education of girls was almost limited to the knowledge of spinning and the singing of a few ballads, that of Elise was sufficiently conspicuous. She was versed in the reading and writing of various manuscripts. She studied with care both sacred and secular history, and all with so much facility. She was, moreover, as modest as she was clever—entirely free from any conceit.

Being endowed, besides, with a charming personality, of which she was as little vain as she was of her talents, had caused her to be called to Berthe's court.

It was here that Raymond saw and won her, persuading her into a secret marriage. The despotic Grimoald thought that Raymond ought to devote himself exclusively to his master. He at that time disliked the idea of love as much as marriage, and had never permitted his equerry to form any attachment that might take him from his service—indeed, he had actually forbidden Raymond to ever dream of getting married. Elise and her husband saw each other little, but they loved one another passionately.

When Grimoald became possessed of the Château de Vufflens and took up his residence there, Elise came and established herself in the village at the house of an honest peasant, who had a daughter the same age as Madame Raymond, married to one of the guards in Grimoald's service. These two young women became very intimate, and the acquaintance brought happiness to both. Elise took great delight in instructing her friend.

Not long afterwards Marie lost her husband in combat and was left with one little son. Meanwhile the Lord of Vufflens had married Ermance.

Later, as we have seen, he insisted upon shutting up his little girl in one of the towers. It was the young widowed Marie on whom his choice fell as nurse for baby Aloyse.

To leave her child, her mother and her friend Elise seemed to her the worst misfortune that could befall her.

Elise, by special use of her reason and love, made Marie realise the danger of disobeying, and the good which would ensue through her kind and wise influence over the tiny prisoner. Elise promised to befriend Marie's son, the little Alibert.

Very soon Marie found herself loving Aloyse as dearly as she did her own child. Arthus was born in the year following; and, not long afterwards, Berthe.

The good Elise consigned the care of Arthus to Marie's mother and to Raymond in order that she might offer herself as nurse for Berthe.

In course of time, Raymond felt the necessity of informing his lord and master that Berthe's nurse was no other than his own wife.

Far from blaming his equerry, Grimoald was delighted, and gave to Raymond, as we have heard, a residence adjoining the Castle, provided that Elise would undertake never to go abroad, or receive there any stranger from without.

Berthe was sent to be a companion to Aloyse under Marie's supervision.

By-and-by, baby Gabrielle was born. We must now remind our readers how Raymond, during a fit of fainting into which Ermance had fallen, carried off the little Gabrielle away from Grimoald's fury, and put her in charge of his wife, who received her with open arms and called her Isaure (a name intended for her own little girl who had died), giving her a place next to Arthus in her heart.

As fast as Raymond's son grew into manhood, so also grew Grimoald's affection for him. Arthus showed himself possessed of the power not only to distract him, but also to soothe his remorse. Grimoald made him his page, permitting him to be absent from his presence only when his exercises in horsemanship demanded it. By degrees he determined to adopt him as his son and make him his heir.

This Raymond opposed, or rather persuaded Grimoald to defer, until such time as Arthus should merit it through his prowess.

Grimoald did not, however, relinquish, but held more than ever to the project he had conceived of marrying him to Gizèle.

Raymond died a year after his master, and did not see this project carried out. The certitude that it would sooner or later become *un fait accompli* sweetened his last moments. He never ceased speaking of it to Isaure, conjuring her to encourage her young sister's inclination for Arthus.

"Thy character, dear Isaure, would be more in affinity with Arthus's, and would make me more assured of his happiness. But his heart has spoken for Gizèle. And he has been too accustomed to love thee as a sister to love thee otherwise. Wilt thou not be glad to call him 'brother'? Thou hast so well loved him."

"Ah, yes, sire. And Gizèle also will be happy. Arthus is so good and so handsome."

A deep-drawn sigh escaped from her oppressed heart. Hélas! the poor girl no longer loved Arthus as a brother. She had cared for him always. Her one dream of happiness had been to abstain from marrying in order that she might pass her whole life with this adored brother.

As soon as she knew that she was not in reality his sister she became sad and pensive, and a grief, a regret appeared on the horizon of her heart. Not for her was Arthus destined. His taste, his inclination, his father's command, all drew him towards Gizèle. She herself had led up to this attachment—unceasingly praising her friend—in taking him to the Tower. Should she destroy her own handiwork?

Isaure had to decide, and she made her decision. If she were not able to conquer her love, she could at least make a sacrifice of it for those whom she loved better than herself.

Her love secret then was shut up within her own soul, covered with the veil of affection, as she promised to do all that lay in her power to realise the wishes of her adopted father by obeying his last commands. The happiness of Gizèle and Arthus would be her recompense.

But Gizèle was still so young, and seemed, as yet, incapable of sustaining any very deep or strong sentiment. Arthus pleased her, undoubtedly. He was so handsome, so attentive in seizing every opportunity of obliging her. She found a bouquet of flowers every morning in her apartments. If she praised the song of a particular bird, she would find it in her aviary. Ah, surely she loves him! But it is as one loves at fifteen. And if Isaure were not vigilant enough in her support of this sentiment, it was calculated to fly away at the very first absence. The greatest of love stimulants, contradiction, came at length to join its efforts to those of Isaure.

As long as Raymond lived, he was received at Castle Vufflens as a friend of the Dowager's and Gizèle's future father-in-law, his son Arthus as a declared aspirant for her hand.

But after the equerry's death all was changed. The rich and noble Dowager was no longer the unfortunate prisoner imploring the equerry to visit her. She received visits now from all the neighbouring lords, who intrigued for the honour of being admitted and of paying court to her, some on their own behalf, hoping to draw her into a happier marriage, and some, likewise on their own behalf, desiring to obtain one of her daughters. On such occasions Arthus was scarcely accorded a look of recognition.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

LITTLE WHITE VIOLET.—I am sure you will be of use, and I thank you for undertaking the Correspondence now your time is so fully occupied. I think you and my other dear girl-friend will each benefit, because your surroundings are so different. I enter into your feelings about the difficulty of doing and being all you wish apart from school life and work, and I am most thankful that our "Talks" and Circle answers help you so much.

ONE WHO WANTS TO WORK FOR CHRIST.—Your letter with its touching confidences stirred me very deeply. You will understand why I do not quote from it. I should strongly advise you to cease correspondence and all communication with the individual named. It is for your own peace of mind I urge this, and in order that the other individual may understand that you have too much self-respect to receive or to answer his letters. He must be conscious that he had acted in such a manner as to lead you to think he wished to gain your affection, or why write as he subsequently did? I cannot understand that a really good man would "play fast and loose" with a girl as this individual has done. Dear, it may cost you something to sever the acquaintance finally, but I can advise nothing else. Insist on the return of your letters. Cease to speak of the person, and in time I trust you will drive him from your thoughts also.

K. A. L.—I think it is so very nice of you still to continue your loving intercourse with my girl-friend by letter, and to have planned an additional pleasure for her by the alternate letters from your daughter. I do indeed value your good, loyal help and your kind wishes and prayers for me and mine. You may be sure that you and yours were not forgotten by me, and never will be forgotten.

MADE CLEAR.—I rejoice that a former reply helped you so much. I am never weary of answering my girls' questions. My one regret is that, owing to limited space, answers are so long in reaching them. Thank God, you are more than ever determined to try to be better in every way, though you often fail. Your last query would need a long explanation to give a full reply, but I quote a few words to help you. "A man indeed ought not to cover his head when praying or prophesying," that is to say, when engaged in public acts of worship, preaching, singing or exhorting. The covered head of a man was in those days and amongst the Greeks and Romans a badge of servitude or of a guilty conscience. The man employed in the public ministration of the Word was to be regarded as Christ's representative and speaking in His name. Moreover, the man above all others, by the authority received from his Maker exhibits most fully the glory of the Creator. That is, "Man, as God made him in the beginning." The woman, equally in God's image, is, or should be, in the home and family, the representative of its head—the man. The terms used in previous verses in regard to praying and prophesying meant the same thing whether applied to man or woman, so that women were evidently permitted to use their gifts for the exhortation, comfort, and edification of others. Read Joel ii. 28, Acts ii. 17, 18, and xxi. 9. The word "prophesy" often means "teach" as well as "foretell." In the days alluded to, amongst certain nations only women of bad character went about unveiled, hence the covered head was not merely a sign of subjection to the husband, but a certificate of respectability and a pure life.

SUB SILENTIO.—I am so very sorry that I can give you no information, as I never heard of the reflectors named. The allusion made to them must have been in another Correspondence column, not the "Twilight Circle." Many thanks for kind message to myself, also for second letter and information sent.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

*** With regard to the use of this column, our Correspondents do not seem yet to have fully grasped the method of procedure, as a great number of them enclose stamped and addressed envelopes for a reply by post; others ask for an answer "in the next number." We do not undertake postal correspondence (*vide* Rules), nor can an answer ever appear as quickly as our subscribers, and we, should like. A reply can certainly never be inserted "in the next number," as that has probably gone to press before the letter of inquiry has been received. If our readers will exercise a little patience, their questions will be answered as quickly as the pressure on our space will allow.

F. BUISSERET (Belgium).—Albert Smith can hardly be described as *un auteur très connu*. He interested a bygone generation by a descriptive lecture entitled, "The Ascent of Mont Blanc," which enjoyed great popularity. The book you name *The Struggles and Adventures of Christopher Tadpole* is little read nowadays and can scarcely be said to have *une grande réputation*. The work of humorists is often of necessity rather ephemeral. But Albert Smith gave much pleasure in his day.

VALÉRIE.—We like "Harmony," which contains an idea at once more poetical and more original than that of the other poem you enclose. You should be exceedingly careful not to mix similes in an allegorical poem. We do not care to criticise religious aspirations too closely, but if your figure is that of a bark riding safely through the storms of life by reason of the Divine Companion on board, you should not change in the next verse to the figure of an anchor. From a devotional point of view the verses are unexceptionable. We think we may tell you that "Harmony" does contain something of the "spirit of real poetry," though it does not quite deserve that exalted title. You write for the most part correctly as to metre and rhyme. By all means continue this occupation for quiet hours.

REV. A. J. YOUNG.—Many thanks for your letter. We could never, of course, guarantee punctual reply, and for various reasons have made, as you will observe, a change in our arrangements with regard to such advertisements.

MISS MILLICENT TROLLIP says she has received letters from girls in all parts of the world, and will send stamps as soon as she can procure them; but as she is now a refugee in Basutoland, she cannot get any. Her address is c/o Mr. Murray, Mafeteng, Basutoland, S. Africa.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

MISS or MRS. LYDIA WRIGHT, 283, Old Street, E.C., has drawn out for MISS HUGHES a list of what she considers to be the best hundred books for a girl's school library. MISS HUGHES can have the list on written application to "Study and Studio," THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

C. MILLAR informs EMILY WHITTLE that "Burglar Bill" can be found in *Elocution Up-to-Date*, First Series, by R. C. Buchanan, published by The Elocutionary and Dramatic Publishing Co., 53, Bothwell Street, Glasgow.

MISS D. RAWLINS, Ellesmere, Eccles, is informed that a copy of words and music, kindly sent to her by WINIFRED JONES, has been returned through the Dead Letter Office.

A. J. G. (South India) asks if any of our readers can tell her the name, price and publishers of a book containing the poem beginning—

"Master, speak on, Thy voice is sweet,
I hush my heart to hear."

MISCELLANEOUS.

ESTELLE.—The mother's advice was wise, but your friend should avoid any chance of temptation in the future.

DARBY.—The magazine you mention is no longer published. Why not take the *Leisure Hour* or *Sunday at Home?*

CAMERA.—Go to one of the shops of the Kodak Co.—there is one in Regent Street—and ask them to recommend you an easily-worked cheap Kodak. They will give you free lessons, both in how to use it and in how to develop and print the photographs.

A COUNTRY LASS.—Mrs. Helen Mathers has written the following books as well as *Comin' thro' the Rye: The Story of a Sin, The Land of the Leal, My Lady Green Sleeves, Cherry Ripe, As He Comes Up the Stair, Eyre's Acquittal, A Man of To-day, My Jo John, A Rebel, Sin of Hagar*, etc.

BLEEDING HEART.—Don't part with your darling if you can possibly help it.

DAHLIA.—In answer to your question in the March number of the "G. O. P.," G. U. wishes to recommend you to go to Rhuddlan, R.S.O., Flintshire, North Wales, which is a small village two miles from Rhyl, and a very healthy seaside town. G. U. stayed at Rhuddlan last year, and knows that there are some small villas "to let" at a very small rent, and she also says it is an extremely pretty place. She thinks DAHLIA'S best plan will be to write to the vicar of the parish.



LOVE-MAKING.

A CONSTANT READER.—Dull materials are considered the deepest mourning, and we are afraid the satin-merve is rather bright-looking. Of course, the *crêpe* would make any material look deep mourning, but very little *crêpe* is used now.

M. E. B.—I do not know of a dress-cutting class at Notting Hill Gate. Why not attend the class at the Regent Street Polytechnic? The classes there are very inexpensive and good, and you could go down in "the Tube" for 2d. from Notting Hill Gate to Regent Street in less than a quarter of an hour.

TRE.—A trousseau for Johannesburg ought to have warm clothes in it as well as light garments for summer wear. There is generally a cool breeze, and the nights are often very cold. Be sure to take flannel underclothing. Take white serge coats and skirts and dark blue serge or covert coating. Brown holland or any colour linen coats and skirts I think you would find very useful. Take your furs with you. If you are going out in the best society in Johannesburg, you will require evening dresses, if not, take smart blouses to wear at night. It would be well to take a felt hat as well as straw ones. Of course you will be able to get almost anything you want in Johannesburg, but the price will be a good deal more than in London. You ought to take some nice afternoon calling dresses. Now the war is over, you will probably be able to get riding-horses. You might take out with you a saddle and habit for future use if you are fond of riding. Take some brown boots and shoes as well as black ones.

IVYLEAF is anxious to know the address of our youngest competitor, Blanche Fraser (Canada). We do not give addresses, but Miss Fraser can send an answer herself if she likes to IVYLEAF, c/o The Editor, "G. O. P."

ANGLO-AMERICAN wants to know whether any reader can tell her where she can get a photograph of the North West Territory Mounted Police who took part in the Diamond Jubilee Procession.

MISS E. M. VINEY, of 74, Manor Road, Stamford Hill, N., Hon. Sec. of "The Early Rising Society," wishes to increase the number of members. Members have to get up before 7 A.M. between April 1st and September 30th, and before 7.30 A.M. between October 1st and March 31st. Anyone wishing to join should apply to Miss Viney for the rules.

AN ENGLISH LASS.—I should advise you not to try a great many different washes on your face. "Icilma" is considered good by some people. Milk massaged into the face is largely used in France, and is, I think, very good for keeping the skin white and soft. Of course the same remedy does not suit everyone. Some skins can stand glycerine and lemon-juice mixed in equal parts and rubbed in at night. On the other hand, glycerine produces an eruption on some skins, and these last find white vaseline or lanoline (the latter used in very small quantities) much better.

J. F.—*Tip-cat* was written by an anonymous author. The same writer wrote *Laddie, Miss Toosey's Mission, Our Little Ann, Pen*, etc. They were published by A. D. Innes & Co., Bedford Street, London.

A LOVER OF FLOWERS.—Your writing is very clear. If I were you, I should plant an herbaceous border round the edge of your grass plot. The spring is the best time to do this. Have the earth well dug up. People generally divide their plants in the spring and autumn, so you might ask your friends for a few. Having once planted your herbaceous border, you must not dig it up again, but you can give it a top dressing of manure. Herbaceous plants are annuals, biennials and perennials, such as broom, evening primroses, larkspur, most of the lily tribe, King Solomon's seal, wallflower, etc.

MARCH WINDS.—Miss Moon, of the Limes, King's Road, Doncaster, has for sale seven years' volumes of the "G.O.P." bound in green cloth, for 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1885, 1886, 1888, in good condition, price 2s. 6d. each.

MISS NUNN, of 21, St. Matthew's Drive, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, asks us to tell our readers that she knits socks and stockings on a knitting machine, socks from 1s., stockings from 1s. 6d. Half the profits are given to the C.M.S. and C.E.Z.M.S. She will be glad to receive orders.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XXIII.—NO. 1176.] JULY 12, 1902. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

AN OLD CASTLE AND ITS SUN-DIALS.

ON A SUN-DIAL.

"With warning hand I mark
Time's rapid flight
From life's glad morning
to its solemn night,
Yet, through the dear God's
love, I also show
There's light above you by
the shade below."

Whittier.



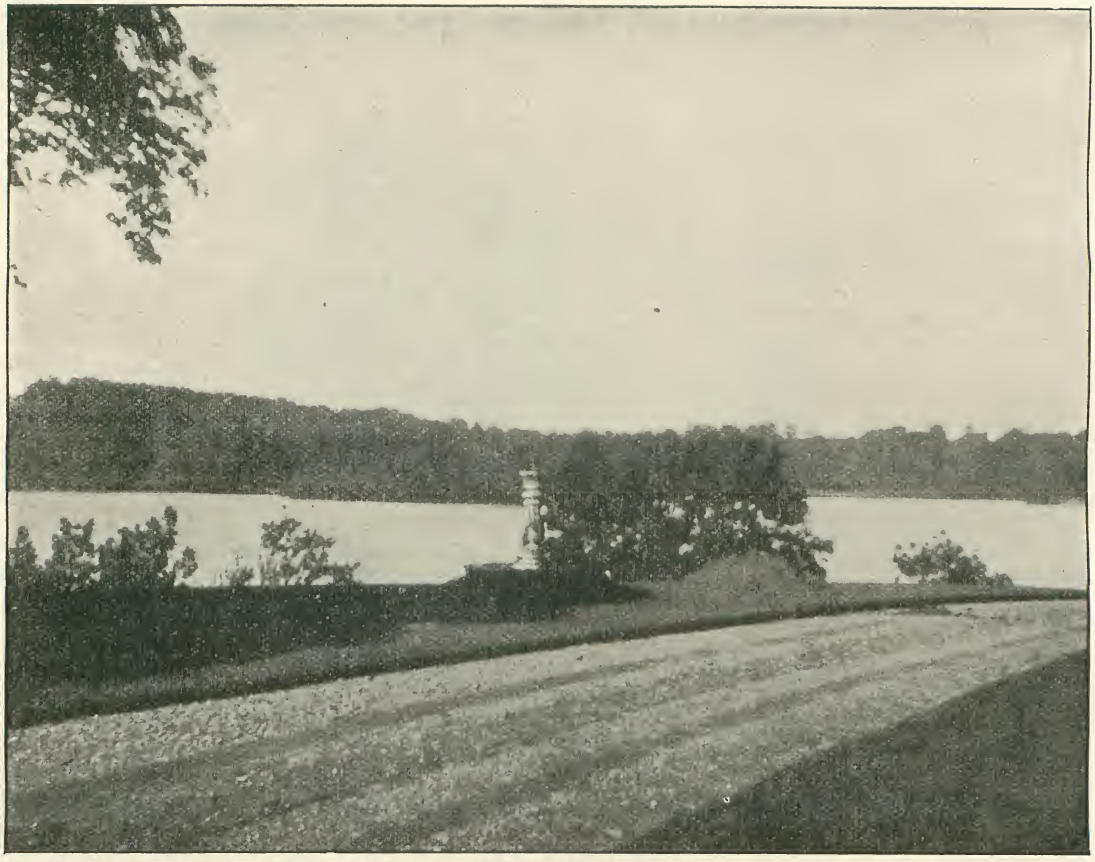
I AM sitting in the library of an old Scotch castle; the room is lined with books of all kinds and descriptions—ancient books with their curious leather bindings and old English printing, and modern books of travel, and biography, and science, and art, and history. On my left hand is a plain, old wooden chest, with a very large key-hole and lock, its sides and bottom bound together with iron clasps. This holds the archives of one of the most ancient families in Scotland. Looking out of the window to my right is the White Loch; in the centre of it is an island, and on it the ruins of a still older castle. Robert the Bruce has often crossed that water and slept within those ancient walls. The great Black Douglas has come galloping down here across the moors and through the copses, followed by his hundreds of horsemen—for in the fifteenth century the Douglas was a greater man and had a greater following than even Scotland's King. Once when the King sent to ask for his help, he refused, and was heard to mutter, "Let dog eat dog! Wherefore should the lion care?" Just in front of me is a terraced walk with a stone balustrade, and here and there along the top



All rights reserved.] THE OLD CASTLE.

are urns with plants growing in them, and climbing over its side is the lovely crimson rambler, while below there is a row of bright red gladiolas in full bloom; and then comes the stiff Italian garden, and in the centre stands the old sun-dial. The ancient inhabitants of this castle must have been punctual people who wished to keep strict hours, because there are no fewer than three sun-dials. One is built out on a tiny shelf from the house itself close to one of the sitting-room windows, and another one stands near the old chapel.

I expect you have often seen an old sun-dial. It has a piece of iron erected slanting upwards from the centre, the stone on which it is erected is flat and round, and a metal dial-plate fixed into it, with the hours, half-hours and quarters marked on it, and the time is measured by the sun's shadow cast by the piece of iron, or style, as it is called. The chief practical difficulty in making a sun-dial is the accurate fixing of the style, for on its accuracy the value of the instrument depends. It must be in the meridian plane, and must make an angle with the horizon equal to the latitude of the place. Sometimes they made night-dials for showing the hour at night by the shadow of the moon or stars.



THE SUN-DIAL.

I suppose that in the very earliest ages men were satisfied with the division of the day into morning and evening as marked by the sunrise and sunset. The earliest mention of a sun-dial is found in the Bible in Isaiah xxxviii. 8. "Behold, I will bring again the shadow of the degrees, which is gone down in the sun-dial of Ahaz, ten degrees backward." The date of this sun-dial would be about 700 before the Christian era!

The first sun-dial of which we have any certain knowledge as to construction belonged to a Chaldean astronomer named Berosus, and this ancient gentleman lived about the year 340 B.C. This sun-dial was used for centuries, and the Arabians made sun-dials like it as late as the year 900 A.D. Some of these early dials have been discovered in Italy; one of them is supposed to have belonged to Cicero, who in one of his letters said that he sent a sun-dial of this description to his villa near Tusculum. It is a curious fact that no sun-dials have been found among the antiquities of ancient Egypt, and there is no mention of them in any of their writings. It has been thought that perhaps they told the hour of day by the shadow of some of their numerous obelisks.

The Greeks learnt the use of the sun-dial from the Babylonians, but they far outstripped their teachers, and constructed most wonderful and complex dials. In Athens there is still a monument of this ancient time-keeping in a regular octagon tower called the Tower of the Winds. On each of the eight sides of this tower is a different sun-dial, four facing the cardinal points—north, south, east and west—and four facing the intermediate directions. The Greeks, too, used to have what they called dials of suspension, intended for travellers, but none of these have been found, and they are only spoken of and never explained in their writings.

You will see, then, that sun-dials date from very ancient times, and that they were in general use as time-keepers before clocks and watches were invented. Some of the old English and Scotch sun-dials have quaint inscriptions and coats-of-arms on them, and are very elaborate. There is an interesting old Saxon sun-dial on a very old church at Kirkdale, in Yorkshire. The church was restored by Orm, father of Gemel, before the Conquest. Gemel was a pre-Norman proprietor who owned vast tracts of property in Yorkshire. On this old Saxon dial are the words, "Orm made me."

As I write a cormorant has come sailing along the White Loch, with its long, snake-like, black neck one moment high in the air, and the next diving down into the water, and making a good dinner off the trout. We

caught a trout the other day with a great piece bitten out of its side. Evidently the cormorant made a bad shot that time!

Lovely peacocks are strutting about the lawn. To look at they are so beautiful, but to listen to—well, their voices are too dreadful for description! Early one morning one of the children woke, hearing unearthly noises. It was only a peacock which had flown on to the window-ledge! We warn all visitors now, lest an alarm of shrieking ghosts should raise the household.

In the olden days I think the squires and dames who lived in this castle must have been sound sleepers. Certainly they cannot have walked in their dreams or done anything foolish of that kind. I suppose that sort of thing belongs to the strain and nervous excitement of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. To wander from your bedroom here in sleep would, I should think, mean sudden death. The bedrooms in the tower open straight on to the rough stone corkscrew stairs.

A boy, a Cambridge undergraduate, came to stay, and was given one of these tower bedrooms. The first night at dinner he had been holding forth, to my great amusement, on the wonderful advantages of always sleeping with the window open, and of course I was delighted, and thoroughly agreed with him. He told us that his sisters refused to follow his advice, and had nearly died in consequence. They slept in a room together, and one of them woke in the middle of the night to find the room full of gas. She shook her sister and tried to wake her, then managed to creep to the door in an almost fainting condition, and to call the French maid, who slept in the next room. She came and promptly threw open the windows, and saved their lives, although they were ill for some time afterwards.

The next morning when our friend came down to breakfast, we asked him how he had slept. He confessed that his night had been disturbed by the noise of fluttering wings all over his room, but on discovering the sound only proceeded from two bats who had entered at the open window and were fluttering around, he turned over and was soon fast asleep again. Although I do believe that the advantages of an open window far outweigh such disadvantages as this, yet some people of course might object to bats!

I shall never forget my last night at the Castle. I slept in the old part, but not in the tower. Outside, over my bedroom window, the date 1426 was cut into the stone. Prayers were said in the hall at ten o'clock, and then we all retired to our respective rooms. On entering mine I threw open the window, and found it was a gorgeous night—no moon, but the stars covering the heavens in all their glorious beauty. I determined to get a wider view of their magnificence. I took my candle and wandered up the corkscrew staircase, and knocked at the door of Eva's room, and asked her if she would come to the top of the tower with me and look at the stars. She gladly assented, and carrying our candle we proceeded upwards. We reached the outer door, which was opened by withdrawing an old-fashioned wooden bolt. She held the candle, and I unfastened the bolt, and then clambered on to the stone which projected as a rough step below the door and walked out. The wind nearly blew the candle out, so we placed it in a corner where the parapet shielded it from sudden gusts, and then carefully standing where the castellated parapet was highest we gazed around. Such a sight met our view as I have seldom seen! The whole vault above us was one mass of millions of stars, shining out like points of steel from the dark grey of heaven. The Milky Way was a white, shimmering, winding road above our heads, and one after another we picked out the better-known constellations all around us. Shooting stars flashed across the sky, one of them leaving a trail of light behind it like a comet's tail. The planets were reflected like points of light in the White Loch at our feet.

"Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above."
Longfellow.

"Ye stars which are the poetry of Heaven!"—*Byron.*

VARIETIES.

The Editor heartily thanks BILLY-TEA (Australia) for the following interesting letter:—

"DEAR OLD FRIEND EDITOR,—I won't give you a very long letter to read, but when I tell you that, except for one year when 'funds were low,' I've had THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER from the commencement, you will be patient with just *one* more letter to read this mail-day. First, I was a young girl, and 'mother' bought it for me. Then I earned money and bought it myself. Then my husband bought it for me. Now I am not far from forty, and have four dear children, I still feel young enough to watch for and enjoy our GIRL'S OWN PAPER. My little daughter, age six and a half, is just beginning to like the simple parts, so you see I have a claim of an old friend. Thank you all very much for the help and interest and amusement of years. It is not likely we will meet on earth, but 'by-and-by' we will meet and greet each other. I would like to tell you such a lot about ourselves, but it seems so egotistic. We are just a busy, happy family striving to follow Jesus. That means so much. I need hardly add to it. You will know all our failures and victories and struggles, and true underlying happiness in all. I have not got any question to ask, but if it should be you can send me a greeting all to myself, my *nom de plume* would be 'Billy-tea.' Billy-tea is essentially Australian, made at picnics in a big tin can called a billy. The tea is put in when the water boils and boiled a minute or two more. So just think of me as a real honest cup of Australian billy-tea (Australian born, English mother and father, minister's daughter).

"Yours very lovingly for auld lang syne,
"BILLY-TEA."

TAUGHT MANNERS AT SCHOOL.—At the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851 a Chinaman took his place among the ambassadors and representatives of foreign nations. He bore himself with as much dignity and behaved with as much courtesy as the most aristocratic diplomatist in the brilliant circle. Yet he was only the carpenter of a Chinese junk then in the Thames, whom the directors of the Exhibition borrowed for pictorial effect in the procession. On surprise being expressed at his demeanour to an old Shanghai merchant, his reply was that "Every Chinaman is taught manners at school as part of his ordinary education." We have here a hint for school boards.

THE MOTHER OF THE GREAT NAPOLEON.

The mother of the great Napoleon was a remarkable woman. "My excellent mother," said the Emperor once during his days of exile, "is a woman of courage and of great talent; more of a masculine than a feminine nature, proud and high-minded. She is capable of doing everything for me. I allowed her a million a year, besides a palace, and made her many presents. To the manner in which she formed me at an early age I principally owe my subsequent elevation. My opinion is that the future good or bad conduct of a child entirely depends upon the mother."

TRUTH AND KNOWLEDGE.

Truth is a strong and widening stream
That floweth evermore;
And knowledge but the nearer waves
That break upon the shore.—*Crandall.*

PRACTICAL POINTS OF LAW.

By A LAWYER.

Tenants.

There are three kinds of tenancies: for a term of years, from year to year, or at will.

A term of years is for a certain and definite period, for a year or less, or for a given number of years, if a person shall so long live.

A tenancy from year to year is a tenancy ending at the end of the first or any subsequent year by half a year's notice to quit and continuing from year to year until thus determined.

A tenancy at will is where either party may put an end to it whenever it pleases them to do so.

Every agreement for a lease should be in writing, and all leases for more than three years must be by deed.

The tenant who holds over after the expiration of his lease and pays rent, becomes a tenant from year to year.

The ordinary consideration for a lease is rent.

Under the usual covenants that are generally inserted in leases six years arrears of rent are recoverable by action.

Rent in arrear is also recoverable by distress.

The tenant who covenants to pay all rates and taxes without any exception does not render himself liable for the landlord's property tax.

Every tenant is liable for actual waste.

Actual waste is pulling down houses and walls, destroying fruit trees, cutting timber, etc.

Permissive waste is allowing the property to fall into decay for want of necessary repairs.

A lessee for a term of years is liable for permissive waste, a tenant at will is not.

A tenant from year to year is bound to keep the premises wind and water-tight, but not to do such substantial repairs as roofing.

There is no warranty by a landlord as to the condition of an unfurnished house.

Therefore if the house is uninhabitable the tenant is liable to pay his rent just the same.

Moreover, a tenant who is under no obligation to do repairs cannot require his landlord to do them.

If a house is let furnished it must be in a condition fit for occupation.

In the absence of any express stipulation the lessor is not bound to re-build a house accidentally burnt down.

A fire caused by the tenant's negligence is not accidental.

Under a general covenant to repair, the tenant is liable to restore any house or building which may be destroyed by fire, lightning, or other accident.

A lessee should expressly provide for insurance.

When the lessee does not desire to insure, damage by fire should be expressly excepted from the general covenant to repair.

A lease frequently contains a covenant that the lessee shall not carry on particular trades on the premises.

When the covenant is to the effect that the premises shall be used as a private dwelling-house only, it is broken by permitting the house to be used as a school;

Or as a charitable institution for the board and education of children.

A covenant not to assign or underlet without the lessor's consent, does not prevent a bequest by will.

An underlease is not a breach of a covenant not to assign.

A covenant not to assign without consent cannot be insisted on under an open contract.

A tenant holding over after the expiration of his notice to quit, is liable to pay his landlord double the rent of the premises.

To enable the landlord to recover double the value of his premises such holding over by the tenant must be contumacious.

The lessee has an implied covenant for quiet enjoyment.

It is a breach of a covenant for quiet enjoyment for a lessor to give notice to a sub-tenant of the lessee to pay his rent to him.

It is usual for the lessor's solicitor to prepare the lease, and for the lessee to pay his own expenses and those of the lessor as well.

THE FERNLEY GIRLS' GUILD.

By SARAH TYTLER.

CHAPTER VII.

PROPER BEHAVIOUR IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES.



RS. Field could not resist giving another of her gay young people's parties the night before the contingent for the war quitted Fernley, so that she might send off Hal Blake and Sandy Somerville with music and singing ringing in their ears.

"My dear," the Vicar remonstrated gently, "don't you think one of your parties at such a time is rather *mal à propos?* The boys are going on a very serious errand, there is no saying what may be awaiting them. War, just or unjust, is no joke. It is all very well for the man and the urchins in the street to shout and cheer at every success of our arms; it is bought at a heavy price of human life and suffering. It becomes us to be sober and sorry for what on either side has brought about the strife."

"Why, Miles, you are preaching a sermon!" exclaimed Mrs. Field, opening wide her lustrous, roguish dark eyes, "and I do not see anything wrong in keeping the poor boys' hearts up—there will be moping enough when they are gone. Yes, indeed, you think Katie is too much of a child to mind, but she has just been telling me that she does not wish to go to the Newlands' picnic, of which the girls have been full for a month back. It seems the picnic is to come off on the very day the *Devastator* sails, and Katie says Sophy Singleton is not to go, so she thinks she ought not to go. She has more reason to stay away than Sophy. Besides, she does not know how she could bear to see all the other lads and Hal gone. Where is the harm of the young people having a last dance? You don't disapprove of dancing. You had them all in church yesterday, and gave a special address and prayer, and bade us all think of our latter end, which was quite right. But it is my turn to cheer them and see them all happy together once more ere the lads go. Poor dear, young things, it may be some time before they meet and are as happy again!"

Mr. Field yielded, which was perhaps a pity, for just because he considered there was a time for everything under the sun, though he did not disapprove of dancing in itself, he deprecated his wife's carpet-dance on this occasion. He knew what came to pass, that Lady Ramsbottom and others of the same mind would talk of this instance of the frivolity of the vicarage for weeks to come.

Sophy was on the side of the Vicar. She would fain have spent the evening quietly at home, receiving her father's last directions, but she was told she and Alice must accept Mrs. Field's invitation. And when she came to think it all over, she understood that her father and mother might like to have the quiet evening to themselves, so she tried not to grudge it to them, not to feel herself shut out.

"Bea will be sent early to bed, and there will just be the two, like what they were first when they were married, and none of us had come to intrude ourselves into their company and plague them." Sophy strove to be magnanimous, for she dearly loved her father and had been uplifted in her own eyes by the trust he had reposed in her. To be taken from her pedestal and put aside, on the level with Alice and other girls of their age, was truly mortifying and trying to her affections as well as to her pride.

Sophy could not enter into the spirit of the Fields' party, which seemed to her to alternate between a depressing flatness—the condition which influenced herself—and bursts of glee grown a little delirious in their wildness. These were for the Fields, including Katie, who, looking her sweetest and freshest, as if no sorrow could ever touch her, danced nearly every dance with Hal Blake. The pair talked now openly of their engagement, even of their marriage with its very indefinite date, what they would do at their wedding, how they would not run away after the usual fashion of bashful young couples, but would stay to the very last and enjoy all the fun. What children the pair were still! What a childish ring there was in that sentence! Mrs. Field beamed on them and on the rest of her company as she saw the great proportion of them engaged in the somewhat riotous Swedish weaving dance, in which the bobbing and twirling were continuous.

"Poor darlings," the kindly, joyous woman said to herself, "let them be happy when they may."

As for Sophy, her time was chiefly spent in diplomatic manœuvring to do something without hurting Maggie Somerville's feelings.

The something was to avoid dancing more than once with Sandy. Dancing was not his *forte*, his long legs sprawled, his musical ear was not perfect, and in general he did not care much for the exercise. But to-night he showed an infatuated inclination to seek Sophy for his partner.

"The goose!" she exclaimed to herself in lively exasperation. "Does he mean to pay me back for that unlucky muffler by persecuting me to dance with him to-night of all nights, when, if I had my choice, I would sit all the evening?" And once again Sophy beat a prompt retreat behind several obscuring couples and trusted Sandy would lose sight of her, that it would presently be out of mind no less than out of sight, so that he would relinquish the ridiculous fancy which had taken possession of him.

The morning of the departure dawned a misty morning in early autumn, when the full-blown seeding flowers and welting trees assumed a dank, draggled appearance, and one had a saddened conviction that summer was over, harvest was at the door, and winter with the clutch of icy fingers would soon be in the land.

The morning seemed strange at the Bungalow—the unnecessarily early rising; the hardly-tasted breakfast; Major Singleton closeted with his wife, the one wailing cry giving a shock of fright and distress to all who heard it, when he closed the door after him; the odd sound of his voice as he came downstairs speaking to Bea; his charge to Alice to go and stay with her mother; his hasty good-bye to the servants hanging about the stairs and hall in order to see the last of "Master;" his "Come, Sophy, are you ready?" and their start to walk to the station, to which his luggage had already been sent, because, as he said, the walk would do them good, and he had still something to say to Sophy. The something was not of much importance, it was not new directions, or even a repetition and enforcement of former ones; Major Singleton was rather inclined to recall and dwell dreamily on former occasions when he had set out for active service.

"And your mother, poor soul! was as near me as she could contrive to be, instead of our being in different continents divided by a three weeks' voyage, not to mention the journey up country." Then he diverged to speak of the only son whom he and his wife had lost when he was a child in arms. "He would have been a big lad by this time if he had lived, for he was older than you, Sophy, a big son and brother to be of use to your mother and you girls. But when I come to think of it, he would have been at Sandhurst or Woolwich, or he would have got his commission before he had passed all his exams, in this press for men, and been off to the wars with me."

"I wish he had, father," Sophy said earnestly. "He would have been there to take care of you."

"To take care of me, child? Do you think I want taking care of?" with a comical shrug of his broad shoulders. Then he said something which made her proud and happy to hear even at that moment. "I grudged our boy being taken from us, but, after all, I am not sure that an eldest daughter, if she is moderately old-fashioned and sensible, Sophy, and is not too much carried away by her zeal—for she is young yet and liable to make many mistakes—is not more available for the good of a family. The great thing is if she is willing to make herself of use and to serve them. I think you are willing, my dear, and it is a comfort to me to think it."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, father!" cried Sophy, humble in the height of her satisfaction, "but if you only knew what Maggie Somerville is able to do for those at home!"

"Tut! It is not lost that a neighbour gets. I daresay she is a fine girl, but Dr. Somerville, poor man, who has the best right, is welcome to her. Upon the whole I prefer my own little girl with all her shortcomings."

Little more was said between them. The station was quite near, and it appeared as if three-fourths of the inhabitants of Fernley and the neighbourhood had abandoned their business that morning in order to troop to the station to see the heroes of the day off. The military fever, specially catching among the masses, was at its height. Major Singleton, who had much common-sense and rather an aversion to violent demonstrations and to an exaggerated expression of popular sentiment of any kind, was a good deal put out. He was inclined to remonstrate half impatiently, half good-humouredly, when strange hands were thrust into his or patted him on the shoulder.

"My dear good people, you are very kind, but we are not heroes. We are only doing our duty, and that not without an eye to our own interests. I am going about my business as you go about yours. I will do my best to beat the Boers, but I don't want to forget that I shall be on full pay again and have increased chances of promotion. One of my young companions is seizing a rare opportunity for studying the profession he has chosen; the other has volunteered to help to fill the drained ranks of our army, but he also wants to see the world, and no blame to him for it. We shall encounter danger, but we are not children to fear it, and in itself it has a charm for some of us. We are greatly obliged to you, but don't be too enthusiastic and lose your heads where we are concerned, until you grow mad with partiality, prejudice and passion, lose your English sense of fairness, and cannot see more than one side of a question. At the same time we ask you not to be hasty in accusing us of lukewarmness, or in imagining that those of us who are called upon to fight will fight the worse because we tell you the truth about ourselves, and beg you not to exalt us into heroes any more than into saints and martyrs. Only think of us as honest men and lads who are doing what we are bound to do, or what of our own free will—to please ourselves as well as to serve our Queen and country—we choose to do."

In answer to these sober words of cool reason, those of the little crowd who were calm enough to listen stared in blank bewilderment. Had they not read in the newspapers and told themselves and each other till they were tired that the gallant soldiers were not only brave as lions, they and the sailors were the national heroes sacrificing themselves for the public good? Yet here was an old soldier quitting his home and his wife and children to march once more where rations were scantiest and coarsest, camp blankets fewest and most sodden, and shot and shell heaviest and hottest, telling them that he and his comrades were not heroes, they were but as other men, merely doing their duty and following their inclinations. His audience gaped as they heard him, called him a queer gentleman, but made up their mind to give the engine and train which bore off him and his companions a cheer all the more rousing because the speaker of the small group had disclaimed any particular merit in the deed they were accomplishing.

Of course the Fields, in great force, from the Vicar and his wife down through their blooming olive branches, in all the colours of the rainbow, were on the platform. So was Dr. Somerville, gruffer than ever in seeing off his eldest son and assistant, and his daughter Maggie only thinking of how she was to help and save her brother to the last moment. Mrs. Somerville had parted from her boy in the doctor's house.

"I should only be in the way," she had said, with no more than a quaver in her voice, "and somebody must stay at home and look after the children and Selina, who is wild to get down to the station and see the soldiers off, as if there was a whole regiment to be despatched! Sandy knows that his mother's heart will go with him every step across the seas, and across the veldt, and into the field hospitals, however sad the sights and sounds to be found there. Why should I carry my body the little bit to the station, when Maggie can and will see to all he is allowed to take by way of baggage? She is young, and can command herself, while I can no longer count on not breaking down and putting you all—and above all, the boy—about."

There was really ten minutes' waiting till the train which, to the delight of the bulk of the spectators, was a soldiers' train, crammed with a khaki freight, bound for the coast, and only condescending to stop for a minute or two at the rustic station and receive the small contribution to the warlike company, on which all eyes gloated. It struck those most interested in the scene that the train came up all of a sudden and without preparation, so that they had but a minute for last words and looks. A kind of stupid blindness and numbness came over those who were left behind, so that they forgot what they had meant to say and do at the final moment, and could barely meet the glance, feel the hand-clasp, return the trembling kiss, which felt cold and not warm, before the bell rang, the whistle sounded, the carriages began to move slightly to and fro. Those dear to the poor people that remained, who had, but a minute ago, been near them, so near as to be within touch, were going—well-nigh as the dead go, parted by immeasurable distance, by a great sea, by the length and breadth of a remote continent for days, and weeks, and months, it might well be, in the circumstances, for ever in this transitory life.

An officer in one of the carriages recognised and hailed Major Singleton with a pressing invitation to join him, and Sophy was separated from her father.

At the crucial moment one of those humorous touches which help poor humanity to endure moments of anguish came to pass. Sophy caught a glimpse of Sandy Somerville wearing his muffler, either as a protection against a sample of these autumn fogs which he had been accustomed to brave without protection and with impunity, or as a parting signal to her—a "You see I am wearing your token already, observe how I prize it"—for she was in time to detect also a half-wistful, half-comical glance directed towards her. How could Sandy Somerville be so silly at such a moment! She promptly turned her back upon him and forgot all about him in a second, as her father clasped her in his arms.

"Good-bye, God bless you, child—do your best."

She was insensible to every other sight and sound, save the dear, rugged, worn face, and the kind, fatherly voice about to vanish from her ken.

Suddenly the uncontrolled sobbing cry as of an undisciplined child rose upon the air. It came from Katie Field, who had been laughing and talking in forgetfulness of what was before her, as a child might have done, till the train ran in. Now she was clinging frantically to Hal Blake, refusing to lose hold of him while the lad stood pale and agitated, ready to sink beneath the burden thrown upon him, striving to quiet her and to free himself. Her father and mother were standing back in silent distress, Adela and Geoff Parker were forcibly drawing her away. Her sisters were laughing and crying in one breath in an irresistible mixture of amusement and sympathy. The spectators all around looked on much edified by the moving spectacle; old men shaking their heads, old women wiping their eyes, young men and women pretending bashfully to look another way while, in reality, they were feasting their eyes on the sentimental episode. Nobody had attention to spare for Sophy Singleton and Maggie Somerville, standing with pale and flushed faces, dry eyes and a forced smile on their compressed lips, not to say for Dr. Somerville, frowning as if he were in a fury, all bearing up not to vex father, brother, son.

Doubtless it was because Maggie walked part of the way home with Sophy, and talked with bated breath a good deal about Sandy and the terrible blank his absence would make in the doctor's house, that Sophy

began, in the middle of her grief for the loss of her father, to feel sundry pricks of compunction for the manner in which she had received Sandy's parting joke. It might not be a good joke by any means. She had been in horrible fear lest he should draw other people's attention to the cravat and to the detail that she had crocheted it for him (how she wished she had never done it!)—people were so absurd in leaping at idiotic conclusions.

But to turn her back upon him at the last moment, when he was claiming her notice for what he professed to regard as her token—she could never have believed that Sandy Somerville would be guilty of such namby-pamby novelette nonsense which had absolutely no meaning. All the same, at the last family picnic to which little Bea had been taken, when they had somehow missed the family omnibus in which they were to have been driven home, and Bea had begun to cry on account of her tired little feet, Sandy had mounted her on his shoulder and carried her pick-a-back the three miles they had to trudge back. Hal Blake would never have done it lest his coat should be crumpled and his trousers soiled by Bea's dusty shoes, and lest he should fail to look the immaculate dandy he was wont to appear. Yes, and though Sandy had poked fun at her—Sophy's—Guild and its rules, he had employed his carpenter's tools and wood in constructing frames for them—of which she had been rather proud, as something in order and correct. Without question she had shown herself not very grateful to poor Sandy, her friend Maggie's brother, starting—not for his college, as on former occasions, but with a far more serious, even ominous destination—South Africa and the war.

Sophy had no thought but that of living very quietly and devoting herself to caring for her mother and looking after the management of the household till the glad event of her father's return. She felt as if all outside obligations, such as that of her Guild, must not be suffered to come in the way, but must be let lie dormant for a season, rather than that they should be permitted to interfere with her primary duties. As for going into company—what moderate amount of company was to be found in and around Fernley—being out at dinners or social teas, or at the autumn horticultural and poultry show held at Fernley, or to witness the Greek play which the Torrenses had wished to get up—the audience would be furnished with cribs and could look and understand—or to dance at one of Mrs. Field's little parties—it was not to be thought of when she could not tell what hardships and dangers her father might be undergoing. How could she have the heart, the spirit for anything like gaiety? It would be unbecoming and out of place.

Sophy had enough to do in the collapse which might have been expected after the sudden leap up of the subdued flame of her mother's life. And Maggie Somerville went so far as to congratulate herself that her father's autumn tendency to lumbago beset him earlier this year, occupying her mother and leaving the children very much on Maggie's hands. Work was a saving obligation. To have rather too much to do was the best antidote for the sick longing for familiar faces no longer present, and silent voices that had been wont to dispense cheery, wise counsel, or to break out in the merry fun—even in the teasing criticism which stimulated while it provoked, and when most exasperating left no sting behind. How heavy and monotonous life was without it!

And after all, Katie Field went to the Newlands' picnic on the very day that the *Devastator* sailed away from the white cliffs of England, when Sophy, reading aloud to her mother, and Maggie darning the rent in a child's frock, could hardly see the page or the gingham, because, not only were their eyes dim, they were filled with one spectacle conjured up mentally. It was that of a great ship, its decks crowded with soldiers leaning over the bulwarks, taking a farewell look at the well-known shores they were quitting, while the vessel ploughed the waves and carried them away relentlessly to outlandish regions and to exiles of which no man knew the end.

Katie had been over-persuaded, she had not been able to resist the new frock provided for her. She had looked so well in it that she had been surrounded by admirers while, in the revulsion of feeling, she was for the most part the gayest of the gay, and only at intervals remembered, and was languid and distrait.

The idea of Katie Field listless and languishing compelled a joint laugh from Sophy and Maggie Somerville. That, on the whole, was more wholesome for them than a sense of conscious superiority, or a clamour of indignation at Katie's skin-deep lamentation and conspicuous heartlessness for which Hal Blake, when their vehement assertion of his rights came to his ears, might not thank them. He did not need their support of his claims, he was quite equal to asserting them. Why should not Katie go into company and enjoy herself though he was gone? He did not grudge her any pleasure, and so forth.

(*To be continued.*)





"ONE OF THESE, THIÉRY BARON DE LASARRAZ, WAS THE MOST ATTRACTIVE."

ABENDLIED.

By FLORENCE G. ATTENBOROUGH ("Chrystabel").

Mist in the meadow, and star in the height,
Silence and wonder at fading of light;
Nests of tall grasses that grow in the streams,
Darker and darker 'mid shadowing dreams:
Softened to silence is morning's clear song,
Sleep finds her home in the dew-dappled throng;
Temples upreared in the forest are still;
Ah, but the promise is over the hill!

'Chanted and charmed in a breathless repose
Leaf-hidden branches bend over the rose;
Cradled in green is the garden, and sweet
With the remembrance of bloom-sandalled feet:
Darkness is coming 'twixt sunset and dawn.
Darkness is coming, but so is the morn:
Waiteth the throstle where pastures grow chill,
Ah, but the promise is over the hill!

Some day the Garden will tremble in brown,
When the tall gold of the harvest is down;
Coldly the River will run to the Sea—
There will be room on the water for me!
Then, when the flowerless banks shall be steep,
And there is dusk on the Measureless Deep,
Bid me look up to the Infinite still,
Ah, where the Promise is over the Hill!



THE FAIR CAPTIVES OF CASTLE VUFFLENS.

A Story of Love and Loyalty. From the Records of the Tenth Century.

CHAPTER XI.

To the fêtes given in commemoration of his marriage Henri de Blonay had assembled all the neighbouring lords. Nothing was spared for the reception and pleasure of so illustrious a company. Games of chance, tournaments, quadrilles, hunting parties, boating parties, and mountain walks occupied the morning hours. Afterwards, a magnificent feast awaited the guests, during which minstrels played on lute and bagpipe, and sang of love and chivalry. Then came the dance, prolonged until the hour for repose. Each day was made conspicuous by a fête of its own.

Ermance took keen delight in these brilliant reminders of her girlhood at Court. Her daughters had, of course, seen nothing to approach such enchantments.

Isaure had left Vufflens regretfully, grieving still over the loss of her adopted father, and distressed to be away from Elise and Arthus. To Gizèle the attraction of pleasure was natural.

Arthus had been invited to the wedding and fêtes, but, knowing that he would be looked upon with some disdain, and feeling unable to bear it, he had refused, on the double pretext of not wishing to leave his mother, and not feeling in a mood, so close upon his father's death, for fêtes and pleasures.

"I should like to remain with thee," Isaure had said.

"I believe it, gentle Isaure, for I know thy good heart. But I prefer that thou shouldst be with Gizèle—to hinder her from forgetting poor Arthus. In the midst of so many allurements, surrounded by so many brave and handsome knights, will she think of one who is, as yet, not recognised in the realm of knighthood, although he burns for such recognition, and to be acknowledged as her knight through life and death?"

"I promise thee, thou shalt be ever in her thoughts."

Isaure, consequently, as soon as she found herself alone with Gizèle employed the moment in referring to Arthus. She had fewer opportunities than she could wish. Aloyse had given her a secret occupation, which encroached upon her time. Hence Gizèle and Isaure rarely found themselves together, except at night-time; even then Ermance was sharing their sleeping couch, according to the custom of that century. But unless fatigue landed her too quickly in the land of dreams, Isaure did not allow this occasion to slip by without reminding her of Arthus.

"Poor Arthus! He is not enjoying himself as we are doing."

"Poor Arthus!" repeated Gizèle yawningly. "I wish too he were here. Never before have I had so much pleasure. Would that Arthus could be taking his place in it all!"

"What would he do here?" said Ermance sharply. "He is neither knight, nor yet of gentle blood. He would not be suffered in this noble company. He is doing his duty in being attentive to his mother. And you, my daughters, pray allow yourselves to seek repose."

Isaure slept with difficulty, and met Arthus in her dreams. Gizèle slept as a girl usually sleeps at fifteen

after dancing well. On awakening she thought passingly of her absent friend. Then followed the race, and after that the ball, when many maidens speculated upon their partners. One of these, Thiéry Baron de Lasarraz, was the most attractive. Gizèle, while amusing herself with his gallantry and homage, scarcely gave a thought to Arthus.

The end of the fortnight approached. The fêtes were to terminate by a special tournament, given in honour of the Ladies of Vufflens. It was decided that the knights should tilt in turn for each, according to age, and the conqueror to receive the reward of their hand.

In spite of rich possessions, Henri was not a sovereign. His tournament could only be a feeble imitation of those at which he had assisted at different Courts, and of which he wished to convey some idea to Aloyse.

In default of jewels for reward, he arranged that each lady should give to her chosen cavalier whatever he might choose from her personal apparel. The combatants, fully equipped, were to wear the visor lowered, and to be known only to the four judges of the Camp. After the tilting, the victors should make themselves known to their liege lady, raise their visor, remove their right hand gauntlet, and, on bended knee, demand and receive their reward and pledge of victory.

The day impatiently waited for arrived. Its advent was announced by clarion and trumpet. The ladies were conducted to a spacious courtyard set apart for this joust. They found their way to the gradient seats, where they were only separated by a slight barrier from the combatants.

The Baron de Blonay would have preferred that the first tilting should be in honour of Dame Ermance and Dame Isabelle. But this they opposed, saying that youth and beauty alone were able to animate valour.

The four sisters were in the centre, a little in advance of the rest. Aloyse was attired in the most beautiful of crimson velvet robes, with gold trimmings, the front being of fine brocade. Her hair was held back by rows of pearls, fastened with diamonds, and on her neck shone a massive chain of gold. Her beauty seemed as dazzling as her rich apparel.

Berthe wore a gown of white satin, over a petticoat of flowered brocade, ornamented with gold fringe. A net of pearls confined her hair, which fell in curls to her neck. A silver clasp fastened the belt at her waist.

Isaure's dress, according to her own desire, was of black satin, with trimmings of jet. From her head waved four beautiful white feathers. On her arms were bracelets of pearls.

Gizèle, whose slim figure and fair skin made her appear younger than her age, had a dress that was laced in the bodice, with long hanging sleeves, the skirt of green satin being bordered with a rich band of silver—a characteristic costume of that day for very young girls. And around her head was a chaplet of roses.

Nothing could have been more elegant and fresh than this quartette. Isaure, in all respects the least brilliant, was the most interesting.

* * * * *

The jousts commenced. The first was in honour of the Baroness Aloyse de Blonay, and announced under the title *de la plus belle et la mieux aimée*. Her champion knight would be victor of all the combats, and receive his reward at her feet.

It was a memorable moment when he raised his visor and presented the features of the only man she desired to specially please—those of her adored husband.

"I do not wish for any other cavalier," she said tenderly. "I accept thy faithful homage. Thou art bound to me for life."

In saying this, she passed round his neck, without detaching it from her own, her long gold chain. They remained a moment thus enchained, until Aloyse, gracefully withdrawing her head, left the chain with her husband. Then, for the first time, he saw that a medallion was attached to it. It was a striking portrait of Aloyse. She was represented in the interior of a tower, seated on the ledge of a narrow window, holding in her hand Henri's song, which she was supposed to be singing.

This miniature, charming in conception and execution, was Isaure's work. She had commenced it on the day following their arrival at Blonay and had made a duplicate for her mother, placing Berthe, in this second one, at the side of Aloyse.

Painting in miniature was then very rare. Henri had not been able to find anyone who would undertake to paint his beautiful bride. To give him thus sweet a surprise was a great pleasure. Behind the portrait was a tress of hair and these words: "*Tout pour mon Henri.*" After bestowing many kisses upon the medallion, he bestowed many more upon the hands of Aloyse. And Isaure naturally became from this moment his favourite sister. She rejoiced in this talent and in the pleasure it had brought.

Arthus had also been painted by Isaure. It was her first attempt and the reward to herself of her progress. Placed on her heart, it had never been removed even to be shown to Gizèle. It was her own treasured secret.

Meanwhile, the jousts in Berthe's honour had commenced. It was expected that Berthold de Gingins would come forth the victor. Eléonore was still the object of a pious admiration, but Berthe held all the vows of his heart. He pleased her well in consequence of the contrast between them. And when he came to receive the reward of his success, she detached her belt and, presenting it, said: "It is the second time I give it to a brave knight; I hope it will be the last."

"It will become a token of love for life," he answered, pressing the ribbon to his heart.

It was now the modest Isaure's turn. She did not know who was to be her special knight and did not trouble herself about it.

Artlessly she displayed all the natural graces with which she was endowed, and did not lack admirers. She could mount her palfrey quickly and gracefully. Few horsemen surpassed her. It was a gratifying sight to see her manage the most fiery courser. Her sweet voice, her gentle hands, knew how to animate or restrain. When obliged to go at a gentle pace, the beauty of her horse and the grace of its rider could be best admired.

This accomplishment had made conquest of two knights of high birth, allied to the House of Blonay. One was the Châtelain des Clées—Humbert de Montfaucon, a renowned warrior, who had overridden, in this appointment, Gérard de Montagny. Rivals in glory and ambition, they were destined to be so also in love.

"What happiness," thought the Lord de Montagny, "to be accompanied when hunting wolf or wild boar in the Jura mountains by this charming horsewoman!"

"I declare," said the Châtelain de Clées, "this charming girl, who so proudly mounts her horse, could be as clever in combat as I myself!"

They never dreamed that this attractive cavalieress loved far better to handle her needle or her paint-brush than the bridle, and that if she knew how to mount so well, it was not for the sake of hunt or combat, but in

order to be oftener with Arthus, along with whom her lessons had been taken. At the Blonay fêtes, in the cavalcades and hunting parties, she had exercised her talent without the least suspicion of the effect produced on the two valiants, whose rough and rude demeanour had not drawn her towards them.

Dancing they regarded as beneath their valour. Indeed their height and build were little suited to this exercise. Isaure danced much, unconscious of their observing looks. She was greatly surprised to see them now rapidly advance. Although their visors were lowered, they were easily recognisable. Both declared themselves "Knights of Isaure," and demanded the privilege to joust in her honour.

The laws of tournament admitted one knight only for every lady, but Henri, knowing their haughty hatred of each other, certain that neither could gracefully accept his fate, if excluded, admitted both.

The Châtelain des Clées, by reason of his age, first entered the lists and displayed his skill against Henri, who opposed him with but feeble resistance. Seigneur de Montagny afterwards came forward and vanquished Berthold. What was Isaure's consternation, when her brother-in-law was about to lead both victors to her, to hear them loudly defying each other. Their swords were drawn. In vain the Baron de Blonay represented that his tournament was a game, and must not be turned into a fatal fury.

"Yes, fatal," they cried furiously, "fatal to one or other of us—the survivor free of an odious rival! It were better that both should die than voluntarily cede the rights which birth, valour, love give us. Evil be to him who disputes these rights!"

They were about to attack each other without further parley, when Isaure glided swiftly under the barrier and, as quick as lightning, was beside them, seizing the reins of their coursers, one in each hand. Then she entreated them to desist from duelling. Such was their rage, that they sought rather to remove themselves to some other place than to obey her. She was compelled to release her hold of the bridles, but she hastened to further address them in a firm steady voice.

"By the honour and law of chivalry, I enjoin you to listen to me. I am to-day your chosen lady, since you have so willed it, and it behoves you throughout this day to do in all things whatsoever I may will."

At this appeal the knights lowered the points of their swords. She resumed then in a sweeter tone, saying modestly—

"Brave knights, you have done me too great honour in thus wishing to contend for my hand. I am too young to think of marriage. Besides, I have no wish to leave my mother, so recently separated from her two eldest children. When the time for choosing shall come, I shall give my hand and heart, not to the most warlike, but to the most peaceable, who, consistent with the rights of war in defence of his country, shall seek to save the life of a fellow creature rather than to take it. I declare to you then that the acknowledged esteem that you have inspired in me to-day by the breaking of your lance in my honour, would be changed to contempt, if the combat became more serious. Far from belonging to the victor, I should never see him more. As to the regard which I owe to your valour, I pray you accept each a bracelet."

In saying this, she unfastened the gold clasps and held out to each the rows of fine pearls which had ornamented her arms.

"May they be a pledge of peace between you. May one more beautiful than I one day give a more precious recompense."

Her telling eloquence had all the effect she hoped for. The two knights, surprised and moved, restrained their vengeance for the time being. Dismounting, they touched each other's hand, then, on bended knee, received each a bracelet, which they passed through a band of their cuirass, vowing submission and fidelity to the beauty for which they had contended. But on each other they cast fierce menacing looks.

Isaure bade them rise, troubling little about their homage in going back quickly to her place, and scarcely hearing the murmurs of flattering praise, as she compared these two to her brave, modest Arthus

(*To be continued.*)



HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Remains of omelettes can be cut up into thin strips and used for soups. A delicious addition.

Remains of stale bread can be mixed up with sour or fresh milk and made into a paste, adding a little sugar, allspice, and currants. Baked in a well-greased pan this makes a tasty dish, especially if served with a custard or a little jam.

Remains of cabbage can be chopped and served up as salad.

Remains of stale cake can be dipped in milk, covered with egg and breadcrumbs and fried.

Remains of ham mixed with butter sauce make an appetising addition to fish covers.

Remains of potatoes can be mashed, mixed with a little milk and an egg, rolled into *croûtons*, covered with bread-crumbs, and fried in swimming butter.

Root Vegetables.

Onions may be tied together in strings and hung up in a dark dry place, or put into a string bag (an old piece of garden netting answers this purpose very well), and hung up. If onions are allowed to lie on a stone floor, they are liable to get soft and bad, and also they often begin to grow, and are unfit for use.

Carrots and parsnips may be stored in a dry cellar. The earth should be shaken from their roots, and they should be quite dry before they are stored away.

THE LATE LORD LILFORD AND HIS WORK.

By JEAN A. OWEN.

PART II.

Lord Lilford made a decoy on the river between Aldwinkle and Thrapston in 1844—the last decoy, he believes, which was constructed in England. The rectory of All Saints', Aldwinkle, was the birthplace of Dryden, "the glorious John," as he has been styled.

The grandest old cedar of Lebanon in this country—one on Lord Egerton of Tatton's property nearly comes up to it—is close to Lilford. In its branches Lord Lilford, as a boy, used to observe the nesting owls; he has counted there, by his watch, seventeen comings and goings of the parent birds bringing food to their young in one half-hour, the pellets found under the nest being composed almost entirely of the remains of rats! This cedar is in the garden of the rectory of Tichmarsh, now occupied by the Rev. F. M. Stopford, a relative of Lord Lilford's.

It is delightful to row through the rich meadows of Lilford Park, noting the warblers and the reed buntings as the boat passes between great patches of yellow iris in flower. After these follow the fair water-lilies and the flowering rushes, as the summer wears on into autumn. One of the finest of the old greystone bridges, which had formerly nine arches—but seven of these were swept away by a flood—crosses the river at a short distance from the house. The name of this manor was spelt Lilleforde—Little Ford, presumably—in the Norman survey. The box flourishes greatly here, and Northamptonshire was noted in old times for its vast thickets of blackthorn. In certain parts of this forest, too, a very few fallow deer are still to be found in their wild condition.

I had some pleasant talk with Mr. Jones, who has been the head gamekeeper at Lilford for the last forty-five years, and he told me many interesting facts about the wild life in the forest of Rockingham, which he knows thoroughly well, having been born there. In fact, for over two hundred years the office of Keeper of the Forest, under the Crown, had been filled by the successive heads of his family, and he was just ten years old when his father left this post to be head gamekeeper to Lord Cardigan, the brave officer who led the charge at Balaklava. The wild deer used to be driven in with toils and swivels—he had seen three hundred of them break cover at a time—nine or ten of these would be taken, to be sent off to the parks of Lord Winchelsea, the Hereditary Ranger of this forest, others to Lord Cardigan, and more to other landowners.

As we talked, Mr. Jones showed me a tree close to his house where a tame fox used to stop, chained to a tree. It seemed always to be well contented, but, Lord Lilford thinking that it ought to have its freedom, the keeper took it in a bag to a wood at some distance, and then turned it out. The poor beast wanted to follow him home again, and he had some difficulty in getting rid of it. Eventually it was taken by a stranger and, I believe, killed.

The grounds about Lilford have many old trees in them, but the disastrous gale—one might say hurricane—of March 24th, 1895, wrought great havoc amongst them. A great number of fallow dear are in the park, in colour ranging from a pure creamy white to almost black; and, as we ramble on, we come upon a few pure white Afghan cattle, as well as some black ones, picturesque-looking objects as they graze. The white Afghan calf yonder represents the third generation of her kind here. Hereditary instinct shows, in the way in which these cattle pass along, ever in single file, as though they were still following some narrow mountain track in their native country.

A most interesting sight was to be seen here for some time, a very novel one for this country—two lammergeiers, bearded vultures, soaring and circling high in air above the old greystone gables of the Hall. Over the deer-park, too, they flew freely, often pursued by a black crowd of rooks. None of these birds had ever flown free in England before, and a great joy they were to their owner; but after a time it was thought best to confine them, and, not taking kindly to this, they soon died.

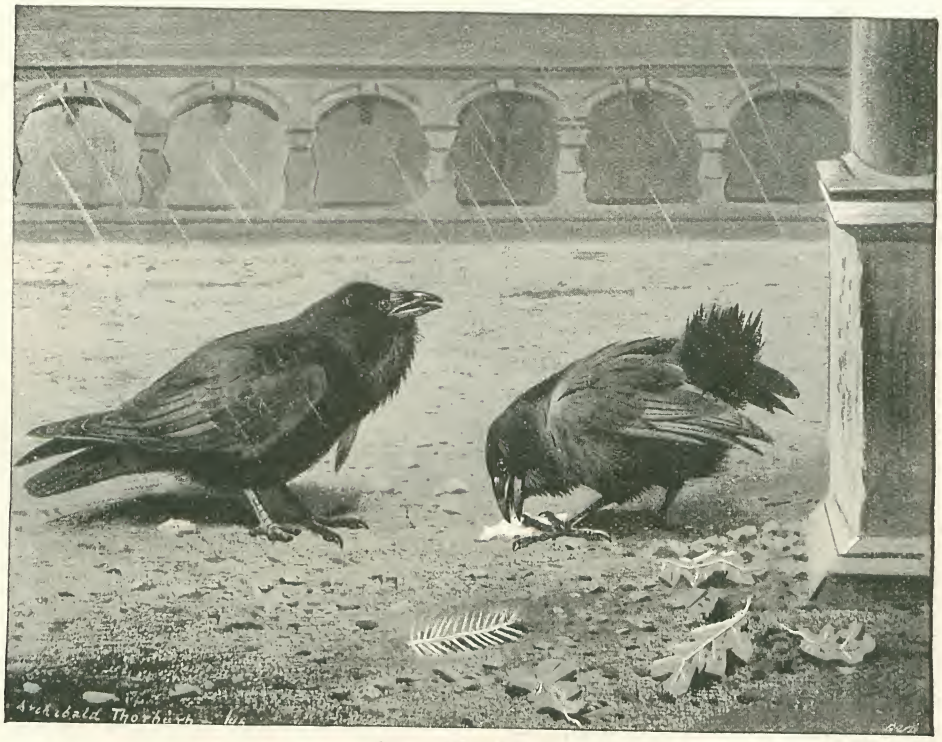
Twenty years before, a raven, which had been taken from a nest in Northern Spain, had been introduced at Lilford, and had the name of Sankey bestowed upon it by the servants. This name he used often to repeat, as though proud of it, and he very quickly made himself at home on the lawn near a large old beech at the west corner of the house. This bird always made a point of meeting anyone who came out at the hall-door, and if it happened to be a man or a boy, Sankey had a provoking habit of seizing him by the trousers or pecking at his shoe-leather, but he was never so ungallant as to attack any feminine fripperies. Any dog, large or small, he always went for, gave a vigorous dig at its hinder parts, and then retired to some secure point from which he could bark in derision at his irritated enemy. Sankey never could bear to see a jackdaw or starling perched upon the back of a sheep; it seemed to make him envious, for he invariably drove these



A QUIET CORNER.

birds away and took possession of the seat himself. The hiding-places he chose for food were at times very remarkable; he was once seen carefully parting the feathers on the back of an emu in order to insert some small fishes beneath them from his pouch. Then, after rearranging the feathers, he hopped off with the air of having done a very clever thing indeed.

Some years ago a raven was brought from the south of Spain, and the last part of Sankey's life was spent in pleasant companionship with "Grip," as the new bird was called. After seventeen happy years Sankey died, then Grip was mated with an Andalusian brunette. When they began to build, he stealthily tore off a big corner of the hall-door mat, and with little handfuls of wool and other matters which he eagerly accepted from Lady Lilford, together with other trifles, another nest was built in the great old beech. This fact is worthy of note, as it is a most rare thing for ravens to build in a state of semi-domesticity. The new mate died unfortunately soon after four young ones were fledged and had been given away, and the widower was paired with a bird of the same hatching as his lost mate, after he had moped miserably for some time. At first he would only peck at the new bird, which was put in a cage at the foot of his tree, but at last he made friends, and the following year the two made a nest, which I saw when at Lilford, but I heard that no eggs were laid in it, and that there was a doubt whether the new bird was of the gentler sex at all. When it was sitting on the nest, it was so terrified by the great gale of March 24th that, having to a certain extent the use of its wings, it absented itself for some days, and was only caught up with some difficulty. During this absence, Grip carried up many stones to the nest—whether as a simple expression of despair, or as a suggestion to his mate, if it should return, that it ought to lay to these nest-eggs, who shall say? One day there was a grand commotion; these ravens had caught a fine peregrine falcon on flight, and they were hammering it to death with their iron beaks.



GRIP AND SANKEY.

Referring to notes made during a visit to Lilford, I find, "Two gigantic tortoises from Aldabara come past us on a trolley; the day being hot they are going to take the sun in an enclosure near to the ravens." These animals were received by Lord Lilford as a present last autumn; they travelled from the Seychelles to Portsmouth in H.M.S. *Boadicea*. The larger one, which weighs three hundred and forty-six pounds, is reputed to be three hundred years old. When they are placed on the grass, my little girl jumps on the back of one of them in order to have a ride round their enclosure. On cold days they are kept in a roomy building next to the main bird-gallery.

Moreña, an Asturian bear, shuffles up to the railings of her yard to see if we have brought out any buns for her. Moreña seems to have a special attraction for motherly persons who come with parties from neighbouring towns to see the collection here. From their satchels dainties are produced which would give a less case-hardened creature frightful indigestion. The kodak and the concertina are flashed and played before her nearly all the day long; yet only once has she been known to get furious, and that, oddly enough, was at the mere sight of a distinguished naturalist. What excited her in the aspect of that gentleman was a mystery.

Next to the bear's compartment, at the bottom of the courtyard, is a grass enclosure containing a number of fine wild swans; and beside these another, where five great bustards feed in company with a common skua and two common gulls. This skua was sent by the owner of the Island of Foula to Lord Lilford, who had written to the Press protesting against the wholesale attempts to exterminate this bird. It came in charge of one of the natives of the island, one of its few but unique human inhabitants. He was as interesting as his charge; up to the time of this journey he had never seen a tree, and the trees in the park here filled him with admiration and astonishment. Most graphic were his accounts of the vast myriads of birds that breed on the great cliffs of Foula; they were even poetic, and were always accompanied by very expressive gestures.

"Barbara Allen," Lord Lilford's favourite goshawk which came from France, has taken several hundred rabbits in her time here, besides other quarry, and as many as twelve of the former in one morning. After her autumn moult she is flown; the rabbit-hawking is practised from the end of her moult to the end of April. A good goshawk strikes a rabbit by driving a hind claw into the spinal marrow, paralysing the animal, and does not, as represented in a recent work, take it by the hinder part. Under a fine old cedar, at the corner of the terrace gardens, Barbara has her perch just now, in the company of three peregrine falcons, which come from different parts of the world; one is from Tasmania, another was taken fifteen hundred miles off the coast of Labrador, and the third is a British bird. These are each attached to a block by leash and jesses. A falconer's favourite toast used to be, "Swivel, leash and jesses."

Behind the falcons, in picturesque grottos with ivy-covered gables, a number of owls are housed in most roomy fashion. There are here about eighteen different species of owls; amongst them the Nepal wood owl is the most noticeable for its great rarity in a collection, its extreme tameness, grand eyes and the great beauty of the

pencillings of its plumage. It is, in fact, unique in an aviary. Savigny's eagle owl is a livelier bird, though less beautiful; he postures and dances about in a most comical fashion if he is much noticed. A pair of scops owls remind one, in their delicately-pencilled plumage, of the exquisite tints of the wryneck. The chestnut owl, the gigantic representative of our common barn owl of Tasmania, has a cage to himself. From time to time, during the last ten or twelve years, Lord Lilford had turned out a great many of the little owls into the park. Many of these birds have become acclimatised, and they breed freely in the neighbourhood of Lilford. Twice a tenant farmer has had his hat knocked over his eyes and his neck scratched by a bird of this species as he passed near a tree where a pair were nesting.

(*To be continued.*)

A SPARK FROM THE FIRE OF ULLIN.

By SARA ERWIN.

CHAPTER II.

A VOICE FROM THE PAST.



DICK was working the horses in the churning-machine when Belle came into the yard, carrying an egg-basket on her arm. She wore a great blue sun-bonnet, from under which a fringe of brown hair peeped out. She walked up to Dick, who was just completing his labours, and remarked that it was a lovely day. Dick's colour rose as he answered her. The blue bonnet was (he thought) exactly like a huge forget-me-not as it framed the pink, glowing face, and the County Down girl had really a pretty manner.

"I'm going to gather the eggs," she said, "and after that to take a hand in the housework; I needn't be idle because I'm on a visit, need I?"

Dick grew crimson. He was not versed in country small talk, and his answer sounded ungracious.

"Just as you please."

"Certainly! I always please myself." She swung the basket impatiently. "Will is going to take me up Slemish after dinner. He wanted me to go now, but I said I wouldn't."

Dick looked at her and kept silence. He was pleased to be addressed in such familiar fashion, but he did not know what to say in reply.

"Is the view from Slemish good?" asked the persistent Belle.

"Very. You can see the country for miles round from the top. It's just a little way from here, too."

"Didn't St. Patrick," began Belle, who was encouraged by Dick's thaw, "didn't St. Patrick——"

Mrs. McCance came out.

"I want the eggs, Belle, I'm going to make some cakes."

"Yes, aunt, I'll get them shortly!"

Belle stood where she was.

"Is it true that St. Patrick lived at Slemish for seven years?" she asked Dick.

Dick would have given his whole worldly wealth (three-and-sixpence) to have been able to tell the fair questioner something about their country's saint. His knowledge was very limited, so he answered lamely—

"I know little of St. Patrick, except that he stepped from Slemish to Skerry top. Skerry's a mountain about two miles away from this."

"I suppose you Braid people believe that story of Patrick?"

She was certainly laughing at him, undoubtedly teasing him. Dick's face relaxed a little, and he actually rose to the occasion. A gleam of humour flickered in his gloomy eyes as he retorted—

"If you go to Skerry you'll see the print of his foot upon it!"

"Oh, I must go if—— Yes, aunt, I'm coming!"

Considering that she was unable to express her feelings to the heiress, Aunt Agnes was in danger of having a fit. She did not usually practise self-restraint, and the present necessity for it tried her sorely. She would have ordered Dick away, but fear of Belle rendered her cautious.

"I had better get those eggs, or aunt will lose patience," said Belle.

She nodded to Dick and went off, leaving him in a rather bewildered frame of mind. He had a queer feeling that, for the first time in his life, he had been somebody's equal. The sensation thrilled him. He had occasional glimpses of Belle during the day, but no more conversation with her. She was very busy in the forenoon, and she spent the afternoon and evening with Will.

The following week brought many invitations to Belle and Will from well-to-do neighbours. Belle was astonished when, having dressed for her first Braid party, she found that Will was to be her sole escort.

"Aren't you coming, Dick?" she asked, turning to him as he stood by the trap which was to convey them to their destination.

Dick replied in the negative, and almost forgot to hold the horse, so surprised at Belle's tone was he. The name "Dick," as pronounced by the Lismoss family, had always seemed to spell "fool," "knave," "lout," and just now he could almost have affirmed that it spelled "dear." Next day old Henry remarked to his colleagues that Dick McCance was walking with his head up.

Belle solved her problem in a very short space of time. Dick was no mystery. He was the natural and inevitable result of constant ill-treatment and oppression. As for his supposed antipathy to herself, she had ceased to credit that idea. People who disliked other people didn't look at their aversions with such approving and wistful eyes. She was not afraid of Aunt Agnes. She insisted on talking to Dick as often as she could find an opportunity. In about a month he and she had become very friendly, considering the disadvantages under which the acquaintance was ripening. The farm hands discussed the matter with deepest interest.

"Dick's quarely altered this wee while," said Jamie Logan to Andy McNeil.

"Ay, he's that different that Ah hardly ken him—eh, Henry?"

Henry Wilson puffed at his clay pipe a second before replying.

"Ah would think he'd learnt tae smoke if Ah didna ken that that's no' the reason o' the change!"

"As sure as Ah'm alive Ah heerd him laughin' the ither day!" put in Johnnie McCarrol in awed tones.

"Ah hope he's in his richt mind," said Jamie Logan.

"Faags, he's comin' tae it!" asserted Henry. "Ah ken a' aboot it. Miss Belle would bring a puirer cratur to his senses, but Ah'm thinkin' there'll be murder when Will an' the mistress see how the lan' lies!"

There was a breathless pause.

"Surely she wouldn't tak' Dick?" said Andy McNeil.

"Heth, no!" answered Logan. "Sure we all kenned she was brocht here to fa' in love wi' Will!"

"She's fallin' in love sure enough," said Henry, watching the tobacco fumes, "but it's wi' the wrang man!"

"He hasna a farden," scoffed McNeil. "A lad's no use wi'oot money!"

"Weemen's aye weemen," returned Henry oracularly, "an' if a woman sets her mind on her wy, she's as ill tae move as Skerry an' Slemish rolled intae one."

"She's just amusin' hersel'," said Logan, who was the farmyard cynic, Anne Eliza in the kitchen being responsible for his mental condition.

Belle was indeed falling in love with Dick. He might not have interested her so deeply had his circumstances been happier, but his position had aroused her sympathy, and had revealed Will in a most unfavourable light. Will fancied his habitual rudeness to his cousin proved him to be a young man of importance, and asserted his standing as the heir of Lismoss. Belle found herself watching Dick's dark Irish eyes with absorbing interest whenever Will snubbed him, or Mrs. McCance flung gratuitous insults at his head. The girl could not read those eyes. They had ceased to be moody, but they wore an inscrutable expression when he was provoked. Something told Belle that his silence and patience were not the result of weakness, but of repressed strength. What would happen when the last straw should break the camel's back? Womanlike, Belle dreaded the crisis which must inevitably arise.

"Why don't you go away from Lismoss?" she said to Dick, when a happy opportunity found them together in the orchard.

Dick looked at her. She had taken off her sun-bonnet, and the rays of the evening sun were falling on her golden-brown hair.

"I'm going after harvest," he said quietly. "I intend to work in Scotland till I have earned money enough to take me to America. Then I'll stay there till I die."

"Do you disapprove of all Irish people, since you mean to turn your back on the old country?"

"You know I don't, Belle!" It was the first time he had used the girl's Christian name, and her colour rose.

"Carry this bonnet, will you, whilst I look for strawberries. Yes, I certainly think you should strike out for yourself!"

Dick stood fingering the blue sun-bonnet. He felt as if someone had entrusted him to carry the British Crown. He was enjoying a rapturous draught of bitter-sweet pleasure. It was life to be near Belle, but, oh, the agony of knowing that she was not for him! His frozen heart had thawed under her influence, and now she filled it completely. How could he live to see her married to his cousin Will?

"You know, Dick——" Belle stopped abruptly. Will was bearing down on them like an avalanche.

"Look here, Dick McCance," he burst out furiously, "I'm not going to have you keeping my cousin away from me. In future, just mind your own business, and remember your place!"

Belle moved over towards Dick. A flush of temper flamed on her cheeks. She watched Dick with painful anxiety. He was perfectly self-possessed.

"I'll talk to your cousin as often as she'll allow me. I'm not afraid of you; and if you want to fight, I'm willing!"

"No, I've no intention of fighting for my rights! I've a place and position, and you're nobody! I won't let you have anything to do with Belle!"

Belle paled a little; for Dick's face showed danger-signals.

"If you two fight about me, I'll go straight back to Kilkeel!" she said quickly. "Will, I wonder at you! Dick, please give me that bonnet, and let us all walk peaceably together to the house."

Will turned in sulky, scowling submission. Dick boldly took his position by Belle's side, and the trio left the orchard. Will had discovered that Belle always meant what she said. It would be too provoking if she should leave, just when he was seriously thinking of proposing to her. She would have to be humoured until she should become his wife; then he would teach her that woman's *rôle* was obedience with a capital O.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

UNCERTAIN ONE.—I am so glad that our Talk, "Outstretched Hands," has helped you so much, and that all the papers have done you "a great deal of good." I can understand how difficult you find it, after such long days of school work and extra study for a special exam., to give time and strength for Bible reading at night. I say "strength" because we need our mental condition to be active, and our physical powers fairly alert also, for the most important of all studies. But, dear, if you cannot read much, when you are feeling worn and weary, try to make some sweet message your own, however brief. Ask for the Holy Spirit's aid in realising its full meaning, and for memory to retain it. So, by seizing "here a little and there a little," you will lay up a store of comfort, guidance and strength on which you can draw for the needs of each day. It is not by reading lengthy portions of God's Word and forgetting them that we are helped, but by making the little our own for lifelong daily use. Loving Christ, longing to serve Him, and distrusting self, doubt not that He will help you to love and serve Him better.

M. W. S.—I am deeply grateful for your kind letter, and equally thankful for the blessed results of your correspondence. That the additional one may be also blessed is my earnest prayer. Hearty love to you and your Correspondents, and thanks for loving wishes.

M. G. M.—I hope to avail myself of your kind offer shortly. Many thanks.

SCHEHERAZADE.—I am grieved to hear that your delicate health will not permit you to undertake the additional correspondence. It was very good of you to offer it, as you had already undertaken a double share. I hope and pray that you may soon regain full strength. I do understand, dear one, and I know how sorry you would be to send me such news. Let me know how you are before long. I cannot bear to lose touch with any of my girls. May God bless each according to her need.

KITTY.—I enter with fullest sympathy into that dear girl's troubles. You will cheer her, and will be gladdened by knowing that so many members offer daily prayers for the tried ones that they may have strength and grace according to their need. You, dear KITTY, are such an all-round helper, and you give of your best so cheerfully. "He loveth a cheerful giver." You know this by experience.

JUMNA.—Thanks for delightfully good news and good wishes. I admire your unselfish devotion to present duties, even when your longing is to serve your Divine Master in a different sphere of labour. Wait His time, dear. He will make the way plain, and will bless you in whatever work He gives you to do. You write, "I thank you for all you have done for me, and I love to think of you as my 'Mother-Friend.'" Surely few real mothers are so rich as your unknown adopted one!

FIDELIA.—You know how truly I sympathise with you in your great bereavement, and consequent loneliness, as well as in your anxieties for those that are left. I understand you so well, and it is a great joy to me to know that both the Circle column and some recent papers have been specially useful. Your words are very precious, and I pass them on to all my dear girls: "I ask for a blessing on all the Circle members. May those who know and love our Lord Jesus Christ 'grow up into Him in all things,' and those that know Him not seek Him while He may be found."

BLACKBERRY BLOSSOM (New Zealand).—You ask for "just a word of cheer." Your letter brings many such words to me. It tells that your unseen friend and Correspondent helps you by her letters, that you are fighting steadily against your besetting sin and seeking Divine aid to enable you to persevere. Never doubt lest your prayers should be in vain. I look forward to further news of happy progress and your complete victory. I pray that God will bless your efforts.

BLANCHARD.—How glad I am to hear from you again, and to hear also of the progress of your good work, in which I am deeply interested! I cannot thank you enough for the help you have given, and are giving, to other members of the Circle. I so fully agree with what you say about "right teaching." You write, "I burn with enthusiasm to do a little of that kind of teaching in gratitude for the strong training it has been my privilege to receive." You say, "I do not want to be greedy," whilst heartily offering to undertake more work. God's blessing on such greed as yours! Greed for opportunities to promote His glory; greed to be a help and blessing to the ignorant and the needy ones! Truly a blessed craving, and how gladly and thankfully shall I endeavour to give you further opportunities, dear unseen daughter, for these are abundant enough; and you are not only a willing, but a capable helper, for whom your Mother-Friend thanks God.



STUDY AND STUDIO.

R. J. L.—We think that your letter enclosing a piece called "A Bad Memory," and proposing to earn money by its publication, may be meant as a joke. If you are in earnest, we must tell you that the lines are incorrect in spelling, metre, and rhymes. "Prescribe" (not "perscribe") does not rhyme with "decide," nor "itself" with "help," "might" with "like," and so forth. The verses are also disfigured by slang expressions. If this is a genuine statement of your own difficulties, we are very sorry for you, and advise you to rely on your own remedies, "patience" and "practice." You may begin by writing down what you want to remember; determine anyhow that you *will not* forget, cost you what it may. Resolution will do wonders. The artificial aids to memory consist chiefly in associating ideas, and would not be so useful in the details of daily life as in committing to memory a string of facts.

Lover of Haydn.—We hope that the picture "Love or Money" is a little overdrawn! We are unable to praise the execution either of that *jeu d'esprit* or of "The Married Woman." Your verses in the former poem change their metre. Observe these two first lines-

> "O darling, how I love you!"
> "She raised her voice, she shouted 'Stop!'"

In "The Married Woman," the last line

> "Makes one feel like throwing something at her,"

is wrongly accented. English metre depends upon accent. We do not think you take these "rhymes" very seriously, since you call them nonsense. Many thanks for your kind little letter.

A "G.O.P." Lover.—Before writing what will find acceptance for the Press, you must study the rules of composition in some such book as Dr. Abbott's *How to Write Clearly*. On the first page of your essay, in the second sentence, you repeat "which would," and the whole sentence is involved. The next sentence but one absolutely confounds itself in relative pronouns—six in all! You should not, in an essay of the kind, suddenly lapse into the second person. We do not agree that "anyone who could do the smallest kindly action requiring sacrifice to self . . . without a wish for praise to follow it . . . would be worthy of the name of hero." For instance, I am tired, and rise from my seat in a crowded car that an old lady may sit down. But I am not necessarily a hero! It is a good exercise to think on these subjects, and try to express your thoughts, so we do not wish to discourage you. May we suggest that you should attend to spelling? You might be interested in reading Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-Worship."

Home Student.—Only one question can be answered at one time, so you had better repeat that concerning the Iliad of Homer. It is a difficult matter to translate poetry, and you have succeeded fairly well in "Hope," from Schiller. The last line of verse 1 is halting and too long. We should not repeat "gladsome" in verse 2. "Never Again" is very irregular in metre. Try once more, and do not disdain neatness in copying.

The Star of Jersey.—It is hard for you or anyone to say much that is original about the sun and moon.

> "Day after day the glorious sun
> From east to west his course doth run,"

sounds rather like lines we have read elsewhere. You draw the same moral from each luminary, that if we have done right we shall reap the reward, but we do not quite see the train of thought that leads you to this conclusion. It would be better just to describe the sunlight and moonlight naturally, without the moral to follow. Your rhymes and metre are correctly managed, which is more than we can say for a great many of the verses we receive. It is a pleasure, not a weary task, to read these efforts, and we only wish our correspondents could always enjoy reading our criticism as much as we enjoy their letters and enclosures.

E. I. Foster.—Thank you for your expression of opinion about the puzzle poems. We are glad you enjoy them.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

M. E. C. (*Painted Cushion Covers, etc.*).—For articles of this kind it is most troublesome to obtain a sale. They need to be either of exceptional beauty or else to be produced in very great quantity for the maker to be able to place them on the market. We would suggest that you might turn your attention towards the painting of tiles. Really good hand-painted tiles are now in request for fireplaces, and many of the best London decorators would buy them for their customers if they could find them properly done. Tile painting, however, needs to be learnt. In your case we think that a course of training at the Royal Female School of Art in Queen Square, London, would be time and money well spent. You would be sure to learn some kind of artistic work by which in the future you could earn money. Chromolithographic work is also taught there, and is worth your attention.

Labour (*Suggestions*).—You are evidently well qualified to become a teacher—possibly in an elementary school—only, as so often happens, what you could do with tolerable ease does not happen to attract you. Happily, you have other talents also, and some of these are of the kind which are serviceable in domestic life. You suggest emigration, and we think it might be wise for you to try it. Canada would probably suit you best. If you wrote to the Secretary of the British Women's Emigration Association, Imperial Institute, Kensington, W., she would tell you how to proceed. Some good lessons in cookery would come in usefully in any case, and these you could doubtless obtain in the town from which you write. You have been so successful in examinations that we think you are sure to get on as you have practical gifts besides.

Katie (*Millinery*).—We fear it will not be easy for you to get into a good millinery business unless you can afford to pay a premium or to give time, which means also living for some while—probably two years—mainly at your own expense. In this trade the apprentices are usually out-door, and they are engaged for two years, during the second of which they receive 2s. 6d. a week pocket-money. Afterwards they may earn 5s. a week, and their salary is raised by 2s. 6d. a week once a year or at the end of the season. Very fashionable London firms charge a premium of £25 or £30 to each apprentice for two years' tuition. Something can often be learned by attending millinery classes at polytechnics and technical institutes; and girls who have obtained a grounding in this manner frequently can enter a firm as improvers, and then earn a rather better wage than they would do as apprentices. Supposing that you decide that the expense of a regular millinery training is too great, you could take courses of training at a polytechnic in millinery and dressmaking, and could make yourself competent to go out as a visiting dressmaker, a person for whose services there is a demand in many places.

Isa Pink (*Sale of Designs for Book Covers*).—If, as we conjecture from your letter, you live in Scotland, we fear it would not be easy for you to find purchasers in London for your designs for book covers, because in transactions of this kind it is all-important for the artist to see publishers herself in order to learn what their wishes are. Personal effort counts for much in negotiations of the kind. For this reason we think you would be prudent to try the Glasgow publishers first. It is quite possible that among them you might find someone who would be disposed to look at your work, and either to employ you or to give you some hints as to the class of design which might on a future occasion meet with approval. But you must remember that on no account must you let yourself be discouraged by a few rebuffs.

Hattie (*Massage*).—We consider that massage is a useful and remunerative employment for women of considerable physical strength who can command good introductions from doctors, but it is a precarious mode of livelihood for an unknown person who has had no general hospital training. It is really best for a girl who wishes to take up massage to go first for the regular three years to a general hospital, and afterwards be well trained in her work by a specialist. Carried out under proper auspices, it is a satisfactory employment. We recommend you to seek further advice on the subject from the Association of Trained Masseuses, 12, Buckingham Street, Strand.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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THE FERNLEY GIRLS' GUILD.



"THE MEN WERE LIGHT-HEARTED ENOUGH TO PICK UP THE STRAY FEATHERS AND STICK THEM IN THEIR HATS."

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THE FERNLEY GIRLS' GUILD.

By SARAH TYTLER.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEWS FROM THE DARK CONTINENT.



ONE of the greatest grievances which the friends at home of the soldiers abroad had to endure, was the great distance—so much farther than that experienced in former wars, except in the American War of Independence—which rendered communication difficult and tedious, even in days when steam and electricity had achieved their marvels in annihilating space. The evil was not rendered much more bearable by the fact that it was inevitable, and that a hundred years earlier it would have been a thousand times worse. Six weeks for a letter to reach Cape Town and travel up country to its destination with its keenly craved news of home and family affairs, and how the world was wagging in another continent than that of Africa! Another six weeks for a reply to be received—whole three months—anybody and everybody might be dead and buried in the interval. And these three months ignored the manifold chances of letters being lost in the constant marching of the troops and their shifting of quarters, or the awe-inspiring danger of the epistles falling into the hands of the censor, somehow awakening his official disapproval, and being ruthlessly mutilated before the missives reached their owners.

It was what Maggie Somerville called "weary waiting," with the newspapers continually issuing contradictory telegraphic reports, announcing amidst the nation's jubilation the relief of the gallant defenders of Ladysmith, Mafeking, and other less-renowned fortified places, but never a word as to when the decisive step was to be taken which should be the prelude to peace and the restoration to their own, who were pining for the happy day, of husbands and fathers, brothers and lovers. What heart-beats the postman's ring caused! How often Sophy and Alice, and even little Bea, ran down the drive at the Bungalow to meet him when his figure was discerned entering by the gate! How hope deferred slackened the swiftest foot, and clouded the brightest face, when all their Mercury had to deliver to them was only a tiresome letter of no moment, or one of those showers of circulars whose uncalled-for, undesired descent, with their tale of wasted paper and print, are sufficient to worry the most patient Job, and to sink the stoutest heart in the community!

All Fernley was on the *qui vive* for news of its absentees. It was felt that no letter should be private property; it belonged to the town, to the country. Then what would become of Mrs. Singleton's letters? She kept them day and night beneath the pillows of her couch or her bed, only reading passages to Sophy and Alice. The first was greedy of every word, feeling fain to have a letter from father all to herself, and yet submitting to the doles vouchsafed to her in the consciousness that mother had the best right to the lion's share of those far-between letters which father had so little time to write to anybody.

Or what was to be done about Katie Field's love-letters—her first authorised love-letters—the covers of which she flaunted ostentatiously before her sisters and the whole household at the vicarage, while she coyly declined to let a single word be read. As if they were all about hearts and Cupid's darts, instead of about the voyage, Table Mountain, crowded third-class carriages, or still more pitifully crowded coal trucks bearing the women and children, the jetsam and flotsam of the contest, to the so-called refugees' camps, and bringing the Boers' "Long Toms"—not yet spiked and silenced, the huge ungainly substitutes for the little blind god's bow and arrows.

Katie made as conspicuous a business of inditing her answers to Hal Blake's letters as she did of rushing here and there on their arrival, fluttering the thin sheets, reading by snatches, and giggling—in spite of Sophy's Rule First, Katie had not quite abjured giggles—over portions of the contents.

"It is such a nice amusement for a girl to be engaged," said Mrs. Field to Mrs. Somerville.

"Well, that is a funny light to view an engagement in," replied the lady addressed. "I do not quarrel with amusements, I wish Maggie to have more of them. I don't approve of the going in sackcloth and ashes, which seems to be her friend Miss Sophy Singleton's idea, because they have relatives in the war, and Maggie misses her brother, and is apt to be doleful without him. But I had always thought that any serious step, and surely an engagement is next in seriousness to a marriage, involves responsibility rather than amusement. It may mean bliss, but entertainment—No."

As it happened Sandy Somerville's letters were the only South African letters sent to Fernley which could be shown to the public, read more or less in neighbouring drawing-rooms, and alternating clubs and meetings, with even parts of them printed in the local newspaper.

Fortunately Sandy, who had immediately found work in a field hospital, and remained as a rule stationary there, had more leisure and opportunities for writing, and he rarely missed a mail. He wrote indiscriminately to his mother and father and Maggie, he even managed to print letters to one or other of the little brothers and sisters. And all who got the letters, down to six-years-old Tommy, who wore his in his breeches pocket till it was frayed and soiled into illegibility, had the greatest pride and satisfaction in bestowing their coveted news on eager inquirers. The very doctor was known to have read one of the family letters for the purpose of diverting the self-centred thoughts of a melancholic patient.

Sandy Somerville, though he was not distinguished as a dancer, wrote a good letter. He was always cheerful, but he told his people all they wished to know of the novelties which struck him, and the hardships they desired to realise, which he took as a matter of course, and made light of. The graphic details made his friends feel as if they were with him in the brief fit of sea-sickness in the Bay, in the ship's games, in the wonderful landing at Teneriffe, and again at the Cape, in the crowded journey up country on soldiers' rations—four hard biscuits, so much bully-beef, and an allowance of coffee a day. When the soldiers passed through the ostrich farms and encamped in their vicinity, the men were still light-hearted enough to pick up the stray feathers and stick them in their hats. Sandy was keeping a small collection for Maggie, and any friend

of hers who would accept them. And would Tommy believe it, the first Kaffir Sandy had seen, was not wholly uncomely in his light clothing—as light as Tommy's pyjamas? And he had no tomahawk and scalps at his girdle, as Tommy and older boys had expected. The Kaffir left that to the Red Indian. And could Jeannie and Bell conceive it possible that tinned jam and marmalade, instead of butter and cheese, would end by becoming too sweet and sticky to be appreciated by any consumer save wasps and flies? Sandy could not get his sick in the hospital to look favourably on the preserves, and he could tell Bell that she would never "think scorn" again of her porridge and milk if she saw the only kind of water he had got sometimes to slake the thirst of his wounded men, and if she knew what he and they would give for a single "pull" at her milk-jug. Sandy did not forget these trifles as well as the gorgeous sunsets and sunrises, the sharp frosts by night, the scorching spells of heat by day, the drowning rains, the choking dust-storms.

Sophy was glad to read these letters and learn particularly how her father fared, when he had not time to tell her.

The happiest part of these anxious bereft days was when she and Maggie were together, and discussed and re-discussed the latest sure tidings, while Sophy made bungling attempts to help Maggie in whatever piece of work she was engaged in. Now it was pulling the last of the Somervilles' plums, or it was papering the pots of preserves already made for the year's use, or it was when Maggie was over at the Bungalow teaching Sophy to make certain odd-shaped little pillows, which could be tucked in among the other pillows to ease Mrs. Singleton's aching back and head on her couch.

"I wonder why heroism is always associated with battlefields," Sophy speculated on one of these occasions. "I know father does not think so; he says it takes more courage to face danger in cold blood, with no bull-dog instinct of fighting, no excitement or notice caused by it, than is needed to rush a cannon-crowned height, or stand a bayonet charge. The miners who volunteer in bands to go into the mines after an explosion, when the roof is still falling and the air foul, on the chance of rescuing other pitmen, exhibit that higher courage. So does your father show it when, weary and worn-out, he steps down to this or that cottage to peer into a child's diphtheric sore throat—ay, and he has sucked out the poison more than once, we know—or to struggle with a poor man in the delirium of typhoid, who twines his hot arms around his doctor, and presses the sick face to his, and in spite of all the orders the doctor has given, and the disinfectants he has poured out and scattered with his own hands, at his own expense, the air is loaded with typhoid germs or microbes, whichever you like to call them, and fœtid enough to make a strong man faint. Yet when one hears of gallantry, it is always in connection with soldiers and sailors. Has gallantry more to do with taking life than with saving it? Can it not exist unless side by side with slaughter? Nobody ever speaks of our 'gallant doctors,' or 'gallant miners,' but always of our 'gallant soldiers' and 'gallant sailors.' Though the Humane Society awards medals, there are no royal or national orders of merit or decorations for doctors and miners, and for other men and women too, who risk their lives without hesitation for their fellow creatures."

"Father does not care for such orders and decorations. He thinks there should not be prizes for good conduct when people have only done what they ought, and are told in the Bible that they should still count themselves unprofitable servants. Sophy, you are making that little pillow too narrow at one end and not pointed enough at the other."

Sophy had let the tiny pillow drop in her lap.

"But the Victoria Cross, the small bit of iron, worth little or nothing in itself, which men are so proud to get," she cried, "you don't mean to say Dr. Somerville undervalues the Victoria Cross? Father would agree with him about many orders, but surely not about the Victoria Cross."

"That is an extreme instance and has to do emphatically with the saving of life; it may serve as an exception," Maggie granted. Then she added a little reluctantly, "And perhaps poor father is too stern and severe. Few of the rewards and honours of his profession have come to him, and so he has grown to view knighthoods, and honorary degrees, and complimentary testimonials as foolish frippery and idle humbug. After all, it was not of the advisability of such distinctions that you were speaking, but of their monopoly, where gallantry is mentioned, by soldiers and sailors. I suppose it is because gallantry in a battle on shore or at sea is more conspicuous that it seizes upon the world's imagination. And don't forget the pomp and picturesqueness of war. If our doctors wore the khaki coats which have replaced the red, with helmets or busbies or sombreros, and our miners' blue flannel was shaped into jaunty sailors' suits, with falling collars, and black neck-ties, and white ducks on occasions, the men would make a far deeper impression on people's weak minds."

"I know they would strike our Tommy and Bill and Jeannie and Bell——"

"Yes, and our Bea," interposed Sophy, "with much greater effect. What babies we all are! Don't you thrill at the sound of trumpets and bugles and military bands, and fly to the window if you can catch a glimpse of soldiers marching, just for practice or in changing their barracks? And if it is cavalry, you are still more enraptured, for you have the trained horses as well as the set-up men to admire."

"Indeed, it is true," laughed Maggie, "and I am not a soldier's daughter as you are. But I believe father, in his heart, likes to look at the spectacle as much as any of us—I will say nothing of Sandy, who once walked a dozen miles to witness a sham fight, and was never tired of speaking of it."

"It is in our blood, I fancy," pondered Sophy, "but I should like to tell you a real fine example of heroism I heard of lately. A lady was in a carriage drawn by two spirited horses. It was at a sea bathing-place, and she was being driven along an upper esplanade. The driver alighted to get some directions from a man standing at a shop door, while the lady took the reins. A shot fired from the pier startled the horses, they plunged, dragged the reins from her hand, and started tearing along the esplanade. Of course there was a hue-and-cry; people tried to stop the runaway horses, but their pace was too furious. They swung round a corner, turned sharply into a steep side road, which descended sheer on a sea-wall, against which the waves were dashing. The shouting and the scurrying feet behind them scared the horses more and more. All who saw the scene gave up the occupant of the carriage for lost. The poor lady—with her breath nearly taken away, roughly shaken and bumped, the dust and pebbles flying round her—was hopeless. People asked her after her deliverance how she had felt, whether all the events of her life had passed before her in a few seconds, as it is said they flash before a

drowning man. But she said, 'No,' she could only give one cry to God, and trust that if she was to perish her death might be instantaneous. The sound of the sea was in her ears."

"Oh, poor woman!" cried Maggie with a shudder. "I wonder she did not lose her wits and leap out to her instant destruction."

"When the baffled pursuers were drawing back in despair, driven to watch the end with unspeakable horror, a man darted from the side of the road in front of the maddened animals, and succeeded in catching the torn reins. He was a big, strong man, or he could not have held them for a moment. They pulled him hither and thither, and it seemed impossible that he would not be thrown down and trampled under foot. But he seized his opportunity, thrust his fingers into the steaming nostrils of the horse nearest to him, and brought it and its companion, trembling in every limb, flecked with foam all over, to a cowed standstill. When the lady was got out of the carriage and brought round —I believe she fainted when the horses stopped—the man was gone."

"Oh, but she sought him everywhere, she would not rest till he was found!" exclaimed Maggie incredulously.

"She did seek him, and he was found—a stranger, uncouth and blunt in speech, not in her station, and yet not poor, well enough off in his homely way, so that she could not venture to offer him money. She asked him anxiously if he was hurt. At first he answered, 'No!' briefly, and then admitted carelessly, 'Bruised a bit,' as if a bruise more or less was of little consequence.

"'Did you not think you might be killed when you flung yourself before the horses?'

"'It weren't unlikely,' was his cautious, laconic reply.

"'Then what made you do it?'

"He stared at her blankly, then turned away, throwing the words over his shoulder as if they were so unanswerable they hardly needed to be said.

"'I could not stand by and see a woman killed.'"

"That *was* fine!" declared Maggie, dropping her pillow in turn, and clasping her hands in her admiration.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR PUZZLE POEM REPORT.

SOLUTION.

On Feeding.

Ah, woe is me that late I learn
  In every food grim poisons lurk!
Tea now forecasts a funeral-urn,
  While stronger liquors havoc work;
And meat is liable to contain
The germs of poisoning ptomaine.

In water microbes oft are found;
  In bread bacilli love to bide;
On milk the doctors too have frowned,
  And cheese is simply suicide;
And why we live at all, to me,
Remains an unsolved mystery.

Prize Winners.

Half-a-guinea Each.

Eliza Acworth, Bradford.
Edith C. Cowley, Ramsey, I.O.M.
Mildred Harcourt-Skrine, Sunbury-on-Thames.
E. Alice Hart, Leicester.
E. R. Illing, Blackfriars, S.E.
Walter T. Jones, Harringay, N.
Carlina V. M. Leggett, Ealing, W.
Nancy Treffry, Wadebridge, Cornwall.
G. S. Wilkins, Trowbridge.
Edith Mary Younge, Torquay.

Foreign.

Annie C. Duguid, Stellenbosch, Cape Colony.
Florence Wilkins, Gowangardie East, Victoria, Australia.

Most Highly Commended.

Mrs. Acheson, Edith Ashworth, Lily Belling, May Jackson, Phœbe M. B. Johnson, Evelyn Stanton, Ellen C. Tarrant.

Very Highly Commended I.

Annie A. Arnott, M. A. C. Crabb, M. J. Champneys, M. E. Tyrwhitt Drake, M. Cerise Deane, Edith E. Grundy, Arthur J. Harris, M. Hodgkinson, Eliza Learmount, Elizabeth A. Lord, Ethel C. McMaster, Hilda Powell, Mrs. Isabel Snell, J. Walker, Helen B. Younger.

Very Highly Commended II.

Edith M. Coles, Helen Margaret Coulthard, J. Davies, A. Densham, Mrs. Fefennell, Evelyn Gothwaite, Muriel Howie, Agnes McConnell, Margaret E. McCutcheon, Susie G. Manderson, Benjamin Marcroft, Frances Massey, Florence Gaisford Martin, Mrs. Montgomery, Chrissy L. Murray, Kathleen Neale, Millicent Parry Okeden, Edward Page, Mabel Puston, Mary I. Richards, Dora Sandell, Annie P. Sargent, Frances Hilda Sexton, Clara L. Simco, F. B. A. Skelton, S. Smedley, Emily Sturgess, M. Tolson, Mary Celia Turner, Mrs. Edward Waltham, C. Wilkins.

Highly Commended.

N. G. W. Adamson, Dorothy Bellamy, W. Brindley, Robert Pemberton Brown, Rev. J. Chambers, Dora Clarke, Gladys Cocks and Ivy Cocks (St. Vincent), Maggie Coleman, Violet Cotsell, Albert E. Daniell, A. M. Dartnall (Australia), Gertrude Davies, Mabel E. Davis, N. Eachus, Nellie Fox, S. E. Gandy, Mrs. Grubbe, Alfred E. Gush, Ellie Hanlon, Margaret Hubbard, M. Isaacson, Jennie Lewis, Annie G. Luck, Elsie Lusby (Australia), Mrs. Mason, Irene Norton (South Africa), Phyllis Pearson, Mrs. N. Pittman (Australia), Ellen M. Price, F. A. C. Smith, Mrs. Stewart, Norah Sullivan, Miss Talbot (Bermuda), Lucie Kealley Thompson (India), L. Trotman, F. Vear, Catherine Waltham, Isabel Whiting, Emily Wilkinson, Emily C. Woodward, Elsie Mabel Wylie (Australia).

Examiners' Report.

Sundry difficulties made this puzzle more interesting than usual. Many competitors gave the title as "Feeding," which is obviously incomplete. The *food* in line 2 was often rendered "meal," while the foremast and funeral-urn in the following line gave no end of trouble. The best of many alternative renderings of the latter was "cinerary urn," adopted by two of our most regular and most expert solvers.

Without thinking, or in sheer despair, several competitors wrote "liquids" instead of *liquors* in line 4; this had to be reckoned a full mistake, for it showed that the meaning of the design, "u *or* s," had not been grasped.

The beginning of line 7 was often rendered "In dripping," etc., and it is perhaps necessary to point out that while the figure M *is* dripping, it is not *in* dripping, whereas it is clearly *in water*.

The two doctors gave much trouble, though fifty or sixty solvers found the right interpretation. We were, however, very lenient at this point, and looked kindly upon such readings as "medicine-men" and "medicals." One reading, "doctors all," deserves special notice. One doctor was shaved, the other was not. All men, says the writer, may be divided into two classes—those who shave and those who do not. As both classes are represented in the picture, we get doctors *all*. What could be more clearly demonstrated? We feel as if we had as yet only dimly apprehended the art of puzzle-making.

In the last line but one there was a superfluous t, as many competitors pointed out, but happily the Author's intention was clear enough. Why *live*, in the same line, should have been replaced by "eat" in some otherwise excellent papers was not easy to understand.

Only perfect solutions take prizes—perfect in form as well as in words. Those in the next list were only a degree less excellent.

One competitor vented a certain amount of sarcasm over the puzzle spelling of woe: curiously enough a number of solutions preserved the *wo* to the ruination of their chances of success.

And now for "Love Light," "On Newspapers," and "An English Spring," concerning which the patience of our solvers must be sorely taxed.

FOREIGN AWARDS.

Ping-Pong.

Prize Winners (*Half-a-Guinea Each*).

Ethel M. Locke, 4, Avenue Soret, Geneva.
Margaret Schlesinger, 92, Hauptstrasse, Georgenthal, Germany.

Most Highly Commended.

Dora Brown (India), James MacDunnough (Germany), Mrs. G. Marrett (India), Margaret O'Gilvy (Canada), Mary Ruttonji (India).

Very Highly Commended.

Elsie Binns (U.S.A.), Dorothy Eleanor Burden (S. Australia), Annie C. Duguid (Cape Colony), L. Laville (India), Etta Leipoldt (Cape Colony), Mrs. Hastings Ogilvie (India), Irene Norton (South Africa), Rev. J. S. Phillips (France), Ada D'Rozario (India), Beatrice D'Rozario (India), Helen Shilstone (Barbados), Ethel Sutherland (Cape Colony), Lucie Thompson (India), Mrs. Harriete Wigmore (Los Angeles).

Our Lily.

Prize Winners (*Seven Shillings Each*).

Isabel Houison, Arakoon, Macliay River, N.S.W., Australia.
Rev. J. S. Phillips, 16, Rue Jeanne d'Arc, Lille, France.
Nora Sullivan, Meiktila, Upper Burma.

Most Highly Commended.

D. Avery (Melbourne), Nellie Chubb (Stellenbosch), Alice M. Dartnall (W. Australia), Annie C. Duguid (Cape Colony), Arthur Fishe (S. Australia), Edith Hardy (Australia), Elsie Lusby (Sydney, N.S.W.), Mrs. C. Nuttall (India), Mrs. Hastings Ogilvie (India), Ella Sutherland (Cape Colony).

Very Highly Commended.

T. M. A. Boys (S. Australia), Edith Macdonald (Australia), May Malone (Antigua), Mrs. G. Marrett (India), Irene Norton (S. Africa), Florence Stephenson (Cape Town).

Highly Commended.

Lucy Ayers (Adelaide), Samuel H. Chambers (S. Africa), Mary Chubb (S. Africa), Nellie Dartford (Portugal), M. Dobson (Australia), Evelyn Jansz (Ceylon), Polly Lawrance (Barbados), Mrs. A. G. Mackenzie (N.S.W.), A. F. Mackintosh (India), Mrs. T. Perrin (Asia Minor), Helen Shilstone (Barbados), Lucie Thompson (India), Mrs. Whitcombe (India).

On Feeding.

See general report, in which the foreign section is included.



IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART VIII.

MORE ABOUT OUR TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

"God that made the world and all things therein . . . hath made of one blood all nations . . . in Him we live, and move, and have our being."—Acts xvii. 24, 26, 28.

I MUST fulfil my promise to you, dear girls, and make you still better acquainted with each other.

Varied as are the nationalities of my correspondents, these do not differ more widely than do their social positions and occupations. Some fill high places, others what the world deems lowly ones. With few exceptions the same spirit appears to animate them all. They long to be helpful to each other. Each cares for all the rest, the instances in which a different spirit is shown being so rare as to be hardly worth noting. Yet we have no badge by which to distinguish one another, and no real meetings to make us personally acquainted. My girls seek good for themselves, notably of the kind their spiritual nature craves for. Those who receive help or blessing try to pass it on. Nothing brings good to ourselves so surely as trying to do good to others. It is truly delightful to read the suggestions made in many letters with this object, and to note the spirit of whole-hearted self-devotion which animates the writers.

Differences in social position do not affect injuriously the style of my dear girls' letters. Some of the very finest I have had have come from hard-working girls, many of them in domestic service. Though their time is mainly occupied in active work, they do not allow their minds to be idle

whilst their hands are busy. They think and plan for others and cheerfully dedicate time—which might well be devoted to rest or relaxation—to very real voluntary work on behalf of the sick, the weak and the ignorant.

When some girl has lamented her inability to continue her "G.O.P." on account of poverty, more than one hard worker has offered to pass on her copy, although it would be parting with a dear friend, rather than her poorer sister should miss it altogether.

One of my girls—a young servant—borrowed sixpence and sent the amount in stamps, at the same time promising to do this monthly so that the want might be promptly supplied. It was just before her month's wages were due, hence the borrowing of sixpence in order that hers might be the first offer, though it was not the only one.

Many of our "Twilight Girls" have joined the Guild of Sympathy. Some amongst them who have contributed clothing for the ragged and starving poor are in domestic service, and write me such delightful letters that I find it hard to put them finally aside, though it is impossible to keep them.

To one old as I am, it is wonderful to note the change which has been brought about in the lives of our hard-working girls by the educational advantages of modern times. I feel deeply thankful on their behalf, for things were so different in my girlish days. Sometimes our servants could not even read and rarely indeed could one of them write. To such a lover of reading as I was, this inability to read or write seemed a dreadful calamity which everyone ought to fight against as far as possible. So it was my delight to persuade even the unwilling ones to learn, and to be their teacher in the evenings. Some very pleasant incidents arose out of these efforts, of which the fruit became visible after many days.

It is a very rare thing to find one amongst my many girl correspondents who is not engaged in some philanthropic work or longing to be so, and asking for suggestions how to do more and better. And how the girls help one another by exchanging experiences!

Quite a number are anxious to dedicate their lives to missionary work, and I have some correspondents already engaged in it.

One dear missionary friend writing from British Columbia said: "One of my Indian women to whom I lend the 'G.O.P.' enjoys the 'Talks' very much. I am sure our Father is blessing your efforts, for when one soul is won for Christ, we never know how many others are being perhaps unconsciously influenced."

This kind friend offered correspondence, but so far I have not been able to avail myself of her offer, because so many of my girls ask for someone in England, or at any rate "not abroad." And yet when one thinks of it, those who live at a great distance from each other are able to exchange more varied and interesting experiences than those can do whose surroundings are in many respects similar.

One dear girl, living in British Basutoland, whom I had brought into touch with another in the "Old Country," sent a letter in reply to the first she received which I should have liked every member of our Circle to read. There were fourteen pages, and the recipient kindly sent it to me. You know I protest against needlessly long letters, but I was sorry to come to the end of that one. It contained such a lively description of the writer's surroundings, of the country itself, the "Switzerland of South Africa," of Boers and Britons, of the amusing blunders of Zulu servants, and though last, not least, it gave a glimpse of a girl's mind and character, which has left a delightful memory with me.

Shall I tell you what difficulties often prevent the speedy arrangement of correspondences in addition to those already mentioned?

Special ages are stipulated for, in order that the pair may have more interests in common. Special localities are suggested in the hope—a very praiseworthy one—that the pen-and-ink acquaintance may develop into a personal friendship if matters prove propitious.

There is a not unnatural desire expressed by some that correspondents shall belong to the same religious body, or be in a similar social position to themselves.

One dear girl, whose efforts have been greatly blessed to her first correspondent, wrote mentioning the place of worship she attended, but added, "I want above all things to prove myself a true servant and follower of Christ, Whose love and sympathy were wide enough to encircle every human need."

Many members of our Circle have been greatly attracted by extracts from letters given in the Answers Column, and have asked to be put into communication with the writers. It has often been impossible to comply with such requests, because no name, address or offer of correspondence had been given or made by the writer wanted.

Many of you, dear girls, will understand from what I have told you why, with a long list of offers, all are not yet utilised. Sometimes I have felt how admirably two of them would pair, but the conditions accompanying the offers have come in the way.

I quote a few lines from the letter of one who has thrown herself heart and soul into this helpful work, and has succeeded in proportion to her earnestness. After having undertaken to write to two members of our Circle, she wrote, "The work is so full of interest, I think I could undertake a third correspondent, so when you hear from a troubled, seeking soul, dear friend, remember me. Some time ago I wondered if I were spending my days to the best advantage. Now I have a work which there is no doubt about. Surely, there is nothing to compare with doing something for Jesus and for souls. It has added a zest to all my other pursuits. It was just the one thing needed to complete my happiness. I often think how very good God has been in giving me this work and so soon blessing it."

Another, who had also undertaken a triple share, wrote for more, begging "not to be thought greedy" for wanting so much of a work in which she delighted. These are not solitary instances, and, if I were permitted, I could tell of substantial helps rendered, of long journeys taken, so that correspondents of differing social positions might meet face to face, and of the mutual happiness which has resulted in all cases.

Need I add that it was those helped and benefited who told me what had been done for them, not the ones who had conferred the benefits, though these had their reward, we know, dear ones, do we not?

People say sometimes, "Can it be possible that the GIRL'S OWN goes to these places, even to the very limits of civilisation?" I can answer by another query. "Where does it not go to be welcomed as a friend?" Yet until our Twilight Circle Column was established, even I did not realise how enormous and widespread are its sphere and influence. We of the Twilight Circle can say that we have friends all over the world. Simple extracts from letters written, it may be, by a kitchen-hearth after a hard day's work, have stirred kindly hearts to sympathy and goodwill in many a far-away land.

Mothers of large and partly grown-up families often appeal for counsel to the old mother-friend, and give their confidence as fully and frankly as do the girls themselves.

I sometimes say I have far more friends in South Africa, all parts of Australia, New Zealand, Canada and India than I have in Europe, though our neighbouring Continent has added a much-prized contingent in Russian, Polish, French, German and Austrian girls, who write the most charming letters imaginable. After all, a great portion of these distant correspondents are in "Greater Britain beyond the seas," but not necessarily Britons by birth, or I could not claim that our Circle includes so many nationalities. South America adds to the number, and the West Indies largely.

Speaking of philanthropic work done by members of our Circle, I know all will like to hear of that to which my Parsee girls devote themselves. I have already alluded to these East Indian correspondents. My intercourse with them has been productive of the truest pleasure, from its beginning until now. I feel it a real joy to introduce my Parsee girls in a special manner to all the rest, who will, I know, give them a corner in their hearts and memories.

Quite early in our sittings in the Twilight, one of them wrote telling of the great interest they felt in the "Talks," and how they were put to a practical use in the family circle and outside it. I give by permission quotations from some of their letters, which will bring you all into pleasant touch with some of our far-away members.

"I do so want to tell you, dear mother-friend, about our work class. My sister told you a little in her first letter. Over fifty girls and women now take advantage of it. They come at eight in the morning and leave at five o'clock. We have engaged two cutters, who cut out the work and teach the girls to do it. We teach them sewing, and pay them for the work they do, but it is very difficult to teach them to do neat work, and it is only after two years that we have been able to train really good workers. They embroider in gold and silver thread. At one o'clock we give them a good meal of wheaten porridge, and tea at three o'clock. This does them good, and specially after the latter they work with renewed energy.

"We have turned one of our rooms into a convalescent home, and the girls stay with us, four at a time, in turns. Owing to scanty food and the close quarters of their homes, none of them are over strong, but the month with us puts new life into them. It is so delightful to watch their cheeks get rounder and their eyes sparkle with animation. We take them for walks and read to them in the evenings. Very often we translate your 'Twilight Talks' to read to them in Gugeraty—the language we speak. The girls are getting quite intelligent, and thoroughly enjoy all we tell them. I say 'girls,' but many of them are widows and mothers who have to bring up children, only we have got into the habit of calling them 'our girls,' and they quite take pride in this."

Imagine, dear ones, if you can, what a blessing this work of your Parsee sisters must have been amongst the poor famine and plague-stricken Indian women and girls! In the first letter I had from one sister, the writer told me that they had begun the work to succour those whose parents or husbands had been carried off by the plague. But I will quote further, as the real letters are far more interesting than any paraphrase of them could be.

"We have only lately commenced district visiting, which was first suggested to us by an English lady, whom we took to see the poor homes. How the people look forward to our coming now! There is an old paralytic lady, my special charge, who will have nothing read to her but the life of our dear 'Rani-Mata'—Queen-mother. She says 'no heroines in any books could ever come up to our beloved queen, so why read them?'

"Yes. In far-off India we loved our late 'Rani-Mata' as much as did the most affectionate of her English subjects.

"Will you take a peep at us in our sunny home, gathered for the 'Twilight Talk?' Here we are, four sisters round the table with the two friends who have come to have something translated, for unfortunately they do not know English. The dear paper is brought out and the translation begins. Rather slow work, but then, dear mother-friend, we are not done with one reading. The precious 'Talks' are read and re-read, loved and loved again. How many girls of all nationalities and creeds must be benefiting by these talks!

"May I interpret what we are talking about now the reading is done? Why? What else can it be about but you and our dear paper? Our friends say how fortunate we girls are to know English and be able to read such papers. May they come again to have the new number translated?

"My sister has translated some of your 'Talks' for the Gujeraty journals. We four girls are a merry lot. What a long letter this is. One more request and I am really done. Will you send a copy of your photograph signed by your own hand? G—— will take copies of it, and do not be surprised if you hear of your dear face smiling back in more than one home, in this land over the seas. Not only Parsee homes, but Mahomedan also. We have a Mahomedan girl friend who enjoys your 'Talks' as much as we do, and is sure to have one copy.

"Fancy! Girls who keep zenana, who see nothing of what goes on around them, holding 'Twilight Talks' behind their purdas ('screens').

"Good-bye. God bless you, dear mother-friend, and spare you for many years to your innumerable girls. Your affectionate T. P."

The writers of this and other letters spent several months in England and on the Continent last year, and made, as they well merited, many enthusiastic friends. Alas! I did not see them, and shall ever regret the not having become personally acquainted with four at least of my dear Parsee girls. I can only be thankful for the knowledge of their minds and lives, their love of information, their unwearied study of all that is best and of lives of cheerful self-devotion to their poor sisters in India.

Whilst in this country and abroad my Parsee girls were ever on the look-out for information which might be turned to account for the benefit of others on their return home. They took a fair share in the amusements which were new to them and in sight-seeing; but they also spent some time at the "Sesame School." During their tour they visited the philanthropic institutions of different countries. "We found," wrote G——, "that all were maintained by large funds, except one in Paris, carried on by two ladies, which is self-supporting. At first they found the work very expensive and a heavy drain on their purse, so they opened a department in connection with it, and obtained stuffs at manufacturers' prices and sold them to customers at shop rates, and from the profits they carry on the class.

"We were finding our class very expensive, so a month since, we opened a like department, and from the profits hope to enlarge our class as well as to establish a work-home and a crèche for the children."

Will not these be a delightful sequel to and precious fruits from the tour of some of my dear Parsee girls? I shall put aside their letters with reluctance, after two or three more brief extracts.

"I am so glad we came to England, because it is only there we can see the English at their best. In India they are often rather 'standoffish.' I could never have believed the English to be so nice and obliging. Save for one or two, everybody has been so good."

"After England the Continent is unsatisfactory. We miss the fine English independence and dignity. I just want to run back to old England and yet am looking forward to being once more in our beautiful Bombay. I have learned now how much I care for it."

"It will be so good for India if the future English mothers can be made to sympathise with the Indians through such papers as our 'G. O. P.' We have come across so many well-read people who know very little of our Indian life. One lady said to us, 'I never expected Indian ladies to do such intelligent work.'

"We Indian girls are now as much dependent on English literature as your own. It often pains us that English writers whom we love and admire never give us a passing thought. The one sentiment is—

"'But most of all to thee I sing,
Divine demure English girl!'

"The knowledge that you, dear mother-friend, know our joys and sorrows and sympathise with us will help us over many stiles. We know we are not far from your heart, and we shall faithfully give your loving message to every Indian girl we come across who knows you, and shall translate your letters to those unfortunate sisters who will not be able to read for themselves. May God bless you for thinking of us."

Will not these interesting passages, literally quoted, stir the interest and sympathy of many an English girl? They make my motherly heart glow with glad thankfulness.

One of my dear Parsee girls offers correspondence to lonely English sisters. I have given her an Australian correspondent, but she is open to further offers.

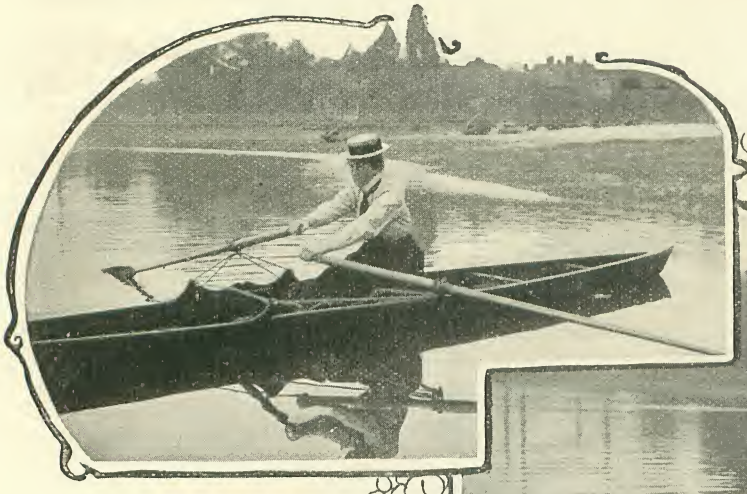
Next month we shall resume our usual style of "Twilight Talk," taking a subject specially asked for by several readers.

BOATING FOR GIRLS.



FINISH OF STROKE.

It is rather remarkable that among the many excellent sportswomen in Great Britain there are comparatively few who are proficient with the oar. And yet rowing is an exercise eminently suited to women; it is graceful and health-giving, and it carries with it visions of sleepy river-nooks, overhung with willows, where the volume of poems, appropriately selected, drops gently from the hand, and the fair rower is lulled to dreamland by the lapping of the waters.



WRONG POSITION—LEGS UNUSED.

Rowing is hard and vigorous exercise, but the strain can be relaxed at any moment, and the tyro can rest till she has recovered. More than any other exercise, perhaps, is it injurious when carried to excess, but more than any other is it health and strength-giving in moderation.

It is hard to say why so few women have gone in thoroughly for boating. Those who possess a boat, and whose garden slopes down to the river edge, may scull a little for pleasure, but it is undeniable that they lack form and style.

On the Thames many a lady plays with her sculls, handing them over to another when the whim is gone; but a good, swift, even sculler is seldom seen in woman's garb.

There have recently been started in London some women's rowing clubs, which aim at encouraging scientific rowing. The members row two mornings before breakfast and two evenings a week, and are coached by an experienced boatman. Every fault of style is carefully corrected, and, on an average, five out of seven members develop into really good rowers. "No little sculling for amusement," as the captain will tell you, "but perfect oarsmanship, strong, steady, regular and correct."

The following is a rough summary of the points to be thoroughly mastered. Rowing (with one oar) on a fixed seat, remember:—

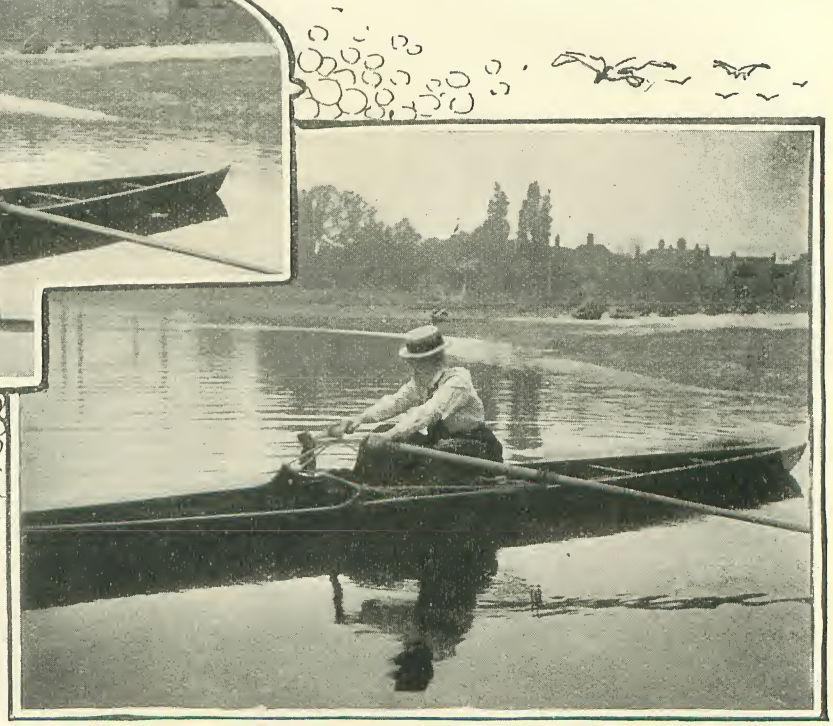
(1) The back must be rigid, and the body must swing from the hips alone. One of the commonest mistakes of women rowers is to bend the back, and to keep the legs stretched out and powerless. Then expand the chest, increase the respiration, and give an effectual stroke; the back should be quite rigid, the legs should be apart, and the knees bent outwards, as the body swings forward, so that the body can lower itself to a greater reach.

(2) The shoulders must be braced when the oar grasps the water, for if they give way, and the sockets stretch, the stroke is weakened.

(3) The legs and feet must be utilised at the exact time and in the right way; that is, they should press against the stretcher at the same moment that the oar touches the water, to give full force to the stroke.

(4) The oar must be held properly in the fingers—not in the fist, with the lower joints nearly straight, and the thumb underneath, not over, the handle.

(5) The depth of the blade in the water must be exactly governed. For this a free wrist is necessary, and after



CORRECT POSITION—LEGS WIDE APART.

a little practice a certain particular depth is reached mechanically.

(6) The oar must be brought home to the chest, and the arms bent just when the body has found the perpendicular. The upper arm should be close to the ribs and the shoulders well back.

(7) The stroke should be rowed home by the shoulder muscles, not by the biceps.

(8) The roots of the thumb should touch the chest when the oar comes home. If the knuckles of the fingers touch the chest before the blade comes out of the water, the blade is feathered under water—a common fault.

(9) It is most important to avoid any delay between the stroke and recovery. The least delay entails a great loss of power. The hands should rebound from the body, the arms should straighten and the body should follow. Never "hang" after the stroke.



CORRECT POSITION.

WRONG POSITION.

(10) To feather with accuracy. The turn of the wrist will do this.

(11) The height of the blade above water during the recovery should be exactly governed. Only practice and observation can ensure a clean, even feather.

(12) The toes during recovery should feel the strap across them on the knuckle-joint of the big toe. The legs should open and allow the body to go between them.

(13) Keep the button of the oar home to the thole. This depends upon the swing of the body being true and exact.

(14) Regulate the speed of arms and body relatively to each other.

(15) Return the feathered oar to the square position at the right time. A common fault is to square the oar too soon, which encounters extra resistance of air, or too late, which is liable to lead to a foul. It should be squared at full reach, sharply, not gradually.

(16) The hand should be raised at the right moment and the blade lowered. The instant the body is fully forward and the oar square, the hand should be raised sharply to the exact height required to drop the blade to its proper depth in water.

(17) Recommence the action of the new stroke at the right instant, that is, at once, with the body sharply back, the arms stiff and the shoulders braced, the feet pressing firmly and evenly against the stretcher, so as to take the weight of the body off the seat and transfer its support to the handle of the oar, thus making the most of one's weight and one's extensor muscles.

This list of points is not so formidable as it looks, and it must be carefully mastered, for a slight mistake in rowing soon becomes mechanical and is then very hard to conquer

Of course sculling, that is, rowing with an oar in each hand, is the more popular form of exercise for women. One-oar rowing necessitates a companion, and is apt to over-develop the muscles of one side. The masculine tradition, that rowing is the only sport and sculling mere amusement, does not as a rule affect the boatswoman, who likes to sit square in the middle of her boat and work equally with both arms, feeling her craft move directly through her exertion. It may be woman's mission to teach conservative man how much sculling is preferable to rowing.

In sculling the stroke is longer, and the body can be taken farther back. There must be a uniform pressure on both sculls, and they must come home one slightly in front of the other. The top joint of each thumb should cap the scull. This gives the wrist more play and avoids cramp.

The question of sliding seat is rather a vexed one. Its use makes sculling so much less fatiguing that for women especially is it to be desired. The legs extend gradually, the stroke is increased, less power is required, and the abdominal muscles are relieved. Some ladies use it, tying their skirts in at the ankles—a somewhat clumsy makeshift, and fatal in case of an upset. A few up-to-date girls row in rationals. The question of costume, however, will be solved when boating becomes more popular among women. For the present most of us find the fixed seat good enough.

A SPARK FROM THE FIRE OF ULLIN.

CHAPTER III.

If Dick's life at Lismoss had been unpleasant before the episode in the orchard, it became doubly so after it. Richard McCance and his son were unaware of the hidden deeps of passion in their victim's nature, or perhaps they would have been less aggressive, less openly insulting. They did not attempt to rein in their malice, as they saw no reason for doing so; and day after day they provoked poor Dick more and more. He might have endured their treatment patiently, had it not been capped by Mrs. McCance's clever inventions to separate him from Belle.

Belle saw exactly how matters stood. She decided that it would be better not to make trouble by flaunting her regard for Dick in the face of his hostile relatives. She would not revolt against the plans which were keeping her away from him. Instead, she would quietly announce that she must go home, and no persuasion should induce her to remain longer than another week at Lismoss. She would tell Dick why she was going, and that he had her true friendship. This seemed the only way out of the difficulty.

Dick, who knew nothing of what was passing in Belle's mind, felt deeply grieved that the girl showed no sign of regret at this compulsory cessation of their little walks and talks. He brooded over the matter, and all his past, with its bitter memories, surged before him, filling him with passionate wrath at the uncle who had defrauded and wronged him. All former injuries stood out in bold relief on the canvas of his fevered brain. Added to them, this intervention between Belle and him seemed more than he could endure. Belle had made his arid life rose-coloured. His meanest tasks had been interesting work, since he knew his efforts would meet with her approval. She had transformed his world for him, and now it was empty and grey; duller and sadder by contrast with those few weeks of happiness. Dick felt sure that Will would persuade his cousin to marry him. When had selfish masterful Will failed to gain his own way? Dick would have to stand by and see the woman whom he loved married to his enemy.

"She liked me well, but they'll turn her against me!" he said to himself, in one of his brooding fits. "How can I live, if she comes to think badly of me? How can I bear it?"

He clenched his right hand fiercely.

"Will must not get her," he thought wildly, as he lay awake at night, revolving the matter in his troubled mind. "I'll not let Will have Belle!" But in his inmost heart he knew that he was powerless; and the knowledge made him frantic. The dim light of dawn found him quiet with the awful calmness that comes of a grim resolve. Without the aid of written philosophy, he had decided that dire punishment should be meted out to him by his own hand.

"They're going into Ballymena to-day," he had said to himself, as he thought of his uncle and cousin, "and when they're driving home in the evening, I'll meet them and do it!"

As he went out to the yard he noticed that Mrs. McCance's horse, Frisky, was being harnessed to the school-cart, in which the mistress of Lismoss liked to drive. Belle was standing, dressed in holiday attire, and she turned as Dick came up.

"Aunt and I am going to Craigbilly to spend the day with Mrs. Wallace," she said lightly, "so you'll have the weight of everything about the place on your shoulders.

"Good-bye, Belle," said Dick, holding out his hand.

Belle flushed a little as she took it, for Henry was watching them with more interest than politeness.

"Why, Dick—you are very pale," she said anxiously. "Are you ill?"

"No, thank you; not in the least." And he tried to smile. "I hope you'll have a very pleasant day."

"Dick, is there anything wrong? Do tell me if there is!"

"All's right, Belle! Matters will all go right," he answered grimly. "Don't look so worried. I wish you a good time. What a lovely day it is. She'll have a fine sail, won't she?" This last was addressed to Henry, who considered Belle's ignorance of the proper use of this nautical term a good joke.

Everything went on quietly at Lismoss during the day. Dick worked just as usual. Perhaps he did so from force of habit; perhaps to find an outlet for the restless excitement which possessed him. He was busily engaged in the afternoon, when Henry appeared to say that there were strangers at the house, asking bewildering questions.

"They were inquirin' if Ah could tell them onything about milk coos in a hoose. Ah says, says I, 'We hae ony amount o' milk coos, but they're a' keepit in byres!' They stared at me, so Ah thocht Ah had better fetch you!"

Dick hurriedly followed Henry to the garden, where he found two well-dressed young men standing. The taller turned to Dick, with an air of deferential apology.

"I hope you'll excuse us for disturbing you," he said, in a refined voice. "My friend and I have come from Belfast to visit Slemish, and look for the spot where Milcho's house stood. We have questioned quite a number of people here, as to the supposed locality of the house; but they say they know nothing about it."

"I'm sorry to say neither do I," replied Dick civilly. "However, if you call at the Manse in Buckna, I'm sure the minister will be able to tell you anything you want to know."

"Oh, we've been there already, but he's from home. Fortune doesn't appear to favour us to-day," and the stranger smiled. He had a fine, clever face, with a winning expression. Dick felt rather drawn towards him, and a longing to play the *rôle* of host suddenly beset him. What if he should ask the travellers in for refreshment, and then show them the various interesting views from Slemish! He was monarch of all he surveyed to-day. How delightful it would be to feel as if he were master of the place, and to do the honours! He acted upon his impulse, and the young men gratefully accepted his invitation. They were students, they said, and this historic neighbourhood had naturally a great interest for them.

Dick was feverishly elated as he entertained the visitors. How intoxicating his new liberty was! What a free man he felt himself! Oh, the joy of his anticipated revenge! At last, at last justice should triumph.

"That old man of yours seemed greatly at sea when I mentioned Milcho," remarked Harry Long, the taller student, as Dick guided him and his companion up Slemish.

Dick crimsoned.

"He's not much worse than I am," he replied honestly, "for I don't know who 'Milcho' was."

"Oh, the chieftain whose swine St. Patrick herded on this mountain. You know something of Patrick's life, I expect?"

"Very little," answered Dick. "I have scarcely ever thought about him. My time has been nearly all spent in work." Here a flush of angry colour dyed his face. Oh, that revolver—that wonderful weapon! How soon it would cause him to forget his injuries!

"I think you have a splendid result to show for your labours," said Long pleasantly, as he plucked some sprigs of heather. "Lismoss is a very fine farm."

"It isn't mine!" returned Dick sharply. He was in such a state of nervous tension that he felt angry at the speaker, whose well-meant remark had caused him to drop his cloak of ownership. Everything seemed to urge him to his meditated deed. Even this courteous stranger was irritating him.

"What a glorious view!" said Lynn, the second student. "Why, you can see the country for miles around!"

Dick told them the names of the various townlands included in their range of vision. He tried hard to repress all signs of his bad humour, but he was inwardly consumed with longing for the moment of his vengeance.

When, at parting, the students were thanking Dick for his kindness, Lynn rather shyly offered him a small well-bound copy of the *Life of Saint Patrick*.

"I can easily get another, and I shall feel much pleased if you will accept it," he said as he held the volume out.

Dick took the proffered gift, smiling sadly as he thought how short a time for reading remained to him. When he had seen the young men off, he consulted his watch. It was just six o'clock, and Richard and Will were not due until about nine. He might pass the intervening time pleasantly with the book. He went back to Slemish and lay down on its heather, absently opening the volume which was carefully marked. He read the first few pages indifferently, but his heart throbbed fast as he proceeded with the chapter.

Here, in this very valley which had been a wretched morass in the fourth century, St. Patrick, as a swineherd, had endured the galling yoke of slavery, and had experienced insult and degradation, far greater than any that had fallen to his (Dick's) lot. And how patiently Patrick had accepted his woes, as the quotations from his own writings showed! There were many extracts from the Confession and Epistle, and when Dick came to the simple earnest words in which the Saint recorded his "hundreds of prayers" for deliverance—prayers offered up during whole nights of frost and snow, it seemed to the eager reader that an audible voice was speaking from the printed page. A saint of Italy or Switzerland would have been a mere literary figure to him; but a saint who had suffered in this very spot was a friend, a brother—a living, breathing man.

Dick simply devoured the account of the vision in which Patrick had been promised freedom. How thrilling was the brief description of that answer to the swineherd's final prayer for liberty—the dream voice saying, "Thou fastest well; thou shalt soon go to thy country."

Dick proceeded eagerly with the relation of Patrick's escape and sea-flight, then he paused ere reading of his return to Ireland and missionary work therein. The picture of that kneeling figure in the snows held the young man spellbound. Evidently Patrick had not considered a weapon the best means of finding redress for his wrongs.

For a second or two Dick looked into space, then he finished the remainder of the book which dwelt upon the Saint's life of Christian service in and for the country which had held him as a slave. How the local legend of Patrick's step from Slemish to Skerry paled before the authentic fact of his having forgiven Milcho and Milcho's nation. Dick could not and would not forgive his enemies! No, indeed! They deserved the fate awaiting them! He consulted his watch again. It announced eight-fifteen.

"I must hurry, or I'll not be in time," he said to himself. "There's no excuse for those two scoundrels. They have earned what they'll get; and as for me I have no wish to live!"

"Thou fastest well; thou shalt soon go to thy country." Oh, the rapture of hearing such words! But had not the age of miracles ended? And was not Slemish just an ordinary mountain within sight of Lismoss? Yet Lismoss could not look more hateful to Dick than the residence of Milcho must have looked to Patrick. Still, Dick could not emulate the shining example of patience. He had mentally rehearsed that dramatic scene on the lonely road till it seemed stamped on his brain. It should be enacted. Yes, decidedly it should be enacted! He arose, clasping the volume, and began to descend the mountain resolutely. Then he paused and stood still; another second and history had repeated itself. He was kneeling on Slemish. A spark from the Fire of Ullin was burning in his soul. Richard and Will could drive home in safety. This was not the day of reckoning for their deeds. Dick would not prove the instrument of vengeance.

Next morning, ere the Lismoss family were astir, Belle seated herself at the foot of Slemish to wait for Dick, with whom she had made an appointment on her return from Craigbilly. She was very composed and placid-looking as she tied some sprigs of heather in a little bunch. Then a tall figure in a worn blue serge suit loomed in sight, and she flushed deeply. That old navy blue suit had outrivalled every fine article of attire in Will's well-stocked wardrobe.

"Here I am, Belle! You wanted me?" Dick stood, looking gravely at the girl, and she motioned him to sit down.

"I can't talk up at you; you're so big. Dick, I have quarrelled with aunt and Will, and I'm going home to-morrow, so I thought I'd like to say 'Good-bye!'"

"You're going—so soon!"

"Yes."

"But I thought perhaps——"

"You thought I'd marry Will at Aunt Agnes's bidding. I am, as she said last night, a headstrong girl. I can't help having a mind of my own. You look very happy, Dick! You're glad to get rid of me, I suppose?"

"No; but I'm thankful you've refused Will. I'm uncharitable enough to dislike him, considering what I've stood from him."

"I'm uncharitable too," answered Belle, "for I feel mad at the whole family because—because they've treated you badly."

"Why should you mind?"

"Oh, just because—— I say, Dick, I think it's queer that you're such a good farmer and yet so stupid in other important matters!"

Dick smiled.

"I'm not so dull in other respects as you think, but I'm poorer than the poorest in this country-side, so my hands are tied. I'll always remember how kind you've been, Belle. I'll think of you often when I'm far away."

"Perhaps when you've saved a little money you'll come to see me at Kilkeel?"

"You'll be married to some well-to-do County Down man before I have enough to pay my passage back to Ireland."

"Oh, no! If I can't marry a Braidsman I'll die an old maid. There, now! I've spoken out, and I daresay you think I'm a very forward girl, but I can't help myself!"

"Belle, do you mean that you'll wait for me till I've tried my luck in America?"

"No; I won't wait so long, for I want you to come back from Scotland as soon as you've saved a trifle. I know I'm asking you to pocket your pride, but if you lo—like me you'll do it."

For answer he kissed her.

* * * * *

When Dick and Belle had been husband and wife for several years, they came back to visit the Braid. The flourishing farms in Kilkeel were fragrant with happy memories of their wedded life, but the Antrim valley held the glamour of their love-story, and they wanted to look upon it again. The County Down harvest had been early, so they were able to arrive in the Braid while its corn was still standing stacked in the fields.

"Dick," said Belle, as they drove along, "how different this is from my first visit here!"

"I feel as if I'm dreaming," he answered happily. "My fortune seems too good to be reality. I was very lonely and poor in this valley, and I have come back rich in everything that makes life worth living."

Upland upon upland of yellow corn rose before their eyes—corn that looked golden in the sunlight of one of sweet September's latest days. The sky wore its tender autumn haze, and against its veiled blue, piles of white fleecy cumuli showed in innumerable masses.

Dick and Belle did not call at Lismoss. Will, it is true, had healed his wounded pride by an alliance with the richest young woman in Randalstown; but there was no reason to suppose that he had forgiven his cousins for their dreadful conduct. The miscreants, however, judging from their expressions as they ascended St. Patrick's Mountain, were by no means weighted with remorse. They were, indeed, thinking only of their past romance. To them Slemish glowed with the light that is generally conceded to be rose-coloured, and Dick's inward eye saw in the ruddy gleam, flashes of another light—that which still shines from the Fire of Ullin.

[THE END.]

THE FAIR CAPTIVES OF CASTLE VUFFLENS.

A Story of Love and Loyalty. From the Records of the Tenth Century.

CHAPTER XII.

Dame Ermance, thinking also of Arthus, felt that Raymond's son was not a worthy enough husband for her Gizèle, seeing what brilliant conquests her sisters had made. It was now Gizèle's turn to be the object of the passing hour. Her mother gazed around the arena anxiously.

Two young aspirants who had not yet received the order of chivalry were not admitted to the tournament. One was the Baron Thiéry de Lasarraz, who had scarcely attained his twentieth year, and who regretted that he could not declare himself the avowed knight of the gentle Gizèle.

"When at an age to love, one is also of sufficient age to fight for and prove it," he thought. Gizèle was also of this opinion.

"Thou hadst two," she said to Isaure quietly. What knight of any worth would deign to contend for little



THE UNKNOWN KNIGHT.

Gizèle? "If they would but admit Thiéry de Lasarraz, or if Arthus were here," she added.

"He is! He is here!" cried Isaure, who had just caught a glimpse near to the barrier of a knight of slender, graceful build, with visor lowered, and whose shield was covered. "Look, is that not Arthus? Gizèle, he comes to joust for thee, and thou hast not recognised him."

"Yes, it seems to be really Arthus," replied Gizèle with emotion. "My heart tells me so. Hush! Let us keep the secret. They will refuse him the honour of drawing lance with noble knights, since, as yet, he is not one of them. But what will he do when he has to give his name and raise the visor of his helmet?"

"Ah," replied Isaure, "he is so handsome. He will gain all hearts."

They did not lose sight of the unknown knight. As the name "Gizèle" was proclaimed, they saw him advance and make a graceful salute. He rode round the arena on his prancing charger, lowered the point of his lance slightly before the ladies, and then lower still before Gizèle. He was greatly admired. Everyone wondered. Henri thought he recognised him, and smiled.

"I did not expect to see him. He has neither shown nor named himself; but he can fight well." Without further explanation he joined the unknown horseman and clasped his hand courteously. "I have recognised you from your noble bearing, my feal cousin, as well as by your good nature in honouring my tournament. I declare," he added to the judges, "that the cavalier here present is connected with a noble race, nobler even than ours, and I excuse him therefore from giving his name or showing his face. I accept him as candidate for my young sister Gizèle. Certain it is she could not have one more courageous. Inscribe him under the pseudonym '*Poursuivant de gloire*.' He will not fail. I go to prepare myself, for I ought to break the first lance with him."

The cavalier bowed his thanks, and while Henri took his shield and mounted, Gizèle whispered—

"Thou art mistaken, dear Isaure. It is not he. Our brother of Blonay called him 'cousin.'"

"I cannot understand it at all," replied Isaure. "But the more I look at him the more am I persuaded that it is Arthus. Those are surely his noble gestures, and see, his manner of controlling his charger! Ah, it is verily he! I would rather believe that our brother Henri had been deceived."

Seigneur de Blonay and the stranger were not in sight. The joust was about to commence. Henri was skilled in self-defence. He thought he knew with whom he contended, and sure of being eventually vanquished, sought to defer the inevitable moment. At the second round he was unhorsed, and retired in favour of Berthold, who resisted longer, but in the end met the same fate.

Then followed Isaure's two champions. Confident of conquest, they did not deem it necessary to exert all their efforts. The Baron de Montagny was thrown from his horse, and the Châtelain des Clées retired with a broken lance.

"He is either Satan himself or that knight of the Ourse," they exclaimed. "He alone could surpass us in strength and skill."

"You have named him," answered Henri de Blonay. "There is no shame in being conquered by one never yet vanquished."

The conquering knight silently gave and received the customary salute. Henri, on dismounting, approached the ladies' circle.

"Little sister, prepare a gift for your knight. She may no longer rank as a child in whose honour the Chevalier de l'Ourse has contended. He comes now to receive the reward of his valour. You may not see his face nor hear his voice, but you may be assured of his power to defend you. *Courage vaut mieux que beauté.* He is my kinsman. I pray thee receive him well."

Gizèle felt overwhelmed, and knew not what to think.

"Ah, Isaure, it is the Chevalier de l'Ourse. They all know him. It is not Arthus."

Isaure did not respond. She was herself in doubt. But the knight was approaching, led by Henri. Isaure coloured with pleasure and pressed her sister's hand.

"Now there is no doubt. It is Arthus. I recognise the epaulet I embroidered. And, Gizèle, dear one, dost thou not see the green plume thou thyself didst give?"

"Ah, yes, it is he!"

He had removed his gauntlet. The hand of one we dearly love has a look we cannot mistake. Besides, Isaure further recognised on this hand a ring, plaited by herself, of her sister's and her own hair.

The cavalier advanced, bent one knee before Gizèle, respectfully taking her hand and gently pressing it between his own. If in doubt before, that sweet pressure would have revealed the truth. She returned it slightly before withdrawing her hand. At that moment Thiéry de Lasarraz did not exist. She did not even regret him.

"Pardon your chevalier for having dared to take your hand. He could not otherwise offer his homage and acquire the award he awaits," said Henri; "but I am his interpreter, and I request it on his behalf."

Gizèle blushed and cast her eyes about her apparel. They fell at length upon a beautiful ring—her mother's gift in the days of their captivity. It was the betrothal ring of Ermance and Grimoald. Gizèle knew quite well that a gift of a ring might be considered a marriage contract. But was she not already affianced to Arthus? What had just transpired, his bravery, the sweet pressure of his hand, all, including the little mystery which she and her sister had rightly unravelled, reawakened her feelings. She believed that she loved Arthus passionately, and found secret pleasure in thus publicly giving him a new pledge of her faith. She tremblingly presented her ring to the silent cavalier. Ermance was too late in her movement to restrain her. The cavalier had seized it. He raised the hand which held it as if to thank Heaven for so precious a gift. Then, passing it on to one of his fingers, he bowed to Gizèle, then to Isaure, then respectfully to Ermance, and afterwards to the whole circle of ladies, he sprang lightly on to his horse and disappeared.

"Pauvre Chevalier de l'Ourse! How proudly he goes back to his Castle with his ring! Had Gizèle seen his face, she would be less pleased with herself. He is, however," they added, "the best made and bravest knight in the kingdom—the most unfortunate also, but this he well deserves to be."

Ermance had meanwhile called her son-in-law to her to question him about this mysterious cavalier of Gizèle's. She had heard Henri call him "cousin." He was nobly born; he was well mannered; his reputation for bravery appeared to be established; he had declared himself an aspirant for Gizèle. All this was agreeable. The ring just given might lead to her being more suitably established, but it was needful to at least learn his name and be made acquainted with his career.

"You have welcomed him as a valiant knight and kinsman. Why was he not at the wedding ceremony? How did he become acquainted with Gizèle? What is his motive for remaining silent and unseen? Without

doubt, my child did wrong in bestowing her ring, but I —I wish to know if he merits such a gift from her hands?"

"He merits it by his birth," answered Henri, "and his bravery is recognised; but—he is the unfortunate Sire de Glérolles, better known now by the name of Chevalier de l'Ourse. You are acquainted with his deplorable history. If I did not invite him to my wedding, it was because he shuns all fêtes and festivals. Besides, I would not for anything in the world wish Aloyse to see his face uncovered, so fearfully disfigured is it from the encounter he had with that wild bear. I expected to see him towards the end of the tournament, and recognised him by his handsome person, his silence and his skill. He now avoids all the ladies as much as he formerly sought their society. If he jousted for Gizèle, it was, I presume, because he looked upon her in the light of a child. You need not expect to hear of him again, much less of his offering himself for the hand of a bride."

"It is not, then, from that source," said Ermance, "the husband I would wish Gizèle to have. If only she could find one like her eldest sister, in whom is combined nobility, grace and courtesy!"

The tournament ended, return was made to the Castle, where feast and dance occupied the rest of the day. Much pleasantry fell upon Gizèle respecting her handsome Chevalier de l'Ourse, which she bore with gaiety, and declared herself quite willing to marry the possessor of her ring whenever he should come to claim her.

However, she did not dance the less, although for partners she had neither Chevalier de l'Ourse nor yet the one who had passed for him. The attractive Thiéry de Lasarraz took their place. Bright, alert, as fond of pleasure as Isaure's champions were of combat, he never allowed the merry girl one moment's repose. Carried away by the light-heartedness of her extreme youth, influenced by a *penchant* for coquetry which Isaure could not even dissemble, and which greatly distressed her, Gizèle was more flattered by the homage of this young Baron and more content with herself than, as Arthus's *fiancée*, she ought to have been. On this day of all others, when Arthus had displayed so many graces of courtesy and valour, when he had been generally mistaken for the bravest and handsomest knight in all Transjurane, Isaure's admiration of him was intensified, while Gizèle, so carelessly happy, the object of all his success, of all his hopes, Gizèle, destined to be his constant companion, was enjoying the dance with Baron Thiéry, or, her hand on his shoulder, stepping gaily through the rooms, now smiling, now blushing at his gallant conversation, provoked into being by her infantine allurements, giving no thought to Arthus, except when Isaure reminded her of him.

"How young and frivolous she is!" thought Isaure. "Will she ever know how to love Arthus as he deserves —Arthus, nobler a thousand times by his virtues and feelings than all the Barons of Transjurane could be by their ancestry?"

That night, on retiring, she wished to emphasise this comparison, to which Gizèle, half asleep, retorted that Thiéry danced "twice as well as Arthus." And Ermance, imposing silence upon her, remarked that it was apparent Elise and Raymond had overlooked the fact that their adopted daughter belonged to the house of Vufflens.

After affectionate leave-takings, Ermance, Isaure, and Gizèle mounted their horses and set out, attended by many noble knights, followed by numerous pages. The Dowager rode in advance, at her side Thiéry's father, who retained at sixty all the chivalrous etiquette of his younger days. He entertained Ermance *en route* by telling of high deeds in arms and loyalty in love, and ended by declaring that had he known of her imprisonment in the tower, he would have consecrated his sword and his life to her deliverance. Isaure followed between the two undaunted knights, who never allowed either one to approach nearer to her than the other. They were in full chevalier costume, all barred with iron. Each looked furiously on his rival's token, vowing to become possessed of it.

"Once in the safety of my fortress, she shall not go forth again too quickly," thought the Baron de Montagny.

"If I once conduct her to my castle, I will guard her there carefully," the Châtelain des Clées told himself.

Poor Isaure! She was thinking of the pleasure of seeing Arthus and Elise once more.

The rivals broke silence rarely, then by some reflection analogous to their taste.

"What luscious grapes!" had remarked Lord Montagny when passing the vineyards of Lavaux. "What excellent wine they will make! How delightful, mademoiselle, to drink well of it to your health!"

"What forests!" had observed the Châtelain Clées when they were approaching the somewhat uncivilised city of Lausanne. "They should be overrun by wolves and bears and wild boar. What pleasure to hunt there with you at one's side, mademoiselle!"

The prospect over the beautiful plains of Vichy inspired no other thought in their minds than a field of battle scattered with dead and wounded.

Isaure was all alert to catch the first view of the Vufflens towers. Behind rode Gizèle and Thiéry, thinking neither of drinking, nor of hunting, nor of war —only of laughter. The young Baron caused his horse to prance, which excited the one on which Gizèle rode, laughed at her fear, and assured her that he was only teaching them how to dance.

As soon as the party entered the Castle courtyard, Ermance proposed a rest for her escort, and had served to them such collation as the Castle could command.

Before separating they asked permission to return, which being graciously accorded, they duly took their leave.

(*To be continued.*)

FOREIGN CAKES AND SWEETS.

ALTHOUGH no foreign country comes anywhere near England in its variety and perfection of cake and pudding-making, there are still some Continental recipes which I feel sure would prove a welcome change and addition to many an English table. Now that the fruit season is in full sway, it has occurred to me that some of the delicious fresh fruit cakes of Switzerland and Germany would be acceptable to those of our girls who superintend their own cooking and who are invariably pleased with novelties, especially if such novelties be cheap, simple and good.

The following recipes will, I trust, find favour with many a bonnie housewife.

KÄSE KUCHEN (*Cheese Cake*).

Ingredients.—Bread dough, or butter or dripping crust, half a pound of cheese, a breakfastcupful of cream or milk,

two eggs if cream is used, three eggs if milk is employed, two ounces of butter, pepper and salt.

Cover a large open tin with bread dough, or butter or dripping crust. Cut the cheese up into dice or scrape it. Beat the eggs into the cream or milk, add the cheese, and pepper and salt to taste. Pour this mixture over the dough, add some small lumps of butter on top, and bake in a moderate oven. Any sort of old pieces of cheese may be used up in this way. The cake must be served steaming hot.

Apfel Kuchen (*Apple Cake*).

Ingredients.—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, two pounds of apples, sugar, cinnamon, and two ounces of almonds.

Make a nice rich butter piecrust with the butter and flour. Spread this out on a large buttered tin. Peel the apples and cut them into quarters (if very large, into eight pieces), lay them on the dough as near to each other as possible. Strew over them sugar, a little cinnamon, some finely-chopped almonds, and three or four little lumps of butter. Bake in a quick oven.

P.S.—It may be interesting to "Our Girls" who bake their own bread, to know that a delicious apple cake may be made by using the same dough as that used for bread. In Switzerland it is the custom to take round to the baker a dish full of cut-up apples and a couple of eggs mixed in a quarter of a pint of milk. For the small sum of threepence the baker strews a large pan with bread dough, places the apples, sugar and custard on top, and sends us in a steaming Apfel Kuchen.

Zwiebeln Kuchen (*Onion Cake*).

Ingredients.—Two Spanish onions, two eggs, a breakfastcupful of milk or cream, salt and pepper to taste, bread dough.

Although this and the following recipe does not come strictly under the title of a sweet, it is yet such a simple and tasty dessert dish that I need no apology for inserting it. Shred up the onions very fine and fry them in butter until of a light brown colour. Have ready a large open tin covered with bread dough or dripping crust, smear this entirely over with the onions, which must have been allowed to cool, and over all pour the cream and beaten-up eggs, with some occasional small lumps of butter on top. Bake in a moderate oven and serve hot.

Himbeer Kuchen (*Raspberry Cake*).

Ingredients.—One pound of raspberries, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, two ounces of almonds, two ounces of flour, four yolks of eggs, and also the four whites. Butter crust.

Cook the raspberries and sugar together for about a quarter of an hour. Stir into this a quarter of a pound of butter, two ounces of finely-chopped almonds, two ounces more of sugar, two ounces of flour, the four yolks of the eggs, and finally the four whites beaten to a stiff froth. Place this mixture on a tin covered with butter crust and bake in a hot oven.

Kirschen Kuchen (*Cherry Cake*).

Ingredients.—Two pounds of stoned cherries, two gills of cream, four eggs, two ounces of almonds, two ounces of sugar, cinnamon, butter crust.

Take a large tin and cover rather thickly with butter crust. Lay the cherries closely together over this and strew over a handful of powdered sugar. Mix the cream, eggs, two ounces of pounded almonds, two ounces of powdered sugar, and a teaspoonful of cinnamon, pour over the cherries and bake the cake in a hot oven.

This cake is sufficient for eight persons. The crust should be made with half a pound of flour and a quarter of a pound of butter, a dripping or plain bread dough can also be used.

P.S.—To stone cherries attach a hairpin to a little bit of wood, then draw out the stone with the top of the hairpin. This is more practical than any of the machines sold for the purpose, and should not be forgotten when the plum and cherry jam season commences.

Preuszischer Zimmtkuchen (*Cinnamon Cake*).

Ingredients.—Half a pound of almonds, half a pound of powdered sugar, one egg, ten tablespoonfuls of sour cream, cinnamon, peel of a lemon, butter crust. Pound the almonds and add all the other ingredients, chop up the lemon peel and mix all well together.

Lay this mass on a tin over which a good butter crust has been arranged, and bake in a moderate oven.

Mandelspeck Kuchen (*Almond Cake*).

Ingredients.—Half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, two ounces of almonds, juice and peel of half a lemon, four whole eggs, and two extra yolks, butter crust.

Mix the butter, sugar, almonds, lemon peel and juice, four whole eggs and two yolks together, until a thick paste is the result. Strew this mixture over a butter crust, cover with a very thin crust, and strew over white of egg and sugar. Cook in a moderate oven.

Johannisbeerkuchen (*Red-Currant Cake*).

Ingredients.—One pound and a half of currants, half a pound of sugar, breadcrumbs, cream, and butter or dripping crust.

Cook the currants and sugar together with a little water. When there is scarcely any juice left, turn out the fruit to get cold. Over the butter crust, which must be placed on a tin, put a plentiful supply of breadcrumbs moistened with cream or milk. Cover with the currants and bake in a hot oven.

Speck Kuchen (*Ham Cake*).

Ingredients.—Four tablespoonfuls of flour, four eggs, two handfuls of bacon cut into small square pieces, and some finely cut up onion. Bread dough.

Cover a tin with the same dough as used for bread-making. Take four tablespoonfuls of flour and a little salt and stir up in milk, beat up the four eggs into this mixture with the cut up bacon, and two tablespoonfuls of minced green onion. Put this mixture over the dough, cut up on top some small pieces of butter and bake until of a light brown colour.

Braune Torte.

Ingredients.—Two yolks of eggs, half a pound of powdered sugar, half a pound of flour, peel of one lemon, two ounces of almonds, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, a quarter of a pound of butter, three whites of eggs.

Stir the sugar into the egg-yolks for at least ten minutes, add the finely-shredded peel of the lemon, flour, cinnamon, butter (which must be melted), and lastly the egg-whites, which must have been beaten to a stiff froth. Place on a well-buttered tin, cover with powdered sugar and bake in a moderate oven.

Mannheimer Kuchen (*Mannheim Cake*).

Ingredients.—Two pounds of apples, ingredients for an ordinary butter crust, a quarter of a pound of macaroons, a quarter of a pound of sugar, yolks of four eggs, a pint of cream or milk.

Cut up the apples in quarters, peel them and lay them on a tin which must first be thickly covered with a good butter pastry. Strew over the sugar and cook in a moderate oven until half done. Over this mass add the macaroons, sugar, yolks of eggs, which must have been pounded up and well mixed together, and the cream (or milk). See that the apples are thoroughly covered with the mixture, and finish baking. Serve hot to table.

Pana Italiana (*Italian Cream*).

Ingredients.—One pint of cream or milk, one ounce of gelatine, the yolks of four eggs, one lemon.

Put the cream or milk to boil with the lemon rind and sugar to taste. When the milk is well flavoured by the lemon, strain it and add the beaten yolks of eggs. Place this mixture in a jug, and the jug in a saucepan of boiling water, stir until it thickens, but on no account let it boil. Take off the fire, stir into it the melted gelatine and juice of the lemon, beat well, fill a mould, and put to cool. When set turn out on a dish and garnish with stewed fruit or coloured jelly.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

A DWELLER IN HIS TWILIGHT.—Assuredly you are not too old to be of use, being only quite a young woman. Our Circle embraces members of varying ages, and just includes both sexes, through a few Correspondents of the sterner sex. Letters are answered in the column, *not by post*, and anyone who wants such help as I can give, may have it for the asking. Many members have offered to write to others, not merely those who are invalids and lonely ones. I have brought many pairs in touch with each other in this way with the most delightful results. You are very kind in offering the little books, and I will give away those sent, though not by letter. You will understand how impossible it would be for me to correspond privately with girls all over the world. Besides, the answers are meant to help all readers of the "G. O. P." No outsider could realise the interest taken in the Circle column, or the unseen bond which subsists amongst its members throughout the world. I pass on a few of your sweet words for the benefit of others: "I am of His 'laid aside ones,' but my experience is that the Master makes the twilight very bright with His near Presence, so that we would not have the painful, weary days one less than He trusts us with. Of course there are days when we have to learn anew our weakness and His strength." I thank you most lovingly for sympathy, kind offer, and wishes. I rejoice with you in the blessing given to your own work, and I gladly welcome you as one of our Circle.

Yet another "SCOTCH LASSIE."—It is delightful to know that from the first number of "the dear paper," as you call the "G. O. P.," you have associated my name with it along with the names of other writers whose work you loved. It is an added joy to know that you "feel greatly the better" for the influence of our Talks and Circle column. I have read all the details of your home life. These together with the hopeless illness of one so very dear to you cannot fail to depress you at times, especially as the troubles named necessarily entail much loneliness and great self-devotion. I will not tell the story of your troubles, but I do assure you of my heart-felt sympathy. You long to realise the love of Jesus in its fulness. I know it will comfort you to think that so many of my girls offer daily petitions for all the rest. We are "members one of another," and I cannot doubt that many petitions have been answered, for I am constantly receiving glad letters telling of God's goodness, of burdens lifted, hearts cheered, paths smoothed, and of the giving of "the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." I trust it will be so with you, dear one, in God's good time, for your request will not be forgotten.

DUM SPIRO SPERO.—Many thanks for the little photo. I shall find the right niche for you in time. I pass on your kind message: "My love and sincere prayers for God's blessing on your work, and for all members of the 'Twilight Circle.'"

A DEPRESSED ONE.—I am very sorry for you, my poor girl, but I am powerless to help you. I only wish I could. Only a lawyer could give you reliable advice in the matter. One wonders how any person could be so utterly selfish and heartless. In a sense you are well rid of him you name.

ONE WHO WISHES TO BE GUIDED IN THE RIGHT WAY.—Avoid the house and the individual named. It would be most dangerous for you to be in his company. I cannot express my sense of his wickedness in strong enough terms. It simply horrifies me, and it must have been frightfully repulsive to any girl with a particle of feminine delicacy, the more especially as the individual ought, by every natural claim, to be your protector from harm. May God in mercy keep you from the evil, my poor, lonely, orphan girl.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LITTLE EVA.—Give your goldfish ants' eggs to eat. You can buy them at Whiteley's or at most corn-chandlers' shops. If possible, it is much better to keep the fish in running water.

A VERY OLD READER.—When you know in yourself that you have done nothing wrong, why should you mind people "passing remarks" on your friendship for your classmate and fellow Sunday-school teacher? I do not see that you can do anything in the matter. If he pays you attention and you have not discouraged him, it is for him to move. It would, I should think, be very foolish for you to leave your classes or Sunday-school because of him. I should enjoy his friendship, and if he goes on and offers to make you his wife, and you find after considering the matter that you love him enough to become his wife, then accept him. But do not worry yourself about it or listen to silly talk amongst gossiping friends. Keep on the right path, and trust your future into His keeping, Who knows the end from the beginning, and orders our lives aright.

PEGGY.—We are so glad that you enjoy reading "Pixie O'Shaughnessy." For your hair get some cocoanut oil and vaseline, melt them and then stir them together in equal parts, and rub well into the skin of the head. Some people find "Koko" does their hair a great deal of good. Hair generally falls out a great deal more in the spring and autumn than at other times. Of course the treatment for your hair entirely depends whether your head is dry or naturally greasy. The cocoanut oil and vaseline is good for a dry skin, but some preparation such as bay rum would be better for a greasy one. Some people cut the tip of their eyelashes in order to make them grow longer, other people consider that this is of use only in early childhood. Vaseline may help to thicken your eyebrows.

MILDRED C. E.—I am so glad that you have had such happy times reading the "G.O.P." It is not considered "good form" to wait to begin your dinner until everyone is served. If such were the case, you can imagine what a dreadfully long time a large dinner-party would take. Fancy at a dinner of twenty waiting until the twentieth had been served before the first commenced!

A CONSTANT READER.—I think that you behaved very well to your guests. It was quite right to ask them to stay to tea and to go first to show them the way into your dining-room. I do not think you will go far wrong if you are hospitable and friendly and respectful to older visitors who come to see you. In fact, I should act as I thought right and not bother myself about it.

SHEER IGNORANCE.—You want to know the use for the instruments in your manicure box. The file is for filing down your nails. It is supposed to be better to do this than to cut them. The rounded end of the file is to push back the skin which is liable to grow over your nails at the root. The brush and the pointed end of the file are to clean your nails, and the pad to polish them. People sometimes use a nail paste and a powder, and then polish them well with the pad.

THE SCRUBBING BRUSH.—Pulling out the hair or shaving will only make matters worse. The only cure is electrolysis, and you will have to go to a special person for this treatment, which I believe is expensive.

MONA H.—If your father paid the premium on your mother's life insurance, of course at her death the money would naturally go to your father, and it is not in your mother's power to will away money for which your father has paid the premium.

C. F. M.—Write and ask Miss Nunn, 12, St. Matthew's Drive, St. Leonards-on-Sea, which make of knitting-machine she considers best. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope. She uses knitting-machines a great deal for charity.



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MOMENTARY SADNESS.

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THE FERNLEY GIRLS' GUILD.

By SARAH TYTLER.

CHAPTER IX.

STRANGERS IN FERNLEY.



FERNLEY and its neighbourhood saw few changes. It was within what might be reckoned a stone's throw of the great Metropolis, the throbbing heart of an empire, and yet was rural and apart. Old-fashioned customs lingered in it, and old-fashioned people stayed on year after year and decades of years in the neighbouring houses. They no more dreamt of vacating their habitations or altering their quarters than did the old gentleman who received huffily the constantly recurring question when was he going away? (To town for the season, to the sea-side in July, to the moors in August, to the Riviera or Egypt in winter.)

"When I was young," he said bluntly, "if anybody asked you when you were going away, you understood he meant when were you leaving the place for a term of years, or quitting it for good and all."

The announcement that a house which has been standing unlet for some time has been leased to a new tenant, or bought outright by a stranger who proposes to settle in the place, is still a topic of absorbing interest in such a community—half stranded by their own choice—as that of Fernley. The more select and restricted the circle is the more importance the members attach to the character and condition of a new member.

Sophy, calling at the Vicarage, was reminded of the excitement which attended Mr. Bingley's taking a house in the neighbourhood of the Bennets in *Pride and Prejudice*. One of the elder Miss Torrenses came in, apparently for the purpose of telling Mrs. Field that the board with the "To let" on it had been removed from the entrance gate of Fernley Lodge; she could vouch for it, since, after she had heard the report, she had walked round by the Lodge and seen with her own eyes that the ticket was not there. It had hung since Michaelmas two years ago, and there was quite a clean mark on the brick pillar to which it had been fixed. The rest of the pillar, like the wall, was getting weather-stained, but where the board had been hung was another colour.

"Perhaps," suggested the Vicar, who had come into the drawing-room, "the board has been taken away to prevent a further mark on the pillar. It can be easily affixed to the railing, as it might have been from the beginning."

"No, that is not the explanation," said Miss Torrens a little tartly, for she did not like her news to be tampered with and robbed of its significance. "Miss Rudyard at the Manor-farm, who supplies us with butter and eggs, is cousin to the house-agent. I met her as I came along, and asked her if the Lodge was no longer to let, since the notice board was removed, and she told me the house had been taken for the usual term of seven years. I call that fairly good authority," she ended, plumping down the words as if she was delivering a challenge.

"Certainly," acquiesced the gentleman politely. He had no reason to desire that the Lodge should remain in the permanent possession of a caretaker, neither was he given to contradicting ladies, only the house had continued for some time unlet, and the sudden preferment it had received called up in his mind an incredulous "You don't say so!" and an inclination to propose another solution for the withdrawal of the tell-tale board.

"How nice to think the Lodge will no longer be empty!" cried Mrs. Field, full of interest. "I hope the new-comer will be an acquisition. Did you hear whether it was a lady or a gentleman, Miss Torrens?"

"Miss Rudyard said a family." Miss Torrens delivered the further information a little stiffly.

"Better and better," applauded Mrs. Field. "The young people will be pleased—some new friends for them. They want fresh interests and a little rousing since the war is carrying off so many of our lads. It is quite depressing to find that we cannot make up partners for a game. I was just saying I don't know what kind of owls we shall grow into before we are fairly in spring. As for an amateur concert or a drawing-room play in the school-room to help some of the Vicar's clubs, it is simply not to be thought of this year. I don't believe we can manage even a jumble sale, with no boys to aid the girls in disposing of the old hat and shoe lots."

"I hope the new tenants of the Lodge will not turn out to be rich tradespeople. They are found everywhere nowadays," reflected Miss Torrens discontentedly. "Our distance from the station and our being for the most part a quiet, old-fashioned set of people have saved us hitherto."

Mrs. Field did not reply. If the tradespeople were rich and cultured enough to occupy the Lodge, she did not mind trade.

"These are the style of gentry," went on Miss Torrens, "who luxuriate in traps of all sorts and conditions, as in butlers and waiting-maids. If the family do not possess the traps, or if the owners grudge their horses, you may be sure they are amply supplied with those hateful bicycles, which render the roads so dangerous. The horrid whirligigs are more to be dreaded than were the highwaymen of a century ago. When I was young no well-bred girl of any delicacy of mind would have dreamt of riding man's fashion—saving the Vicar's presence—on one of those wretched little saddles, scouring alike town streets and country lanes, endangering the lives of her elders."

"And betters," put in Mrs. Parker pertly. She was the only member of the younger generation of Fields present, else there would not have been such uninterrupted latitude granted to the discussion of the seniors. At the same time, as a married woman, Adela felt privileged to stand up against Miss Torrens, who wasted a good deal of time in a crusade against the universal steeds of the end of the nineteenth century, in which young people *en masse* delighted, and the Fields, as Miss Torrens would have said, "luxuriated." "But how could 'delicate females' ride bicycles before they were invented? Take care, Miss Torrens, lest the motor-car, of which we hear so much, that is ever so much swifter and more irresistible than a bicycle, be upon you. Geoff says whenever we are a full-blown vicar and vicaress, he is to start a motor as an example to his parishioners. Geoff is strong on enterprise, and he thinks the motor an immense improvement on the old clerical institution of a pony carriage."

Sophy heard the conversation in silence, and wondered for a moment how people who had those they were interested in far away at the war could care so much about a new neighbour. But as she walked home she was surprised and half diverted, half provoked, to find how her own curiosity was tickled by the coming tenants at the Lodge. She kept speculating whether there would be girls like the Fernley girls in the family—college-bred girls like Gladys and Lilian Torrens; intelligent ignoramuses like Sophy herself and Maggie Somerville; somewhat dense, undeveloped, dear good ignoramuses like her sister Alice; butterflies like the Fields, or an entirely new variety of girl.

It had been a dull, dispiriting winter. The war was not coming to a speedy end as the authorities had thought and said. There were constant reports of skirmishes, if not battles, the record of whose blood-red fruit, which Sophy did not always succeed in keeping back from her mother, made her shiver. The tale of the desperate fatigue and hardship endured by those regiments of the great army at the front, however much the sufferers made light of them, was not a cheerful tale to hear. For those in England, in the sister countries and the distant colonies who would have been fain to take the burden of weariness, hunger and thirst on their own shoulders, however slight or feeble, if by so doing they could have relieved the present burden-bearers, were unable so much as to lift up a hand to help them. And, as if war with its hecatombs of killed and wounded were not enough, wasting disease had its work to do and did not shirk its operations, for, where gun and bayonet slew their thousands, fever slew its tens of thousands.

It was a gloomy experience for those at home; not only for those who were already mourners grieving for husbands, sons, and brothers left sleeping on that vast veldt among those grim kopjes, but for the throbbing hearts sinking with the apprehension of what a day or an hour or the next postman's ring might bring forth.

Surely there was neither forgetfulness nor frivolity in accepting a reprieve from those sad anxious thoughts, in turning willingly to a new topic of conversation, an expectation and a fulfilment which were not bound up with the war. It was but the healthy instinct which would preserve the balance of the mind, which forbids the feverish concentration on one point, however near the heart the point may be, in individual or family affairs, for that is apt to be disastrous, and may be deadly. Sophy settled with herself that neighbourly sympathy and friendly hospitality are not of necessity abrogated by wars and rumours of wars, by pestilence or famine—not even by the shock of an earthquake.

Accordingly she had an attentive eye and ear for all the tidings which reached Fernley of the coming importation, and felt refreshed by letting her mind dwell upon them, as it would have done with lively interest had there been no war. She was rewarded by something particularly acceptable in one of the first shreds of information which the birds in the air seemed to carry to Fernley. It was ascertained somehow that the unknown family had a son in the war. What a fellow-feeling was thus excited!

"He may know my Hal!" cried Katie Field ecstatically.

"If he has ever been, or ever is to be in hospital, it may chance to be Sandy's hospital," reflected Maggie Somerville.

"Nobody seems to have been told to what branch of the Service he belongs. It is just possible it may be father's branch," remarked Sophy. "He may be one of the officers who has got his commission since father retired on half-pay. He wrote there were strange faces among those he recognised, and that mother would not know all the names as she used to do. What a strange coincidence it would be if this officer, in the course of conversation at mess, mentioned that his family were about to settle at Fernley, and father said to him that was where we lived, and that he could tell him all about the place!"

All concerned spoke as if the dark continent and the next parish were about equal in size.

Gradually more and more details came out in connection with the arrivals, watched for with increasing zest. The name of the family was Harris. Its head was a member of an old, wealthy, and respectable mercantile firm—would Miss Torrens call him a tradesman? He had certainly to do with trade. There were more sons of the Harrises than the son with the army in Africa, there were two on the Stock Exchange. The rest of the family consisted of Mrs. Harris and three daughters.

Nothing further could be gathered of the strangers except that a cousin of the elder two Miss Torrenses, to whom Miss Eliza Torrens had written because she dwelt at Highgate, from which the Harrises were coming, and must know something of them, despatched a memorandum in reply. Though personally unacquainted with the family, she believed they were all right, were well connected, in good circumstances, since they kept up a large establishment, and were visited by some of the first families in the suburbs. No credentials could be more unexceptionable.

The appearance of the servants preceded that of their master and mistress, and the home sons and daughters. The servants more than confirmed Miss Eliza Torrens's cousin's account. There were nine maid-servants, and three men-servants, revealing that plethora of ladies' maids and butlers which Miss Torrens had attributed to a lower, more vulgarly ostentatious class connected with trade. Indeed, the number of servants excited an amount of pique and trepidation in the Fernley circle. The Torrenses at the Manor house had not so many. The Fields at the Vicarage kept only three and a boy, the Singletons at the Bungalow indulged in no more than three without the boy. As to the Somervilles, with their one servant—how could it be thought that there would be anything in common between them and the Harrises with their round dozen? Who would be so simple as to dream of the one family—the family rich in domestics—fraternising with the other, very nearly in the profoundest depths of poverty, where retainers were concerned? It would be rank socialism to propose such an alliance. Maggie Somerville had grown up with the other girls, which made a great difference. She felt rather low when this consideration was pointed out to her by her mother, and she saw herself likely to be shut out from the breath of fresh air which was about to blow in the Fernley atmosphere. Like all young people, she hankered for a little variety and novelty in the well-worn tracks of Fernley life, something which promised a spice of excitement, change, adventure in the daily round, were it only an untouched-upon subject to introduce into her letters to Sandy.

"Well, I suppose that, at least, I shall know all about the Harrises at second hand," Maggie was reduced to tell herself by way of consolation—such natural, innocent gossips are we.

Sophy was not guilty of strolling along the lane past the gates of Fernley Lodge the afternoon the Harrises were expected to arrive at their new home. For the

strange servants had already made sufficient acquaintances in the village to proclaim the movements of their "people." She did not cherish the hope of getting a glimpse, promiscuously as it were, of the figures that were to be conspicuous in the table talk of Fernley for many a day. She felt too grown up, too responsible for the family dignity to take such a step. But she made no objection to Alice and little Bea making an expedition to Beech Lane in search of the earliest primroses. She accepted the primrose theory with the greatest composure, in fact she was not sure that she did not start it, on the first hesitating mention from Alice of the fineness of the day, of its being a half holiday, and of the desirability of Bea's getting a nice country walk, perhaps as far as Beech Lane.

"And perhaps you will find some primroses peeping up among the long grass at the roots of the trees," said Sophy quickly. "We have had so much open weather this winter that primroses should be early."

But it was not to primroses that Alice and Bea were referring when they rushed in tumultuously, too late for afternoon tea, calling out—

"We have seen them, we have seen them, so I hope you have kept two big slices of cake for us. We saw them quite near, as plainly as we see you," the duet began. "They had written they would be at the Lodge about four o'clock, and we were just a yard or two from the entrance at that time. We knew the hour, for Katie Field had the little watch which Hal Blake gave her as a parting gift. It does not keep very good time, but she set it by the church clock as we passed."

"Then the Fields were with you? There was a whole party of you?" commented Sophy in rising apprehension.

"Yes—Katie and Annie. Annie had a headache and could not go with Clara to town this morning. We saw them come up and turn into the drive."

"Oh, I hope you did not stand in a row and stare like the Board School children?" cried Sophy, repentant of the weak collusion by which she had let her sisters go to spy the land, or rather to quiz the Harrises.

"No, indeed," denied Alice with a wild spurt of indignation. "How can you think we would do such a thing? We were all apart searching for primroses and arranging those we had found. I had six buds and two or three leaves—here they are—and Annie had picked three full-blown flowers and the curling frond of a fern. It was the Harrises who stared, and not we."

"No wonder!" exclaimed Sophy sarcastically.

"I had the best place," boasted the unabashed Bea. "There was a great hole in the hedge opposite. I wish you had been there, Sophy, it was a regular calvecade," corrupting an imposing word she had heard used on some occasion by a senior.

"There was an open carriage and pair, with Mr. and Mrs. Harris and two of the daughters," recommenced pacific, good-natured Alice, "and there was a pony-carriage in which another girl drove herself and two men. We guessed them to be the London brothers."

"Why did they let her drive?" pondered the artless Bea. "One man sat beside her and the other behind her, where Annie says the tiger usually sits, but surely—surely, Sophy and Alice, wild beasts don't ride in pony-carriages. It would not be safe. No girl would ride with them, I should think. They sat with their arms crossed—the men, I mean—doing nothing, while their poor sister had to drive. I heard one of them bid her whip up her beast, and show the 'cadian shepherdesses the speed she could make. Who are 'cadian shepherdesses, Sophy? We ain't shepherdesses. Father has no sheep, neither has the Vicar."

"Arcadian shepherdesses!" cried Sophy in great annoyance. "We must seem the veriest boors to these strangers, judging from our behaviour, rudely intruding ourselves upon them to take stock of them, and even laying ourselves out to overhear their conversation."

There was sufficient vexation in Sophy's voice to check the chatter. Bea, who was a much-indulged child, even grew red as fire and stuck her little fists in her eyes, her triumph converted into shame, and a primitive burst of crying on the brink of realisation.

"I don't know what you mean by taking stock, Sophy, and I only 'hearked' because I could not help hearing. You would have hearked yourself if you had been where I was."

Sophy had another fit of penitence. If anybody was to blame for what had occurred, it was she, who could have kept Alice and Bea at home, or have turned their steps in another direction. It was certainly not little Bea who was in fault.

"Never mind, Beatie, I daresay I should have been as impertinent and silly as the rest if I had been with you."

"Is it impertinent and silly to hearken when you cannot help yourself?" inquired Bea, so far recovered from the affront she had received and her consequent distress to propound a question in ethics with dead earnestness.

"It is worse than impertinent and silly, it is dishonourable when you can help it, and honourable men and women—and children—always try their best to be able to help it. But you say you could not, so you need not think any more about it. Since you and Alice have seen the Harrises, what are they like?"

"I took a good look," Alice assured her sister in perfect simplicity. "Mr. Harris was a tall, thin man with a stoop. He looked as if he ought to be away from his business, enjoying the country air, he was so pale, and had such hollows in his cheeks and wrinkles round his eyes, though he was talking and laughing with his wife and daughters. Mrs. Harris was not so tall and thin, she had an upright carriage and some colour in her face. And as she sat listening she looked as if she might have a will of her own—the resolute look of Mrs. Somerville, you know, though not with such a contented, cheerful air. Yet Mrs. Harris is much better off than Maggie's mother. She has as much money as she can spend, everybody says."

"That is not everything, though it is pleasant enough, no doubt. But how did the girls strike you? I care most to hear about the girls."

"One seemed very delicate and was huddled up in her corner and loaded with cloaks and shawls, though it is not at all cold for February. The other in the carriage was a fat, comfortable-looking girl. It was she who was talking and laughing with her father. As to the girl driving in the pony-carriage, why, Sophy, she had her hair cut short—almost as short as a man's—she wore a man's cap instead of a hat, and her jacket and tie were like a man's. I should not have known her from her brothers if it had not been for their moustaches. Besides, they had both of them fuller, redder faces."

"You had taken a good look," Sophy said with a smile.

"But you have not told Sophy that they were all very grand, as finely dressed as they could be," put in Bea, conscientiously bent on leaving nothing out. "The Torrenses would not be a patch upon them, Katie Field declared. Each man and woman of them was dressed to perfection—not as if they had been taken out of a

band-box, which is what nurse says, but as stylish as could be—in the very last best style. That was what Annie said, and she ought to know, for she goes up to town most days, and walks in the park when she can get off from her teachers."

"It was not mere expensive dress," Alice sought to explain, "neither did it look as if the wearers thought of nothing else—though they must think a good deal of it for it to be what it is—high art, I suppose, and what novels call refinement and distinction. Oh, dear, how would our Japanese silks, made up by the village dressmaker and trimmed with the steel buckles out of Bea's old beaver hat, look in the Harrises' eyes?—and they were only in their travelling dresses—quite plain at a first glance. All the same, they made the people look like beings from another world, Katie and I agreed."

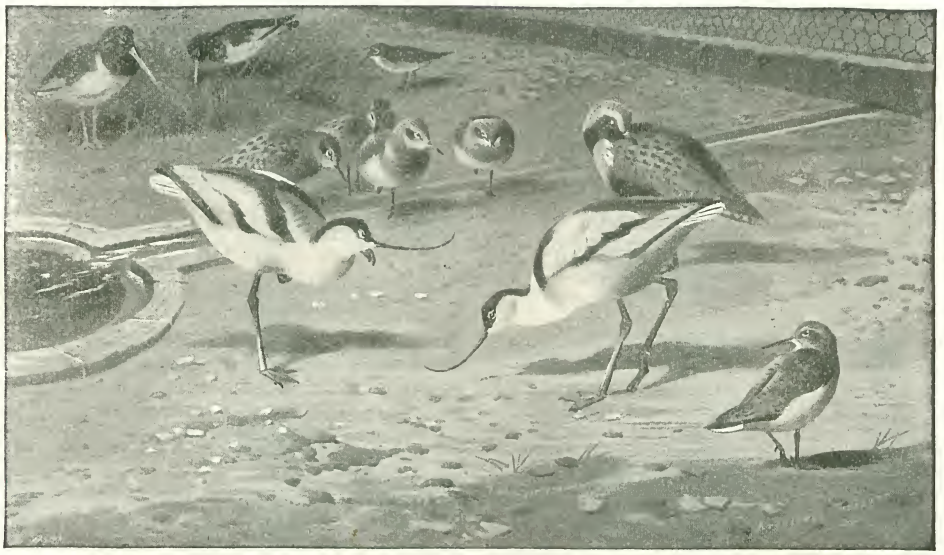
"You have fallen in love with them at first sight," Sophy rallied her sister. "I never heard you have so much to say for anyone before."

"Well, it must have been their clothes or their carriages, or something outside I fell in love with," said Alice, pausing to think, "for I don't know that I quite cared for themselves. They seemed so cool and careless, and yet so conscious of their superiority—like Gladys and Lilian Torrens, but more so. I daresay they have been at half a dozen colleges at home and abroad. There is one thing—they will never do for your Guild, Sophy, with that rule about not spending too much money and time on dress. Apparently plain though they were, there was not a frock, or coat, or mantle among them that had not cost three times as much as any the Torrenses wear. We have been accustomed to think Gladys and Lilian the most expensively dressed girls we were in the habit of seeing, though the Fields have always dressed more gaily and strikingly—'gaudy rags,' Katie called their best clothes to-day. The Harrises' furs alone—they wore a good deal of fur, even Mr. Harris had a fur-lined coat, though he had to throw it open, as if it oppressed him—showed they were next to millionaires."

"I will see your paragons and their toilets when you and I call, Alice—for we must represent father and mother and leave our cards—have you any?—at the Lodge, not later than next week."

But a good many weeks passed, before Sophy, not as representing either father or mother, but in her own individual character, called on the Harrises.

(*To be continued.*)



BIRD AMENITIES.

THE LATE LORD LILFORD AND HIS WORK.

By JEAN A. OWEN.

PART III.

Lord Lilford told me a curious story about the glass snake. He shot one when abroad which had another of its own species inside it. This again he opened, and found that it contained a third snake; in fact, he came to the conclusion that they might go on in this wise like a nest of Chinese boxes.

Another story he gave me about his oldest black vulture. When, in 1865, he had this bird as a nestling in Madrid, food happened to be scarce just when its own parent was being skinned for preserving as a specimen. The young wretch cheerfully devoured the body of its relative, and the stuffed skin of the latter is now in a case in the Hall.

In an enclosure with the wild swans was a cereopis goose. For some time this bird was in the pinetum, where the cranes are, and there it attached itself to a beautiful stately Stanley crane. I saw it waddling always close to the slender legs of the latter bird, gabbling and looking up into its face, and, indeed, behaving altogether in an absurdly affectionate way. Its attentions were, however, not only tolerated but apparently much appreciated by its companion, and the two birds were inseparable. It was thought well to separate them, however, and the homely grey goose was removed, to its very evident sorrow. As soon as it had moulted, the feathers of its clipped wings having grown, unnoticed it managed to fly over the fences and to rejoin its beloved crane. Unfortunately this constancy could not meet with its reward, and back to the bustards this Australian bird had to go. Another case of the like odd friendship occurs in the collection of my friend Mrs. Brightwen, between a tortoise and a dove. The dove coos and hops about that undemonstrative creature, and sits contentedly on its back by the hour.

The handsome roseate pelican at Kew, which affords delight to so many who see it, was, I find, sent there by Lord Lilford. It was one of several which were procured on the Lower Danube, below Galatz, by P. Saunderson, Esq., C.M.G., British Consul-General at New York, and formerly Commissioner of the Danube Navigation.

The Dominican gull of the South Pacific has been here for more than twenty years, and has paired with a male herring gull and become the mother of many hybrids.

In a huge "old leather bottel," which was slung in a yew tree, some oxeyes had their young. They came and went with green caterpillars for these; and, if they caught you watching them, many were the little manœuvres to approach the mouth of this delightful nesting-place from some point unseen by the "humans." In a shed, beside a mason who was at work, a pair of flycatchers had their young in one of his old cement tins. They did not mind his proximity in the least, and he had kindly put up a bit of board to shelter them a little.

During the month of August our author spent most of his time on a river barge, from which he noted and recorded much that is interesting. Sedge-warblers and reed-warblers abound on the banks of the stream, and their notes are heard throughout the summer night. The days spent thus were full of interest as he watched "the water-hens leading their downy young through the mazes of water-weeds, the young broods of wild ducks bustling out of some reedy nook at the approach of the boat, the kingfisher watching his prey from an overhanging spray, or darting past like a meteor, the heron standing motionless on a favourite shallow, the incessant song and rapid motions of the reed- and sedge-warblers, and the infinite variety of insects and of plants."

Birds undoubtedly know where the owners of houses are hospitably disposed towards them, and that they can congregate and build about these unmolested. During the winter months nut-hatches were seen from daybreak to mid-day opening and feeding on beechmast about an interstice in the masonry of the porch which is over the front entrance to the hall.

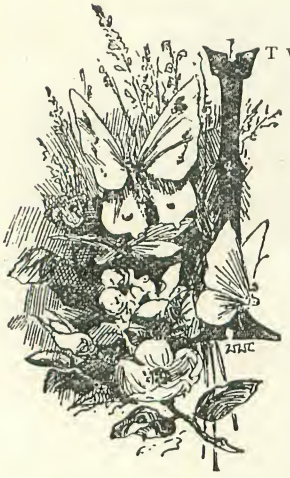
The brambling is a bird that is becoming much rarer than it was in many districts, but upon the old beeches in Northamptonshire it may be seen abundantly. Its breeding-places are of course in more northern forests.

The crossbill has always been a favourite of ours. Its quaint attitude and humorous disposition make it a very interesting bird in captivity. In Thuringia each peasant household likes to have a pair of these birds. If the mandibles cross each other at the end of the bill from left to right, the presence of the bird is said to counteract the diseases of the males of the family; if from right to left those of the females. Lord Lilford mentioned one which he received out of a flock of about a hundred which had been haunting the neighbourhood of Harleston Firs for some weeks. In fir-woods, however, these birds never breed.

Quails are becoming every year more scarce in Northamptonshire as in most parts of England and Ireland. The higher cultivation of our land is doing away with those rougher broken portions in which the quail has its favourite habitat. The water-rail is scarce, but the land-rail or corn-crake is a very common summer visitor to Northamptonshire. In Spain, Lord Lilford says, one or two of the latter species are supposed to accompany each great flight of quails on their vernal migration, acting as pilots to them, so that the land-rail is there called the "guide of the quails," and in France "king of quails."

ISRAEL'S ATONEMENT.

A STORY OF THE GREAT WHITE FAST.



It was the afternoon of the Day of Atonement—the Great White Fast. The little synagogue at B—— was filled to overflowing. On the ground floor were the men and boys in white *talithim* (praying-shawls), with borders and fringes, and silk or velvet caps. Upstairs sat the ladies, attired in their lightest summer garments. The air was stifling, necessitating the use of smelling-salts and eau-de-Cologne. Not a few of the feminine portion of the congregation fainted, and even the men deigned to use ivory fans. They had been there since early morning; they meant to stay until after six o'clock. A long and trying service, truly, and one requiring considerable self-denial on the part of the devotee.

Not very far from the white-curtained Ark, which contained the scrolls of the Law, sat a youth, his eyes fixed diligently on his prayer-book. His features proclaimed his Semitic descent, but there was an air of refinement about them lacking in the countenances of many of his brethren. His eyes were large, dark, and mournful; his full red lips had a downward curve. One could almost trace unsatisfied longing in the wistful expression of his sweetly-earnest face.

He was conscientiously striving to fulfil the Law—to afflict his soul on this most solemn fast of the Jewish year. His fellow-worshippers evidently possessed different ideas on the subject, for some of them chatted pleasantly together concerning stocks and shares, others left the synagogue at intervals to satisfy the cravings of the inner man; but he, Israel Morris, was one of the truly sincere. Since sunset on the previous day neither food nor drink had passed his lips. His throat was parched, his lips dry, but he would not yield so far as to take a drop of water. He was determined to rigidly adhere to the fast.

At last it was over, and he mingled with his co-religionists in the spacious vestibule. His mother and sisters were awaiting him at the gates, where they had engaged a cab to drive them home. They were quite a lively party, despite their exhaustion, and chatted vivaciously as the vehicle pursued its way.

"I didn't have such a bad time after all," his mother remarked with satisfaction. "Mrs. Levy sat next to me and told me all about her son's wedding. Just fancy, he got seven thousand pounds with the girl and all the house furniture! And then Mrs. Samuel and Mrs. Joseph paid me a visit during the course of the afternoon. It all helped to pass the time, you know. I am frightfully hungry now. How did you get on, Izzy?"

"I fasted very well, thank you," the lad replied wearily, "if that is what you mean, mother. I don't feel any the better for it, though, unfortunately."

Mrs. Morris stared.

"How do you expect to feel?" she said with a sharp glance. "I really don't understand you, Izzy."

"I mean that I do not feel that the fast has done me any good spiritually," he answered, with a slight flush on his usually pale cheeks. "I have fulfilled an irksome duty and that is all. I felt the same about it last year. I cannot help it. I don't believe I am a bit nearer to God than before I began to fast. I have been trying to atone for my

sins all day, and I found it impossible. I felt as if I were groping in the dark, somehow. I can't explain it, and—and—you wouldn't understand——"

His eldest sister glanced at him with curiosity. There was a troubled expression in his eyes.

"You do get some funny ideas," she said disapprovingly. "You take religion too seriously, Izzy. You ought to have lived in the days of Moses. I believe you would have been a prophet or something if you had."

She laughed, and so did her mother and sister, but Israel was silent. And all through the breakfast, which in spite of his hunger he scarcely touched, he remained deep in thought.

Later in the evening some Jewish neighbours came in for a game of solo whist. If they had "afflicted their souls" that day, their affliction soon became a thing of the past. Israel could not bring himself to play cards that evening; to him it turned the whole solemn fast into a veritable farce.

He put on his hat and went out. The sound of laughing voices floated out to him as he closed the hall door. These were the people who had professed to make a solemn atonement for their sins scarcely two hours ago. They had just come from a day's service at the synagogue, and they could straightway sit down and play solo whist. The inconsistency of it disheartened him, for it showed that to them, as well as to him, the Day of Atonement had done no real spiritual good.

It was the old, old question—the lack of spirituality in Judaism. Over and over again it cropped up to vex and puzzle his mind. What was the cause of it? What was lacking? Surely there could be no grander religion than that of his forefathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob? Surely the God of the Hebrews was God of the Hebrews still? And yet Judaism did not satisfy the inmost cravings of his soul; it neither spiritualised nor uplifted him. Why was it that he, one of God's chosen people, could not catch the faintest ray of the heavenly *Shechinah*? Why was it that he felt as if he were groping in the dark?

It happened to be Wednesday, and the bells of a neighbouring church were ringing for choral Evensong. Israel found himself surrounded by a group of intending worshippers wending their way churchwards. Almost involuntarily his steps took the same direction. Arrived at the church door he paused, apparently in indecision. Then, with a whimsical expression on his pale face, followed the others through the swing doors and up the aisle. Although he was in no frame of mind for humour, it amused him to find himself—Israel Morris—in a Christian sanctuary. He could not resist a smile as he thought of what his people would say if they knew that he were there.

He was shown to a seat in a shadowy corner of the church, and had a pew all to himself. He was glad of this, for it relieved him of the feeling of nervousness he would otherwise have possessed. He leant back in the corner and listened and watched intently. He had come not as a worshipper, but as an onlooker, and at first the feeling uppermost in his mind was that of curiosity. Curiosity gave place to reverence, however, as the service proceeded, and by the time it came to the sermon he was filled with a vague sense of uneasiness.

The text fell on his ears like a clarion call. It was taken from the Pentateuch—"It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul," and its ratification by a Hebrew Christian teacher was also quoted—"Without shedding of blood is no remission."

It was a sermon on atonement—the very subject which had perplexed him in the synagogue that day. The preacher explained the Hebrew teaching on sacrificial atonement, and concluded with the sacrifice of the Cross, the shedding of Christ's blood for the remission of sins. Israel Morris sat, alert and attentive, drinking in every word. And as he listened a strange feeling of apprehension and astonishment overcame him. What if this were true—if Christ were really the one Atonement for the sins of the whole world? A cold dew broke out on his forehead as he thought of it. It would mean that Judaism must be replaced by Christianity; that he, Israel Morris, must enrol himself as a follower of the despised and rejected Jesus; it would mean separation from his relatives, exposure to ridicule and the sneering remarks of his friends; it would mean, in short, a revolution in his whole life.

The Blessing was given, the congregation filed out, and still Israel remained in his seat, listening to the melodious meditation of the organ, and thinking, thinking deeply.

Presently a touch on the shoulder roused him from his reverie, and looking up he encountered the kindly gaze of the preacher, who had evidently been struck by the troubled expression on the boy's face.

"You look unhappy. Can I help you?" he said, as he entered the pew and sat down at his side. "I take a great interest in young fellows. It is not so long since I was a lad myself."

Israel glanced up. The open countenance and clear eyes of the young clergyman inspired in him a sense of trust. "It is very kind of you," he answered simply. "I am a Jew."

The curate's face lit up with interest.

"Indeed," he replied kindly, "then I am sure we shall get on well together. I have a brother-in-law who is—or rather, was—a Jew. Will you come into the vestry? We shall be able to chat there undisturbed."

He led the way up the aisle and through a door on the right-hand side of the chancel. With his mind in a tumult Israel followed. His first impulse was to make some excuse and get away, his second to confide all his doubts and difficulties to this new-found friend. The second impulse conquered. In less than a quarter of an hour he was conversing with the Rev. Arthur Wells as if he had known him for years.

"It was because I knew that this was the Jewish Day of Atonement that I chose that subject for my sermon," the curate explained, when, after a short prayer for guidance, they rose from their knees. "I always make a point of using the Hebrew feasts and fasts for illustrating their respective spiritual lessons. There is scarcely any great Hebrew ordinance which has not its counterpart, spiritualised, in Christ's religion. We regard the New Testament as the key to the Old."

"I have often wondered why Christians make so much of the Old Testament," Israel rejoined, and then burst out with a volley of questions. There was so much he wanted to know.

When he arrived home, an hour later, he went straight up to his room, and opening the small Testament that Mr. Wells had given him, read right through the Gospels and Epistles. Then with a new light in his eyes he descended the stairs. His family were still engaged in card-playing, his absence had scarcely been noticed; and yet so much had happened to him in the three hours he had been away.

The visitor rose at his entrance.

"I must be going," he said, pocketing his gains. "Will you take my hand, Izzy?"

"I would rather not play cards to-night," the boy answered, colouring. "You all seem to have forgotten the Day of Atonement."

Mrs. Morris gave a gesture of annoyance.

"What a stupid you are, Izzy!" she exclaimed with an angry flush. "*Yom Kippur* was over and done with hours ago. We've had time to forget all about it by now."

"Israel is really too good to live," said his sister with a sneer. "He has been doing so much atoning for his sins that he considers himself too much of a saint to condescend to play cards now."

The boy's eyes flashed, then an expression of repose overspread his face.

"I have not atoned for my sins," he rejoined quietly. "I tried to and failed. But I have laid my whole burden on Someone else, and He has atoned for me. No, mother, do not ask me to play cards to-night, it would be desecrating this holy day."

And not one of those present understood Who it was that had been Israel's Atonement.

HOW A GIRL SHOULD DRESS.

By "NORMA."

For August there is very little new to say about dress; what was good for July must serve the average girl for August. The far-seeing and wise amongst us, of course, will have picked up during the sales wonderful bargains in remnants for blouses. These bargains are easier to find this year when such very short lengths are sufficient to make a blouse slip, if the collar, vest, and under-sleeves are made of a different material. Pale pink and pale blue blouses, for instance, look delightfully cool mingled with *écru* net; the net collars should be edged with a frill of



On the left.—Smart tailor-built gown of rather bright blue cloth, piped in white on skirt and coat, which has also a short basque; the vest is of pale green linen. *In the centre.*—An effective gown of biscuit-coloured canvas, trimmed triple pleating on skirt and bolero, with *appliqué* of dark-blue cloth; the vest is of white cloth, with gilt anchors and buttons. *On the right.*—A simple costume of navy-blue serge, trimmed with white cloth straps, spotted with black braid spots.

lace and strapped with pink or blue. Almost any sort of trimming can be utilised nowadays, the odder the better, so we must look well over our drawer of odds and ends before we start out to pick up our bargains. As it is correct to have very deep lace or embroidery yokes on our blouses, it takes much less of the material, so that it is not necessary to reject a remnant because it is not the regulation blouse length; scarcely any blouse is made of one material just now.

I always envy the fortunate possessor of a thoroughly smart dust-coat; a pretty girl I noticed at Ranelagh the other day looked charming in one made of pale blue Sicilian alpaca. It was demi-fitting and double-breasted with wide bell-shaped sleeves, the seams were all strapped, and the little shoulder cape was edged with wide black velvet ribbon. It was a perfectly simple garment, and could not cost more than 25s. to make at home. It



Figure to the right wears dress of soft material, cream-coloured, trimmed with lace and satin ruchings, bodice and skirt tucked; straw hat with feather and lace rosettes. Figure to the left wears cream-coloured cashmere, trimmed with bands of cream satin ribbon and cord, cream chiffon vest, lace collar and cuffs; black hat trimmed with spotted net.

was, of course, unlined. When I thought of the one which in a foolish moment I paid £2 for last year, which is neither becoming nor smart, I determined more firmly than ever to make these sort of things at home. Anything that is not close-fitting or made of a heavy material can be done under one's own guidance at home so much better and at less than half the cost. I know one dressmaker who charges 10s. a day for going out to ladies' houses, but then with the help of two clever daughters the woman can cut out, fit on, and set in order two dresses in five days, the daughters do the tucking and fine stitchery themselves; so that the dressmaker's expenses are 25s. for each dress, and I have never seen such dainty, well-fitting gowns made for that price by a dressmaker in her own establishment; but then these girls are Americans, and as I have said before, our first cousins—an ocean removed—are infinitely cleverer with their needle than we English are. They take much more pains with their dress and are never without some exquisite piece of embroidery or lace in their work-basket, which they out with at every spare moment.

I saw a table-centre the other day, worked by an American lady who had suddenly been left very badly off. It was made of chiffon embroidered with large wild roses. It was so perfect in colour, and so natural-looking that one's first instinct was to smell the roses. Of course she found immediate sale for it; there is always a sale for the best thing of its kind; it is the mediocre work for which there is no demand, and I am sorry to say very few English girls are more than mediocre in most things. The way American girls make their underlinen was a surprise to me when I first visited America—the exquisite sewing and the perfect fit of every garment—and they generally use linen except for evening chemises and corset covers. Quite young girls have stores of exquisite undergarments, like a trousseau, which they acquire by gradually adding piece upon piece and always having a new article of some sort on hand to work at in odd moments. I think it is a pity English girls do so little really good "white seam," as it used to be called. Americans sew as exquisitely as though they had all been reared in convents.

How very fashionable vivid green is this summer! I saw a very smart evening gown made of emerald green chiffon; there was no trimming on it except some very old lace which fell in points over the shoulders; the skirt was full and gathered in with many ruchings at the knees. This parakeet green is very prominent on hats, too, but it is not helpful to every complexion. Spotted net is quite the latest things on hats, and as it is so easily arranged we ought to be thankful. Birds and wings are, alas! very *chic*, and aigrettes, which were quite laid aside last year, are more fashionable than ever. They are worn standing straight up from the upturned brims of turbans. It is impossible to touch the hearts of milliners on this subject, but I never see a beautiful woman wearing a fine aigrette without feeling that she has not a beautiful nature. A very celebrated lady novelist wore a large one in her hair at a party at which I was present; I am a great admirer of her writings, but I shall never feel that the pathos in them is quite genuine again, for there is not an educated woman in England to-day who does not know that when she is wearing an aigrette she is adorning her person at the expense of terrible suffering to lovely birds. Ruffles are worn much flatter round the neck, and frilled on the shoulder they resemble the old pelerine. They are quite satisfactory to make at home, and they are a great addition to a dressy gown. White net with tiny ring spots, edged with black or pale blue or pink velvet ribbon, makes very becoming ones; I do not care for the very elaborate ones made entirely of rose petals, or net covered with little bunches of artificial rose-buds. These flower-bedecked ruffles are more suitable for opera wear than for promenade toilets in our climate. But as the season has advanced, everything has become more and more flowery; indeed with the ultra-smart, flowers have formed quite an important feature in dress trimmings; opera cloaks have their lace or chiffon flounces edged with rose-buds, and ball dresses of net or tulle are wreathed with the daintiest flowers of every description. Artificial flower-makers have never had such a good season before. Evening boleros are made entirely of rose-buds, and at the opera, flowers and diamonds make the scene a vision of beauty. Hand-painted flowers and roses made of chiffon also play their part. For garden-party wear, some of the large picture hats, draped with lace scarves and wreathed round the brim with nodding roses, are very bewitching when the wearer is young and if her type is picturesque, but I have seen these picture hats of very extreme proportions worn by girls who would have looked their best in a hard sailor and a good covert coat. It is so much more essential to study one's style than to study the latest fashion.

Skirts continue to cling, and they cannot fit the hips too closely. They still have fishes' tails, but they do not lie on the ground quite so long as last year. A fashionable and *chic* trimming for a blue serge gown is strappings of butcher blue linen, and white serge looks well with blue linen also. These linen trimmings are charmingly effective, but they so soon soil that they rob a blue serge of half its utility.

In the illustrations by our tailor artist the centre figure wears an effective gown of biscuit-coloured canvas, trimmed with triple pleating on skirt and bolero, with *appliqué* of dark blue cloth; the vest is of white cloth with gilt anchors and buttons. This is a charming design, and might be copied in dark blue, with green *appliqué* on the bolero for a more serviceable gown. The figure on the right wears a well-built but simple costume of navy blue serge trimmed with white cloth straps with black braid spots on it. I think the little coat of this costume is very novel and smart. The figure on the left wears a gown of rather bright blue cloth, piped with white on coat and skirt. The coat has a short basque, the vest is made of pale green linen. In the other illustration the figure on the right wears a dress of a soft cream-coloured material trimmed with lace and satin ruchings (I may mention by the way that the old-fashioned ruching of twenty years ago is again with us very prominently); the bodice and skirt are tucked. The straw hat is trimmed with feathers and lace rosettes. The figure on the left wears a cream-coloured cashmere trimmed with bands of cream-coloured satin ribbon and cords. The vest is of chiffon, the collar and cuffs are of lace, the hat is black trimmed with spotted net.

THE FAIR CAPTIVES OF CASTLE VUFFLENS.

A Story of Love and Loyalty. From the Records of the Tenth Century.

CHAPTER XIII.

Hardly had Isaure dismounted than she hastened to find Elise, tenderly embraced her, and pressed Arthus's hand heartily. Observing that he wore Gizèle's ring, she smilingly related how he had been mistaken for Le Chevalier de l'Ourse.

"I could not have anticipated such happiness," he replied. "But I had a mind to take my chance. All has gone well with me."

He could not help showing with what impatience he awaited the departure of the horsemen, so that he might hasten to Gizèle's side.

"Ah," he reflected, "how overjoyed I should have been had she cared to show that I was her first thought." It was perhaps necessary, he told himself, to show her

aviary and other pets to Thiéry, to draw his attention to the towers, and to the pretty ways of Favori, who had swiftly sprung to her side to testify the joy which her return occasioned. All these pets brought Arthus to her remembrance, it is true; they had all been given by him. And Favori carried a collar on which Isaure, at Arthus's request, had embroidered this device—

"Comme lui je suis à Gizèle,
Comme lui je serai fidèle."

"Who, then, is this *lui?*" demanded Thiéry, laughing.

Why does not the candid Gizèle answer frankly and promptly, "It is Arthus Raymond, one whom I love, and designed by my father to be my husband"? Such a reply would have at once arrested the love and hope of the young Baron's heart. Perhaps from fear of exposing Arthus to the railleries and disdain of one believing himself his superior, perhaps from a slight feeling of shame for herself, possibly also from a feeling of coquetry, Gizèle abstained from giving Arthus's name.

"It was my sister Isaure who embroidered that collar," said she, blushing slightly at the semi-deception. "The device is a pleasantry. She put *lui*, having no one to name."

"Is that so?" replied Thiéry. "Your sister intended it for me, and I should like to thank her. That 'him' is me, most assuredly. Am I not gay, like Favori? Have I not a desire to please you—never to leave you? I resemble him perfectly!

"Comme lui j'ai beaucoup d'amour,
Comme lui je serai fidèle,
Et peut-être obtiendrai-je un jour,
D'être favori de Gizèle."

This impromptu was not without its effect. But she dared not show what she felt. Her apparent embarrassment was not displeasing to the young man. He took his departure well content with himself, and fully persuaded that he had left no small impression on Gizèle's heart.

She received his adieux coldly, as well as his promise to return shortly, attributed by the young Baron to a sentiment she wished to conceal.

Gizèle found herself unable to define the various emotions through which her heart was passing on account of Arthus and Thiéry. She did not know which she preferred. "Thiéry is so amiable!" she said. "Arthus is so tender!" Then, pursuing her reflections, The one is so pretty, the other so handsome! The one has so much elegance about him, the other so much intelligence and bravery. One was destined to be her husband, the other declared that he loved her. Was not his parody a certain confession of it—in such fascinating fashion?

"My mother," she thought, "would prefer the Baron de Lasarraz. But Isaure, would she ever forgive if I abandoned Arthus? Am I not engaged to him by my father's command, by Raymond's dying wish—Raymond who was my first friend, the protector of my childhood, to whom I was so dear? And did I not love Arthus from the very first moment that I saw him? Has he not accepted the gift of my heart—the bestowal of my ring? He alone has any right over my hand and heart, and I ought to have said so to Thiéry. But then Thiéry may never return. Besides, he is so nice to laugh and dance with!"

Thus Gizèle reflected seriously for the first time in her life, and was no further advanced in the examination of her feelings when Arthus entered the room. He seemed sad and less confident than usual. Some words of Isaure's respecting the Dowager's real feelings in regard to himself had carried fear to his inmost soul, which that lady's welcome did not dispel.

"Good day, Arthus," she said to him in a tone of patronage rather than of friendship, partially withdrawing the hand which he kissed with touching respect.

He then approached the pensive Gizèle. Favori was still in her lap. The spaniel left her to greet Arthus and then returned to his mistress, and seemed as though he would be a messenger of tenderness between them.

But Gizèle did not, any more than her mother, receive him with her usual gladness. There was a suspicion of embarrassment which afflicted without outwardly disquieting him. He attributed it to the little secret of the Tournament. He ought, at any cost, to put an end to the constraint by confessing to Ermance that it was he who had received the ring.

On inquiring respecting the fêtes, the Dowager made answer with enthusiasm, named all the illustrious knights who were present, and affectedly pitied him on not being able to be there also. She referred to the special exploits of the Chevalier de l'Ourse with particular pleasure.

"He is of your build. A little taller, perhaps, and stronger, and more adroit at fencing than any other knight. One quickly saw that he was of noble lineage, and but for a personal accident in his career you would perhaps have been obliged to cede Gizèle to him. He received from her a betrothal ring as reward for his rare valour."

"That which he has received will only be given up with his life!" cried Arthus, extending the hand on which he had placed it. "It is not, noble lady, the Cavalier de l'Ourse who has won it. It is Gizèle's own knight—he whom you have honoured by the name of 'son,' and who will do all in his power to deserve so great an honour. Pardon me," he continued, falling on his knee before her, "for having gone to the Blonay Tournament without your knowledge. I could not bear the thought that anyone else should joust for Gizèle. If they had not admitted me unnamed, I had decided to make good my title for being the *fiancé* of Gizèle. The Baron de Blonay, having mistaken me for his kinsman, left me happy in having thus obtained your eulogy. Gizèle only gave her ring to her own Arthus, and she knew it."

"Is this true, Gizèle?" demanded Ermance severely.

"Yes, mother," replied the young girl, with a little hesitation. "I recognised Arthus, and gave my ring to no one else."

"And you kept me in ignorance of it!"

"I wished Arthus to have the pleasure of telling you."

Ermance made no response. There was a strange commotion in her soul. Pride, loyalty, even sentiment agitated her in turn. She loved Arthus for his father's sake, as well as for his own. She had countenanced his hopes by her consent to her husband's dying wish. She could not bear the degradation that Gizèle should be destined to marry one not nobly born, while her sisters had married men of gentle blood. She had noticed Thiéry's attentions with pleasure. The title of Baroness, a beautiful estate, a handsome fortune, were preferable to the modest name of wife to Arthus Raymond. It was true that such name would be in conjunction with that of Vufflens, but he had not the gentle birth. His origin was unknown.

These varying thoughts disturbed her to such a degree that Arthus himself divined something of her distress and felt deeply touched by it. After a short spell of

silence, Ermance broke it by bidding her daughter go and see Elise, with whom no doubt she would find her sister.

"You, Arthus, remain here. I wish to speak with you."

Gizèle retired more slowly than was customary with her, her eyes lingering upon her mother and Arthus, her curiosity keen to hear the coming conversation, disquieted without knowing why, happy, however, that Arthus did not follow her, for she dreaded to hear him allude to Thiéry.

Ermance was too honourable not to know that a promise made to a dying person was sacred. The solemnity of that moment, now recalled, of Grimoald about to die, commending Arthus's happiness to her keeping, and her promise in regard to it, could not be overlooked. She had already experienced some regret respecting her promise, but might she not be able to so influence Arthus that he would himself break it on a point of honour and give her back her word? Or she might defer its fulfilment indefinitely. Who knew what might not happen during perhaps a long absence? She knew Gizèle too well to fear her constancy if she were separated from Arthus. Decided to venture on this policy, she, as soon as she found herself alone with Raymond's son, signed to him to be seated and began in a rather severe tone.

"You have grieved me, Arthus, in appearing at the Blonay Tournament without my knowledge, and in profiting by the inexperience of a young girl to publicly gain a pledge of her faith. You will remind me perhaps that this faithfulness was already promised. We will discuss that afterwards. But even admitting it, it was at least needless to renew this promise without her mother's permission, to whom is due, in any case, obedience and respect."

Arthus, inclining his head, coloured and joined his hands together in silence. His attitude, the expression on his face was a piteous avowal of his wronged feelings.

"I see that you feel the justice of my reproaches, and I am satisfied, for you will listen more docilely to what I have further to say." Here she hesitated, and the young man raised his head. "Fortunately you were not recognised. Everyone took you to be the Lord Glérolles. Your care to conceal your identity under shelter of this good name proves to me that you have felt yourself what it pains me to make mention of. The most renowned barons and cavaliers in the country have contended in honour of my elder daughters. The youngest merited as much as did her sisters a candidate of high parentage. You have therefore done well to remain *incognito*, to which I know you are agreed."

The colour came again to Arthus's cheeks. He was about to make answer. Ermance stopped him with a gesture and resumed, looking intently at him the while.

"Have you never thought, Arthus, that the public, disposed to misjudge the motives of those unknown, might presume that your attachment for Gizèle had for its original intention your own interest, and that the undreamed-of advantage to a simple equerry's son in marrying a daughter of Vufflens was well worth the trouble of feigning to be in love with her, feigning to fight for her? I do not say that I believe this," she added promptly, fearful of the look of indignation which flashed from Arthus's eyes; "but it would be quite easy to get hold of such an idea, and your conduct at the tournament has made me think that you yourself have sufficient modesty to fear it."

"No, never, madame," said Arthus, his hand on his heart as he rose before speaking. "No such motive ever moved this heart, devoted entirely to Gizèle and to you. Honoured by your friendship and by the friendship too of Lord Grimoald, I was proud of it, but I felt that I merited it, if not by birth, at least by moral worth, as well as by the sincerity and strength of those sentiments which I could never have believed it possible anyone could doubt. Since my infancy, Lord Grimoald treated me as his son. Ever since her birth, my father loved Gizèle as if she had been his own daughter. Isaure I still regard as the dearest of dear sisters. And you, madame, I look upon in the light of a second mother. If such cords as these have caused me to have hopes that were over-presumptuous, it were perhaps excusable. The veil has fallen. I see now how little worthy you deem Raymond's child to be your son."

Ermance would have spoken.

"My noble protectress," proceeded Arthus earnestly, "spare me the pain of hearing you repeat what I am telling to myself at this moment. Deign me the favour of receiving my unalterable resolution. Deign to sanction it by your approval. I shall leave you and, *poursuivant de gloire*, will attain it or will perish in the seeking. I will make my name so illustrious that Gizèle shall no longer blush at the idea of bearing it. Mother of Gizèle, deign to keep this ring for three years, and promise me that Gizèle, still so young, shall remain free until that time shall be expired. If by then I do not come to ask again for it at your hands, or if you do not then deem me worthy, may she give it to one whom you may choose for her."

He drew the ring from off his finger, pressed it to his lips and presented it to Ermance.

She had attained her end with so little difficulty that she was too overwhelmed with surprise not to take it. This handsome young man whom the two sisters loved so tenderly was about to leave all he cared for, and she was responsible for it. Thinking thus made her at length gently reject the ring, her eyes filling with tears as she said—

"Remain and be my son."

He seized her extended hand, passed the ring on to one of the fingers, pressed two fervent kisses upon it as he tearfully murmured—

"For you and for Gizèle. I will not see her again. But I dare at present to hope that you will not efface the memory of Arthus from your daughter's heart and that you will allow her to console my mother."

He rose, disappeared hastily, and left Ermance in a confusion of the most contradictory of thoughts. Admiring Arthus, she still felt desirous of a more illustrious son-in-law.

"Ah, well!" she sighed, trying to console herself with the idea that Arthus would return covered with glory. "And it will be I who caused him to go in pursuit of it. His renown will be due to me—and then——" Vanity told her that then he would be simply the son of Raymond and Elise. "We will see what time will bring for Gizèle. Certainly I cannot countenance the idea that she should not rank on an equality with her sisters."

(*To be continued.*)

THE BIRTHDAY PAGE.

AUGUST.

By FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

Writer for Girls.

A wielder of the pen who for nearly a period of fifty years produced books at the rate of three a year, setting aside editing periodicals; one whose books achieved remarkable success; whose writings passed not only through many editions, but were translated into various languages—such a worker—woman merely as she was—must necessarily have been a power in the land, especially among those to whom she particularly directed herself. Such, indeed, was Charlotte Mary Yonge,* and the world to which she particularly appealed was the world of girls. "She represented in her books the traditions of the early Victorian age, when," as has been said, "a young woman had first of all to be well brought up, and most of all to be good, not necessarily intelligent; to rank herself always as less than the man, mentally and emotionally, but always to live in the hope of gaining the 'devotion' of a curate or some other equally estimable young gentleman; and meanwhile to be 'proper,' to work for the Church, and think only within the narrow interests of her class and caste." The birthplace of this popular and prolific authoress was Otterbourne, an unpretentious village in Hampshire. She was barely twenty-one years of age when she made her first contribution to what was to prove such a long list of books. This first book was *Abbey-church*. A few years later (1853) appeared what was destined to be Miss Yonge's most popular novel. Needless to say, the title of this was *The Heir of Redclyffe*, which saw the light just as the Advertisement Duty was being abolished. To give a complete list of Miss Yonge's writings here would be impossible, but among her best books may be instanced, *Dynevor Terrace* (1857), *The Young Stepmother* (1861), *The Clever Woman of the Family* (1865), *The Pupils of St. John the Divine* (1868), *The Pillars of the House* (1873), *The Three Brides* (1876), *The Two Sides of the Shield* (1885), *A Modern Telemachus* (1886), *Beechcroft at Rockstone* (1889), and many more. These books, which are especially adapted to girls, particularly young people, are written in pleasant easy-going English. Without doubt they have a very healthy tone—indeed, they may almost be termed religious books. Standing out above them all is her best work—*The Heir of Redclyffe*, which has made a universal reputation.



MISS YONGE.
(*Photo by Elliott & Fry.*)

Good Queen Consort.

Our Birthday Page this month introduces to us a Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, whose memory deserves remembrance and reverence because of her goodness and gentleness rather than, perhaps, for any political reason. On the death of George IV. the Duke of Clarence, his next surviving brother, then in his sixty-fifth year, was proclaimed king, with the title of William IV. This third son of George III. married in 1818 the Princess Adelaide,* eldest daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. Her mother was Louisa, daughter of Christian Albert, Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and as her father died when she was only eleven years of age, Adelaide and a younger brother and sister were brought up under the guardianship of their mother. The Princess Adelaide's early years were spent in retirement, and it was through the death of the ill-fated Princess Charlotte that negotiations were set on foot for the union of Adelaide to the Duke of Clarence. As all lovers of English history know, the Duchess of Clarence passed from the retirement of her home at Bushey Park to the throne of England—the "patriot king" (as historians have named him) and his royal consort being crowned in Westminster Abbey in 1831.



QUEEN ADELAIDE.

The times were troublous ones, and serious disturbances had taken place both on the continent and at home—where the masses and classes were at loggerheads. This gave the King much to concern him; but there was still more difficult work before his Queen—to reform the Court of St. James's, which the disgraceful sovereignty of George IV. had left in a bad state. Owing to the revolutionary spirit of the time the Queen was thought to be in danger of her life at intervals during the few years that immediately followed her "half-crownation" as it was called, because it was conducted in such a frugal manner. Her unpopularity was further increased by her real or supposed opposition to



LADY THOMPSON.
(*Photo by Fradelle & Young.*)

* Born August 11th, 1823; died March 24th, 1901.

* Born August 13th, 1792; died December 2nd, 1849.

the passage of the Reform Bill, till on the resignation of the Melbourne Ministry of 1834 it reached a climax in the famous words of *The Times*—"the Queen has done it all." The fact is this good woman, suddenly placed in a very difficult position, was seriously misunderstood. Twelve years had passed since there had been a queen-consort to preside over the ceremonials of the Court. In reforming the *personnel* as well as the *morale* of the Court circles, Queen Adelaide undertook an onerous duty, as painful and invidious as it was necessary. A woman so capable would not fail even in a task so difficult, and there is no doubt whatever that she accompanied her task with both gentleness and firmness—*nec temere nec timide*. Queen Adelaide's was a brief spell of queenly reign. A short seven years and William IV. died—despite the devoted nursing of his consort. Then she passed into retirement. Marlborough House, Pall Mall, was assigned to her as a residence with a pension of £100,000 a year. On this sum she moved about from one country to another, occasionally undertaking longer journeys to Malta and Madeira for the benefit of her health. Her natural simplicity of life and charm of manners remained with her to the last. When she passed away at Bentley Priory, near Stanmore, the world was the poorer by a good woman of abundant public and private benevolence—seamen especially missing her. Her remains rest at Windsor; and, needless to say, it was good Queen Victoria who immediately succeeded Queen Adelaide.

PAST DAY PIANIST.

English musical art was not always in the prosperous, flourishing state that it is to-day. There was a time, not many decades since, when the pianoforte was the possession only of the rich, instead of, as now, forming a part of the worldly goods of every student-girl. Compared with things as we know them, a musical darkness reigned over the land, and it was only here and there that a native musician could be found to lend hope to the belief that there would ever be a musical England such as we can see around us, in the metropolis, and all along the line of the provincial towns. If pianofortes were articles that could hardly rank as necessary *postulata*, what shall be said of its professors in an age when it was necessary to charm "ever so wisely" in order to break in upon the musical ignorance and apathy that generally prevailed? One name—a truly English one—stands out in the period to which we refer: *i.e.*, the days when our late gracious queen was a girl. Kate Loder* is that name. The family of the Loders is one that stands out in British musical history, one of them—Edward James Loder—having written English operas, notably *The Night Dancers*, with its beautiful song "Wake from thy grave, Giselle," that would do credit to any country.

The subject of our sketch, Kate Fanny Loder, better known to-day as Lady Thompson, is the daughter of the late Mr. George Loder, a good musician who died young. Her birthplace was Bath. It was soon evident that she was musical, for at the early age of four years she could tell any note that was sounded. When about five years old she commenced learning music, and in the year 1839 came to London and studied at the Royal Academy of music for five and a half years, having the advantage of tuition from Mrs. Lucy Anderson and Charles Lucas. Miss Loder had previously studied under the late Mr. Henry Field at Bath.

At the end of her first year at the Royal Academy she gained the King's Scholarship, to which she was re-elected in 1841. Miss Loder had already had a taste of public work, for she appeared at several concerts at Bath in 1840, and she always played each year at the public concerts of the Academy. The height of her ambition—as it should be of every pianist—was reached when, after leaving the Academy, she was engaged to play at a Philharmonic Society's Concert. This was in 1847, between which year and 1854 she played no fewer than six times for the famous society.

Needless to say, the popular pianist was much in request after an appearance on the Philharmonic platform, so that many engagements followed, for Mr. Ella's Musical Union Concerts, Provincial Concerts, etc. Her own Matinée Musicale which she gave at the New Beethoven Rooms in Queen Anne Street, W., on July 5th, 1851, must have been very interesting, for it was thereat that Ernst, the celebrated violinist, played the first violin in the String Quartette composed by Miss Loder. And this old-time favourite possesses other gifts. She was appointed Professor of Harmony of her *alma mater* in 1844, and has given proof of her abilities as a composer in several pieces—an Overture; two Sonatas for piano and violin; Trio for piano, violin and violoncello; several songs and smaller pieces for piano. Who has not heard of Sir Henry Thompson, the eminent surgeon, temperance and cremation advocate, and extremely clever writer under the pseudonym of "Pen Oliver"? Well, in 1851 Miss Kate Loder married that gentleman—then plain Mr. Thompson—but soon to become famous for his surgical writings and dexterity as an operator for many years at University College and Hospital, to which he is now Consulting Surgeon. He was created a baronet in 1900. After her marriage the gifted musician retired in 1854 from public playing, confining her performances to private drawing-rooms. She has, however, composed various pieces for the pianoforte, one of which was published a year or two ago in this magazine.

* Born August 22nd, 1825.



THE CROWNED YET UNCROWNED KING.

BY LILY WATSON.

HUSHED are the plaudits from the crowded city
That would have risen to storm the silent skies,
Exultant Rapture yields to sombre Pity,
Shouts faint and fail in sighs.

The pæan of praise, the solemn invocation,
The organ's roll, the trumpet's ringing call,
The people bowed in breathless adoration
Within the Abbey wall—

These are but visions of a dream departed,
Hovering throughout the dim and storied space,
And ways without, trod by the anxious-hearted,
Lose all their festal grace.

Yet art thou crowned! Not with a glittering splendour,
With circling gems that weary brow above,
But with the heart's allegiance, priceless, tender,
Crown of thy people's love!

June 26th, 1902.

LIBRARY BOOKS COMPETITION.

LIST OF BOOKS CHOSEN BY THE POPULAR VOTE.

		Votes
1	Little Women	200
2	Ivanhoe.	155
3	Pilgrim's Progress	
4	Tennyson's Works	148
5	Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare	145
6	Longfellow's Works	141
7	Uncle Tom's Cabin	129
8	Little Lord Fauntleroy	120
9	Wide Wide World	115
10	Alice in Wonderland	112
11	Girl's Own Paper	102
12	Sesame and Lilies	
13	Westward Ho!	99
14	John Halifax, Gentleman	95
15	David Copperfield	81
16	Water-Babies	75
17	Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales.	74
18	Shakespeare	73
19	Madam How and Lady Why	72
20	Kenilworth	70
21	Heroes, The (C. Kingsley)	69
22	Old Curiosity Shop	68
23	Lamplighter, The	65
24	Last Days of Pompeii	61
25	Peep Behind the Scenes, A	60
26	Scott's Poetical Works	
27	Hereward the Wake	
28	Robinson Crusoe.	59
29	Voyage of the Sunbeam	
30	Vicar of Wakefield	50
31	Fairyland of Science	49
32	Heir of Redclyffe	49
33	Lorna Doone	
34	About Peggy Saville	47
35	Daisy Chain, The	
36	Days of Bruce, The	
37	In the Golden Days	41
38	Swiss Family Robinson	40
39	Wordsworth's Works	
40	What Katy Did	
41	Arabian Nights	39
42	Tales of a Grandfather	
43	Talisman, The	
44	World of Girls	
45	Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family	38
46	From Log Cabin to White House	
47	Short History of the English People	
48	Starland	
49	Parables from Nature	37
50	Life of Queen Victoria	
	The Next Ten Books.	
51	Ben-Hur	34
52	Jungle Book (Kipling)	
53	Prince of the House of David	
54	Sun, Moon and Stars	
55	Child's History of England (Dickens)	32
56	Naomi	
57	Grimm's Fairy Tales	31
58	Ministering Children	
59	Life of Christ (Farrar)	30
60	Æsop's Fables	28

HIGHLY COMMENDED (*in order according to number of books named*).

Rose Kershaw, Mrs. R. Parry, and Ada K. True (21 each).

Agnes O. Dagg, M. Frew, Elizabeth H. Gough, and Lilia D. A. Long (20 each).

E. H. Grundy, Eva Hadgraft, Winifred E. McDougall, Mary McIlwraith, and Annie Tiley (19 each).

Lily Gostling, Edith A. Johnson, Ada L. Jones, Miss Marquand, and Edith M. Verrier (18 each).

Arethusa E. Camping, Mary C. Hale, Winifred Hopps, Florence King, and Alice Pratt (17 each).

Winifred Belton, May Coley, J. M. Cowdy, M. J. Curtis, Rose Etchells, Minnie E. Hancock, Annie A. K. King, Carrie G. Maltby, Dorothy E. Smith, Frances M. B. Snewin, Gertrude Twyman, and K. Woolley (16 each).

E. M. Bath and Annie Storr (15 each).

JUNIOR DIVISION.

FIRST PRIZE (*Fifteen Shillings*).

Marian Hewitt, Copdock, Ipswich.

SECOND PRIZE (*Ten Shillings*).

Ethel Peniston, Lipson, Plymouth.

THIRD PRIZE (*Five Shillings Each*).

Daisy M. Grundy, Bramhall, near Stockport.
Gertrude F. Hinde, Unthank Road, Norwich.
Dora Mason, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.
Miriam S. Morris, Pensnett, near Dudley.
Muriel Ohlsen, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Nellie Woodward, Oxford.

HIGHLY COMMENDED.

Lois Marquand, Dora M. Sauer, and May Robertson-Shersby (19 each).

May Johnson, Helen Marquand, and Margaret Steed (18 each).

Nellie Goodey, Margaret S. Jenkins, and Mary F. Lewis (17 each).

Ethel M. Alloway, Edith M. Edwards, Nina Howell, and Elizabeth H. Stenhouse (16 each).

Hilda M. Coley, Violet A. Jackson, Greta C. Melvin, Winifred Prior, and Florence T. Ellis (15 each).

EXAMINER'S AWARD.

SENIOR DIVISION.

FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*).

Mary Gibson, Cathcart, near Glasgow.

SECOND PRIZE (*Fifteen Shillings*).

Louie Smith, Leicester.

THIRD PRIZE (*Ten Shillings Each*).

Mary Florence Jamieson, Portobello, N.B.
Catherine M. Relton, Littlehampton.

FOURTH PRIZE (*Five Shillings Each*).

Jessie A. Bartle, Bradford, Yorkshire.
Mrs. Rosalie Castell, Balham, S.W.
Evelyn Hewitt, Copdock, Ipswich.
Mary Hutchison, Auchterless, Aberdeenshire.
Marie Matthias, Bristol.
M. S. Steed, Penge, S.E.
Olive M. Taylor, Bakewell, Derbyshire.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN SECTION.

FIRST PRIZE (*Fifteen Shillings*).

Edith Dixie, Claremont, near Cape Town.

SECOND PRIZE (*Ten Shillings Each*).

Miss S. W. A. Almon, Ottawa, Canada.
Mary Whitfield, Launceston, Tasmania.

THIRD PRIZE (*Six Shillings Each*).

Ethel Kellow, Newera Elliya, Ceylon.
May Malone, St. John's, Antigua.
Emily Suttaby, Ontario, Canada.
Lesley K. Symon, Upper Sturt, S. Australia.

HIGHLY COMMENDED.

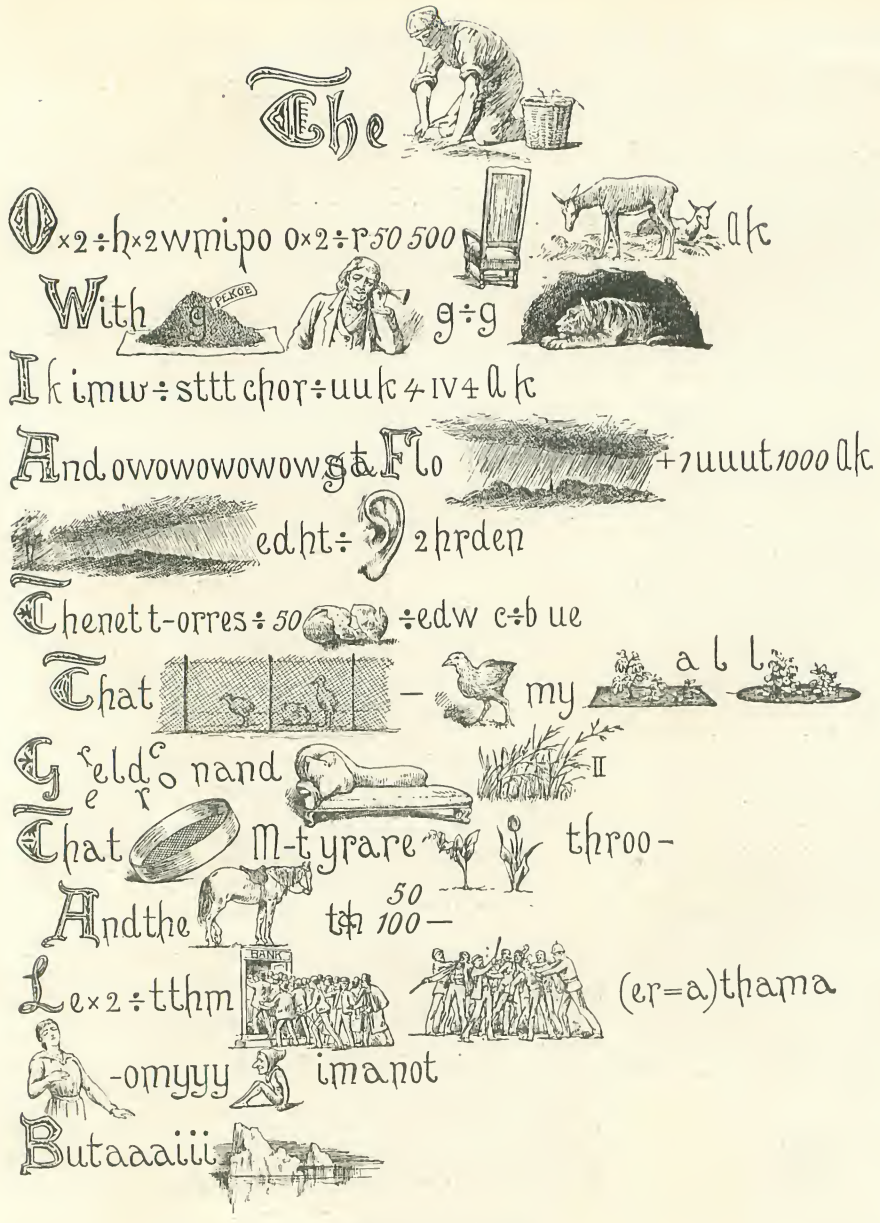
Edith M. Roper (S. Africa), Elizabeth M. Symon (S. Australia), and Mary B. Townsbrough (Canada), (15 each).

Marguerite M. le Roux (S. Africa) and Ada F. Sykes (India), (14 each).

Jenny Adams (Belgium), Lillian M. Dobson (Australia) and Frances Edmonds (S. Africa), (13 each).

Mary Barker (New Zealand), Jennie C. Gibson (Canada) and Florrie Wimmer (S. Africa), (12 each).

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



SPECIAL NOTE.

The above is exactly half of a poem consisting of twenty-five lines. The other half will be published next month, and while the usual number of prizes (twelve of 10s. 6d. each) will be awarded for each half, a Special Prize, or prizes amounting to One Guinea, will be given for the best rendering, or renderings, of the whole poem. This prize will be open to everyone. In other respects the "New Conditions," in force since November last, will prevail.

The puzzle has been made especially difficult, and it (not the Poem) sometimes oversteps the bounds of grammatical accuracy. No solver need be afraid to send in an imperfect solution.

ABBREVIATED RULES.

Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only, and to be *headed* with the name and address of the sender.

Solutions must be addressed to The Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.

The last day for receiving solutions from the United Kingdom will be September 16th, 1902; from Abroad, November 15th, 1902.

*** Will Edgar Bradley, Arthur E. Champ, Winifred Jones, and F. M. Wright, prize winners for "Our Lily," each kindly send their address.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. M. M.—I am sure if you looked about you would find some work to do. Is there no one near you whom you could go and visit and read to and take an interest in? Or could you not form a small class of Zulu children, and instruct them in a few elementary subjects? Your sketching too should be a great interest to you. Could you not make a collection of Zululand wild flowers and paint them? I think you would find it amusing to keep a note-book, and to try and describe exactly all the things you see and the people you meet, and you might notice the animals and birds you come across and their habits. Read such books as White's *Selborne* and *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*, and you will see how much can be found to interest in the quietest country places.

LAMB.—Legally you are only bound to pay your gardener proportionately for the time he works. But, of course, you would have first to speak to him about it, and come to an understanding with him.

KERTINY.—This is a good recipe for "maids of honour" cakes.—Line some deep patty-pans with puff paste a quarter of an inch thick, prick the bottoms well to prevent blistering, and fill up with the "prepared mixture," and bake in a moderate oven for about twenty-five minutes. Make the "prepared mixture" in this way. Break three fresh eggs in a basin, and mix them with not quite a quart of new milk, whip these together for two or three minutes, add the strained juice of two lemons, and then pour into one quart of boiling water; let this stand for about ten minutes, then remove the curds which have formed, and to them add five raw yolks of eggs, and half a pint of clotted cream, the finely-chopped peel of a lemon, a pinch of grated nutmeg and cinnamon, a large wineglass of brandy, a tablespoonful of orange-flower water, eight drops of vanilla essence, two ounces of castor sugar, and six ounces of washed and dried currants, beat these ingredients up with a whisk and use as directed.

CHRISSIE.—This is an excellent recipe for Swiss roll. *Ingredients.*—Four whole eggs, four ounces of sifted flour, six ounces of castor sugar. Separate the yolks from the whites, add the sugar to the yolks, and work them together for eight minutes. Have the whites stiffly whipped, and add them alternately with the flour (which should be just warm) to the yolks and sugar, add a pinch of baking-powder. Butter and line an oven sheet, spread the mixture over, and bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes; when firm and a pale brown, turn out on to a board which has been sprinkled with sugar, spread a layer of jam over it, cut off the edges and roll quickly. More care is wanted with your handwriting; the letters are not very well formed.

E. M.—I am afraid there is no cure for dry-rot in furniture; the only thing to do is to cut away the part attacked and insert a new piece of wood. It is supposed to be very unhealthy to leave articles with dry-rot in them in a house.

E. B.—Either write or go to 26, George Street, Hanover Square, London, and ask them whether they can put you in touch with some girl abroad to correspond with.

ARTIST will be able to get excellent parchment size for artistic purposes from Bell, Chemist, Oxford Street, London, W.; I am sorry to say I cannot give her a recipe for it, but perhaps some of our readers can.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL XXIII.—No. 1179.] AUGUST 2, 1902. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE FAIR CAPTIVES OF CASTLE VUFFLENS.

A STORY OF LOVE AND LOYALTY. FROM THE RECORDS OF THE TENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XIV.

ARTHUS hardly knew whether to rejoice or whether he ought to deprecate himself for what had transpired between himself and the Dowager of Vufflens. His heart and his pride had been in turn wounded. His love for Gizèle, his filial affection for Elise, his friendship for Isaure, made him feel it almost impossible to be separated from them. On the other hand his heart beat with joy at the mere thought of becoming a valiant knight, thereby making his name illustrious enough to dare demand Gizèle once more from the proud Ermance. Fearing any and everything that might tend to weaken his resolution and courage, he did not wish to see her again.

Isaure, whose firmness and devotion he well knew, should be his sole confidant, through whom all his adieux should be transmitted.

Sure that after her long absence she would go to visit the poor of the village, he descended the Castle steps, and went forth to await her outside the cabin of a sick peasant. Gizèle sometimes accompanied her on such visits of charity. If she should come too —— ! He bade himself be silent, overcome with joy at the happiness of seeing her once again, perhaps for the last time. He

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"'HE IS GONE! HE IS GONE!' SHE CRIED."

desired rather than feared it. But soon he saw Isaure coming alone along the path, a basket on her arm. He went forward to meet her, and observed how her colour came for very pleasure.

"I am overjoyed to meet thee, my dear brother. The little good I have just accomplished is accorded its ample reward. Hast thou seen Gizèle? Why didst thou not come to join us? I proposed to her to accompany me, but she was too anxious to return to the Castle. How sorry she will be! She was so impatient to rejoin thee."

Indeed, the curiosity of ascertaining what her mother had said to Arthus had caused Gizèle to return as quickly as possible to the salon where she hoped to find him. She found no one there but her mother, who, sad and pensive, said nothing to her about Arthus; made no response to any of the questions with which she ventured to address her, and instructed her to do her work in silence.

During this time, Isaure, seated under an oak at Arthus's side, was receiving the fatal confidence of his intended departure. Poor Isaure, it needed all the strength and control she was able to exercise over herself to conceal her love and her sorrow. She had never been separated from her dear Arthus, excepting the one month just passed at Blonay, which had appeared so painfully long that she could not conceive how she was possibly to endure this lengthened absence. Years must now roll by without her hearing his dear voice, or seeing that sweet, affectionate regard fixed upon herself; without being able to press his hand; and who knew even if ever——! She dared not further pursue the cruel thought. She had need of all her courage for herself and Arthus. She could not but approve his conduct. While forcing herself to restrain her tears, she promised to be the tenderest of daughters to Elise, and to keep alive the remembrance of love in Gizèle's heart.

"Always, always," she assured him, "thou wilt be in the thoughts of one of the three. And I am sure that thy thoughts will be with us."

Arthus pressed her hand affectionately, saying—

"I am in no doubt about thy friendship, Isaure, for it has been too long a blessing to Arthus. No one knows better how to love. But Gizèle, so young, surrounded by so much prestige; Gizèle that they are trying to wrest from me, who, perhaps, after all, touched by my tenderness, believed that she loved me more than she actually does! Who was the youth who never left her side at ball or tournament, who returned with her here?"

"How didst thou learn that, Arthus?"

"After receiving her ring, I removed my cavalier costume, and with a shading hat over my eyes, mixed in the crowd of persons watching the dancers. And this morning from the top of the large tower I saw you all arrive."

"How was it possible I should miss seeing thee?" asked Isaure artlessly. "I, who see thee sometimes when thou art not there?" She blushed at this perhaps too tender word she had let escape.

But Arthus paid no attention to it, and repeated his question.

"Who was the young man who never left her side?"

"It was the Baron Thiéry de Lasarraz. But that shouldst not disquiet thee. He is as young as Gizèle herself and even more youthfully frivolous. They laughed together like two children. And there, that is all!"

Arthus sighed, and for the first time surprised a sort of regret in himself for being so deeply attached to a mere child, incapable, as he believed her to be, of one deep, lasting thought.

He looked at Isaure. All that she was at this moment experiencing gave to her countenance a charming expression of extreme sensibility. The tears held back with effort shone on her long eyelashes.

"Oh, dear Isaure!" exclaimed Arthus, taking her hand and clasping it within his own. "Why has not Gizèle a heart like thine——?" He did not finish. But that little word was a ray of happiness for Isaure. Alas! it was of short duration. After some moments of silence, he resumed with fiery earnestness.

"Thiéry de Lasarraz is only a baron. Good. I—I will be more than baron. I should like to conquer a crown and to lay it at Gizèle's feet. Nothing is impossible when love and courage are united. In me they shall work miracles. It will not be the first time that a throne has been won through valour. I wish to, and I will be king!"

Isaure smiled through her tears.

"From where does your Majesty commence his voyage?" she asked playfully. "Which is the happy part of the world he goes forth to govern?"

Arthus could not say. He would set off on the following morning at break of day. On learning this, Isaure, no longer in a mood for pleasantry, had no strength left to smother her grief. Leaning on the shoulder of her friend, her brother, her idol, she burst into bitter sobbing, and was unable to say one word of adieu. He tried to soothe her, and said they would see each other once more before being finally parted. He wished to write to Ermance, and would entrust his letter to her. He begged of her to be there in the same place on the following day at six o'clock, and to restrain these signs of sorrow lest they should make Gizèle suspicious. A word from Gizèle bidding him stay would make the separation too painful, he assured her.

Isaure promised all that Arthus asked. She pressed her handkerchief to her tell-tale eyes, and in order to cure their redness, bathed them with water from a little stream flowing at their feet. Then she accompanied Arthus to his home.

At first Arthus thought of hiding his departure from Elise also, but he was too much accustomed to confiding all his thoughts to be able to dissemble now. Besides, he had need of her counsel and blessing. He knew her too well to fear a refusal.

Indeed Elise, although in despair at being separated from her son, did not hesitate to commend him. Suppressing her own sorrow in order not to add to his, she arranged his armour, and insisted upon his taking what little gold and what jewels she possessed. She encouraged him, sustained him, promised him a hopeful future, not far distant; but she begged of him not to set out alone, but to take young Alibert with him.

Now Arthus loved this young man. He went to ask his grandmother's consent, and promised her that he should be associated with him in every enterprise. "If I am knighted, Alibert will be my equerry—and always my friend," he said.

Much affected by this kindness, the good old dame ceded her grandson—the consolation of her declining days. The young man, transported with joy, promised unlimited devotion to his new master.

Isaure found her mother and Gizèle together silently occupied in sewing. Sadness was so unnatural to Gizèle, that she almost believed she must have learned of the proposed departure. After the Blonay distractions and the Baron de Lasarraz's attentions, the present quietude was cause enough for *ennui* in one so young.

As Arthus did not appear, Gizèle began to be fearful that the history of his part in the tournament had turned the Dowager against him.

Never before had she seen her mother in like mood. She seemed displeased with herself. Tired of hearing Gizèle ask why Arthus did not come, she at length explained that she had sent him forth on a commission.

This, thought Gizèle, had no doubt been the topic of their recent conversation. Her mother had presumably pardoned him. He would return in the evening, or on the following morning perhaps. She recovered her gaiety; too much so for Isuare, in her present mood, to bend to it. Her thoughts were on the hour of rendezvous.

She was too unhappy dwelling on the dangers that Arthus might encounter to sleep much that night.

Gizèle in the sweet sleep of careless childhood dreamed in turn of Arthus and Thiéry, and awoke in the morning rejoicing in the joy of seeing both again.

Ermance arose fully determined to dissuade Arthus from his purpose. She was about to give instructions for recalling him, when Isaure, no longer compelled to hide her grief, entered in tears, and drawing from her bosom a letter, presented it to her mother.

"He is gone! He is gone!" she cried.

"Gone!" exclaimed Ermance and Gizèle together.

While the Dowager remained silently reading the letter, Gizèle put question after question. "Where is he gone? Has he then returned from my mother's commission? Hast thou seen him—spoken to him? To go without seeing or telling me! It is dreadful! I am angry with him! I cannot pardon his neglect, can I, mother? But perhaps he speaks of me in the letter? Does he say where he is going? And when he will return? Ah, misfortune! Isaure, why those tears? They are disfiguring! Has any ill fortune befallen him? Alas! he is dead! I am sure of it, because my mother weeps too."

Clinging to this idea, Gizèle fell to weeping also.

Greatly troubled at the distress of her daughters, and more troubled to feel herself the cause of it, Ermance rose from her chair, and giving Arthus's letter to Gizèle, exhorted her to calm herself, and then retired.

The letter ran as follows—

"Arthus, to the Lady Dowager of Vufflens,—I depart to seek what will render me more worthy of the happiness destined for him whom you have once honoured with the name of son. Capable of greater exploits, he blushes to have done nothing as yet worthy of it. Too long have I let myself be chained by the delight of being near to you, to my mother, to the good Isaure, and to one I have dared to love ever since I knew myself possessed of a heart. I bless the hand which opened my eyes and indicated the course I ought to pursue. My appearance at the Blonay Tournament set fire to the first spark of my courage. Proud of having vanquished adversaries so formidable, I vow to equal, if not to surpass, these noblemen. I conquered, no doubt, through the supremacy of the name chance cast upon me; but I will render mine less degraded, or else Arthus will never reappear in the home of his privileged childhood, where he leaves all that makes life dear to him.

"My noble benefactress, receive this my farewell. Bestow your blessing upon my enterprise. I take away with me my mother's benediction, and I go full of hope and confidence.

"And thee, my adorable Gizèle, to whom I dare not ever again address my adieux and my aspirations, except with thy mother's sanction, forget not the friend of thy childhood. Gizèle, be happy.

"Isaure, Gizèle, think of Arthus, and prove your friendship by rendering affection to his mother.

"Arthus Raymond."

Gizèle's grief soon gave place to contempt. Arthus had neglected to confide his project to her. He had not even bidden her farewell. His letter seemed callous. The word "love" was not in it! How different was Thiéry de Lasarraz! Arthus loved her feebly, she told herself.

Isaure endeavoured to dispel Gizèle's misjudged impressions with that disinterestedness and self-abnegation which characterised her, and with a depth of feeling her heart had always known. To praise Arthus came natural to her. Her praises were repeated with so much fervour that Gizèle at length was tempted to praise him too.

Ermance meanwhile visited Elise and spoke of her esteem and affection for Arthus. Gizèle's name was not mentioned. Elise was too proud to refer to her, and Ermance did not wish to make any fresh promises. She left Elise under the misimpression that she was in ignorance of that memorable interview with Arthus.

Had the Dowager of Vufflens reflected more reasonably, she would have said to herself, "To whom could Arthus open his heart with more *abandon* if not to a mother who had influenced his character through childhood and made him what he was?"

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

A well-lined Purse.

A girl's purse will never be bare,
If she knows when to buy, to spend and to spare.

Do you get Angry?—To rule one's anger is well; to prevent it is better.

Uncertain.

One ploughs, another sows;
Who will reap, no one knows.

Foolish Folk.—Some people take a good deal of trouble to save themselves work.

Standing on their Dignity.—Girls who stand much upon their dignity seldom have much else to stand upon.

He wished his clothes Grew on his Back.

An interesting story is told of Lord Salisbury's early school-days, showing how soon in his life a disregard for the exigencies of dress (to some extent a family trait) began. A school-fellow remembers that an old nurse—Betty by name—was kept at the school to which he was sent, to look after the little fellows, and that Lord Robert came into the nursery one evening saying—

"Oh, Betty, I wish I was a cat!"

"La! Lord Robert," she replied, "how can you wish yourself such a creature?"

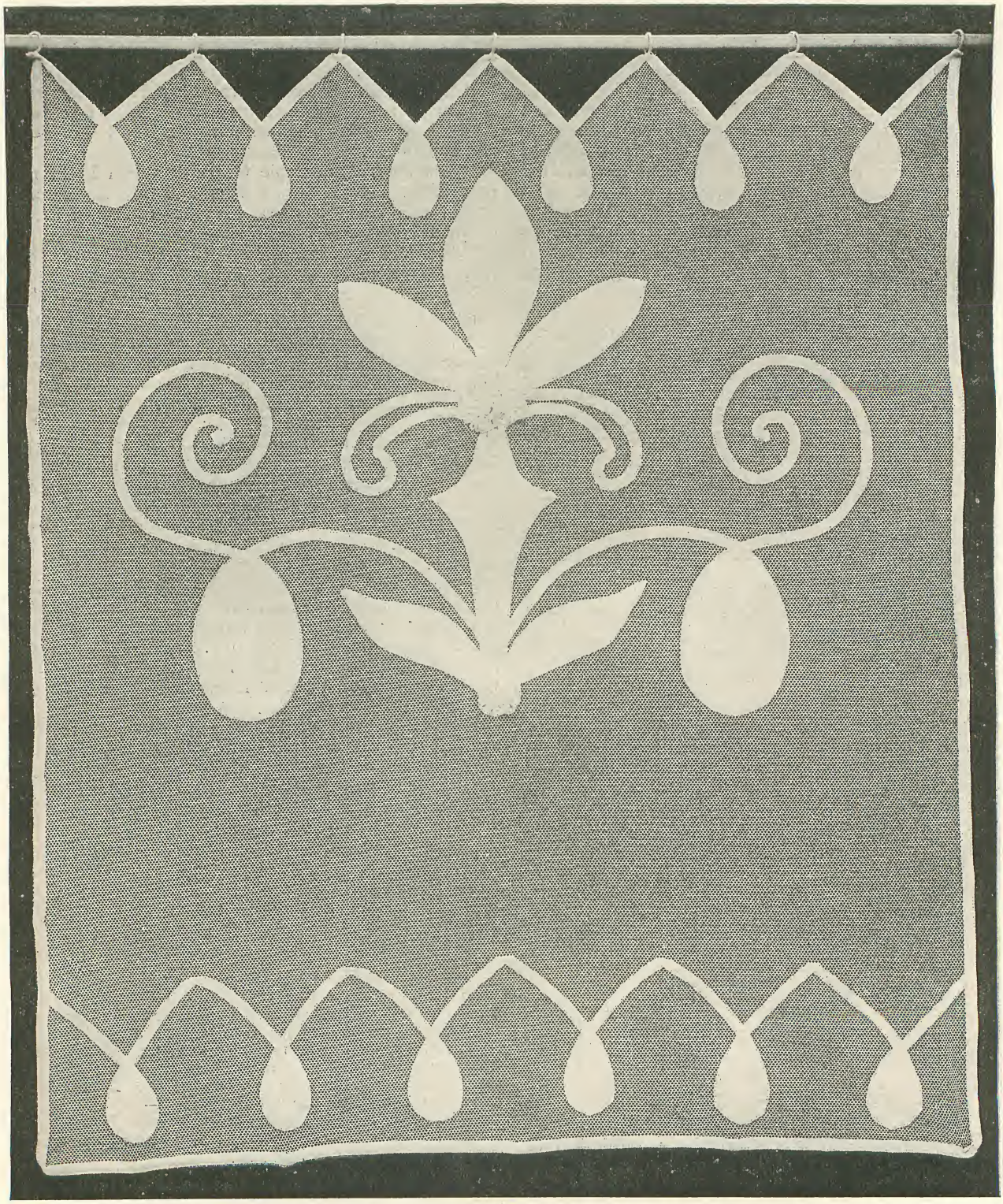
To which came the answer—

"When I think of the many times I must dress and undress before I die, I wish my clothes grew on my back!"

NEW AND PRETTY BRISE-BISE CURTAINS.

By LEIRION CLIFFORD.

THE newest and prettiest *brise-bise* blinds come, as their foreign name suggests, from France, Switzerland, and Belgium, but are well adapted for use on our English windows, especially on those of casement shape. One piece of canvas, muslin, or silk, covers each of the lower panes of a window, and should, when made up, be half as wide again as, and equal in depth to, the glass it is to veil. More fulness can be allowed in soft silk than in firmer materials.



NET BRISE-BISE CURTAIN.

As our illustrations show, these blinds are ornamented with lace, which, in machine-made curtains, is woven into the stuff, but in handwork is usually embroidery or crochet.

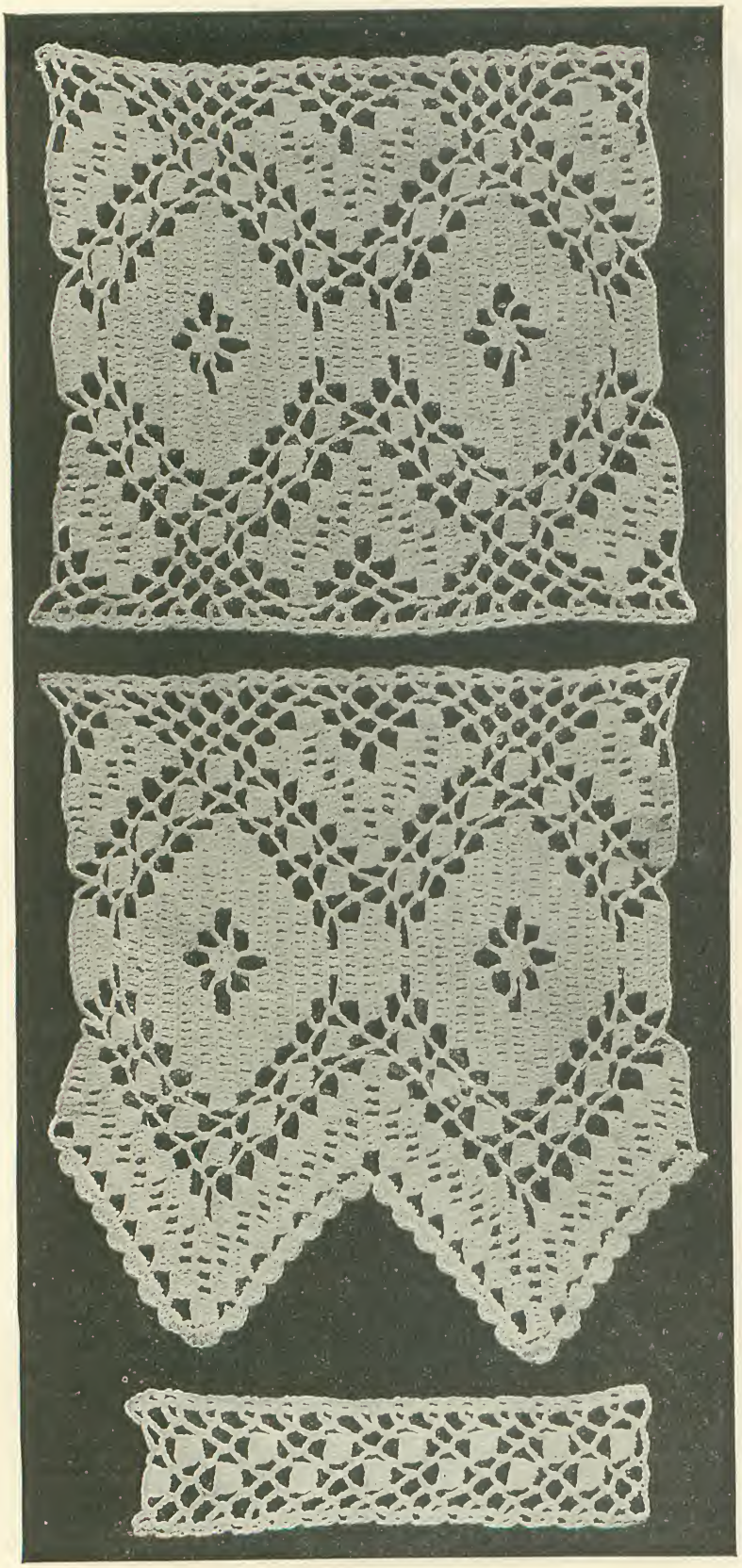
A bold form of *appliqué*, outlined with lace braid, is shown in one sample, and the second is of cream canvas and crochet. On silk blinds finer varieties of either of these kinds of work can be employed.

It should be noticed that *brise-bise* blinds have a scalloped top; one small curtain ring is sewn at the back of each vandyke, and a rod run through the rings serves to



A CROCHET BRISE-BISE CURTAIN.

extend the blind parallel with the window-sash or moulding. The blinds are usually from twenty-four to thirty inches wide, by from thirty to thirty-five inches in depth, and the points at the top are from five to nine in number.



CROCHET PATTERN.

To make such a blind as that in Fig. 1 requires a piece of coarse mosquito net for the foundation, a quarter of a yard of fine pillow-case linen of wide width, and twenty yards of lace braid a quarter of an inch wide.

Some such design as that here shown should be selected; that is, one with a deep vandyke at the top, and a handsome scroll for the middle of the curtain, and a row of the same or of smaller vandykes running along the bottom. This pattern should be marked out on a piece of tracing linen, on to which the net is then tacked, the stitches going close to the outlines but not upon them. The *appliqué* pieces for the filling of the larger scrolls are to be cut from the linen and tacked into place, where they are held by the lace braid that runs over the outlines and covers all the raw edges. The stitches sew the braid to the net and to the *appliqués*, and must not be taken through the tracing linen also. Both edges of the braid are sewn down, the stitches being taken round the outer edge of the scrolls first and then round the inner edge, where the braid must be gathered evenly in.

Two rosettes of lace braid are tacked on important parts of the design, and it is easiest to make these up first, by gathering the braid round and round on a small circle of linen, and then stitching this into position. Along all the edges of the blind a second line of braid, run on the wrong side, covers the cut edges of the net and makes a firm margin.

Finally the net is cut away beyond the braid all round and in and out the scallops at the top. A small ring is stitched on the wrong side of each vandyke near the tip of it.

The second blind is made of half a yard of canvas twenty-one inches wide, and two balls of coarse cream crochet cotton. The sizes of canvas and of thread can be chosen according to taste; in the model, twenty-four threads of canvas were counted to the inch, the cotton was somewhat coarser than the strands of the canvas and worked with a No. 4 steel hook. Three strips of canvas were used and four of narrow crochet insertion. This insertion, and the wider one at the base, as well as the vandyke lace, were designed of similar patterns so that they could be used together. The top edging is six and a half inches wide, the deep insertion five and a half inches, and the narrow bands are an inch and a quarter wide. Eight repeats of the broad laces formed the width of the entire blind, but more or fewer can, of course, be made, and the canvas strips can also be varied according to the size the curtain is required to be.

Those expert in crochet can copy the patterns as here given (at Fig. 3), while other workers will find equally suitable designs in some one of the many modern hand-books on crochet. They should choose a decided vandyke, and in the coarse cotton it is sure to work out effectively.

From the two widely-different *brise-bise* blinds here described, our readers should be able to glean ideas for making them in various styles according to the rooms in which they are to be used.

Colour is often introduced; for instance, on the net an *appliqué* of Turkey twill couched down with black braid will be found very effective when put up to the light at the window.



ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF A FIFTEENTH CENTURY MAIDEN.

Extract from an Old Book: the Reputed Diary of Elizabeth Woodville.

"Monday morning.—Rose at four o'clock and helped Catherine to milk the cows; Rachel, the other Dairymaid, having scalded one of her hands in so very bad a manner that I last night made a poultice for it and gave Robin a penny to get her something comfortable from the apothecary.

Six o'clock (probably breakfast time).—The Buttock of beef rather too much boiled, the Beer a little of the stalest. Mem.: to talk to the Cook about the first fault, I, to mend the second, by tapping a fresh Barrel immediately.

Seven o'clock.—Went to walk with the Lady Duchess, my mother, into the Courtyard; fed five and twenty men and women. Chid Roger severely for expressing some dissatisfaction at attending us with broken meat.

Eight o'clock.—Went into the Paddock behind the house with my maid Dorothea, and caught Thrump, the little black pony, and rode a matter of six miles without either Saddle or Bridle.

Ten o'clock.—Went to dinner. John Gray, one of our visitors, a most comely youth—but what's that to me—a virtuous maiden should be intirely under her Parents' direction. John ate but little; stole many, many tender looks at me. Said, women never would be handsome in his opinion, who were not good tempered. I hope my temper is not intolerable; nobody finds fault with it but Roger, and he is the most disorderly serving man in our Family. John Gray likes white teeth; my teeth are a pretty good colour, I think, and John, if I mistake not, is of the same opinion.

Eleven o'clock.—Rose from table; the company all desirous of walking in the Fields. John Gray would lift me over every stile, and twice he squeezed my hand with such vehemence. I cannot say I should have any objection to John Gray. He plays at Prison Base as well as any of the gentlemen in the county, is remarkably dutiful to his Parents, and never misses church on a Sunday.

Three o'clock.—Poor Farmer Robinson's house burnt down by an accidental Fire. John Gray proposed subscription among the company for the farmer's relief, and gave no less than four pounds himself to this benevolent intention. Mem.: never saw him look so comely as at that moment.

Four o'clock.—Went to Prayers.

Six o'clock.—Fed the Hogs and Poultry.

Seven o'clock.—Supper on the table, delayed to that late hour on account of Farmer Robinson's misfortunes. The Goose Pye too much baked; the Loyn of Pork almost roasted to rags.

Nine o'clock.—The company half asleep; these late hours very disagreeable. Said my Prayers a second time; John Gray disturbing my thoughts too much the first time, and fell asleep at ten; dreamed that John Gray had demanded me of my father."

Contrary to custom, the dream came true. The wooing prospered and, in due course of time, Elizabeth Woodville married John Gray. This was probably the happiest time of her life; although the cloud of civil war must have cast a dark shadow over the home of this young husband and wife. Sir John Gray belonged to the Lancastrian faction, and fought bravely in support of this cause. At the second battle of St. Alban's he was killed, and Elizabeth, with her two little boys, returned to her father's castle. Here she was compelled to remain; for when the House of York triumphed, Bradgate, her late husband's estate, was confiscated, and she was entirely dependent upon her parents.

Elizabeth was still resident at Castle Grafton when Edward IV. first saw her. The meeting was no accident. Elizabeth was well aware that the King was hunting in the neighbourhood, and, with her two little boys, waited beneath an oak tree, trusting that the King might pass that way.

When Edward at length appeared, she came forward, and, throwing herself upon her knees before him, with a child in either hand, she pleaded that their rights might be restored. She gained her cause, winning not only the gallant King's consent, but his heart too.

The oak under which they met is still called the Queen's Oak. This became a trysting place where Edward, it is said, frequently contrived to meet the fair golden-haired widow. The courtship was carried on with caution, for the King had enemies, and even his friends were little likely to favour his union with the widow of a Lancastrian partisan.

Edward, however, was not to be daunted. He determined to marry his "dear Lady Bessee," in spite of both friends and foes. Her mother, the Duchess of Bedford, naturally favoured the marriage, which was at length solemnised in the Castle and kept for some months a profound secret.

This marriage brought little happiness to Elizabeth, who in the course of a few years suffered many a cruel change. Now exalted—the first lady in the land—now a terrified fugitive seeking, with her children, a shelter in the Sanctuary of Westminster. Here, during her husband's reverse of fortune, she would literally have starved, had it not been for the loyalty of a kindly butcher, who daily supplied meat for her table.

Fortune once more smiled upon Elizabeth, but not for long, and when King Edward died, his "Lady Bessee" was again obliged to seek refuge in Westminster. This time she was not permitted to keep her two younger boys. Richard, the cruel hunchback, took the two little princes and placed them in the Tower, whence they never returned.

In later days, when her eldest daughter, Elizabeth, was married to Henry VII., poor Lady Bessee was restored to the state and dignity befitting her rank; but she mingled no more in Court circles. The memory of past sorrows lay too heavily upon her tender heart, and she passed the few remaining years of her life in retirement. Southey's lines upon her tomb are all too true.

"Thou Elizabeth art here,
Thou, to whom all griefs were known,
Who wert placed upon a bier
In happier hour than on a Throne."

THE WREN'S SONG.

By NORA CHESSON.

THERE'S a light song and a bright song, and a little song filled so
With the dear delight of living that it gives the lie to woe;
It's rising from the hedgerow hung thick with clematis—
It's a gay song and a May song, and the wren's song it is.

She's the smallest of God's minstrels, and o'er her eggs she sings;
Life kindles at her music in folded feet and wings;
We hear her in the elder-bush, and when the thrushes rest
No pause comes in the music from the wren's hidden nest.

It's the wren's song in the morning that softly comes to you
Before the webs have shaken off the first fine foggy dew;
It's the wren's song in the evening that sends her good-night word
To the Master of all music, and the Lord of beast and bird.



PHŒBE.

By ELEANOR C. SALTMER.

CHAPTER I.

IT was late afternoon at Wilderness Farm. The sleek, heavily-moving cows were already filing slowly out of the milking byres back to their sunny pastures, and the soft air was full of their sweet breath. The pretty hens were swarming around the flagged entrance at the rear of the homestead, picking here and there impatiently at a stray morsel and wondering why their evening meal was so long delayed.

Rebecca the farm-servant and Dick the stockman were carrying their pails laden with frothy milk towards the dairy, at whose door, after depositing her burden, the former stood a few moments chattering.

"Where be the young missis?" asked the man with a comprehensive nod, and eyes that took in the empty interior and the waiting poultry.

"At her book, most like," answered Rebecca with a contemptuous sniff.

"Her book?" queried Dick.

"Ay, her novel then, if so be as you understand that better. She keep it hidden under the stockings in her work-basket. Stockings with holes in 'em, book with a leaf turned down to mark the place. She gets no good out of it, I'll warrant, seein' as how she's grown so neglectful of her duties—she that was so spry and fussy over everything first off. Says I to myself then, if this lasts, what a proud man the master'll need to be, for he always promised himself she was going to be the very moral of her poor mother that's dead and gone. But there, the difference now! She be took up with nothin' so much as her story-reading and her fal-lals. But there, if I'm not pretty nigh as bad, a standin' gossipin' with you when there's the milk to strain and the tea to get. Give me your pail, Dick, and be off."

"Muster David's agoin' to drive into the town after tea, so I've to rub down old Polly and put her in the shafts before I goes home," remarked the man, setting down his pail with a clatter and turning off in the direction of the stables.

In the farm kitchen—brick-floored, oak-beamed, old-fashioned, stood the subject of their conversation, in front of a quaint oval looking-glass, from which the quicksilver had worn away in patches, leaving sufficient flawless space,



PHŒBE.

however, in which to mirror back a very pretty face. The owner must have thought it pretty, for she smiled complacently at the pleasing reflection, noting the fresh colour of the fair skin, the large indolent blue eyes, the red parted lips and small white teeth peeping from between. She was re-arranging her brown hair, giving it a twist here and there where the curly locks were not quite to her satisfaction. Then she re-tied the bright-coloured ribbon at her throat and turning herself about, so as to obtain a general view of her whole person, curtsied to the fascinating reflection with a bewitching smile.

There was not a girl in all the country round, as far as her knowledge of it went, that could compare with Phœbe Hawthorn for beauty. Gentle or simple, it mattered not; she was the belle, and that someone else, whom by turns she favoured and flouted, acknowledged the fact also, she felt assured.

Some such thoughts as these were passing through the idle brain of Joseph Hawthorn's only child, as she thus disported herself before the looking-glass.

The window stood wide open, the door also, and the warm air floated in, carrying with it the summer scents of flowers and fields.

"For certain I'm a prettier Phœbe than I was nine months ago," the girl said half aloud, as, poising her head over one shoulder, she surveyed herself with one last critical glance.

"You're not the same Phœbe, I'll allow," said a man's pleasant voice from the open doorway.

With a quick and rather guilty start, Phœbe faced round and beheld her cousin, David Wolfe, standing looking at her with a queer sort of half-smile upon his face.

"What do you mean? As how?" she asked.

"Not in looks. I didn't refer to looks," he replied in even tones that nettled her. "There's something goes deeper than looks to my mind, and you're not the same Phœbe I knew nine months back."

"Oh, then there are two Phœbes!" she retorted quickly. "And which of them may you be liking best, if I dare make so bold as to ask?"

His answer was frustrated, for at that moment Rebecca thrust her head in at the door with an announcement that reminded the girl of certain neglected duties.

"The milk's awaitin' in the dairy, and the fowls is awaitin' outdoors," she said shortly. "Be you a-coming, Miss Phœbe, for it's nigh on tea-time, and I can't leave my work to attend to yours?"

Phœbe flushed hotly.

"Oh, bother the milk and the fowls, I'd forgotten both," she said in an undertone; and with a sly glance at David to discover what the expression of his face might portend, she turned to follow Rebecca.

Phœbe was motherless. She was only fifteen at the time that Joseph Hawthorn lost his wife, therefore he considered her too young to have household cares thrust upon her, and kept her at school until, having passed her sixteenth year, and received the kind of education he expected would fit her to take the place he intended to be hers, the young girl returned, and, barely seventeen though she was, became mistress at Wilderness Farm.

Phœbe thought it a fine thing to give orders, to sit at the head of the table and preside over the welfare of all that fell to her provinces both indoors and out. Her duties, she found, promised to be multifarious, for her mother, having been a clever, thrifty woman, who looked well to the ways of her household, had been the main prop of her husband in the business of the farm. She had kept his books, and knew as well as himself the value of stock and crops, could gauge the various merits of fat and store cattle, was notable in the dairy, and a good manager in the poultry-yard.

How then, when he lost so valuable a helpmate, could Joseph Hawthorn expect an inexperienced girl, who could only boast of a superficial boarding-school education, to step into her mother's place, when she returned home for good, and take up not only the reins of government which the relentless course of nature had taken out of her deft hands, but also display any of the aptitude which years of observation and practical teaching had imparted?

The interregnum between his wife's death and Phœbe's return from school had been filled by a distant cousin, whom family matters had called away unexpectedly, and Rebecca had done her best meanwhile. The worthy farmer had looked forward with pleasure to having his only child at home once more, and had pictured her fondly as displaying all her mother's gifts and virtues. It was not possible that she could be anything but a round peg in a round hole.

Phœbe, on her return to Wilderness Farm, found David Wolfe installed therein. He was her father's cousin, and had been apprenticed to him that he might learn farming. She remembered having seen him years ago when she was a child of ten and he a stripling of sixteen. Shy, awkward and silent he had seemed to her then, though of a kind and gentle nature. Silent and shy he seemed to her now, but the awkwardness had worn off. He was still kind and friendly, but had developed what she considered a disagreeable habit of giving advice and speaking his mind that she did not approve of.

It was a grand thing in foolish, little Phœbe's eyes to leave the subordination and discipline of school behind, and have subordinates whom she could rule and order about. She forgot that she was only on the threshold of life, which was likely to prove a school of harder discipline and teaching than any that had gone before. She made a fair start, however, with a capital of good resolutions, the only capital almost she had to back her up, for of what account were her school accomplishments in the actual business of life? Many failures had in consequence to be reckoned against her before Rebecca could trust so complete a novice in all the arts of dairywork. Phœbe had learnt book-keeping at school, by her father's express desire; but when Hawthorn's big ledger was handed over to her, she found herself hopelessly at fault, and she soon grew involved in such intricacies that her poor brain whirled in a giddy maze of figures that refused to total correctly, or be assigned to their respective columns. Then David took pity on her and came to the rescue. A few clear-headed directions and practical demonstrations set her figuratively on her feet again, and the big ledger was no longer a book of mystery and mistakes.

Phœbe prided herself not a little on being an accomplished needle-woman, but her attainments in that direction had never before involved her in seemingly endless struggles with stockings that took hours to darn, nor did she discover any beauty in the really fine art of putting in a patch with the neatness and adroitness necessary. Then there were baking days, fine ironing days, besides many other days on which the indefatigable Rebecca required her assistance, so that Phœbe soon found that, if she meant to keep pace with all the duties her post as mistress of Wilderness Farm demanded of her, she must rise with the lark and forego many of the pleasures dear to the soul of youth. Wherefore, at length she grew weary of keeping up her good intentions and became lax. She began to tell herself pityingly that it was hard in the spring-time of her youth to be thus chained to the monotony and hard routine of the every-day farm life. Her soul aspired to higher things, her heart yearned after the excitements and romance of the kind of life she surreptitiously read of in books. Moments thus stolen out of a busy day were hard to replace, and one of Phœbe's greatest mistakes was to imagine that she could recover lost time. Try as she might, it was impossible to catch the golden hours as they flew past her, even with both hands outstretched.

The explanation was not far to seek. The book tucked away in her work-basket was responsible for a good deal. Phœbe had begun to live in a dream-world created by fiction; to picture herself as a heroine in impossible situations, and to live an unnatural second life within herself which had no connection with the hum-drum realities of every day. This habit had begun even at school, and had grown to much more serious proportions during the last few months, fostered by the pernicious kind of literature sent her at intervals by an unwise school-friend.

Joseph Hawthorn loved his Phœbe and was proud of her, but some time ago he had begun to think that he had

imposed too heavy a burden upon her young shoulders, and that he had expected a wisdom and capacity he was not warranted in finding.

"She's a gay lass and a pretty lass, and would like her fling, poor dear. But, oh," sighed the farmer, "I wish she had a mother!"

As time wore on the wish increased, and Hawthorn began seriously to think of filling the place of his lost wife with a successor; but he broached the subject to no one. Whatever his thoughts and plans, they were nurtured in the recesses of his brain with secrecy, and it was only a day or two before the point at which our story opens that he let a chance word fall in David's presence which put the young man upon the scent and made him suspect on what track the farmer's steps were bent.

When David Wolfe returned from his errand into the town that evening, he was the bearer of two letters and a parcel. One of the letters was for Hawthorn, the other and the parcel for Phœbe.

"What have ye got there?" asked the farmer, slipping his own epistle into his pocket. "That looks uncommon like the writing of my sister, Mary Evans."

"It is from Aunt Polly," answered Phœbe breaking open the envelope to see the signature of her correspondent, when she had put the parcel behind her basket on the table.

"And what's there?" persisted her father.

"Oh, I expected a book or two from Bessie Warner, she knows I haven't much to amuse me here," replied the girl with a conscious increase of colour and as indifferent an air as she could assume. "I'll see what Aunt Polly says. Oh!" she exclaimed presently with a note of delight in her voice, "she wants me to go and stay with her a bit if I can be spared from home, and I'd like it fine!"

"You wouldn't like it, if you could go," said Hawthorn fumbling furtively with the letter in his pocket. "Think of the children and your aunt's lodgers. You'd find a heap more to do there than here, no time for reading"—this with a sly glance at the parcel—"and not be your own mistress neither."

Phœbe looked up with an affectation of surprise.

"Why, you don't understand, father. Aunt Polly wants me to go as a visitor, not to play nurse to the children or wait on the lodgers. And I've never seen the sea. Oh, I'd like to go fine!" she repeated, "but there, of course, I can't, there's always too much to do."

"Just at present, at all events, and harvest coming on. No, I don't see as it's possible, you must write and say so," replied Hawthorn, and without waiting to hear more he walked away, leaving Phœbe to fume and bemoan over the hardness of the lot which thus chained her at home to never-ending duties, whilst other girls were disporting themselves these sunny August days.

About eight o'clock the farmer came in again with a preoccupied expression of countenance, and stood whistling softly awhile with hands thrust deeply in his pockets. David followed him, and taking a chair by the open door, picked up a large tabby cat that was sleeping on the threshold and began stroking her thoughtfully.

"Phœbe," suddenly spoke Hawthorn, "I want you to put me up a thing or two to-night. I'm going to be away to-morrow early, and sha'n't be back most like till Monday evening, and I'll have my best coat, my lass."

Phœbe looked up in astonishment, but as her father's face was turned from her she could see nothing to guide her to an explanation of this unwonted proceeding.

"Till Monday night!" she exclaimed. "Then you're not going to market, father?"

"No," said he. "Dave will go, and—I'll tell ye where I've been and what I've done later on, maybe."

Thus speaking, he left the kitchen again without waiting even to light his pipe.

Phœbe turned a wondering look on David.

"What does it mean? Do you know where father's going to-morrow, David?" she asked with a little frown puckering her forehead. "He's seemed so full of mystery lately, there's no understanding of his moods."

"No, I don't know where he's going," answered her cousin without meeting her glance, and, putting down the cat, he too rose to go.

"There's never anything to be got out of *him*," said the girl impatiently; "but I believe he knows, for all his innocence."

"'I'll tell ye where I've been, and what I've done later on, maybe.'" She kept on repeating her father's words, as she set about complying with his demand, but they brought no enlightenment. They remained a mystery.

(*To be continued.*)

SUNDAY.

By LADY DUNBOYNE.

SUNDAY observance is one of the controversial questions of the day. It is brought before us in political and religious discussions, and it is talked about in friendly and family intercourse. As a rule, girls are not called upon to study controversial questions, but the Sunday observance question is an exception to this rule. All girls should study it, for they cannot fail to exercise a great and lasting influence over it. However much it may be argued upon in public, it takes its arguments from home-life, and we know that for home-life woman is chiefly responsible. It is she who directs home habits and forms home tastes. And girls have as much of this home responsibility as any class of their sex. We elders have authority in our homes. We lay down rules which must be followed, and give orders which must be obeyed, but the rules and orders are often followed and obeyed unwillingly, and those who live with us often resolve in their own minds not to conform to what they consider our old-fashioned and mistaken ideas when circumstances render their lives independent of ours. But girls have influence in their homes, and their influence has a more real power than our authority. For influence controls the heart and mind, and authority only controls the actions; the effects of influence are lasting and those of authority are only transient.

So, my young friends, the permanent fate of the Sunday observance question lies very much with you, and you cannot begin too early to take a thoughtful and intelligent interest in it. The books you read on Sunday, the recreations in which you indulge, the habits you practise, are all helping to destroy or to strengthen the future sanctity of the day. In your quiet talks with your brothers, in the example you set your servants, in your look and manner, and in any few words you may utter when the subject is under discussion, your influence is fraught with far-reaching and never-ending consequences. The day is passing through a crisis. It has undergone many and great changes during the last twenty years. Church attendance has become more slack, travelling more general, entertainments more frequent. And if in the next twenty years it undergoes as many changes of a similar nature, it will become like a Continental Sunday, differing only from the other days in the week by the extra amount of amusement and excitement crowded into it. Now let us consider the meaning and the use of the day, and then let us judge whether we shall uphold its time-honoured privileges, or

whether we shall let them be effaced from our homes without making an effort to retain them.

The day was instituted at the beginning of the world to meet one of the deepest-rooted necessities of nature. Action, we know, is the great law to which life must conform for maintenance. We cannot grasp the purpose of this wondrous law. Conceived and set in motion by God, its mysteries are beyond our comprehension, but our instinct tells us of its existence, and our experience tells us of its necessity. Now this necessity for action produces in us a corresponding necessity for rest, not only for the rest which sleep brings us, but for a higher and more important rest, a conscious rest, a rest which we can feel and enjoy, a rest which breaks up the monotony of our daily duties, a rest which fulfils another law conducive to our welfare, the law of variety. And in that sublime moment when the evening and the morning were the sixth day, when God contemplated His finished creation and saw that His divine plan of using action as the means to sustain life was working according to His will in all its details, He saw that man required this nobler and higher rest, and therefore He rested from His labours on the seventh day, and He sanctified that day, so that man, who was made after His own image, and who was to strive to be like Him, might have a time for rest and sanctification without violating the life-sustaining law of action. Whether the days and nights recorded in Genesis represented twenty-four hours or any other definite duration of time is quite immaterial to our subject. The fact remains that the seventh return of this definite duration of time was given by God to man at the beginning of the world for cessation from labour, for rest and sanctification.

Man was then in perfect sympathy with God. His chief delight was communion with Him, and, fettered as we now are by sin, our minds cannot grasp the joys of those primeval Sabbaths. They were God's last and best gift to man in his state of innocence, a free and holy gift which met the highest aspirations and the deepest requirements of his nature. And later on, when sin entered into the world, when the fierce conflict between right and wrong first raged in the human heart, God renewed to man this gift of the day of rest, but He renewed it as a stern necessity, not as a free gift, for He foresaw that though it would constitute man's greatest good, sin would urge him to rebel against its usage. And it became a world-wide necessity to the human race. Nations which knew not God were subject to it. In the earliest records of secular history we read that in heathen countries "cooking food, offering sacrifices, riding in chariots, legislating and practising augury were strictly forbidden on the seventh day." But it is in sacred history chiefly that its importance is revealed to us. In the Bible, from the Book of Genesis to that of Revelation, man is commanded to observe it. Its sanctification was the first commandment God gave the Israelites after He had delivered them from the bondage of the Egyptians to train them as His own special people. Its observance was the longest and the most fully expressed of the Ten Commandments He gave them for the fulfilment of their duty to Him and to each other; and He laid special stress on it by beginning it with the word "Remember," to remind them that it was not a new commandment, but one which He had given their forefathers at the creation of the world. And all through the Old Testament, in His exhortations through Moses to His people, in His teachings through the Holy Spirit to the prophets and patriarchs, the observance of the Sabbath day was the commandment to which He attached the most consequence, for the fulfilment of which He promised His greatest blessings, for the disregard of which He reserved His most grievous punishments. This is the Sabbath of the Old Testament, the precursor of our Christian Sunday, the Sabbath of the Law and the Prophets, which our Lord came not to destroy but to fulfil. And how did He fulfil it? By restoring it to its original condition, by re-establishing it in the glorious liberty and privileges it possessed when Adam and Eve first enjoyed it in their Father's Paradise. He transferred it from the law of spiritual bondage to the law of spiritual freedom. He ordained that it should be kept willingly and not compulsorily, that it should be set apart, thankfully and joyfully, for the higher and spiritual life, and that in such exercise the lower and physical life should renew its health and strength. "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath," were His own words. The nature of man required it as a guide for week-day perplexities, as a refreshment from week-day work, but He taught that in deeds of love and mercy, in aspirations after the Infinite and Eternal, it was to be spent, not in the narrowing forms of the Jewish dispensation. And after His resurrection the early Christians, freed from the trammels of the Law, changed the day from the seventh to the first day of the week, so as to have a weekly commemoration of the day on which He completed His victory over sin and death, and they changed its name from the Sabbath to the Lord's Day, so that their Lord's name should be made one with the Christian Sabbath joys which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive. Ah! Whatever those words may mean for us in the future, they have a glorious meaning for us now, and the institution of Sunday is God's plan for their special revelation to us.

Bacon tells us that "in this theatre of life it remaineth only to God and the angels to be lookers on." And so it is. But one day in seven God and the angels call us up from the world's great arena, they bid us sit beside them and become contemplaters with them of life's drama. And then when they have us by their side, they whisper to us sweet and comforting words. They give us counsel for the parts we each have to play, and they offer us their help for the performance of our parts. The strain of the battle of life is too much for us without a periodical respite. These respites, these rests by the way, are the one thing needful for us, and the one thing against which the men and the women of the present day set their faces. Our physical and mental resources are great, but are not inexhaustible, and if we resist the still small voice which tells us that for the well-being of our wonderful machinery we must find time for rest as well as for toil, for meditation as well as for amusement; if we refuse to keep "the most divine of all our divine laws," as the great Lord Beaconsfield called Sunday, we shall suffer for it, suffer for it in our health and strength, suffer for it in our work and labours.

During the Reign of Terror in France, when the ruling terrorists were determined to extinguish all religious observances, they passed a decree that one day in ten, instead of one day in seven, should be set apart as a day of rest, but for their health's sake they had to return shortly to the one day in seven. They had succeeded in uprooting the laws of man, but they failed to uproot the laws of God.

Lord Macaulay has said, "If the Sunday had not been observed as a day of rest, but the axe, the anvil and the loom had been at work during the three last centuries, I have not the smallest doubt that we should at this moment have been a poorer and less civilised people than we are."

Yes. Perhaps our nation chiefly owes its greatness to having kept Sunday more faithfully than other nations, to having been, as the great French preacher, Father Hyacinthe, wrote of it, "That England who keeps her Sabbath rest, the glory of her industry and civilisation." What would the famous preacher say now could he see some of our railway stations on Sunday mornings? A porter on the South Western line complained not long ago of having had to work seventeen hours and a half the previous Sunday.

My dear girls, ought these things so to be? Ought we to allow the pleasure-hunters of the so-called higher classes, in their insatiable thirst for excitement and amusement, to overthrow this law of God and need of nature? It is they who are responsible for its overthrow. They set an example concerning the day which permeates through the whole community. They devise Sunday amusements which entail extra labour on their social inferiors, and which serve as an escape from meditation for themselves, and railway officials, servants and innkeepers are deprived of the day of rest to minister to their amusements.

We cannot lay down definite rules for Sunday observance. We are all circumstanced differently, and we must, to a

certain extent, conform to the habits of those with whom we live. But if we feel in our hearts the importance of the day, we can each help to stem the tide of its non-observance. We can save servants trouble by avoiding Sunday entertainments. We can save railway officials trouble by avoiding Sunday travelling. We can save postmen trouble by avoiding the despatch of unnecessary letters, and we can, in many different ways, save the toil and further the rest and peace of those with whom we have to do. We can also each try to exercise her own higher nature on the day, and to enter into that spiritual world which is not far from every one of us, but which our eyes are apt to be too engrossed in the world of sense to see. In the quiet of the morning, before distracting thoughts have begun their soul-wasting work, we can be "in the Spirit on the Lord's Day," and ask God to keep us from the world's influences and to lead us into conscious communion with Him. And He Who is always more ready to hear than we are to pray, will help us. He will speak to us during the day, not only in His holy house, but in the numberless channels of grace He has prepared on earth for the revelation of His beauty, His goodness, and His love to man. He will speak to us in His glorious creation and tell us that

> "Not a flower,
> But shows some touch in freckle, freak or stain,
> Of His unrivalled pencil."

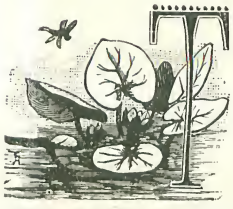
He will speak to us in poetry, music and painting, and teach us the inward and spiritual meaning of the outward and visible wonders by which we are surrounded. He will speak to us in the converse of friends in whose love we shall find a faint symbol of His mighty love for us. He will speak to us in every impression which brings us nearer to truth, goodness and beauty, in every aspiration which makes us yearn for eternity, immensity and infinity. And thus Sunday will be to us a day of the best sort of rest in this unrestful world. It will lift us up into a higher spiritual atmosphere. It will enable us to hear God's voice as our first parents heard it in the Garden of Eden, and, sanctified by His presence, it will send us forth to meet our week-day duties, armed with a power which overcomes all difficulties and blessed with a peace which passes all understanding.

THE FERNLEY GIRLS' GUILD.

By SARAH TYTLER.

CHAPTER X.

THEY CANNOT BE VISITED.



THE Vicar and Mrs. Field had paid their call at the Lodge. It was their prerogative as the parish clergyman and his wife to take the lead in welcoming the strangers. Miss Eliza Torrens followed suit two hours afterwards on the ground that her cousin at Highgate had known something by proxy of the Harrises, and it was natural to infer they might have the same hearsay knowledge of her. It was the next thing to an introduction to have it in her power to say, if Highgate were mentioned, as it would probably be, "I have a cousin whose home is there—Miss Sitwell Torrens. You may have mutual friends."

Miss Torrens lived to rue having a cousin living at Highgate who had supplied a motive for a premature call on the Harrises. Her existence had not even served, in the first place, as a passport to quicker, more intimate acquaintance, though the Harrises racked their brains—at least Mr. Harris manifestly did so, obligingly bending his somewhat haggard, furrowed brow for the purpose, he could not call to mind a Miss Sitwell Torrens as—not to say on Mrs. Harris's visiting list, but as on that of any of Mrs. Harris's neighbours.

Apart from this blank, that single day's report of the Harrises was as satisfactory as had been the credentials vouched for by the unrecognised Miss Sitwell Torrens. The new-comers were clearly of good position and were going to make the best of the Lodge. The furniture which had been sent down was all excellent of its kind, and with the modern tastefulness which was to be expected where there were so many young people in the family. Mr. Harris spoke already of improvements he proposed to make in the house and grounds, as his stay at Fernley might be even more permanent than his seven years' lease. In spite of his air of impaired health —which he would not allow his new acquaintances to attribute to the whirl of hours spent in the City and to the worries of a great business concern, which he declared were second nature and mere flea-bites to people accustomed to them—he was urbane and gracious in the extreme, with plenty to say and a ready interest to spare for the conversation of his neighbours. Mrs. Harris had less to say and looked a little preoccupied in her dignity, but she did not fail in a civil response to the civility of her visitors. The sons were frank but a little brusque and loud, with a faint echo of what critics might have called joviality in their tone. Those who wished to think well of them attributed the brusqueness and loudness to the circumstance that they were City men like their father, but not so toned down and polished in other respects. The daughters were considerably before their brothers in acknowledged good breeding. They had evidently seen much of the world in their teens, for the eldest was no older than Gladys Torrens, and the youngest—the girl who had driven her brothers in what had struck unsophisticated Alice as masculine attire—was no older than Sophy. In a higher rank she would still have been in the schoolroom. It was not the world of College in which the Harrises had grown up, it was the smart, fashionable world within the reach of the aspiring rich, the world of Henley and Aldershot and Hurlingham, of yachts and the hunting field, of skirt dances and after-church parades. The Harris girls had the full flavour of it; its confident, rathet piquant jargon was on their ready, easy tongues. They were pleasant young people to make acquaintance with; they wanted no encouragement, they knew everything already. With the tact of experience they could find a common ground on which to meet strangers, to whom they adapted themselves adroitly. This was not with the anxious complacency of the poor, which has a selfish end in view and is only entirely acceptable to the simple—but with the gracious friendliness of the rich, to whom you may be a boon, but who are likewise a boon to you, with whom, therefore, you are on terms of perfect equality.

The Misses Harris stopped considerably short of being beauties. Marcia the eldest and Louise the youngest, well-grown, vigorous girls, fearless riders and whips, experts at tennis, hockey and golf, had strength and more or less harmony in each line and feature of figure and face, without any particular charm of moulding, colouring or expression. Rose, the middle sister and the delicate girl, who did not, as she would have said,

"go in" for anything which required exertion and endurance, was a very washed-out rose in a fragile way. But it would have been hard to say what they would all have been without their advantages of surroundings and training, and especially of elaborate dress. It was elaborate in its greatest aping of simplicity, in what was regarded as its exquisite fit, and its subtle combinations and contrasts and general studies of colour. These are questions on which the mass of Englishwomen of the present day set supreme store. They act in total forgetfulness of the greater wisdom of their immediate predecessors in the plainer, more suitable and really more becoming and elegant garb of their day. The modern woman fails to see that the hair of the Venus of Milo is dressed in an infinitely more graceful and artistic style than is to be found on the heads of barbers' blocks.

To borrow an example from architecture, the Doric and Ionic orders in their pure stateliness and sweetness of grandeur are immeasurably nearer true art than the florid, over-loaded Corinthian order.

As for the vexation—with a strain of consternation in it—which is inflicted on the old and young protesters against the growing rage for extravagant, theatrical dress prevalent among all classes of women in England—the dressers laugh them to scorn, call the old fogeys and frumps and the young prudes and Puritans. All in vain, the old and young protesters quote the verdict of St. Paul to Christian girls and women. All in vain the opposition preach such hum-drum doctrines as those of common sense, modesty and a self-respecting, upright economy.

"They are delightful—the Harrises—every one of them," pronounced impulsive, single-hearted Mrs. Field the first time she encountered Miss Torrens, the only other caller as yet who had learnt the attractions of Fernley Lodge. "The family are, indeed, an acquisition. Did you ever come across brighter, pleasanter girls? Not at all supercilious or overbearing, though they have evidently seen so much of good society—I mean, quite affable and agreeable I call them. They will teach our stay-at-home girls a thing or two. They will be quite to Adela and Geoff Parker's mind."

Miss Torrens was not so gushing and enthusiastic as the Vicar's wife, but she acknowledged that she had been pleased with Mr. and Mrs. Harris, she had not taken to the young men, but she thought all young men were unbearable cubs nowadays. As for the girls, it was certainly a relief to find they had not been to College and presumably knew neither Latin nor Greek, nor ancient and modern schools of philosophy. Their information was general information of a much more available and interesting kind, and they did not seem to disdain to make themselves agreeable. Yes, she trusted they would be a lesson to her nieces Gladys and Lilian.

Even Lady Ramsbottom, hearing the good opinion of the earliest investigators into the untrodden territory, did not sniff and say she should wish to hear what clergyman the family had sat under, and what was his view of their respective merits. Indeed, it had come to her ears that Mr. Harris's name was on the subscription lists of the district he had left opposite large donations, that Mrs. Harris was on the council of various charitable institutions, and that the girls had not left out slumming among their modern accomplishments. Her ladyship was pricking her ears, convinced that she was about to gain valuable auxiliaries for her own particular programme.

It was the very day after these preliminary calls that an astounding rumour came into circulation at Fernley. Among various new out-of-door servants of whom the old Fernley Lodge steward had been in quest, commissioned by Mr. Harris, was a groom whose parents lived in the village. He had gone up to the Lodge by appointment, and had been kept waiting in the servants' hall, and there he had seen an extraordinary sight. He had been a witness to the dismissal of nine out of the eleven servants who had preceded their master and mistress in their arrival at the Lodge. Mr. Bellamy, the butler, had paid them their wages, which had been standing ready in little stacks of gold and silver all along the servants' hall-table. Farther, he had been told peremptorily by the butler that he—the young groom—could not be taken on at this time. When he had complained of the expense and trouble he had been put to in coming some distance to keep the appointment which had been broken, and had asked at least his fare in a waggon by way of compensation, the functionary had tossed him a shilling and muttered he could not help it, he was going himself on the following day, when, as the amazed listeners reckoned, there would only be one servant left in the house. (This turned out to be an old nurse, who had been in the family since the young men and women were children.)

What could be the meaning of this unaccountable proceeding? Could the servants, who had appeared well-conducted persons in their degree, each of some account in his or her line, have suddenly proved to be a gang of thieves, in a league to plunder their employers, and had they been detected in the act? Or were Mr. and Mrs. Harris despots of the first water, who, for some small suspected offence—possibly, in connection with which the domestics, with a schoolboy's code of honour, had declined to turn king's evidence on each other—dismissed the whole staff at a moment's notice?

With the recollection of Mr. Harris's suavity and Mrs. Harris's equanimity full in their minds, those who had taken the first steps to making their acquaintance could not give credit to this solution of the mystery.

There was no other answer to propose save a stray suggestion that the strangers might have taken umbrage at something said or done to them by their new neighbours. The Harrises might have conceived an unexpected, inexplicable dislike to the whole place, and so have broken up their establishment and be going elsewhere. This was a serious mortification and disappointment to the slighted locality; but it would be a matter of little moment to the fickle strangers, since the forfeit for a broken lease must be of small consequence to people so rich as the Harrises.

Neither would this flimsy suggestion hold water. It was not a new but a selected, settled household of the past which was thus summarily cast to the winds. Wherever the Harrises went they must want servants, they who had been accustomed to so many. The women of the family might have become all at once bent on unlimited travelling, with long sojourns now at this foreign hotel, now at that, where they had already stayed during the hotel seasons, but the men had their business to attend to. It was not to be supposed that a gentleman of Mr. Harris's age and position, though he might have his club to fall back upon, would dispense with a comfortable home of his own for any great length of time.

Mrs. Field, who was wont to take her own domestic cares lightly, was so exercised by the inconvenience Mrs. Harris must be suffering that she could hardly be prevented from stripping herself and her family, and offering up her whole three maids and the boy as a stop-gap to the breach made at the Lodge.

"There is plenty of cold meat in the larder, the Vicar does not mind what he eats—we can have bread and jam in place of pudding, or I daresay Adela has a spare cake

in the pantry at the cottage. Oh, I am sure we could manage perfectly. Only to think of those poor dear helpless creatures without a cook to prepare their dinner or a housemaid to make down their beds!"

It was the Vicar who stopped her.

"My dear, I think you had better wait and learn the cause of this exodus," he told his wife. "We do not know the people well enough to interfere in their domestic affairs. They might regard it as unwarranted meddling on our part. After all, to be a day without their ordinary regiment of servants is a species of misfortune which a family like that at the Lodge—with so many young people in the house—ought to be able to surmount without falling into despair or demanding extraneous aid. We have all to serve ourselves sometimes. There are such events as revolutions, or people take journeys into remote places. In this very war think what women and children have had to suffer in South Africa! Wait, my dear, till we have ascertained more particulars of what has happened, till we know whether or not our assistance would be welcome and of use."

Mrs. Field and Fernley had not to wait long. Enlightenment came within the next twelve hours, when the climax of the story burst upon them. The local policeman, of all people, was the medium of its transmission. He had been to the next station, and on his return by train found himself in the company of two strangers coming down from London. They were in plain clothes, according to his account, but by some freemasonry belonging to his calling he soon ascertained that they were two detectives on an important sensational job, bound for Fernley Lodge, in order to arrest Mr. Harris on a charge of extensive frauds in connection with the mercantile firm of which he was one of the principal partners. The Fernley guardian of the peace showed his London superiors the way to the Lodge, and then hung about to hear the result as a reward for his trouble.

Mr. Harris had received warning of what was coming upon him, and he had made up his mind to face it. He was in the house, came in answer to a summons, heard the charge against him without any show either of indignation or alarm. He did not even profess to be astonished as he quietly gave himself up, remarking that the officers might have saved themselves the trouble of a journey, for he had been on the point of starting for town to clear up the mistake which had been made.

"But they all say that." The policeman quoted an ironical observation of one of the experienced detectives. "To hear them, they are the victims of a scandalous conspiracy; anyhow they are as innocent as the babe unborn."

However, the detectives were obliged to Mr. Harris for not making a scene, and for preventing any "hollering and screeching" of the women by merely sending a message to his family that he had been called up to town on urgent business and could not stop to see them before he went. The men spared him every indignity. The reality was very different from what little Bea Singleton had imagined it, when the dreadful news had drifted as far as the nursery of the Bungalow. The child was fain to sob herself to sleep over the vision of the fine gentleman in the fur-lined coat, whom she and Alice had seen in his carriage looking so happy as he turned in at the gates of the Lodge, being dragged in chains to London, to the Tower, where kings and queens and ladies and gentlemen used to be beheaded, and thrust into a dungeon there.

Mature Fernley knew better than that, while its representatives stared aghast into each other's face. In place of an angel, it was a thief and his confederates whom they had been prepared to receive and entertain. Instinctively they put their hands in their pockets and clutched their purses, which the most of them could not well spare. They did not for a moment remember that Mr. Harris's dishonesty had been in a much higher line than the lines of pocket-picking and burglary, and that his defalcations had been, in all probability, proportionately greater and more disastrous. That bland, well-nigh sprightly gentleman and his dignified, serene-looking wife—who could have believed it?

The next day the last lingering doubt was at an end; the whole story appeared in the public prints. How those copies of the daily papers were bought, borrowed, and read at Fernley—with the details that the books of the firm exhibited over a period of years false entries, deceptive omissions, and a deficiency in cheques and bonds to the amount of seventy thousand pounds, which had been appropriated to the private use of Mr. Harris.

In addition, the departure of the two sons of the family, which had taken place a couple of hours after that of the head of the house, and had been charitably attributed to their having gone to the assistance of their father, received another and more sinister interpretation. There was a cautious mention of a rumour on the Stock Exchange that the sons of the accused gentleman, Mr. Eric and Mr. Wilfred Harris, who had been doing a plunging business among the bulls and the bears, might be wanted to explain some questionable dealings in their own branch of business, which had just come to light.

An agitated letter from Miss Sitwell Torrens at Highgate arrived for her cousin, Miss Eliza Torrens, at Fernley Manor. Miss Sitwell Torrens was deeply grieved to have misled her kinswoman, but, indeed, this miserable man Harris's firm had been an old and highly respectable one—the oldest and most respectable firms came to grief occasionally—and see how this one had suffered itself to be plundered by one of its senior partners! Up to a very recent date Mr. and Mrs. Harris had been held to be all they should have been at Highgate, and had mixed in the best circles there, though the writer found that she had been partly misinformed with regard to their good connections. It was only Mr. Harris who was well connected—the son of a squire, with a brother a General—but he had married beneath him a young woman who had served in one of the large drapers' shops in the city.

The sons in business, Miss Sitwell Torrens was now told, were not very reputable young men, and had a character for dissipation. Of the daughters she knew nothing objectionable, unless that they had been taken a great deal more into society—doubtless to get them settled in life betimes—than was usual at their age.

A family of rogues and cheats! Fernley felt as if it, too, was covered with indelible disgrace for having been drawn into countenancing them for a single moment.

Sophy Singleton shrank at this proof of the wickedness of the world which had been brought so near to her. It was the merest chance that she, who was so trusted by her father to look after the family, had not taken Alice to call on people who were proclaimed far and wide the next thing to criminal.

Only Mrs. Field said piteously—

"Poor creatures! That poor patient woman whose patience we mistook for dignity, and those poor girls who could not have had a suspicion of what was going on, and must be so shocked and crushed! Vicar, can we do nothing for them?"

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

A MARRIED GIRL.—How could I pass over such a letter as yours without notice, since no words can express the pleasure and thankfulness with which I read it? You will forgive me for quoting from it, since your words will gladden the hearts of my Circle Correspondents all over the world. Neither my girls nor I know you personally. Your name and address are equally unknown to us, yet you will be near our hearts, and we shall rejoice together as we read your words. All my Russian Correspondents astonish me by the rapidity with which they master the English language. They write such kind things in such choice words. You tell me your letter is just an expression of thanks for many pleasant hours enjoyed through the Twilight Talks. But I will quote your words exactly—"I am a constant reader of the 'G. O. P.' since 1897—the year I began to learn English—and I can say truthfully that, in a great measure, my constancy is due to the pleasant feeling that overcomes me every time I am reading your Talks. There is something refreshing and strengthening in the thought that religion has so great a power over some human hearts as to make them beat with warm sympathy for hundreds of completely strange girls, if only they are suffering in some way, and in want of cheering and comforting. And then your 'Twilight Circle' does much towards showing how many good, unselfish girls there are still in our day of all-absorbing and broadly-recognised egotism—unpretending lasses who are quite earnest in their wish to do what good work they can in Christ's name. I am far from being myself self-denying or religious. I cannot even claim the merit of fighting against my doubts, and am rather, on the contrary, drifting with the modern tide; spending, with conscious cynicism, my life and youth on the other side of good to bad. But, all the same, I feel a great joy every time I peruse your Talks and Twilight Correspondence. Even if it be 'helping lame dogs over stiles' to have to do with such as me, perhaps you will not be wholly indifferent if I tell you that they, in their simple faith, keep me from utter pessimism. I wanted to show you that there are still many girls unknown to you who appreciate your work in lost corners of far-away Russia." My dear, though unknown, girl-friend, as I read your words I felt, if possible, more convinced than ever that my messages to you, and to all my readers, are truly God-given. Only through the influence of His Spirit could they reach so many hearts and affect so many lives. I do so thank you for your letter. I pray, and I ask all my girls to join me in the petition, that the "simple faith," of which you write, may be given to you, and that you may be made "wise unto salvation" through the teaching of Christ brought home to your heart by the Holy Spirit. Dear, you are young, and I am old. I speak from the experience of many years, when I tell you that there can be no happiness worthy the name in anything, or any station, without God. And, realising His love in the gift of His Son, His all-pervading Presence and providential oversight, His Divine Spirit, which all may have as Guide, Teacher and Comforter for the asking, we can be—nay, we must be—both happy and rich beyond expression, whatever may be our earthly lot. If words of mine, addressed to the many, have touched your heart, let these influence you in the right direction. May God bless you, and make you truly His child.

CAPE GIRL II.—I do not wonder that you derive great comfort from your Correspondent's letters and find them something to look forward to with joy and thankfulness in these unsettled times for South Africa. It must be a great trial to be debarred for months together from attending Divine service. Yours is such a full letter, my dear one. I enter into all your heart-searchings and longings after the higher life. I thank God you have them, and that you are so dissatisfied with your best, so anxious to reflect in your life the image of your Divine Lord's. I wish space would permit me to quote largely from your letter. I am most thankful that the words God has given me to pass on to my girls have been so useful to you. May He bless you and make you wholly His own.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

WALTON.—Probably some musical paper might give you the name of people who are willing to compose music to words, or you might write with your inquiry to one of the great schools of music. We are not able to mention such names and addresses here.

LA MASCOTTE.—We are afraid we cannot call your enclosure poetry at all. The rhymes are accurately rendered in the first attempt and the metre also is observed. In the second fragment your sentence about the Knave of Hearts is incorrect in grammar—

"The Knave of Hearts who, seeing their enchanting lucious *(sic)* look,
And feeling faint, ent'ring by stealth, the whole collection took."

Where is the verb governed by *who?* If it is "took," you still need to complete your principal sentence. "Saw" instead of "seeing" would remedy the error, though it would spoil the metre. We rather doubt if you are in earnest in asking for criticism on these efforts.

SUKEY.—Your quotation—

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man,"

is from Shakespeare. It is contained in the speech of Polonius to his son Laertes (*Hamlet*, Act I., Scene 3). The whole passage begins—

"Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!"

SPRING FLOWERS.—We can heartily encourage you. The music of the song you enclose is sweet, and we advise you by all means to persevere, although we cannot say whether the composition would be accepted for publication. One criticism we should be disposed to offer is, that the accompaniment of arpeggios without relief grows rather monotonous. It would be better in the second verse to introduce a change. You should study contrasts in music. But the song is far above the average of those submitted to us, and we hope you will write more. By-the-by, did we not offer a very similar criticism on your work in January, 1901? This lends emphasis to our present advice.

A. J. H.—It is no easy task to write a melody for the violin with piano accompaniment, and it is not wonderful that, if you have little time for study, you should not be able to achieve a startling result. The "little theory" of which you speak, learnt years ago at school, is not a sufficient preparation for composition. You must beware of elementary errors—such as consecutive fifths, consecutive octaves, doubling the leading note, omitting to mark your triplets, and so on. Probably you could obtain harmony lessons by correspondence, and you may, we think, safely trust advertisements of these in a good musical paper. You must be fond of music thus to employ your leisure after a day of work, and we wish you all success.

SE SARAN ROSE.—"If we only knew" was inquired for in "Our Open Letter Box," and an answer appeared in February, 1901. It is in a book of poems by Mel. B. and Harry Spurr, published by William Andrews, Hull, price 1s. Miss Rose Bland, 5, Sandringham Street, Hull, kindly offered to copy out the words for our Correspondent, as she had the poem (by Mel. B. Spurr) in her possession at the time we mention.

F. M. J. H.—Your quotation—

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will,"

is from Shakespeare. You will find it in *Hamlet*, Act V., Scene 2. We can never answer a question "next month," as we go to press long before you receive your magazine.

ETHEL JUGGINS.—We have ceased to inquire for foreign Correspondents for our readers in this column. You could advertise for one on the cover of our monthly part, which see. We are glad you enjoy the stories in your GIRL'S OWN PAPER.



"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."] [EDMUND EVANS.

LILIUM CANDIDUM.

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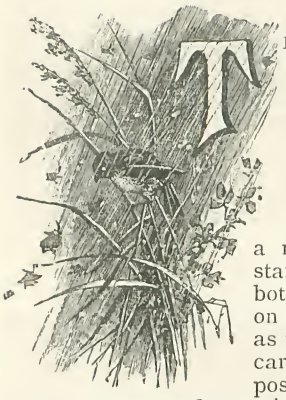


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A PRESENTATION AT COURT.

AN EVENING AT COURT.

By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.



THE day arrived. Pouring rain. The evening ditto, so that it was a matter for consideration how, without an awning from the hall door to the carriage, I could make the crossing and yet not spoil some of my "brave attire." However, the moment came—and the umbrella—and a rug underfoot; and at 8.30 I started with a friend for the Palace, both of us congratulating ourselves on being in such good time. But as we drove on and on past other carriages, finally taking up our position behind the last-comer, misgivings crossed my mind with respect to the earliness of our start, and we began to wonder whether, after all, there might not be some difficulty about finding chairs disengaged, in which event—but I declined to let my thoughts dwell on the possible standing, and hoped for the best. We proceeded on our way with the usual jerks, as the horse was suddenly pulled up with his nose touching the back of the next carriage, and at last we drove through the Palace gates and drew up under the awning. Got out and crossed the great hall to the cloak-room, to leave our wraps and take an extra glance at ourselves, and then went up the grand staircase—guarded by Beefeaters in their quaint costume—in the midst of a rustling crowd of trains, feathers, silks, velvets and every sort of beautiful material set off by jewels and exquisite lace.

"To the right," said one of the ushers in dark blue coat and gold lace, white breeches and silk stockings, and to the right we went, walking through one state saloon after another, all lofty and well-proportioned and brilliantly lit by big chandeliers with "electric" candles. At length we came into a large apartment with dark but yet bright green walls, fine oil paintings, vaulted ceiling in white and gold, and chairs and couches covered with crimson satin. This last fact only discovered later, as, when we arrived, nothing could be seen of any seats, only their occupants, and a crowd of those who wished, but vainly, to occupy them. My misgivings took shape then, and I saw that our early start was not early enough, if we wanted chairs, but the mistake could not be rectified then.

This green drawing-room opened into a crimson-walled short corridor, or ante-chamber, leading straight to the ball-room, now the throne-room, and reserved for persons having the *entrée*, besides, of course, those who are to be presented. These latter do not go through the same suite of rooms as the company in general, who merely attend the Court, but are taken to another apartment, from whence they pass by a corridor to the throne-room, and possibly never meet the ladies who present them at all, except in the case of unmarried girls presented by their mothers, who are required to be with them.

We remained standing in the large drawing-room, speaking to anybody we knew, looking at the pictures, and watching the gentlemen ushers in their smart costume as they went to and fro, or, now and then, a scarlet-coated official passing by, when I espied a small corner of a couch vacant, and forthwith sat down, turning a deaf ear and stony eye to sundry mutterings and frowns indulged in by the woman next me, who apparently considered the seat her own especial property. My views did not agree with hers, however, and so I stuck to my small haven of refuge, and being then at rest as regarded body, I was able to look about me with a more equal mind, and thoroughly enjoyed the brightness and beauty of the scene. But it was only preliminary to the gorgeousness of what was coming.

Presently with clank of steel, in scarlet uniform and white plumes, appeared the King's Bodyguard of Gentlemen-at-Arms, marching to take up their position in the Throne Room; and then, almost immediately, came the Ambassadors and *Corps Diplomatique* generally, and the Indian Princes now in London, walking in a long procession up the room, all countries represented in all costumes and all colours—a perfect blaze of splendour. Eastern fabrics were there, heavy with gold embroidery or sparkling with jewels, chains and aigrettes of diamonds, and gems of all hues and descriptions catching the light as their wearers moved along. Oriental robes and European uniforms, covered with stars and orders, alike dazzled the sight, some among the former having a singular effect to Western eyes. The two Maharaji wore splendid garments, and the Maharani's small figure was enveloped in white gauze, gold-embroidered at the edge, two tiny white satin-covered feet peeping out below.

The Chinese Ambassador was clothed in blue silk, with the usual cap and pigtail standing prominently out behind, and was accompanied by several of his own people, one of whom wore what seemed to be a bunch of flowers on each side of the head. But perhaps the most picturesque and uncommon-looking personages in this remarkable procession were those composing the bodyguard of one of the Indian potentates. So magnificent, each man might have been a king, as they strode along, their dark fierce faces, eyes like live coals, and masses of black hair, set off by large white turbans, and their warlike air intensified by the curved scimitar and bright round shield carried by each one. Certainly there was that in their appearance which made the bare idea of offending them quite terrific, and overpowered the sense of the ludicrous which otherwise might have been roused by the incongruous finish to their costume, neither more nor less than a very full pleated white muslin petticoat, which stuck out almost like a fan, and had the most curious effect.

After these came a group of tall men clad in light yellowish garments and black fur caps worn so much on one side that, as they passed, I thought they had an abnormal growth of hair on the cheek, and only when I saw the back of the head did I discover the truth. Who they were, or who a great many others were, is more than I can say. I wanted somebody at my elbow to act as guide-book to the moving picture. All I do know is that it was the most beautiful and interesting spectacle possible to be imagined, and one never to be forgotten.

Soon after this a sort of stir in the air gave token that the King was coming, and we all stood up. A number of scarlet-coated officials first appeared, followed by the lords-in-waiting, walking backwards, and I admired the ease with which they performed this difficult feat, and avoided cannoning into each other during the long progress up the room.

Then the great moment of the evening arrived, and the King and Queen passed slowly on, followed by the Prince of Wales and many other members of the Royal Family, and attended by a brilliant suite. It was a "sight for sair een" indeed. The fine room, lined round the walls by a crowd of people about three deep, everyone in Court dress, and many with diamond tiaras and necklaces, all making low curtseys as their Majesties passed, bowing and smiling in return; the bright light, the various colours, last, and greatest, the King, looking so well in his Field Marshal's uniform, and the Queen, lovely as always, wearing a train and under-dress of mauve satin veiled with gold Indian embroidery, a crown of diamonds, and splendid ornaments in emeralds and rubies. The sight was beautiful.

Slowly the procession moved on, her Majesty's long train held up by pages, and entered the Throne Room, when two of the Beefeaters placed themselves on guard with crossed halberds before the ante-chamber, and we all resigned ourselves to wait till the presentations were over

and the Royalties would appear again. It seemed a long time, but there were a good many presentations, and at last some of the *Corps Diplomatique* came through, and then the Beefeaters made a line down the middle of the room, and the King and Queen, in procession as before, entered and made the tour of the apartment, finally retiring through another door at the end.

That was the signal for a general move to supper, which was excellent, I know; but the amount of standing had tried me, and I preferred to subside upon a belated chair, which by good fortune I found, rather than tax my powers of endurance any further, especially as there were still the descent into the hall and cloak-room and the inevitable wait for the carriage to be reckoned with. It rained hard still, so we could not go out to catch the first glimpse of the carriage, although I did observe some hardy souls—and bodies—calmly braving the damp atmosphere and the uncurling of their three feathers, while they waited outside to hear that shout of "Lady" or "Mrs. So-and-So's carriage," which galvanises the most inert of beings into life for the moment. That welcome sound reached our ears after a while. We plunged through the crowd regardless of everything but getting out, jumped into the carriage, and so, as Pepys would say, "home to bed."

OUR PUZZLE POEM REPORT.

SOLUTION.

Love-Light.

The glow-worm in the hedge at night,
The dew-drop in the morning,
The fire-flies with their wings of light
The darkest night be-scorning,
The diamond in her ring so bright
My true love's hand adorning—

The very stars so far on high
That down to earth are gazing—
None have the love-light of her eye
When she her lids is raising;
And when in mine they shine—then I
Rejoice in love amazing!

Prize Winners.

Ten Shillings Each.

A. Carr, Hornsey, N.
Mary I. Chislett, Sibstone, Atherstone.
Margaret A. Fisk, Stoke Poges, Slough.
Amy M. Henderson, Thames Ditton.
R. P. Keene, Wood Green, N.
A. Kilburn, Penkridge, Staffs.
J. E. Kingham, Brondesbury, N.W.
Annie G. Luck, Tunbridge Wells.
Annie and Susie Manderson, Crumlin, Co. Antrim.
Fred. Wm. Southey, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Thos. A. F. Tyrrell, Ramsgate.
Nellie M. Dartford, S. João do Estoril, Lisbon.
May Malone, St. John's, Antigua.

Equal with Prize Winners.

Eliza Acworth, Edith M. Younge, Nora Sullivan (Upper Burma).

Most Highly Commended.

Hubert J. W. Adamson, Murray J. Bell, Clara S. Berry, Mary Bolingbroke, F. Chute, J. J. Coulthard (China), M. Hodgkinson, Margaret A. J. Hunter, Elsie M. Jay, E. S. Keene, H. E. Klein, Nellie Meikle, Elsie M. Mellor (Australia), Emily Milnes, A. Scouter, Annie Simpson, Mrs. Stewart, Florence Whitlock, Mary Woodcock, M. A. Woodhead.

Very Highly Commended.

Florence M. Abraham, May Adamson, Emma Adcock, Mrs. F. Adcock, Mrs. Annesley, Annie Arnold, Mary Arnold, Annie A. Arnott, Elsie S. Bale, Miss Bellhouse, Lily Belling, Amy Briand, M. Brindley, Robert P. Brown, A. W. Browne, Ethel F. Burr, M. Cannon, Dr. E. T. Carlyon, Miss Chambers, Rev. J. Chambers, Alice J. Chandler, Rebecca Clarke, Ruth A. M. Clarke, L. Clews, Edith M. Coles, M. M. Collard, M. G. Collins, A. M. Cooper, Mary Cox, M. A. C. Crabb, Edith Cutler, M. Cerise Deane, J. G. Dunham, Nellie Eachus, Winifred Eddington, C. M. A. Fitzgerald, Nellie Fox, Mrs. M. A. Freegard, B. E. Frowde, Fredk. Fuller, S. E. Gandy, Agnes Glen, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, E. E. Grundy, Arthur J. Harris, E. M. Higgs, R. H. Holloway, Helena Hooper, J. Hunt, A. M. Hutchens, May Jackson, M. E. Jowett, E. M. Jupe, Eva Kelsey, Mabel G. Kelsey, W. S. Lambert, Eliza Learmount, Alicia Lindsay, Florence Martin, M. C. McCutcheon, Jas. McDunnough (Germany), E. C. McMasters, M. E. Messenger, F. M. Morgan, Robert Murdock, M. K. Murphy, Chas. A. Murton, Grace Neve, Mrs. Nicholls, Margaret Nisbet, L. H. Nott, Emily Nunn, Mrs. Hastings Ogilvie (India), Phyllis Pearson, E. E. Peck, M. A. Pentelow, E. M. Price, F. A. Prideaux, F. A. Roberts, May Ruttonji (India), A. P. Sargent, C. L. Simco, Clement M. Scott, A. C. Sharp, Ethel Sharp, Helen Shilstone (Barbados), Isabel Snell, N. H. Sullivan, Emily A. Suttaby (Canada), Annie Tatham, Nancy Treffry, L. Trotman, A. K. True, W. F. White, Margie Whittingham, G. S. Wilkins, Minnie Wilkins, Emily Wilkinson, Evelyn R. Wills, May E. Wood, Annie W. Young, Helen B. Younger.

Highly Commended.

Maud Abbott, Mrs. Acheson, Edith Barnes, Gertrude Biddlecombe, Mrs. Dora Clarke, May Clegg, Hannah F. Corke, Ethel E. Dives, A. H. Fishe (Australia), Lois B. Gardner, Mildred W. George, F. M. Goodchild, Hilda Grahame, Annie Guildford, Nina C. Hay, Dora Holland, Mrs. B. Hope, Nellie O. Hopwood, Annie F. R. Jackman, H. M. Jarvis, Elsie L. Kitching, Mina Knop (India), Louise M. McCready, Agnes M. McGregor, Constance M. Mallandine, Mrs. Marrett (India), Mary G. Marten, Mrs. C. A. Martin, Vera C. Robinson, Bessie L. Rowe, Florence Sandell, L. Short, Agnes L. Simpson, F. B. A. Skelton, Mrs. E. E. Smith, Gertrude Smith, Harry Sturgess, Miss Talbot (Bermuda), Ellen C. Tarrant, Bettie Temple, Hilda V. Tyrrell, E. J. Tullett, Mabel M. Watts, Millicent Utting, C. E. Vowles, L. Constance Walker, Eleanor Whitcher, Olive Williams.

Examiners' Report.

Had it not been for the hen wandering about in a mine, we should have found much difficulty in awarding the prizes. Between thirty and forty solvers discovered the true solution, the others made various guesses, the most common being "in the night" and "in the dark," both of which we accepted as second best. "When in rage," however fierce the appearance of the fowl, could not be accepted as a good reading; nor could "When in glee," because of the marked absence of joyfulness in the depicted bird. "When perturbed" and "When in grief" suggest a heartlessness of conduct meriting the severest censure. Why should "I rejoice in love amazing" because my lady-love's eyes shine with grief or in perturbation? One other reading, "And when they coyly shine," lacks nothing in sentiment, but how can it be evolved from the puzzle?

It was very odd to find several competitors tripping over the *herring* in the fifth line; and, indeed, "topaz," "sea-pearl," "jewels," and other precious stones were suggested

as alternatives to the very obvious *diamond* in the same line; though how the *almond* was worked in it would be difficult to say.

In line 8, "low" was often substituted for *down*, an error the exact worth of which will readily be seen.

Many solvers pointed out the grammatical mistake in line 10 (*are* for "is"), and a few called attention to the fact that "they" in the next line has no proper antecedent. Poetic licence has its limits, and we can only frankly admit the errors, and assure our readers that any difficulty caused by either of them was entirely ignored in our adjudication.

As usual, the prize solutions were perfect, and those in the next list presented only the slightest of shortcomings—as, for instance, a failure to indent the lines according to poetic rule. Those "very highly commended" had no worse mistake than "in dark" for *in mine*, while those in the final list spoiled the rhythm of the line by adding "the," or had some other trifling error.

No solution having a definite mistake could be mentioned at all, owing to want of space.

The foreign award is included in this report. We were very glad to see a solution again from our old friend J. J. C., now of China, and also from F. W. of Helmsley, after two years' abstention.

PHŒBE.

By ELEANOR C. SALTMER.

CHAPTER II.

Phœbe took his clothes out of the chest slowly and laid them on the bed. As she did so, Rebecca came along.

"Eh, to-morrow ben't Sunday!" said she. "You've lost your reckoning, maybe?"

"No," answered Phœbe with dignity, "to-morrow will be Saturday, Becky, and father will be away from home. That's why I'm putting out his Sunday clothes."

"My!" exclaimed Rebecca, opening her round eyes to their fullest extent. "What's oop? Is 't a weddin', think ye?"

"A wedding!" repeated Phœbe scornfully. "Whatever nonsense have you got in your head now? Can't a man put on his Sunday coat without people asking silly questions?"

"Sorry I spoke," replied Rebecca apologetically. "Somehow I seem to have gotten a kind of a maggot in my head lately."

"Pick it out then," said Phœbe shortly, without deigning to inquire what the maggot was about.

"Somebody's a-callin' me," said Rebecca suddenly, and left her young mistress staring at her father's best coat.

The farmer did not return till late on Monday night. The last train had landed him about ten o'clock, and then he had a walk of three miles across country before he could reach Wilderness Farm.

Rebecca laid supper for her master and betook herself to bed. Phœbe followed in a short time, and David Wolfe was left to sit up for the master.

"I missed the train, Dave," explained the farmer, "and should have had a couple of hours to wait, so I went back and had some supper where I'd been stopping. I don't want no more; let's have a smoke outside, lad, before turning in. Has Phœbe gone to bed?"

David answered in the affirmative, and accompanied Hawthorn into the fragrant garden, over which a full moon



THE FARM.

was shedding her silvery radiance. The two men walked to the gate and stood leaning over it in silence for a little while. Then said Joseph Hawthorn suddenly—

"I've been to Westcombe."

"Have you?" replied David, not knowing what of import was attached to the fact.

"My cousin, Sarah Lawson, lives there; she that kept house for me while Phœbe was at school," continued the farmer after a pause.

"Yes?" said David inquiringly.

"I'm going to marry Sarah Lawson. We shall be called in church next Sunday," said the other, after pausing again between spasmodic whiffs at his pipe.

David was startled.

"Rather sudden, isn't it?" queried he. "What'll Phœbe say?"

The farmer shifted his feet uneasily.

"I'm afraid she'll take on," said he; "but it had to be, Dave; it had to be. I made a mistake from the first, setting the poor lass in a grown woman's place. She's done her best, and been a good girl, but she wants guiding. She oughtn't to have no responsibilities yet awhile; she's too young and playful like. I've been considering the matter for some time, Dave, and have made up my mind that to marry again was the best thing to do. I've said nought about it for fear of making things unpleasant, and I expect there'll be a bit of a shindy; but she'll come round. Sarah Lawson isn't the one to make matters difficult; they'll get on together, I do hope."

"I've my doubts about that," thought David. "Maybe," he suggested aloud, "Phœbe would have got used to the idea, if she'd been expecting this all along. But she's got a spirit, Phœbe has. I'm thinking things *will* be a bit unpleasant."

"I'll make it right with her," said the farmer after a pause. "I'll tell her to-morrow. Better so, David, than giving her time to brood over things. You believe me, lad, 'tis better to take women by storm than to beat about the bush and let 'em get scent of their own accord. Leastways, that's my mind. You'll stand by me, Dave, and help to make the lassie see reason?"

"I don't see that it's my place to try and make her see reason; but I'll stand by you of course."

"You think I've done the best that was possible, don't you, Dave?" Hawthorn asked a little anxiously.

"Ye—es," answered the young man slowly. "Only I'm sorry for Phœbe."

The farmer puffed away thoughtfully for another ten minutes, and then the two men parted, David feeling sore at heart for Phœbe's sake. The blow would come so unexpectedly, with such terrible force. No doubt it would be better to have a more responsible mistress at the head of affairs, but as Joseph had himself placed Phœbe in her present position, he felt that more consideration should have been shown to her.

"'Tis a mean thing to have done," he said to himself; "a cowardly thing, I call it, and there'll be trouble in the house."

The bomb-shell that shattered Phœbe's peace of mind fell the next morning.

"Well, dad, where have you been? What mischief have you been up to?" she asked gaily, while pouring out the tea, as her father and David came in from the yard to breakfast.

The farmer's face was that of a culprit caught in the act of misdemeanour. David smiled, sat down, and began to trace patterns on the cloth with his knife.

"It's coming," he thought. "The dam-gates will burst, and the flood be out in a minute."

"I went to Westcombe, and lost my train coming back. That's why I was so late," said the farmer, feeling more nervous than he expected.

"Westcombe!" repeated Phœbe musingly. "Who lives at Westcombe that we know?"

"Mr. Lawson does for one."

"And have you got business with him, dad?"

"In a way, yes—with one of the family. You remember cousin Sarah, Phœbe?"

"Cousin Sarah that kept house here? Of course. What about her?" frowned Phœbe.

The farmer laid down his knife and fork, and cleared his throat of a certain huskiness that obstructed his speech.

"Just this," said he, coming straight to the point with brutal frankness. "I'm going to get married, my lass, and my wife that is to be is Sarah Lawson. We shall be called next Sunday, and come Thursday four weeks I shall bring her home here. I hope you'll be as good and dutiful a daughter to her, my dear, as you've been to me."

Having thus delivered himself, without once looking up, the farmer hastily gulped down his tea and waited.

The silence that ensued was so portentous that he felt at length compelled to glance in Phœbe's direction. The girl stood, tea-pot in hand, as one transfixed, staring at him. Her face was of an ashen colour, her eyes full of angry amazement. Her white lips expressed scorn.

"That's an ugly joke to play upon me, anyhow," she managed to say with difficulty, for her throat and lips felt parched.

"It's not a joke, but sober earnest!" replied Hawthorn. "You see, Phœbe, my dear, I've felt this long time as it was hard upon you that's only a mere girl to expect the same of you as if you were a woman grown. 'Twasn't fair, so I made up my mind that Sarah Lawson being the kind of woman that suited me, and she not unused to the ways here, I'd marry her and take the burden off your shoulders."

There was a crash. The tea-pot fell from Phœbe's nerveless fingers, and both men started to their feet as she broke into an hysterical sounding laugh. She could hardly believe her ears. That she, Phœbe Hawthorn, who had been brought home scarcely a year ago on purpose to take the place that of natural right belonged to her, was to be cast aside like a misfitting shoe, in order that another might step in, and all with the flimsy excuse of the household burden being too heavy for her! She to make way for Sarah Lawson, and be expected to humble herself into the position of a good and dutiful daughter! Surely her father must be demented to dream of such a thing, and speak in such a way. To this and much more did Phœbe give utterance in the first mad moments of her indignation and despair.

The farmer sat dumbly listening. David slipped away, leaving his breakfast untouched, and Rebecca held the kitchen door two inches ajar that she might be audience to this little domestic tragedy.

"Haven't I always done all I could——"

"Yes, yes," ejaculated her father.

"Didn't you call me your right hand, and why your right hand once and of no use now? What have I done to be treated like a child and kept in the dark about such a thing? Oh, dad, say it isn't true!" she wailed.

"But it is true, my lass. I'm sorry that you take it so bad, Phœbe. Think it over calm like, and try to believe I've done it for the best, then everything will come all right and peaceable," said Hawthorn, patting her on the shoulder; but the girl withdrew from his caress with a pettish gesture, and rushed upstairs to her own room sobbing wildly, and resolving that no calls nor coaxings should succeed in drawing her thence. They might get on without her, and discover what her absence meant. If she was of so little use to dad that he felt obliged to supplant her for Sarah Lawson, let him begin to miss her now.

Phœbe was very unhappy and resentful at being treated with so little confidence.

"He might at least have told me. He ought to have told me."

Her father was unhappy too, and remorseful. He crept as softly as his heavy boots would allow to her room door once or twice, but heard no sound, for Phœbe's quick senses told her he was there, and she almost held her breath till he was gone, determined to make no sign. Once he knocked and called her gently, but she would not respond.

Tired out at length with the strength of her emotions, Phœbe laid herself down upon the bed and slept till the afternoon had almost gone. Waking about tea-time, she felt faint for want of food, and was not sorry to hear Rebecca's footstep in the passage. She got up quickly and unlocked the door.

"Ben't you hungry?" inquired Rebecca in an anxious tone. "I wouldn't starve myself if I was you."

Phœbe's pride gave way before the attacks of nature, and tears rolled down her pale face as she confessed she was hungry, but had not the heart to eat.

"Is anybody about, Becky?" she inquired, and being answered in the negative, Phœbe resolved to go downstairs and get a mouthful to eat.

Rebecca was keen-eyed and had a shrewd wit of her own. The master's forbearance but ever-growing dissatisfaction had not been hidden from her, while Phœbe's self-sufficiency had blinded her to what was so evident to others. Rebecca, too, was unprejudiced. Things viewed from her own standpoint appeared to warrant the farmer's decision to marry again, though she sided with Phœbe in condemning the secrecy with which he had enveloped his intentions.

"Sposin' as the master had told you a month ago what he was a-goin' for to do, would you ha' taken it quieter?" asked Rebecca, watching the colour steal back into the girl's cheeks.

"I'd have worried his life out to stop it," answered Phœbe viciously.

"Then most like he guessed as you would, and that's why he kep' so quiet," was the reply. "Men-folks is sly."

Which remark of Becky's let a little light into Phœbe's mind. Her father knew her better than she knew herself, but the knowledge was no excuse for his conduct towards her. She resolved to get hold of David and find out his opinions on the subject. By dint of one or two carefully-put questions she discovered the whereabouts of both men, and came upon her cousin in the stack-yard. He was busy cutting trusses of hay, but stopped when he saw her.

The haggard look on Phœbe's usually bright face awoke his compassion. He wished he could help her, but as was his wont, he waited to be addressed.

"Don't you think he might have told me long ago, David?" This form of his unkindness rankled in her mind. "Don't you think he ought to have told me?"

"'Twas terribly hard upon you, I do think," the young man replied after a moment's pause. "I'm not surprised you took it as you did, but——"

"Oh, there's always a *but!*" interrupted Phœbe impatiently.

"I was going to say," pursued David quietly, "that you mustn't forget he is your father."

"I do not," she broke in. "It's just that, don't you see? If 'twas any other man, why should I care? Oh, Davy, what does he want to go and marry again for? What have I come short in? Haven't I always tried to do my best?"

David leaned over the trusses he had been cutting and looked thoughtfully into her tear-stained face. He had a straightforward way of dealing with any subject under discussion, and did not fence now in his reply to her direct appeal.

"The best with most of us, Phœbe, is after all only something which could have been done better. Haven't you been a bit forgetful lately? Haven't you found work a worry and wanted to get at something else?"

The girl flushed scarlet. Had David seen her book after all? Were both he and dad cognizant of her stolen delight in the pernicious kind of reading she had of late indulged in?

"Forgetful! Work a worry! What makes you say that, Davy?" She was consciously on the defensive, and plucked nervously at the hay. "I must be changed, then, for you to say that."

"I don't think you are quite the same Phœbe that came back from school nine months ago," he replied deliberately. "That Phœbe was herself every minute in the day; this Phœbe has an inner self that pulls her out of the present and leaves her impatient of it."

"I have a double, then," she interrupted with an unmirthful laugh, "and you're not sure which is the real Phœbe?"

"Oh, yes, I am, and I know which one is easiest to deal with. She was a nice girl, that other Phœbe. I don't say this one isn't nice, but she's not perfection, not by no means."

"Thank you for nothing," answered the girl, with a toss of the head. "What may you be driving at, Mr. Wolfe?"

"I want to get that other Phœbe to make the best of the situation and persuade her double to set her father's mind at ease by saying she'll try and make home happy when he brings the new wife into it."

"I shan't come across that Phœbe in a hurry, nor will you, nor will the new Mrs. Hawthorn," she retorted angrily. "It's all a cruel injustice, and I haven't a friend on the place!"

She turned her back on David, who, with a regretful shake of the head, returned to his hay-cutting.

"It comes hard on her, that it does," he said to himself with a sigh. "Joseph has made trouble for himself, that's clear."

(*To be continued.*)

HOME TRUTHS ABOUT BEAUTY.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., C.M., R.N. ("MEDICUS").

Is Beauty only Skin deep?



EAUTY is only skin deep, my dear," I heard a lady say to her youthful daughter the other day. The mother was not over forty, and the girl was sweet and seventeen. The maiden looked half shyly, half sadly at the mother with a smile on her lips but not around her eyes, and I could easily read her thoughts.

"I daresay," she was saying to herself, "there was a time long ago when you, mother, did not think so. That was your day—my day is now. May I not enjoy it?"

And mentally I patted that girl gently on the hand.

"Whenever," said this lady to me afterwards, "whenever I notice the slightest sign of vanity in any of my children I check it at once."

I said little or nothing. I know women too well to dream of arguing with them. What I would have said had I dared would have been—

"My dear lady, it is as natural for a young girl to aspire to be beautiful as it is for a lark to soar and sing, and because it is so, I object neither to the girl's aspirations nor to the lark's song."

You see, reader, I took the girl's part. Here is one verse—quite enough—of a silly old ballad now running in my head as I write—

> "Madam, you are fond of beauty,
> Beauty, it will soon decay;
> The fairest flower that blooms in spring,
> When autumn comes must fade away."

Quite right; but then autumn hasn't yet arrived to the girl in her teens, and I should consider her foolish if not sinful if she did not make the best of the fresh young beauty that God has given her.

As to skin-deep beauty, that can only refer to the complexion.

Can Complexion be Honestly Preserved?

All men will agree with me when I say that a girl of,

say, sweet seventeen, who flours her face, stains her cheeks, paints her lips, and touches up the edges of her eyelids, is a little fraud. She is living a lie, and ought when taken to be well shaken and stood in a corner.

Now I have no faith myself even in hot mud or peat-baths, though it pays some doctors who practise at certain spas to recommend these. You can preserve a nice complexion or acquire one without any such expensive aids.

But How to Do It?

Well, I will tell you. Go, first, and have a peep at your facial image in the mirror and in a very good light. Has your skin a really clear smooth surface all over? If not, it must be seen to. It may be rough with raised *papillæ*, unwholesomely red, or even disfigured by scurf or blackheads. Not the latter, I hope, for whatever "Aids to Beauty" books or the advertisements of skin quacks may tell you, blackheads or comedons are in almost every case incurable. You may squeeze them out with fingers or towel and rub in perfumed ointment of zinc or borax, but in nine cases out of ten the tiny pit remains and fills up again. Comedons only appear on faces that have been neglected or improperly treated, and these faces are chiefly those of girls who are not constitutionally strong. But the complexion can never be perfect unless care is taken to keep the health up to par. The complexion will improve in a week and go on improving if you obey the following simple rules—

1. Eat only plain well-cooked food, avoiding soup, made dishes, sauces, too much bread, too much pudding or pastry, and especially wine or beer.

2. Avoid strong tea and strong coffee; both tend to render the complexion muddy. Cocoa is better, but good fresh milk is better than all, and next in virtue comes good well water.

3. Don't drink much even of water at meal times. An hour or two afterwards, though, and early in the morning before breakfast, a glass of pure cold water with a little lemon juice in it will assist greatly in beautifying the complexion.

4. Much red meat tends to spoil the facial skin. I refer to beef more than to mutton. But veal, chicken, and white fish, if not served up with some fearful and wonderful sauce, has a good effect. Eggs form the most perfect food and most nourishing any girl can have.

5. Rolls if possible with breakfast; brown bread and toast, but not freshly-baked bread.

6. Avoid heavy suppers, eat nothing of flour kind with your tea. The best tea is the cheapest; the custom of having cake with tea is ruinous to the complexion. Do not go to bed on an empty stomach, however, and remember that good fruit is beauty's best friend.

7. You must have a morning bath. Well, if I can't prevail upon you to take it cold, wash the body quickly with hot water and the mildest soap, and then take your tepid sponge or sitz bath. You need not stay more than a minute in this, then a moderately rough towelling. Do not use a sponge to lather either body or face, a piece of flannel is infinitely better.

8. Of the making of soaps there is no end, but I do not advise girls who want to retain pretty complexions to use any but the best and mildest. Your soft-looking, over-scented soaps are not to be recommended. Perhaps there is little in the market to beat Pear's or the milder Sunlight. Anyhow, here is a good beauty wrinkle for you. Use soft water, the piece of flannel mentioned above, and which is always to be rinsed well out daily, and finish your lavation by bathing the face with tepid water in which there is not a particle of soap. The towels should be soft.

9. A weak solution of glycerine in rose-water to help to preserve the skin from the effects of the weather when going out walking. Use this, but don't forget that weak it must be. The face should always be sponged in cold, soft or tepid water after coming in from exercise.

10. Don't exercise enough to flush the face. If the face is apt to flush when playing games such as lawn-tennis, or when cycling, you are not in good health. A course of the new remedy now so much used in hospitals, virol, will do much good, and with it I should advise a teaspoonful of the syrup of the phosphates. This three times a day after food.

11. Avoid high winds or rain, and during snow never go out of doors from a hot room. Hot rooms and fires are always injurious to the complexion.

12. Avoid worry. Run away from care, and it won't follow you. A heated argument, such as may sometimes occur in the best-regulated families, is most detrimental to the complexion.

13. Avoid dust and smoke. Sleep in a cool, well-ventilated room on a hard mattress, and with only enough bedclothes to keep you warm.

Can the Hair be Improved?

I am bound to confess that though a young girl looks best if the hair is simply washed occasionally, brushed twice a day with a not too hard brush, and if very dry lightly oiled, just enough to give a gloss, still, girls over seventeen who begin to fancy themselves must, if they go into society, follow the fashion as to the arrangement of the hair. Bear in mind, however, that certain styles suit certain faces, and this is a matter which must be artistically studied.

Don't alter the colour of your hair until you are nearly thirty. If you live for thirty years more Nature will probably alter it for you.

Women can retain their beautiful hair into old age if they will but keep the scalp cool. The oxygen of the air has a wonderful effect on the growth of hair. But caps never fail to induce thinness thereof or even baldness itself. Than real snowy and abundant hair on those ladies who are getting on in years, Nature can afford no more charming adornment.

If not properly nourished, we certainly cannot expect hair to grow luxuriously any more than we should expect to find a heavy crop of wheat in poor soil. Therefore, if the health in early life be continuously below par, then as soon as one begins to get elderly the hair will begin to go. We often find that those who suffer from weakness of the heart have trouble with the hair; it gets thin, comes out in handfuls, or turns early grey. The use of oils, pomades and those advertised stuffs for making the hair grow soon destroy it root and branch.

Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty (?).

It was good of poor John Keats to say so, and with the last two words no one can find fault. In truth there is always beauty, but alas! beauty is all too often false. The poet from whom I quote flourished, if flourishing it could have been called, but for a few years in the earlier part of last century, and being only a young man when he was called home, his experience of social life was limited. Probably Keats would have said with me that truthfulness greatly enhances beauty. Be true to yourself, and you will be so to others. Perhaps I have no need to preach to the readers of our "G. O. P.," but it is my duty to say that no girl who has not this thing of beauty, this joy for ever, truthfulness, in her heart can ever possess real beauty as I understand it. I am speaking from a medical point of view. For we all have consciences, and in the days of youth these consciences are not yet blunted by contact with the world; even in age, if we have kept them pure and free from worry, they are still unseared. But a girl who can tell falsehoods about wee, wee things will never be trusted even if she speaks the truth concerning matters of much greater importance. And her conscience makes a coward of her, she subjects herself to excessive worry, and this soon tells upon her face and eyes. There is substance enough in this brief paragraph for a long sermon, but I cannot now extend it. But believe me, girls, little fibs have blasted many a life that apart from these might have been as happy as the sweet, green summer days are long.

I hope to return to the subject of beauty before very long, for I have much to tell you that may be of use to you, not only from a physical, but psychical point of view.



From the picture by Bromley-Martin.] EVENTIDE. [*By permission of the Autotype Company.*

THE FAIR CAPTIVES OF CASTLE VUFFLENS.

A Story of Love and Loyalty. From the Records of the Tenth Century.

CHAPTER XV.



LOTHAIRE, son of Louis IV., had ascended the throne of France at the age of fifteen. He displayed, under very difficult circumstances, virtue as well as courage, but lacked the firmness and energy so necessary to a king. His father had left him a legacy of wars against certain vassals who had refused to pay due homage. Guillaume, Comte de Poitiers and Armand, Comte de Flandre in turn engaged his attention.

In trying to recover Normandy from the Bretons he was repulsed. Sometimes conquering, sometimes vanquished, he was left at length with simply Paris and Laon, where he had been crowned.

The German Emperor, Othon II., profited by this unfortunate situation to seize Lorraine and give it to Charles, Lothaire's younger brother, on condition of his vassalage to the empire. The French, indignant, rallied round Lothaire. He put himself at their head, raised the siege of Aix-la-Chapelle, subdued that town, and there defied Charles's army.

Othon, to avenge his *protégé*, assembled sixty thousand men, sacked Champagne, and advanced as far as Paris. Such was the situation and such the position of the young Lothaire when Arthus left Castle Vufflens.

More than one motive drew him to this unfortunate monarch's side. Grimoald's father had been very much in favour at the court of Louis IV., and Grimoald had often said that he should send Arthus to Lothaire. He had also spoken to Arthus of the Count Thibaut de Melun, his friend and brother-in-arms, who would certainly protect him.

Arthus believed himself obliged to obey his dead patron. Besides, on the blade of that patron's sword were engraved the names "Thibaut" and "Grimoald," it being customary for comrades to thus mark their weapons. To the handle of Grimoald's sword was attached a tiny golden key. This key had been tried after his death without any success in every chest and casket to be found in the Castle. Each had its own key. This, therefore, was left suspended to the sword as a mere ornamental trinket.

Arthus hoped that his sword would serve him as a passport to the Count. He carried it suspended by a shoulder belt embroidered by Isaure. In his helmet waved the plumes Gizèle had given. His scarf of the same colour was his mother's gift, and its pleats concealed her jewels and gold. Thus accoutred, he came to bid Isaure farewell.

"Thou wilt be wedded to some baron before I return," he said to her. "Let him take care if he does not make my Isaure as happy as she deserves to be."

She smiled as she lowered her head, but her face was wet with tears.

"Keep thy valour for some other object. No baron, I assure thee, will have my happiness or unhappiness in his keeping."

"And Gizèle," said Arthus sadly, "will she care to be faithful to Arthus? Alas, I dare not hope it!"

"I promise thee," said Isaure earnestly, "I will never leave either Gizèle or thy mother. Return brave and true, and thou wilt find me caring for Elise and talking of thee to Gizèle. I know quite well how to prevent her from forgetting thee. But her heart will speak to her more eloquently than can my tongue. And, dear brother mine——" She could not finish for weeping.

Receiving his last adieux, she then saw this dearest of dear friends mount the charger which carried him swiftly out of sight.

Arthus himself felt nearly broken-hearted, but hope sustained his courage. Taking the road to Laon where Lothaire had his residence, he found the inhabitants, on his arrival, plunged into the direst consternation. Lothaire was absent at Aix-la-Chapelle. This place had been recovered, but many lives had been lost, the Count de Melun being among the slain. Deprived of his patron, Arthus resolved to trust to himself alone.

Othon was advancing in hot haste upon the unfortunate city of Laon. All the men able to carry a weapon had followed the king. Therefore the possibility of being able to defend itself was not even dreamed of by the town.

In vain Arthus sought to reanimate the timid and unaggressive inhabitants. Old men, young boys, and a few weakly citizens offered indeed but a feeble resistance. But the citadel had still a garrison sufficiently strong. Arthus offered his services to the commander-in-chief under the simple designation "*Poursuivant de Gloire.*"

He found him and his men disheartened. They did not believe it possible to resist so formidable a foe. Arthus re-inspired some of them by pointing out the advantage of their position on a steep and rugged height, combining every means of defence. At length, his courage inspired the whole troop, and Othon eventually encountered a resistance he little expected.

All the implements of warfare in use at that day were brought into requisition. Arthus anticipating this, sought to render these means useless. The soldiers directed, and often assisted, by him, repaired the breaches as was needed. They raised new walls behind those which were falling. The commander of the citidel was mortally wounded. Before expiring, he transferred his command to our young hero, whom he regarded as an envoy from Heaven sent to succour Lothaire. The entire garrison was also imbued with this idea. All swore to die sooner than be defeated.

The advancing winter gave every indication of being severe. Arthus anticipated that their assailants would suffer from the excessive cold, and profiting by a night when snow was heavily falling, he made a sortie and destroyed all the machinery which the enemy had erected, and threw them into so much terror that they retired in great disorder. They endeavoured to cross the Aisne, but more than half of their numbers either perished in the attempt or were killed by the two hundred warriors of Laon, commanded by the invincible Arthus.

Othon escaped by a miracle, and reassembling what remained of his army, believed himself still able to at least recover Aix-la-Chapelle, while retaining Lorraine.

To have freed France of this terrible enemy was not

sufficient to satisfy Arthus. He aspired higher, and contemplated aiding Lothaire to recover all that he had lost. The soldiers of Laon would have followed him to the end of the world. He easily persuaded them into making their recent victory more complete by compelling the Emperor to restore to Lothaire the beautiful province he had so perfidiously wrested from him.

"By a rapid march we will soon be at the King's side," he said.

They crossed the river, and making a detour, in due course reached Lothaire's camp.

Arthus said little of what had transpired, but made promise to Lothaire of a faithfulness that should never fail. Under Arthus's command, each soldier felt confident of victory.

It was in the locality of the Ardennes that the two armies met. Lothaire fought bravely, and the modest general left all the honour of the victory to him.

Othon spoke of peace, and would have acceded to every condition, but Lothaire, influenced through his relationship, allowed him possession of Lorraine, with, of course, fealty to France.

How to describe the indignation of the French! That beautiful province, bought at the price of their blood, ceded to the enemy whom they had conquered! Arthus, gravely concerned, hardly knew how to make excuses for the King.

A general revolt ensued. His arrest was contemplated. It was suggested that he should be forced to abdicate. The taking of his life was also discussed. But Arthus, informed in time of these sinister projects, begged of Lothaire to allow him to save and protect him.

Arthus could not leave the army without suspicion and danger to a sovereign whom he wished to shield from peril. But where could he conceal him?

Possibly it might be effected through Alibert, who had all the simplicity and fidelity which characterised those born on the borders of Lake Léman.

"Alibert," Arthus said to him, "I entrust thee with what is more precious than my life. Protect, at the price of thy own, the august monarch I am consigning to thy care. Conduct the King to the village of Vufflens, where, in my mother's house, he will find peace, protection and safety. But it is imperative that even Elise should be in ignorance of the name and rank of her guest. Thou wilt say to her simply, and to Isaure also, that he whom I confide to their care is one fallen on misfortune and more dear to me than life itself. When I am assured of his being able to return without danger, I will send thee the golden key which hangs from my sword. Thou wilt understand, and wilt reconduct the monarch hither."

Then, falling at Lothaire's feet, Arthus conjured him to prevent his subjects from committing crime by accepting the humble asylum which he offered to him.

"My best happiness would be in conducting you hither in person. But I have sworn to show myself there no more until I do so covered with glory. And I have as yet accomplished nothing in that direction, while the King whom I serve is in danger. I remain then where I can be of most service to you, and confide you to friends of whose fidelity I am as sure as I am of my own. Depart, my sovereign King. Safeguard your august head from the perils which menace it. And rely implicitly upon *Poursuivant de gloire*."

He kissed the King's hand respectfully. Lothaire threw himself into Arthus's arms, asking—

"Who art thou, then—thou who thus wouldst succour me like an envoy from above?"

"I am but an obscure mortal, with an unknown name. It is in saving you from dire peril that I may embellish it. And perhaps one day I shall owe to you the happiness of my life."

"Who, then, is this Isaure? Is she thy wife or thy sister?"

"She is more still. She is my friend. She is an angel in the person of a young girl, and near to her I know that you will not be altogether unhappy."

After so saying, he hastened the departure. Lothaire, disguised as an ordinary soldier, under the name of his relative, Adelston, the then King of England, followed Alibert, who was naturally proud of the confidence that had been placed in him, and they made safe their sortie under cover of the darkness. Hardly had daybreak dawned, than the guards entered the King's camp in full force to arrest him.

Soon the news of his flight had spread throughout the army.

They assembled together to discuss what had best be done. Everyone unanimously consented to offer the crown to the hero whose valour had defended it.

"He will recover Lorraine!" cried the soldiers. "The Counts of Poitiers and Flandre will be obliged to give way to our new victorious King! Reveal thy name, youthful hero, that we may proclaim it throughout all France. Then we will fear neither Emperor, nor yet proud England. Thou wilt recover Normandy, brought to ruin by Lothaire."

"Thy name! Thy name!" was repeated on all sides. In vain he tried to escape. They raised and placed him on the shield.

"My name is Arthus. And a name so obscure is not worthy of——"

They would not allow him to continue.

"Vive Arthus premier! Vive notre roi Arthus!"

"Men of France," he cried emphatically, "what are you doing? What are you asking of me? Born on the other side of those mountains which separate us from it, hardly dare I call myself your countryman. How could I then be your king? No. The people of France should be governed by no one but a son of France—a monarch born in their midst."

"Arthus! Arthus!" the soldiers cried excitedly. "No other king than the chief who conducted us to victory!"

Others stood up and demanded that the crown, if refused by Arthus, be given to Charles. The agitation increased, and was in danger of becoming so violent as to possibly deliver up France to all the horrors of a civil war.

Arthus saw that he must, for the time being, feign to acquiesce, for, in abandoning the crown, he would be simply throwing it at Charles's feet.

"My brave companions, I will still be your chief. The King's flight annuls the treaty. To-morrow Othon shall know that hostilities will recommence, and no Frenchman lay down his arms until Lorraine once more belongs to the French crown."

"Under the rule of Arthus I.," cried the soldiery.

"I do not wish to wear the crown until I shall have restored to France the beautiful province belonging to her," responded Arthus. "Men of France," he continued, "when Lorraine, Flandre and Poitou have submitted, your chief will ask for the recompense which he believes he might then merit from you."

The cries of "Vive Arthus" again rent the air.

The young hero re-entered his tent and prepared himself for the morrow's engagement. Although his courage had in no way given place to fear, yet the situation nevertheless agitated him. The military talent

which he had recently developed astonished even himself. His successes were flattering to his *amour propre*. In so short a time, when still little more than one-and-twenty, he saw himself chosen by the acclamation of the people and of the army as sovereign of a great nation. He was deserving of the honour without doubt, through his bravery; but it came to him also in consequence of the error into which Lothaire had fallen.

This mistake was an error of good nature, and did not merit so severe a punishment as he was menaced with by his dissatisfied subjects.

Arthus, convinced that the crown belonged to Lothaire by right of birth, and because there was no one more worthy of it than he, had decided to preserve it for him by every means possible.

Othon proposed a truce which Arthus wisely accepted.

Meanwhile, his amiability, the graces of his person, joined to his valour and his modesty, had won all hearts, and if he had wished to reign, would have reconciled almost all, if not every turbulent spirit.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

MRS. STEPNEY RAWSON writes: It is perfectly true that "the supply of girl clerks who can write shorthand and type after a fashion, but whose education has been very limited, far exceeds the demand for them. Consequently they are often out of employment, and the salaries offered to them are very low." On the other hand, "the supply of liberally educated secretaries who have been well trained in good offices is by no means too great, and they receive good salaries."

The above is a quotation from the Forty-third Annual Report of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women (22, Berners Street, Oxford Street), May, 1902; and I would add that it is the experience of the head of one of the best-known training offices in London, in connection with which there is an employment bureau, that it is most difficult to fill posts where good education and a knowledge of foreign languges, as well as of the details of social life, are essential, simply because the class of woman wanted is not to be had in sufficient numbers.

A woman with the above-named qualifications, and having in addition good shorthand and typing, can command from £100 to £180 a year, and, at present, there is little risk of her being ousted from her post at middle age, for the reason that no young girl could possibly have the necessary experience to fill it efficiently.

The fees for a thoroughly good training in a typewriting office vary from thirty to fifty guineas, surely a very small outlay of capital in consideration of such good interest.

Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., by James A. Manson (Walter Scott). This is a book to satisfy and delight all lovers of this most famous of animal painters. There are twenty-two magnificent reproductions of Landseer's best-known pictures, so that possessors of the volume have for their own such pictures as "A Distinguished Member of the Royal Humane Society," "The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner," and other pictures of canine devotion. The literary part of the book is full of pleasant information of the painter's life, and of incidents connected with the various canvases. Both the writer and the producer (our contributor, Frederick J. Crowest) deserve the hearty congratulations of the public.

HAVE A PLACE NEAR THE MUSIC.—"To enjoy music," says Berlioz, "we should not be too far from it, for distance, if it does not deprive it of its principal charm, at least weakens and impairs its effect. What pleasure would we find in conversing with an intellectual man thirty paces apart? Similarly, music heard at too great a distance is like fire, which, though we see it, fails to warm us."

A PROMPT SETTLEMENT.—An agent of an accident insurance company which prides itself upon its promptness in paying claims tells the following encouraging story. "One of our members lately fell from the roof of a five-storey building, and a cheque for the amount he was insured for was handed him from the second-storey window on his way down."

The Editor has in his possession some chapters of a sequel to "Pixie O'Shaughnessy." Don't be impatient, girls!

THE FERNLEY GIRLS' GUILD.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

CHAPTER XI.

WHO CAN HELP THEM?



IF the Harrises had been in a humble rank of life, their downfall would not have shut them out either from the sympathy of their neighbours, or the advice, possibly the rebuke, of their spiritual guide—supposing they possessed a spiritual guide. But the higher a man rises in the world, the more his affairs become absolutely his own. No one beyond his own family has a right, or even an excuse, for interfering with him. The adage that an Englishman's house is his castle is applicable chiefly, if not entirely, to the well-to-do of every class. The derelicts, the hand-to-mouth population, open their battered, shaky doors indiscriminately, and pour out their troubles without restraint or affront to the motley crowd hurrying or sauntering in to listen to them. Running parallel to the castle aloofness is the isolation of the better-class man or woman, or groups of men and women, who have erred in some shape and come to grief in consequence. They may sin as with a cart-rope—in scriptural language—they may be on the brink of a precipice with their danger well-known to their fellows, they may have toppled over the brink and be lying in the depth of misery at the foot of the precipice, but it would be the height of indecorum and indelicacy for anyone to approach them with the intention of remonstrating with them, of holding them back, of lending a hand to drag them out of the mire. Their sin, their peril, their punishment are their own look-out. It is only treating them with the ignoring passiveness which is everybody's due—as one gentleman or lady would treat another, and would desire to be treated, to drop them as acquaintances and friends very likely, but

on no account to interfere with them, or to insult them by expressing blame or pity, or by offering them assistance.

And it was not simply because the Harrises were new-comers at Fernley that this code of behaviour on the part of their neighbours existed. It would have been with few exceptions in as great force among their old circle at Highgate—and not in Belgravia, where the family had dwelt, for the most part, for twenty years, and the greater number of its younger members had been born, and had grown up.

It might be, however, because Fernley was an out-of-the-way, old-world locality, in which few changes or striking reverses occurred, that the conventional paralysis which had overtaken the inhabitants in relation to the Harrises and their shortcomings and recent exposure, preyed upon the native mind. The Vicar knew full well that if the Harrises had been among his poorer parishioners, if Mr. Harris had been, say, a poacher, instead of a fraudulent merchant, and had been laid in the county jail for his trespasses, the clergyman of the parish, or his lieutenant, the curate, would have gone without ceremony to the offender's cottage within the next few days, to condole with the bereft wife, or to deliver a lecture to her, according to the temper of the man, and to make an investigation into her circumstances.

But neither Mr. Field nor Geoff Parker could take the liberty in the case of the Harrises, and full of sheer regret and commiseration as Mrs. Field was, she did not venture to assume the initiative. Certainly, though Mrs. Harris had been deprived of her high-class servants, she was able to supply their places in the most pressing instances with a plain cook and an ordinary housemaid. She was not destitute, or within many a mile of destitution. It became known in the course of Mr. Harris's trial—for, though he came out on bail—his own and his solicitors'—he surrendered in order to stand his trial—a considerable sum of money had been settled upon Mrs. Harris. His creditors could not touch it, so that she and her children were fairly provided for. Therefore, though the charges were proven against the prisoner in the dock, and a sentence of imprisonment for a term of years was passed upon him, his family, however over-shadowed by his disgrace, might, if Mrs. Harris chose, stay out the limit of the lease of Fernley Lodge, which it was found had been taken in the lady's name. For the present she chose to stay on. Whether or not all places were alike to her in the circumstances, undoubtedly she paid no heed to the embarrassment she was causing to the leaders of society in the neighbourhood, or to their strong objections to her and hers remaining where, in place of being an acquisition, they were an eyesore and a bug-bear, since they occupied the quarters which might be filled by better people—people beyond reproach and so visitable by their fellows.

At the first glance, those who sat in judgment on the affair were inclined to think that though the long arm of the law had reached Mr. Harris, and enforced its penalty upon him, his wife and family, who had doubtless goaded him on by their extravagance, and played their part in spending the missing money, had come off very easily in the retribution which had fallen heavily on the husband and father. Gossips talked now with bitterness of the advantages which the Harris girls had enjoyed at the expense of their father's unfortunate partners—as it had turned out. These were the amount of the world and of life they had seen, so that it was by a miracle of justice that none of them was well married before the cat was out of the bag; the perfect and ample outfits they possessed, which, had it not been for the mutability of fashion, might have lasted them with proper care for the rest of their youth.

Then there was the length of tether they still held to render life worth living, the comforts and amenities of Fernley Lodge, even with a greatly reduced staff of domestics, the very horses and carriages still in the stables, though, for very shame's sake, the family did not take them out in the meanwhile, but restricted themselves to the gardens and grounds. They were hardly ever seen at church. When they were seen they avoided the cold shoulder presented in the slightest, most freezingly distant greetings, or the chance of being cut dead on the spot, by coming last and leaving first.

But on second thoughts, more generous, magnanimous feelings prevailed. There was something infinitely forlorn in the women thus stranded in the middle of comparative luxuries and abandoned to their fate. The former variety and brilliance of their experience only marked the breadth of the contrast. The men of their family were all gone from them, not only the father in prison and the brother in South Africa, the other brothers whose misdemeanours on 'change just stopped short of bringing them also within the grasp of the law, had roused such an odium against the two that, combined as it was with their father's detection and ruin, they were convinced that one of the colonies was in future the better field for their energies. If the *mater* and the girls, with their measure of affluence, were left behind, Mr. Eric and Mr. Wilfred Harris, on their voyage to Australia, doubtless took to themselves the consolation that their womankind could be approached and plundered about as easily and successfully by letter as in person.

If saved from suffering in one sense, they were left in another to bear the brunt of the public disgrace which had come upon them. They grew to be a perfect burden on the minds of their neighbours at Fernley every time they passed Beech Lane, or caught a glimpse of the chimneys of Fernley Lodge, and on many occasions besides.

The Vicar defied class prejudice and knocked under to his Christian humanity in the earlier days of the trial. He called to inquire for Mrs. Harris, and, at his wife's earnest entreaty, left her card along with his.

"If she can discuss the awful position with you, it may be a relief to her to talk it over with a woman like herself—not of the same grade, did you say, Harriet? Oh, dear, nobody minds grades when people are in great trouble. She may have served in a shop, but I'll be bound that she was an honester woman than her husband has been a man. Be careful to notice, Miles, if she lets fall any hint that she would care to see me, though what I'm to say to her I cannot think—yet I am a wife as she is, poor woman, with her husband taken from her in the most wretched way; we may not think him a great loss, but we cannot tell what he was to her, at least we know that he took thought for her. I am a mother of children as she is, and, although I do not know that you will any of you go to Australia, I daresay you will marry and not live in a cottage next door us, I may say, like Adela and Geoff, but will go away some day to London or Edinburgh or Dublin, and leave your father and me alone—only we will have each other. Ah, there's the difference!"

The Vicar was told, with thanks for his call, that Mrs. Harris was not receiving visitors. Perhaps if he had been more alert in his duty, if he had gone on the first

blush of the business and had not permitted conventional custom, awkward shyness, fear of hurting her more by his presence than by his absence, to deter him, he might have got another answer.

The answer did not suffice to satisfy the little world of Fernley that they had done all that could be expected of them. It did not put them at ease with regard to the shut-up mother and daughters, left to brood on the deplorable condition of the husband and father, and the base stigma which would never cease to be attached to him and them.

Summer had come again with its bright days, its pleasant, open-air life, its roses and strawberries, its genial cycling parties and teas on this or that lawn, from all of which the Harrises, with their own consent, were shut out. The remembrance of them was like a blot on the landscape, a tiny drop of gall in the cup which rendered the happy girl-throng restless and conscious of something detracting from their satisfaction.

"They have not been, they will not be, at a single picnic or garden party," said Clara Field almost with awe. "We have hardly seen them yet, though they are living in the midst of us. What can they be doing with themselves? The only one who is ever visible except at church—and you know how they appear after the service has begun and then vanish before the Benediction—is the youngest girl—the one who is called Louise. She goes out on horseback; people have met her in the early morning or pretty late in the evening, galloping along the cross roads. I suppose she cannot stand being continually stifled in the house, or at best in the shrubberies and gardens. Ethel Weston, who came across from Craycrook, told me she knew a man who had stayed with the Harrises when they had a hunting-box in one of the hunting counties, and when they were generous in giving mounts. He said the youngest daughter, a mere girl, was never absent from a meet, and was quite a daring rider in the hunting-field. He remembered dancing in a cotillon with her at a hunt ball, and she told him that she had more than once got the brush presented to her, which was a great feat for a girl not nearly out of her teens. Well, she will never go to a meet or a hunt ball again."

"What a deprivation!" cried Adela Parker mockingly. She was the hardest of the Fields, and she went on to moralise cynically on the situation. "I have heard that it is one of the newest and most successful ruses for the *nouveaux riches*, in order to effect an entrance into higher circles, to profess a passion for field sports, especially hunting, to keep an excellent stable, and to be liberal in invitations and offers of mounts to sprigs of the squirearchy and nobility, younger brothers who cannot afford tolerable studs for themselves, but can give introductions to young eligibles and to their fine lady mothers and sisters. But all the king's horses and all the king's men will only bring the shadiest aristocrat to receive favours from the survivors of the Harrises, should they ever take a shooting-box again."

Geoff Parker moved uncomfortably in his chair.

"You can know nothing about it, you may be thankful, Addie."

"And I don't like to hear you speaking in that style of those poor people, Adela," objected her usually indulgent mother. "It is like what Geoff there would call hitting a man when he is down."

Gladys Torrens came to Sophy and appealed to her. It was curious how, though people had been wont to laugh at Sophy, to call her precocious, unpractical, her companions older than herself would appeal to her for her opinion. If any of them were sick or sorry, they claimed her sympathy and support unquestioningly before that of other people, even before the aid of Maggie Somerville. Maggie was always sensible—rather more sensible than Sophy—kind and willing to be of service, still, there was a sense of comprehension in Sophy, of resource, of devotion to her neighbour, which was not to be discovered elsewhere.

"Sophy, I daresay you know what our aunts say about the Harrises—that we have nothing to do with them—that our course is to let them alone. It was bad enough for Aunt Eliza to have called upon them when they came to Fernley Lodge under false pretences, even if there had been nothing worse than that Mrs. Harris was once a woman in a shop—a kind of person that is out of our range entirely—I am sure Lilian and I don't care, although she was once a charwoman. We discovered nothing wrong with her, we were all prepared to like her and make much of her and the rest of them—and now, though Mr. Harris has been found guilty of fraud and is kept in prison, how can his wife and daughters help what he did, or why should they be made answerable for it? If there was any meaning in that Guild of yours—of ours—was it not that it was to help to make us responsible beings, mindful of what we professed to be in church and when we read our Bibles and said our prayers, thoughtful both for ourselves and for others? Yet here we are leaving these unfortunate Harrises to themselves, until they grow melancholy mad, treating them as so many social lepers whose mere touch would defile us."

Sophy did not know what to say. Was she not answerable to her father for her mother—the invalid who was not in the way of the talk of the neighbourhood and could not take much interest in it when she did hear it? Her own ailments, the grief that she was far separated from her husband, and him on active service, engrossed her. Sophy was answerable also for Alice and little Bea and the whole household, since any rash, reckless step on her part would be inexcusable, however much it might relieve her own feelings. And nobody's feelings were more worked upon than Sophy's. The idea of turning her back and refusing to have anything to do with the family whose arrival she had been eagerly expecting, just because the most hideous kind of adversity had overtaken them, when she might be a small comfort to them, was utterly distasteful to her. Certainly it would have been easier for Sophy and for everybody if the great defaulter in the matter had not taken care to secure a provision for his family. If they had been without means to keep a roof over their heads or to furnish them with daily bread, Sophy or any other philanthropist could have approached the Harrises as in a case of dire necessity, with better grace and less awkwardness. But according to Sophy's judgment, the present position of the Harrises was the worse of the two. Their immunity from physical loss and inconvenience was bought at a sickening cost. If she had been in their place, she believed she would have infinitely preferred—it would have been a positive consolation to her—to have been without a penny, struggling for the means to preserve a bare existence for herself, her mother and sisters. She could not understand why they consented to keep the ill-gotten settlement upon Mrs. Harris, her daughters, and their heirs.

Sophy, in her ignorance, did not know the legal difficulties of getting rid of such cunningly contrived settlements, which had to do not only with minors but with an unborn generation. Neither could she have made much of the reasoning with which Mrs. Harris—a shrewd but not dishonest business woman in her day—

defended the settlement to the Vicar when she had to give way and accept his ministrations.

"I did not come portionless to my husband. The shop I served in was my father's shop, and he was a well-to-do man, while I was his only child. He left me a competence which would have been a modest sufficiency for me and my children in his station of life. It all went into my husband's great firm—yes, great as it was and is, I have known it in unsuspected difficulties when William Harris risked not only his own money but mine, and toiled like a slave to extricate it as he did. You will say the tables are turned, and so they are, but the firm can stand this loss. It does not fall on widows and orphans, but on men with so great a capital that they will scarcely feel it. It is a loss in the course of business. I do not say in the fair course, and when I saw it coming I did my utmost to prevent it, while it gave me many a miserable day. But I maintain no part of the transaction was like robbing the stranger or the poor and helpless. And what would you have me to do with the portion which has come to me? It is not mine by right, and yet William Harris's children have some claim to it. We are not fit to earn money, at least the girls are not, after the way in which they have been brought up—their father's wish. Poor Rose is very delicate, and needs every care and indulgence. I have to think of the straits my boys may be in when they reach Sydney, and of the assistance they may require for a time. I have to look forward to my poor husband's release and to what I can do for him."

Sophy, in the harsh unyielding dogmas of youth, would have put aside this plea without awarding it a moment's consideration; but the Vicar, in his unworldliness, saw something in it.

Sophy's thoughts were apt to alternate during these long summer days between Fernley Lodge in its dismal alienation and South Africa, where winter was now reigning. The great army which had gone out to conquer still held the field against a stubborn foe, small in number but indomitable in spirit. The rigours of an arctic winter by night were succeeded by the scorching sun of the torrid zone at high noon. Malaria stalked stealthily in the track of the weary marching feet traversing not a country but a continent. The lines of communication which brought refreshment and succour from the western world were few and far between, liable to be cut at any moment by the ubiquitous enemy. There not only the clutches of fever or the evils of fighting in the last stage of exhaustion, but sheer starvation stared men in the face. How could the summer be joyful with such drawbacks of pity—powerless to alleviate anxiety and apprehension—presented to its joy?

The Fernley neighbourhood's uneasiness and discomfort with regard to the Coventry in which the Harrises, without being formally sent there, had chosen to entrench themselves, culminated in a burst of consternation when the news spread abroad of fresh calamities overwhelming the ill-fated family. Dr. Somerville was rung up in the middle of the night with word that Miss Rose Harris had been seized with one of the attacks of hæmorrhage to which she was liable, when she would lie for days hovering between life and death. She was not out of danger when her sister, Miss Louise, excellent horsewoman as she was, had a fall from her horse—a young animal startled by the drooping branch of a tree—in that very Beech Lane where Alice and little Bea Singleton had seen her driving her brothers on the day of their taking possession of Fernley Lodge. The fall was a bad one, with the result of a broken collar-bone and the compound fracture of an ankle.

There was one good thing as an outcome of the evil. The ice was broken. Christian charity and common humanity rose rampant and defied artificial conventionality, with its polite reticence and compulsory exclusiveness.

Dr. Somerville, with the sufficient warrant that suitable nurses could not be had down from town till half a day had passed, despatched forthwith his wife and daughter, the one to relieve Mrs. Harris and the old nurse in their sleepless watch by the girl Rose, the other to sit by the sister Louise and prevent her displacing the splints and tossing off the bandages in the pain of her horribly manacled unrest.

No two people could be worse spared from home for a prolonged interval than Mrs. Somerville and Maggie, and voluntary substitutes appeared to replace them, notwithstanding that trained nurses were by this time on the spot. Mrs. Field and relays of her daughters, the Torrens girls, with the reluctantly extorted permission of their aunts, came to be introduced, the one by the other, to sit with Louise Harris, to talk to her, read to her, entertain her during what threatened to be an indefinite period of enforced irksome confinement.

But not even Mrs. Field proposed to help to nurse Rose Harris. The Vicar's wife, though a wife and mother, had little or no experience of serious illness. She had never been brought into contact with death. She had lived in the light, sheltered from life's dark shadows, and she shrank from them with timidity and aversion like a frightened child.

It was Sophy who, by some intangible obligation, always led the van that occupied the post least coveted, most dreaded. It was she who offered to take the place of the worn-out guardians of the prostrate girl—so white, so motionless, so unnoticing, that death might have come already.

Mrs. Harris, who, like a wise woman, had received with a simple word of gratitude the final overtures of her neighbours, looked steadily at Sophy, her pale but resolute young face, her eyes a little fixed but clear in their steadfastness.

"Very well, Miss Singleton, I will be very thankful for an hour's respite. We must not be too hard on the professional nurses; they must have their stated times of rest. My children's old nurse here is ready to drop; only her affection for the child is keeping her erect on her seat. There are dancing motes beginning to fall before my own eyes, and I cannot keep my hand from shaking so as to be able to trust myself to pour out the medicine. Remember, she has been as ill before. She is dozing now and does not hear me. I don't know that she has roused herself to listen since last night. She will pull through again, I hope, but much care and close attention are wanted. You will moisten her lips like this, and if she seems to draw in the moisture you will raise her head the least bit on your arm, as I am doing, and give her half a spoonful of this stimulant; you will not have to do it more than once before I am back. If you should see any change in her colour, and if her breathing gets lower and comes in longer interrupted breaks—I don't expect it will—but if it does, touch this bell and I will be here in an instant."

"I will try. I will do my best," said Sophy, putting a great force upon herself to keep Mrs. Harris from seeing that her teeth were slightly chattering.

"I know you will, and that you will be able to do it, else I should not leave you," Mrs. Harris told her, and Sophy kept more than one watch of the kind with credit and success.

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

A DAUGHTER-IN-LOVE.—The sight of your writing gave me quite a thrill of pleasure. You may indeed believe that your former words, far from being "poor" ones, proved cheering and helpful to many of my girls, and set them thinking of the solemn responsibility of young mothers towards their children, and to those around them. Oh, my dear one! you who are young, and I who am old, have to confess the same thing. Our "desires may be right, but our deeds, alas for them." "Amongst the many material cares of household management, the worries and frictions of daily life, the higher aims too often drift into the background. If I could tell you how my heart aches at what I hear of the evil and misery of the world, and how I hunger for the kingdom of God to be realised on earth, and especially in my poor striving country! On the other side how little am I doing to realise my ideals! May God take pity on us!" I pause in quoting from your letter to give you a word of cheer from our dear Lord's own: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." These words are old familiar words, but take them to yourself anew: rest on them, and trust for the fulfilment of Christ's promises to His longing, waiting children and disciples of every age. You write, "I like more and more your Circle column. Its peculiar charm is that one meets there with souls, whilst in life everyone is more or less striving to hide that soul from others." I feel this so much myself, and I regard this work which God has given me as the crowning joy of my life. I rejoice that you have one not only near in kindred but united in heart and aims with yourself. May you be long spared to each other. You are quite right to take reasonable time for reading and study. They withdraw you at intervals from the cares and worries of daily life, and the acquiring of a store of general information will be specially valuable in the training of your little ones. Thanks for a sweet and precious confidence. I do pray for you, and how I enter into your feelings and echo your petitions! I shall long for news of your well-being, and I pass on your loving message, "I too will pray for you and your girls." Dear DAUGHTER-IN-LOVE, such letters as yours make me long to be able to send a few loving words straight to you, and oh, what a delight it would be to clasp your hand and kiss your face as a mother kisses a precious daughter! Let those laugh who cannot understand the possibility of love without sight, even when God is in question. I thank Him that my heart just overflows with true affection for, and interest in, numbers of Correspondents whose very names are unknown to me, and whose faces I can never hope to see on earth.

MOTHER'S BABY.—I will try to give what you ask for. Your letter is full of interest for me, and I trust your hopes about the cause of so much sorrow will be more than realised. So sorry for your present bodily suffering.

DATTIE.—Your letter made my heart glad and yet sorry—glad that you have a blessed sense of God's love in Christ and an abiding sense of His presence and help, sorry that as regards earthly friends you are a "motherless lassie," and often lonely for want of a like-minded friend. Thank God, you have the best of all in Jesus. I am sure your heart is a large and loving one. I will try to find what you want.

UNSETTLED.—It is natural you should desire employment which would allow you opportunities to attend church at least once a week and to enjoy the meetings of the G.F.S., of which you are a member. I think you have proved your unwillingness to change by staying two years in your present situation, and I admire you for it. Without a personal knowledge of your fitness for the position you desire, I cannot give an opinion as to your chance of attaining it. If you are quick and at the same time careful in your movements, neat in dress and person, and have a good memory both for instructions and faces, I do not see why you need be afraid of trying for such a post. You would need good references. I heartily wish you success.

ONE WHO LOVES JESUS.—The work you have undertaken calls for much prayer, patience and perseverance. With true love for your Divine Master and deep affection for your little charges, you are sure to succeed in time. Perhaps it would be well to vary the work between reading to the children and hearing them read. I realise your difficulty, but as you are so sensible of your responsibility, a way will be opened for you with success at the end of it, never fear.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

THE WEST WIND.—If you would like our criticism on your own and your friend's stories, you have only to send them to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER Office, "Study and Studio," and we would do our best to advise you in this column. It is, of course, always possible for you to send them to any magazine for which you consider them suitable; but in this case we must warn you against possible disappointment. Writing for the Press is a profession, and needs a great deal of training and practice.

EDI.—We think that the "York Road Sketching Club" would suit you. We advise you to write for all particulars to the secretary, Miss H. Edith Grace, 54, York Road, Hove, Brighton. The club has been in existence for some years, and the programme, which is annually sent us, seems to consist of subjects admirably selected and felicitously named.

MINERVA ALICIA.—We can only recommend you to get some good manual on voice production, and comply as well as you can with its directions. Such books are Randegger's *Singing Primer*, *Hints to Students on Singing* (Pinsuti), Garcia's *Singing Tutor*, Holland's *Voice Production*. The management of the breath is a very important matter indeed. You must certainly avoid the effect of which you speak. You must noiselessly draw a deep breath, fill your lungs, and then exhale in the manner directed.

TEEN.—Italian is a particularly easy language to translate, and, by the help of a good dictionary, you might puzzle out the meaning of Arditi's song *Il Bacio* (The Kiss) so far as to compose a rough rhymed translation yourself; but if this seems too ambitious, inquire of any good music shop whether an English translation is set to the music. We also ask our readers to come to your help.

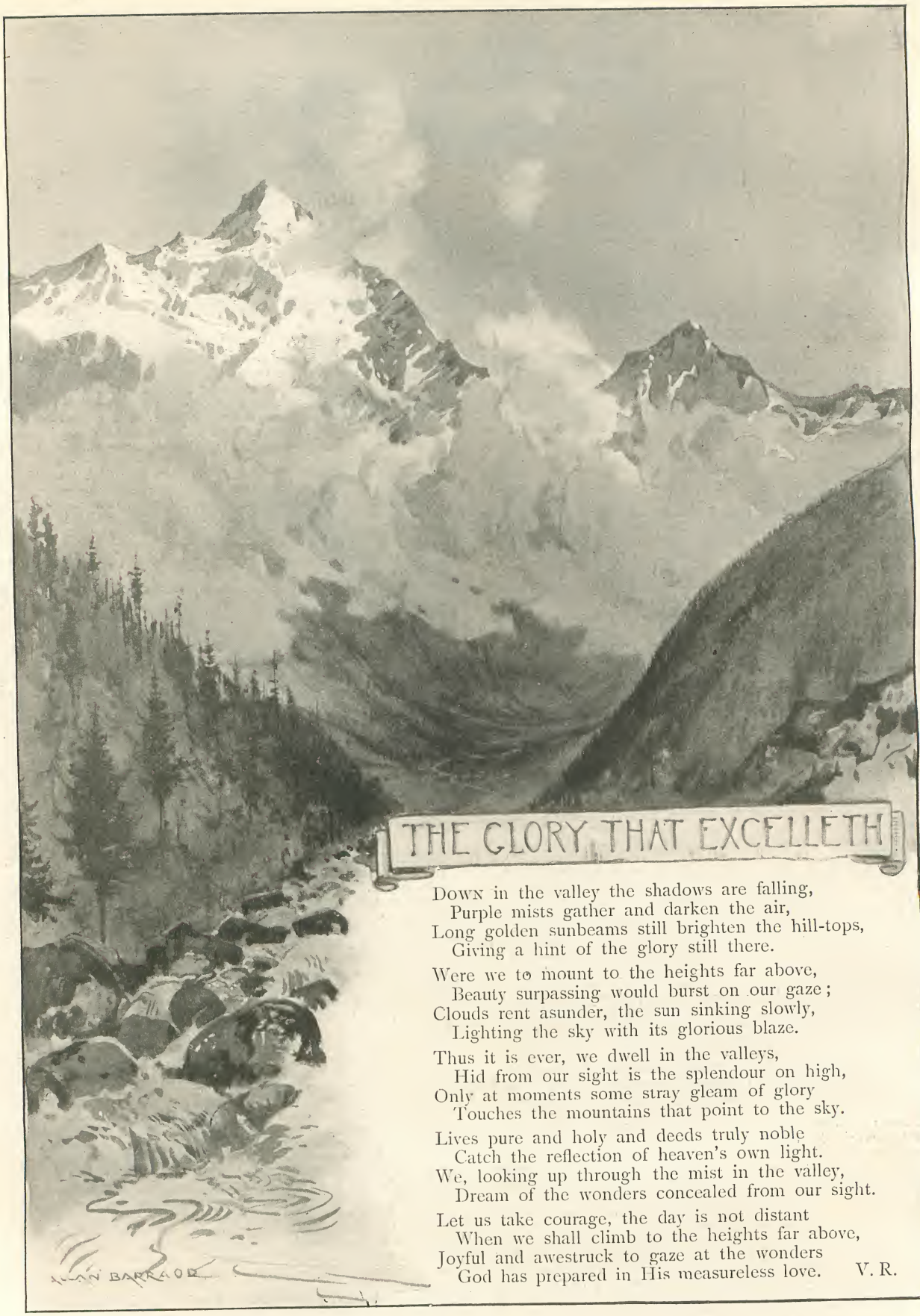
L. E. M. H.—It is always difficult to translate poetry without seeing the context, but we give you our version of your first Italian extract. The second we must consider as a second question. You can perhaps translate it yourself by the aid of a dictionary. "Ombra" means "shadow." "Leaves, tender and fair, of my cherished plant, ye are an emblem of destiny. Never more shall thunder, lightning, storm, outrage beloved peace, nor shall the fierce south wind annoy."

AIMÉE, T. L. B. WATSON (West Indies), and Others.—Our arrangements with regard to the "International Correspondence" scheme have altered. A small charge is now made for advertisements for Correspondents, and the advertisements appear on a page of our monthly part, which, for all information, you had better consult. This change was rendered necessary by the increasing pressure on our space.

LISA.—We are sorry you will have to wait for our reply, as we can never send answers by post. Your book has been sent to you, but that also is an exceptional favour. We cannot, as we have stated, undertake to return MSS. submitted to us for criticism. Having said so much, we must tell you that your story shows a very common defect in the work of inexperienced writers—lack of "selection." You slur over events that are comparatively important—*e.g.*, the entrance into the new school—and dwell much on one episode such as an attack of measles. No sense of proportion is shown, and you amble on in an indefinite fashion. You should choose out the incidents that have a bearing on the progress of the story. Your style is too colloquial. We certainly shall not tell you that you will never be able to write what is fit for publication, but you would need a great deal of training and practice before you could hope to do so. Your absorption and interest in your work is a good sign.

ELSIE.—We do not quite understand where your difficulty lies, though we would gladly help you. The past participle of verbs is not always the same as the past tense, and the verb you quote, "sing," is an illustration of this, for the past tense is "sang," the past participle "sung." You ask, "Why would it not be correct to say, 'the song was sang?'" Simply because the participle is "sung," not "sang." In the instance you quote it would undoubtedly be correct to say, "Have sung an old sweet song." The mistake you mention, of using the past participle for the past tense, is not unusual, but it is a mistake all the same.

MISS D. MARSDEN, 60, Westgate, Louth, Lincolnshire, asks us to mention her "Botany and Shorthand" correspondence classes, particulars of which can be obtained from her at the above address.



THE GLORY THAT EXCELLETH

Down in the valley the shadows are falling,
Purple mists gather and darken the air,
Long golden sunbeams still brighten the hill-tops,
Giving a hint of the glory still there.

Were we to mount to the heights far above,
Beauty surpassing would burst on our gaze;
Clouds rent asunder, the sun sinking slowly,
Lighting the sky with its glorious blaze.

Thus it is ever, we dwell in the valleys,
Hid from our sight is the splendour on high,
Only at moments some stray gleam of glory
Touches the mountains that point to the sky.

Lives pure and holy and deeds truly noble
Catch the reflection of heaven's own light.
We, looking up through the mist in the valley,
Dream of the wonders concealed from our sight.

Let us take courage, the day is not distant
When we shall climb to the heights far above,
Joyful and awestruck to gaze at the wonders
God has prepared in His measureless love.

V. R.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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A STUDENT OF NATURE.



IN THE SUMMER WOODS.

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THE FERNLEY GIRLS' GUILD.

By SARAH TYTLER.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BLOW.

"DREIFONTEIN—3671, Private Henry Blake, killed in action."

That was the brief incredible report which reached Fernley on one balmy, fruit-laden autumn day, and caused every heart to stand still for a second among the men and women, lads and girls who had known Hal Blake well, who had been his intimate associates, when they read the simple statement.

Incredible! Alas! Alas! Many a similar bald notice, falling like a bomb-shell in towns and in country places, was scattering anguish and desolation all around. Yet it was difficult to believe on the instant that the young fellow whom the Fernley girls had known from his boyhood, with whom they had been familiar, as with brothers and cousins, whom they had teased, who had teased them, at whose small coxcombries they had mocked and laughed, whose unlooked-for daring and fatal gallantry in volunteering for this war they had loudly applauded, from whom they had parted, as it seemed, but a few weeks before, whom they had last seen in the pride of his youth and strength, full of fearless adventurous spirit, his body now no more than lifeless clay, was removed from them by a great gulf fixed as certainly and incontestably as for the dead of a thousand years ago.

"A brother shade as lost as they
And soon to be as dim and gray."

Simply to realise that of one who had gone in and out among them—that the warm young blood had been shed, the round cheek, on which the beard as yet was but down, had been laid low on the earth, while the firm hands that had clenched the turf relaxed, and the film of death closed over the bright eyes on a far foreign battlefield, caused even the rough village folk to repeat the piteous tale in hushed whispers. As for the owners of the two or three little shops they put up half of their shutters, as flags are hoisted half-mast high in respectful acknowledgment of the event, and as a mark of kindly sympathy.

But what were the drooping heads and the bated breath of the public of Fernley to the unrestrained girlish wail which rang through the vicarage? The juvenile courtship and engagement of Hal Blake and Katie Field, at whose futility even the younger sister Annie had scoffed, had become that most pathetic of untimely things, a juvenile tragedy. Poor little wild-rose-faced Katie, who had not known how to behave herself in the promotion of a lover and an engagement, did not know any better how to conduct herself in her mourning when she was stripped of her honours, bereaved of lover, widowed of bridegroom. In the unnatural immaturity of her sensations her breath was almost taken away, she was near to being frantic.

"What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?" was her desperate cry.

The problem with which she had to deal was this strange burden of grief and loss which had come in a terrible moment into her unthinking, gay, giddy life. How was she to live under it—to rise up and bear it when other girls were untouched in their light-hearted happiness. Oh, yes, her heart was fit to break because her Hal was gone—because she would never see him again; but it was also stirred to its depths with a cry of rebellion and impatience—that grievous but perfectly natural impatience of the young revolting under their first strange experience of sorrow. Why should it come in its bitterness to them when other girls were left with unclouded lives before them, at liberty to enjoy their youth in its sweetness and fulness? What were they to do with sorrow? Were they never to forget, always to be sad? Had it become wrong, heartless, and improper for them to laugh and talk nonsense with their companions? Was there nothing left for them but to go to church, say their prayers, do good and look forward to that Heaven to which they might not be taken before they were old, old women?

Surely it is one of the many proofs of our immortality, and of happiness as our normal condition which we may study and cherish if we will, that, let death come when it may, even let it have crossed our paths with dreary frequency, it never presents itself—no, not to the old—without a shock of strangeness. And sorrow, to which as time passes we grow inured until we come to regard it as well-nigh inevitable, is to the young and untried equally strange and unnatural as death is to humanity always.

Annie Field came running over to the Bungalow without jacket or gloves, simply with her hat tilted over her reddened eyes.

"Oh, Sophy, you have heard the awful news—I shall not be able to sleep a wink—but it would have been worse still if he had been killed out shooting hares and partridges here, and his body had been carried to the vicarage and lain there till a horrid gloomy funeral, to which we must all have gone, as well as poor dear Katie. Mother has sent me to ask if you will come over and speak to Katie. Of course father has been with her and has done all he could, but father is an old man—to us—and he is a clergyman, and it is as a clergyman he talks. Of course we love father, and he loves us, but he is somehow not near us, and we cannot quite understand each other. Mother has done her best, too, but she thinks it would be different if a girl like Katie's self came—you, whom she likes and trusts and rather looks up to. We all do that, Sophy, though I am sure I do not exactly know why, for at other times we laugh and call you a prig and say that you set yourself up to advise us—some of us years older than you. I suppose it is because you are in real earnest, and are not thinking of yourself, and do not mind what trouble you take for what you imagine will be for our good—you are what somebody called "a genuine girl"—true through and through, not seeking to pose or to serve yourself in your fads and vagaries."

"I am afraid you think better of me than I deserve, Annie," said Sophy, taken aback by Annie's unexpected testimony to her sincerity.

"No, I don't," said Annie with conviction, and the two started off together. As they went along, Annie, the entire current of whose thoughts had been forced in a direction she had never explored before, which, so far from seeking to penetrate, she had instinctively and persistently turned away from, spoke out her sensations. The death of one so nearly a member of the family as Hal Blake, had brought the life to come and the spirit-world wonderfully near to Annie, with a nearness that appalled, and yet was not without its fascination.

"He is a spirit now, ain't he, Sophy?" she suggested,

with a little shiver. "And I can only think of him in his body, with the tall figure Katie was so proud of, and the cut of his coat and the collars and neckties he was so particular about. Oh, dear, I wish he had stayed in the body and come back as he used to do—poor Hal Blake! Clara says people believe in ghosts again, and have given over scouting them as bogies. If he had died here, his ghost might have been hovering about, but South Africa is so far away."

"I don't think space would matter to a ghost," Sophy fell readily into an abstruse speculation. "I fancy space, like time, ends with life."

"Then what is there left?" asked Annie, in bewilderment.

"Infinity and eternity," answered Sophy solemnly.

"But even if his ghost came all the way from South Africa, it could only be to Katie it would be likely to come." Annie mentioned the limitation with manifest trepidation, and then went off on the pained reflection, "To think that dear old Hal is only 'it' and not 'he' any longer!"

"There is a verse in the Bible," was Sophy's thoughtful reflection, "which sounds as if it ran parallel with the change you are speaking of, though it is dealing with us as Christians, not as ghosts. It says a time will come when we shall be neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free, male nor female, only one in Christ."

Annie was not able to lay hold of the subtle link of resemblance, she was following up her own troubled speculations.

"I hope our Katie would not be terrified out of her wits if she saw or heard anything." She spoke in a voice faint and subdued for Annie's voice.

"Why should she?" demanded Sophy quickly. "When they cared for each other and are parted, and she can never see him again as he was, would it not be the greatest comfort she could have to feel him, to know him in some fashion as he is, beside her, if only for an instant?"

"I don't know," said Annie very doubtfully. "I liked Hal—indeed I did, we all did; and I would give anything if he could come alive again and return to Fernley, but if he came as 'it' without his body, I should just die with fright."

Sophy had been recalling a passage in *In Memoriam*, now she was reminded of another verse in the Bible—"Perfect love casteth out fear."

A Scotch song of Maggie Somerville's also recurred to Sophy, and she quoted what she recollected of it in its appropriateness to Annie.

"It was about a wrecked drowned sailor, and the girl who was mourning for him sadly. She was lying sleepless on her bed, and the moon which was shining on the river Dee—by which, I daresay, they had walked together many a time—was casting a flood of light into the room. In the pale moonbeam she saw her lover standing between her and the window, regarding her earnestly as if he wished to speak to her; and he did speak and told her how he and his shipmates had been

> "'Tossed upon the raging main;
> Three days we strove our bark to save,
> But all our striving was in vain.'

That melancholy tale was not all he came to tell her, however. It was not to bid her break her heart for him, and never be happy again, that he re-visited this earth. Oh, no, it was on a more generous and loyal errand, it was to teach her resignation to God's will. He said—

> "'My pain is past and I'm at rest,
> Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me.'

And even when his image had vanished from her longing eyes, she still heard his voice low and gentle, delivering its divinely wise and tender injunction,

> "'Mary, weep nae mair for me.'

Now was not that worth being frightened to hear from his own lips?"

Annie wriggled her shoulders.

"It must have been awfully creepy, Sophy. I don't think I could have stood it."

"Oh, yes, you could, if you had cared for him!" Sophy asserted.

Sophy found Mrs. Field looking out for her. The kindly, gay-hearted woman seemed to have aged ten years since Sophy had seen her last, three days before. Her fine eyes had dark rings round them, her pretty pink colour was faded and blurred, her lips trembled with the wistful trembling of the lips of a child who has been sharply punished, she can hardly tell why.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, aren't you sorry for us for poor Katie, and for poor, poor Hal? Who would ever have thought of his being killed, and he so young and strong, and so sure, as I thought, to come back safely from the wars if anybody came? Ah, child, I am forgetting that your father is out there! Forgive me, I hardly know what I am saying," and she wrung her hands as she uttered the protest.

"I do not think it signifies much whether people are young or old in a battle," said Sophy dejectedly.

"But to think this calamity should have come to us who were so happy, so unapprehensive of evil," Mrs. Field still remonstrated, pursuing her heart's argument. "The Vicar says sorrow is the common lot, that in the midst of life we are in death; and he read to me a bit from Dr. Arnold's life, when he was at Rugby, and was struck and troubled by the jarring shock which the sudden death of one of the boys occasioned in the daily routine of the great school. He thought, I believe, that our life should be a greater preparation for such an incident—not impossible in the uncertainty of life. But my life has been so bright—you know what the Vicar is—and we have never lost a child, we have all been so well—dwelling in the light, as it were, that it did not seem natural to anticipate the darkness and grope into it. We have had our small worries and our money cares like other people, but they were trifles when we were all spared to each other, and neither sickness nor any serious misfortune ever touched us—we were almost like light-hearted children. Of course, I knew that other people suffered, and I pitied them, and was willing to do what I could for them, though I did not very well know what to say or do, and it seemed presumption in me, who was so ignorant of trials, to propose to teach the poor people how to bear them. And there was the Vicar, a clergyman and good all over, though I should not say it, so much better able to direct and comfort his parishioners. But this is a reverse."

Mrs. Field, in her single-heartedness, had poured out her wonder and distress to her daughter's contemporary as if Sophy had been a much older woman, and if Sophy had been older she might have said, "But you must have known the change would come some day, you could not continue exempt from the common lot, that you, too, would pass under the shadow." Being only a young girl and being fond of Mrs. Field, she stood respectfully silent before the elder woman's outburst. Sophy Singleton was too ready to think herself competent to give an opinion, people had said, but her modesty which underlay her eagerness to teach and to help came to the front now.

"You young people are all so superior to what we used to be in my generation," went on Mrs. Field, more meekly than if Sophy had been so left to herself as to dictate to a woman as old as her mother a proper frame of mind. "There are the Torrens girls, as learned as college-bred men; and you with sense beyond your years, taking thought for your family and for everyone; and there is the doctor's daughter, Maggie, drudging and denying herself—a second mother to those young Somervilles. I do not know that the poor boy who is gone was older and wiser than his years, though we have nothing save what is pleasant to remember of him, thank God. The Bishop was more than satisfied with him at his confirmation, and so was my husband when poor dear Hal and young Somerville remained with the Major to partake of the Holy Communion after the special parting address which Miles gave them. We can safely trust him to the tender mercy of his Heavenly Father and ours. Oh! it is not that which I feel so badly. It is that the whole world is changed and can never, never be again what it was only a week ago. It is not for him; I believe he was more innocent and fitter to go than older heedless people left behind to mourn him"—she shook her head humbly; "but my little Katie, the merry child as good as a widow before she is out of her teens—it is too sad, too terrible."

Was it an illustration of the old story of Polycrates, the angry gods coming to demand vengeance, to reap a double penalty from the mortal who had been spared too long from the realisation of the sentence which had been passed on all mankind? Ah! no, that bitter ironical explanation was not the teaching of Christianity, it was something far different, for it proclaimed, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

But there was this fragment of truth in the Greek myth, that to live apart from all that is serious, sad and even awful, to refuse to consider our Maker and His ways—wonderful, nay, terrible, in His sufferance of the existence of sin, His infliction of pain, loss, sorrow—endless here on earth, while the heart is still young and tender, is to grow up not child-like but childish, small-minded, shallow, frivolous, often hard. On the other hand, to be like Coleridge's "Genevieve," who, just because she had few sorrows of her own, entered with wistful sympathy into the sorrows of others, of whom it could be written:

> "She loves me best whene'er I sing
> The songs which make her grieve,"

is to lay the foundation of a finer character. This is not a morose, sour, cynical character, but a brave, loyal noble nature fitted to fight the good fight, and not only to endure to the end, but to contemplate the end from the beginning, not grievously, rather joyfully, because of the nature's dutiful, courageous foresight and fortitude, together with the dignity and sweetness of faithful submission. In this light nothing can take the wayfarer altogether by surprise. He has looked at both sides of the shield. He has remembered the latter end, sooner or later, of himself and of his fellows. He sees in it not death, but new life, a step in the universal progress, a transference to a higher sphere. He may have wished some of the details of time and place to be other than they prove to be; but he is ready to acknowledge that man is not wiser, any more than he is more just, than his Maker, therefore nothing can be wholly or even largely amiss.

Poor Katie Field was not bigger in spiritual inches than her mother. She was a long way from the stately stature which has been referred to. Her cry was like that of her mother. Why had this tremendous sorrow come to her, who did not know what sorrow meant or what to do with it? She had been so happy and careless before, that she was quite incapable of measuring it, of balancing and adapting it to her bowed shoulders, of being for the moment anything save crushed under it, as a beast of burden, as an irresponsible slave is crushed beneath his load.

Sophy, tingling with sympathy as she was, could not help being reminded of an elderly servant who had made a loud outcry against being subjected to an illness simply because she had enjoyed from childhood uninterrupted good health. She rebelled against the change, instead of gratefully thanking the Dispenser of health and sickness for having preserved intact so long vigour and comfort of body to the complainer, whereas some people not more unworthy were weak and ailing from their cradles to their graves.

It was a relief to Sophy when Katie dropped what was, after all, the selfish cry, "Why was she to be thus afflicted?" to which her friend could make no answer, because, like Mrs. Field, she had never known a heavy trial, and therefore it was not for her inexperience to vindicate God's acts to His creatures. Katie took instead to vehemently accusing herself where she lay on her bed in a darkened room, her curly head buried among the pillows, while she was waited upon by the whole household, as if she were a person of distinction or one struck down by grievous bodily illness.

"I—I said to him the—the last night before he left," confessed Katie between her sobs, "when we were all so merry—and I shall never, never laugh and dance again—that he must be quick in coming back, for he need not expect me—to waste my time—in waiting for him. And I went to the picnic at Newlands the very day the *Devastator* sailed. I went—and enjoyed myself—with other people. He would not have liked to see me—when he was taking his last look of England."

"But you did not mean what you said." Sophy could speak promptly now. "You were in jest, and he knew it as well as you did."

"But to make fun of when he was to return when he might never return—and see, Sophy, he will never, never return. It is a judgment upon me. To speak as if I could not wait—as if I would forget when I will never forget."

Sophy detested herself at that moment when, with her quick insight into the temperaments of those around her, it was borne in upon her, in the very middle of the lamentation, that poor Katie seemed the very person to forget; out of sight would be so naturally out of mind with her. She did profess too much while she was perfectly sincere in her profession. Finally, she was such a child in her sorrow as in everything else.

"My dear Katie, you must compose yourself," implored Adela, softened by the calamity which had befallen her sister. "You will cry yourself ill, and that will do no good—only vex father and mother and all of us. Let me bathe your forehead with this aromatic vinegar, and do eat some of these grapes, which Geoff has ridden to Newlands to get for you. You have not swallowed a morsel since breakfast."

Geoff, like the rest of the family, was Katie's humble servant for the time, though he would not come into the room because he had a fancy that the sight of him and Adela together would accentuate Katie's grief for her loss—though, as it happened, the comparison never occurred to her—and he could not stand the spectacle

of a woman's tears. Fortunately Adela did not often try him in that way.

As for Katie, she would indulge in the luxury of woe. The name of Newlands recalled that other instance of heartlessness she had shown on Hal Blake's departure.

"You and Maggie Somerville stayed at home and I went and was gay."

"Hush, hush, dear!" implored her mother. "It was I who over-persuaded you."

"I do not see yet that there was any real harm in your going." Sophy turned the tables on herself and her chief friend with great alacrity. "I think it was rather a silly piece of sentimentality on our parts—Maggie's and mine. I know Mrs. Somerville saw it in that light, and I am sure father would sooner I had been enjoying myself if I could. But I must say for myself I could not have left mother on that day. I had her to think of."

Sophy had always had someone or something to think of since she could walk alone.

The Fields went into mourning sumptuously where Katie was concerned. Mrs. Field had an idea that it was some compensation to the child; and there was no doubt that in the middle of her affliction Katie had attention to spare for the depth of her crape and the shape of her little bonnet with the tiny white border beneath the black veil.

"Hal liked me to look nice," she wept apologetically, and there was no doubt it was a distraction for her to take means to look her nicest in the weeds which she wore in memory of her young lover. Many women are so constructed, and to the mass of people none could look fairer or sweeter or more interesting than Katie Field, with the blush roses in her cheeks grown white roses, pale and subdued in her sombre black. Katie was made to be a popular heroine.

The next thing after providing the mourning was, according to Adela Parker, who, although she was provided with a cottage *ornée*, a husband and a baby of her own, had still not sufficient scope for her energies unless she continued to a large extent the moving spirit of the vicarage, to rouse Katie, to get her out of her trance of grief, to cause her to rise above it.

"We must never mention his name or allude to any scene or circumstance with which he was connected, in which they were together. The war must not be spoken of in her hearing," Adela laid down the law. "Of course Katie will have to get over Hal Blake's death sooner or later—the sooner the better."

Mrs. Field looked wistfully and doubtfully at her practical daughter, but the habits and standards of a lifetime are not overturned by one lesson on the other side of the question. The Vicar's wife, who had so long lived in sunshine and still recoiled from the shadow for herself and her family, still instinctively snatched at a reprieve, and welcomed a return to the old glib, gay routine, in which there was little time given for reflection.

The vicarage family went for a change to a cheerful autumn and winter seaside resort. Presently Annie Field, who, at her own sweet will, corresponded with Alice Singleton, sent reports of sails here and there while the weather was still good, promenades, bazaars, ladies' golf matches in which all the party—the Vicar was left at home—took part.

"Can Katie have got over it already?" Sophy asked herself and Maggie Somerville in pained wonder, when the two friends, to whom Alice had just imparted the contents of Annie's last letter, were bidding each other a lingering good-bye in the porch of the Bungalow. "It is not above two months since the news came. Oh, she cannot have forgotten so soon!"

"No, no," said Maggie, "the first sore pang may be over. She may have got accustomed to her loss—she has been used to his absence now for months, but Katie is not heartless. She is volatile and perhaps a little bit shallow—mother says most young girls are shallow—I suppose you and I are, Sophy, though we don't know it—and that it is the experience of life which deepens their natures. There is always a reaction after a blow—physical or moral. I daresay it is in the sheer desperate defiance we call reaction that Katie has gone to all these places, as she would have done before this happened, and appeared the same. But there will be another reaction all the swifter and surer if she has driven away her sorrow by main force. You remember the proverb we found in a French book, 'Compel Nature to go away at a walk, and she will come back at a gallop.'"

"Then you imagine Katie will be faithful to the engagement which death has broken, that she will remain single, though all the Fields are much admired—they are so pretty and so easy to get on with, and, for my part, I think Katie one of the most attractive of them—far more attractive than Mrs. Parker could ever have been—yet you believe she will not marry for the sake of Hal Blake—in Heaven? Oh, do you ever take into consideration, Maggie, how far he has gone in advance of us, how much more he knows now than we know? He whom we used to try to snub and call vain and a puppy! It is not so easy to believe in endless fidelity to him living, but dead and ever so far above us, it is not difficult to credit it. Yet somehow I cannot connect such fidelity with Katie Field. I am ashamed of myself after Mrs. Field sent for me and took me in to speak to her, and I saw how passionately Katie cried, how she felt the whole world changed, and how keenly she reproached herself for the trifles in which she had not given him his due. Still, it may be hard, it may be cruel of me, Maggie, but I cannot imagine Katie in long years to come, after you and I are middle-aged women, a quiet, sedate old maid for the sake of poor Hal Blake whom she knew as a lad when she was a girl."

"Neither can I. Why, what are you thinking of, Sophy?" said Maggie almost indignantly. "You are asking a great deal too much from a boy and girl fancy. Mother called it mere playing at being lovers and engaged. One may say neither of them was grown up either in mind or body—certainly Katie was not. It will be years and years more before she is a fully-grown woman, and she may have fifty years of life before her. If they had grown up together, they might have continued of the same mind, they might have realised that they suited each other, though even then they might have found that they had not known their own minds. But parted like this in the spring-time of their lives with the summer of her life to come, would it be reasonable or right to expect that her nature should lie waste—should bear no further growth, that she could not care for another man in another way than that in which she has cared for Hal? I am only repeating what mother said to me this afternoon, and she said also that it was not to say she would forget altogether. She cannot be the same as she was before. The remembrance of him and of their youthful fondness will be one—the chief one—of what people call the factors in making her the woman she will be. Neither does mother think any of the Fields, particularly Mrs. Field, will ever quite forget this trouble, though they seem seeking to throw off the recollection of it now."

(*To be continued.*)



PHŒBE.

By ELEANOR C. SALTMER.

CHAPTER III.

"I COULDN'T ha' believed if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes," said Rebecca to the farm labourer's wife, who was helping at the wash-tub, "how miserable one foolish body can make a whole house. There's Phœbe now, she's done nothing the last three weeks but sulk. Thursday next be the master's weddin' day; there's a sight of work to get through before then, but not a finger will she stir to help at a single thing, but shuts herself up and mopes and spoils her eyes with cryin', nor won't speak to her dad, nor so much as look at him. It's all sheer contrariness, I says, Mrs. Hedger, and me nearly run off my feet to get things ready in time."

"Do tell!" exclaimed Mrs. Hedger. "Did she expect her father to ask her leave to get married again? The gels is so contrary nowadays there's no pleasin' of 'em."

"That's so," agreed Rebecca; "but she'll have to give in some time, and I wish that would come soon, for what with smart'nin' up the rooms to look a-givin'-in-marriage like, to say nought of bakin' cakes, and pies, and such, I'm drove pretty nigh distracted."

"When do they come home, after the weddin'?" asked Mrs. Hedger much interested.

"On the follerin' Monday; so there won't be much honeymoonin'. We're a-going to cut the upland wheat come Tuesday next, and the master will see to his own harvestin'."

"And what may the new missis be like?" queried Mrs. Hedger. "Not too young, I hope."

"Oh, she's not a gel," replied Rebecca; "about a dozen years younger than the master may be. She kep' house here before you come to these parts, so she bean't no stranger, ye see. She's passable good-lookin', and be some kind of a relation besides."

"My word!" ejaculated Mrs. Hedger. "But what a pity 'tis Miss Phœbe won't conform."

In Mrs. Hedger's words, Phœbe would not conform, and rigidly adhered to her determination to hold herself aloof and have no hand in any of the preparations going on for the forthcoming wedding. Her father and David saw very little of her. The former made sundry attempts at conciliation, but without any result; while the latter, noticing that she would never be left alone with him, decided that there was nothing for it but to let things take their course.

As the dreaded day loomed nearer, Phœbe's bitter feelings grew ever more intensified. The injury her father was doing her assumed bigger proportions. She persuaded herself that she was not only being thrust out of her place in the old home which had given her birth, but that she was thrust out of her father's heart also. She could not forgive him for bringing Sarah Lawson to take the first place by the hearth, which had been hers by right; and as for David, who had tried reasoning and advising, when she expected only sympathy and condolence, why—he was nothing but a broken reed.

Phœbe was moving restlessly about the large living room the evening before her father's wedding-day, and coming suddenly in front of the old-fashioned mirror, she stood a moment to peer into it. Was the Phœbe she saw reflected there truly the same as the Phœbe who had admired herself in it only three weeks ago? Three weeks! Nay, an age it seemed since she had looked into a pair of blue, untroubled eyes, and twisted the curling hair about her fingers. The face of this girl was pale, the lines of the mouth down-drawn, the eyelids heavy and drooping over eyes full of self-pitying tears.

Incidents repeat themselves as does history, for, as on that occasion, David came in and stood a moment looking on. But this time he drew close behind her.

"I've seen this Phœbe about the place for three weeks past," he remarked, "but I don't recognise her; she don't tally with what my memory tells me of the other. Send her about her business and call the other back. We can't—I can't get on without her. *Do*, Phœbe."

The girl turned round upon him suddenly.

"I don't know where she is; I doubt she'll never come back. Oh, Davy, it's more than I can bear, and my heart is broken!"

"Nay, nay," said he gently; "hearts don't break so easily, Phœbe, and a good thing too."

"Do you know," she said, a spark of wrath burning dully in her eyes, "she, Sarah Lawson, sent me a message by dad? Her love! Only to think of it! As if I wanted her love! I told him so!"

"I'm sorry you did that," David answered gravely. "You must have hurt him above a bit, and you're spoiling all his happiness and hopes of pleasant times to come. He won't have a very glad wedding morning, Phœbe."

"He has spoilt all *my* happiness! He has hurt *me* above a bit!" she exclaimed passionately. "And to-morrow will be like a funeral day to me! But there's one comfort, I needn't be here to spoil their pleasure, nor yours, nor anybody's."

"What do you mean?" asked David quickly, a sudden fear that she was not responsible for her words taking possession of him. "Phœbe, dear Phœbe! do be reasonable!"

"Oh, it's dear Phœbe now. A minute ago you said you didn't know her, and there's no other Phœbe at hand. Let me go, Davy!" she cried, pulling away her arm from his detaining hand.

She left him to seek, as usual, the refuge of her own little chamber, but not as usual to sit down and weep. She had cried so much that the source of her tears was now dry, and her eyes burned uncomfortably. Instead, she sought paper and an envelope, and dashed off a missive in haste, which she addressed to "Mrs. Evans, Sea-View, Helstone-by-Sea." In this, she informed her Aunt Polly that she had changed her mind, and whereas she had written to say she must put off her visit for a time, now circumstances were changed. Dad did not want her, as he was going to be married to Sarah Lawson, so Aunt Polly might expect her almost as soon as she received the letter.

Wilderness Farm was three miles by road from the nearest post-town, though only a mile and a half from the village. "But," she argued, "I shall save a post by going to the town, so that will be the best plan, and I don't mind the walk." It was already six o'clock, and a storm seemed threatening. The air was full of electricity. "Never mind, I'll go by the fields; that will save half a mile, and if I get overtaken by the storm, what matter? The letter *must* go to-night."

In a few minutes Phœbe had made a start. The thunder-clouds were travelling up behind her, but she thought it possible still they might not overtake her, and if they did, she would rather enjoy being in the storm than otherwise; it would be so in accordance with her feelings.

She accomplished her object, however, without accident, and slipped her letter into the post-box with a feeling of satisfaction, then turned on the homeward road. By this time, however, the thunder-clouds had spread in every direction; they looked black and fierce, they almost seemed to touch the tree-tops, and the rumbling she had heard for some time in the distance came continually nearer and heavier in its roll. The leaves of the trees shivered as with apprehension, and drops of rain commenced to plash upon the dusty road, heralding a down-pour. Then a vivid flash rent the murky heavens, and was followed by a deafening crash. It seemed night already. At first, Phœbe had felt exultant, and hurried on defiantly, in spite of the elements, but she had not gone a mile before wishing some shelter was at hand.

The breeze which had caused only a shivering of the leaves but a few moments previously sprang into fury. The lightning played around her incessantly, the thunder stunned and dazed her senses, while the big rain-splashes resolved themselves into a deluge that soaked her through and through.

She struggled on yet another mile with flagging footsteps, thoroughly dispirited. The storm had by this time rolled away southwards, and the wind had died down, but it was very dark, and the rain still fell. The overhanging trees dripped heavily into the lane, making miry pools to wade through. What a weary misery it was!

All at once she saw a light glimmering in front. It flickered unsteadily; now shone brightly as a star, now seemingly became extinguished. It must be a lantern carried by someone sent to find her. She hoped it would prove to be David.

"Who is that?" she called, and a voice called back out of the darkness—

"Phœbe! Is that you?" It was David's voice, and a glad sense of relief stole into her heart. In another moment he was beside her, too pleased to have met the girl to utter the reproof he had been contemplating. "Where have you been in this storm, and so late? Phœbe, we have been so anxious, and you must be soaked through!"

"I am rather wet," she acknowledged with a feeble little laugh. "But who would be anxious about me?"

"Why, your father, myself, all of us. Fortunately, Dick had come back to attend to the sick Alderney, and when we were asking about you—for Becky said you were not in your room, nor anywhere in the house—he remembered having seen you going down the road. Say now, where have you been, Phœbe?"

"To the town," she answered, "to post a letter to Aunt Polly."

"A letter! And why not have posted it in the village, or have waited till to-morrow?"

"I wanted to save a post, and I did not reckon on such a storm."

David was silent a moment pondering.

"If you take my arm, we shall get along better," he suggested, and she did so. The sense of protection it afforded was pleasant, and her utter weariness almost overcame her.

"Well, Phœbe!" said David presently.

"What?" said she.

"What about this very urgent letter?"

"Isn't that my business?" she replied rather ungraciously.

"Oh, of course, if you're not disposed to tell me, I have no wish to pry into any private matters of yours," he answered in a tone of pique.

"Davy has been kind," reflected the girl with some compunction. "I'll tell him what I mean to do. I may just as well tell you as not, so you needn't be huffy," she replied. "I've written to let Aunt Polly know I'm going to Helstone to-morrow."

David could hardly believe his ears.

"What!" said he, "and the wedding to-morrow, and they coming back on Monday! You don't mean to do this, Phœbe?"

"But I do," she answered defiantly. "Dad knows well enough that I'm not going to the wedding. I told him so, and I couldn't stay at the farm after they come home. No, I could not! It would be no home to me, so I'm better out of it."

"Oh, Phœbe!" said David reproachfully, "don't talk like that! You'll be sorry for it some day."

"Don't 'Oh, Phœbe' me," she replied pettishly. "I shall not be sorry, and you will all be glad enough to be rid of me."

"Phœbe, you know this is not so!" he exclaimed. "You don't know what you're saying. You are just blinded by these unhappy false notions that are sticking in your head. Change your mind, dear; don't go."

"I shall go," she said doggedly. "I have written to say so, and"—with a break in her voice she tried hard to control—"I don't think it's kind in you to try and dissuade me."

Phœbe withdrew her hand from within David's arm, and both walked on in silence.

At the garden gate they parted, for she ran into the house by the back way, and David took the lantern into the yard to have a last look at the sick Alderney before turning in.

At eight o'clock next morning Phœbe was not down. She had slept late, and felt a heavy cold upon her. Her head ached and so did her limbs. The two men breakfasted alone. It was not a cheerful meal for a wedding morning.

About nine, the farmer, dressed ready for his departure, came to Phœbe's door and tapped.

"Phœbe, lass, I'm going. Won't you kiss me good-bye?"

"Good-bye!" returned a smothered voice from within, but the door remained shut.

Hawthorn sighed heavily as he turned away, and at the sound of his retreating footsteps, Phœbe buried her face in the pillow and cried bitterly.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BIRCH.*

Betula alba.

"I find myself beneath a weeping birch, most beautiful of forest trees, the Lady of the Woods."—*Coleridge.*

ABOUT five and twenty years ago our Stanmore Common was thickly overgrown with gorse, and each spring it was one of my special pleasures to watch the golden sheen of the furze blossoms spreading over more than two hundred acres of undulating ground.

Here and there, through stretches of woodland, the rich colour melted away into blue distances with exquisite effect. Then was the time to enjoy what Coleridge describes as "the fruitlike perfume of the golden furze." A passing breeze would bring those exquisite wafts of scent which seem to be the very breath of nature, health-giving and life-inspiring.

It was very difficult to leave such an enchanting spot, and

* Loudon derives the name from the Latin word *batuere*, to beat; from the fasces of the Roman lictors which were always made of birch rods, being used to drive back the people.



WEEPING BIRCH AND YEW-TREE SEAT.

many a happy ramble have I enjoyed on our common as it used to be, but alas! all is now entirely changed. Year after year fires broke out, and large portions of the common were laid waste by them. Nevertheless the gorse would revive and spring up again, until at length a fiercer fire than usual consumed even the roots of the furze beyond recovery.

After a few years the dreary waste began to be covered by low green bushes, which we discovered to be young birch-trees, springing up in countless numbers.

It will always remain a mystery how the seed was sown; it can only be conjectured that a high wind must have swept over some birch-trees in the adjacent Priory woods just when the seed was ripe and conveyed and distributed it over the common.

Thus in the course of five and twenty years we have exchanged our sweep of furze for clustering birch woods, and although there is no denying the delicate beauty of the young plantations, especially in their early spring foliage, still I shall always long to enjoy again the rich colour and perfume of our former surroundings.

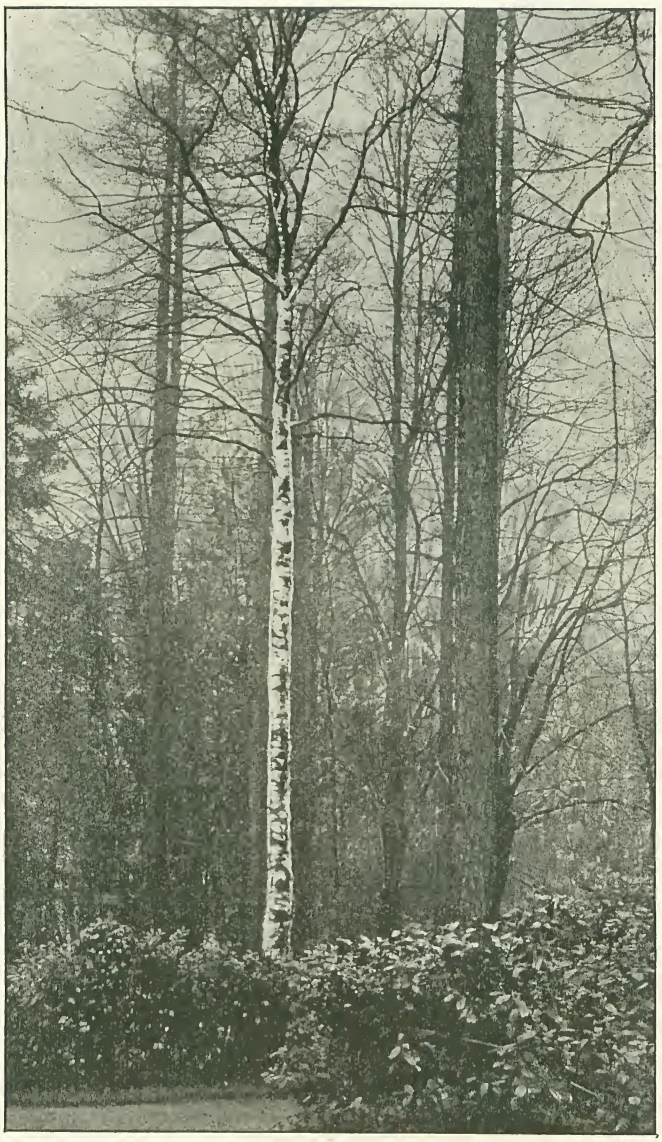
About thirty years ago we planted on our bowling green a weeping birch to overshadow a quaint old yew-tree, clipped after the fashion of olden days into the shape of an arm-chair. Resting in this rural seat, one can enjoy, to the north, a wide-stretching view which ranges over several counties, with St. Alban's Abbey clearly visible upon the distant horizon. The delicate birch sprays, supported by a slight iron framework, form a perfect canopy sheltering one from the sun's rays and yet allowing refreshing breezes to pass through them. In strong contrast to this tree is a slender birch near my entrance-lodge which answers somewhat to the poet's epithet of the "lady of the woods." In some forty years it has been drawn up to a height of about seventy feet while retaining a girth of not more than four feet six inches at three feet from the ground. Situated as it is amongst surrounding trees, it has been compelled to reach upwards to obtain all possible light and air; hence the slender girth of its attenuated stem, whilst the grafted weeping birch which shades the yew-tree seat, having abundant light and space, has thrown its energies into wide spreading branches, and in thirty years has scarcely added more than three feet to its height.

I may here suggest that it much increases the interest of a country ramble to notice the influence of environment upon the mode of growth in trees.

When they are planted too closely together in a group, they are apt to become one-sided, whilst those in the open ground are symmetrical because the branches can expand on all sides, each receiving its due proportion of air and light.

Trees growing on an exposed sea-coast are often painfully crooked, all bent in one direction by the force of the prevailing winds.

Another point of interest is the clearly marked difference between trees in fields where cattle browse upon the foliage as high as they can reach, thus forming a clear space with only tree-trunks, and the far more beautiful effect where, in enclosed parks, the ancient trees can rest their uninjured branches upon the ground.



BIRCH-TREE IN A WOOD.

To the lover of nature these things are full of interest, since they reveal to intelligent eyes the influences which have created the kind of woodland or forest scenery we may be exploring.

The birch, although a native of Britain, is essentially a northern tree, flourishing in the colder regions of Europe and Asia.

In Scotland it clothes the bleak mountain sides, and is found at an elevation of 3,500 feet.

In Italy it exists at even 6,000 feet above the sea, but it becomes smaller in proportion to the cold it has to bear and the altitude at which it grows, until it is dwarfed to the dimensions of a small green bush.

Birch-wood is white with tinges of red, and is considered to be of fairly lasting quality.

An old specimen of one of these trees was blown down here in a winter's gale, and, not being required for timber, the rather rugged stem was cut into short lengths, placed end-wise, and, combined with tree-roots and ivy, formed a quaint sort of fencing around an ancient well.

After some years I saw for myself what I had often been told about the durability of birch-bark.

The inside wood decayed and fell away, leaving the outer bark standing like a hollow cyclinder which might have been filled with earth and used as a flower vase.

In Swedish Lapland the bark is cut into tiles for the house-roofs, and it is said that in times of scarcity the poor people grind the bark into a kind of flour to mix with their bread-corn.

Loudon, speaking of this tree, says, "The Highlanders of Scotland make everything of it; they build their houses, make their beds, chairs, tables, dishes and spoons, construct their mills, make their carts, ploughs, harrows, gates, and fences, and even manufacture ropes of it. The branches are employed as fuel in the distillation of whisky; the spray is used for smoking hams and herrings, for which last purpose it is preferred to every other kind of wood. The bark

is used for tanning leather, and sometimes, when dried and twisted into a rope, instead of candles. The twigs are used for thatching houses, and, dried in summer with the leaves on, make a good bed where heath is scarce."



BIRCH-BARK WIGWAM AND CANOE.

In Russia an oil is extracted from the birch which is used in the preparation of Russia leather. In England birch-woods are chiefly valuable as supplying material for sweeping brooms.

A curious feature of the birch is the nestlike structures so frequently to be seen upon these trees and also on the hornbeam. These are really huge bunches of abortive twigs, some quite dead, others with a little life left. They are caused by the presence in the buds of numbers of a minute gall-insect known as *Eriophyes rudis*, which is allied to the troublesome little parasites the acari.

These small creatures concentrate on some point, and by continually living upon the sap of the twig they destroy the buds and produce the masses of woody growth shown in the photograph, which are popularly known as witches' brooms.

Some trees on this estate are infested to such a degree with these galls as to look, in the distance, like a rookery, whilst others are only slightly affected. The parasite does not appear to injure the tree to any great extent, as some of the most infected trees are quite robust.

I must not omit to mention the useful paper-birch from which the Canadians form their canoes.

The pieces of bark are stitched firmly together with deer's sinews, or with the fibrous roots of the white spruce, and the seams being coated with resin, they are rendered water-tight, and so portable are they that they are easily carried on men's shoulders from one lake to another.

A canoe which can hold four persons only weighs about forty or fifty pounds.

The bark can be divided into very thin layers, and these make an excellent substitute for paper. I possess a sheet of it as thin as ordinary note-paper, and as easy to write upon.

"A strip of pinky-silver skin
Peeled from the birchen-bark."

We can easily distinguish the two kinds of catkins on the birch. As shown in the drawing, the pistil-bearing flower is small and upright, whilst the male blossom hangs down and bears the pollen in its bracts. Towards the autumn we shall find that the small catkin, which in spring is erect, has become pendant and composed entirely of minute seeds, which autumnal gales will carry far and wide.

Evelyn discourses at great length upon the medical properties of the wine which used formerly to be made from the abundant sap of the birch-tree. It rises in the stem early in April, and it is said that from sixteen to eighteen gallons of it can be drawn from a single tree.

When boiled with honey, cloves and lemon peel, and afterwards fermented with yeast, this sap produced a beverage of great strength, which was credited with many virtues.

Space will not allow me to touch upon further uses of this tree, which is not only remarkable for its elegance, but also for its adaptation to many purposes in our daily life.

ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.

THE FAIR CAPTIVES OF CASTLE VUFFLENS.

A STORY OF LOVE AND LOYALTY. FROM THE RECORDS OF THE TENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XVI.

WITHOUT positively refusing the crown, Arthus therefore, for fear the people should make some other choice, brought forward a vow he had taken not to assume the title of King until Lorraine had been recovered.

"Lothaire displeased you," he said to the soldiery, "in relinquishing it. He who is the means of its being regained ought alone to reign over you. I have a presentiment that the forthcoming campaign will be favourable for us. In order to keep ourselves from inaction, I propose that we go and bring to reason the Count of Poitiers, who profits by the King's absence and the inactivity of his army, to take possession of the town which Lothaire, as you know, had restored to France. Let us show him that the whole nation knows the rights of sovereignty, and knows also how to respect them. Never attack the possessions of your neighbours, and try to retain your own."

The soldiers' response to this was a shout of enthusiasm and a cry of war.

Arthus put himself at their head, and, always followed by victory, he drove the Count of Poitiers back to his own capital and took possession of Arras and Douai, obliging the Comte de Flandre to pay homage to France.

This conquest further cemented the love of the soldiers for their chief, and increased their desire to crown him.

Meanwhile, the truce had expired. Reassembling fresh forces, Othon at length re-entered France. He found Arthus ready to receive him. There followed a terrible fight in the plains of Champagne. Victory hung for a long time in the balance. Eventually the battle ended entirely in favour of the French.

An unknown knight, seconded by Arthus, distinguished himself by many valorous deeds. By a clever manœuvre, he routed the imperial army, and the French remained masters of the field.

Arthus rendered to this unknown knight the recognition which his conduct merited, when, after the action, a thousand voices were raised to proclaim the glory of Arthus the Invincible, and to demand from him the fulfilment of his promise to be their King.

"Soldiers," he began, "I promised you that the conqueror of Othon should reign over you, and I now present to you the *Vaillant des vaillants*—he who has re-conquered Lorraine, by vanquishing your enemy. It is not I, but this knight. I have fought under his orders, and I wish always to follow him."

He then unfastened and removed the helmet of the unknown knight at his side, when all the army recognised—Lothaire!

"Happy France," continued Arthus, with increased earnestness, "it is your King. I have preserved and now restore this good King to you. For this Arthus merits, does he not, some recompense?—which I expect from you, my brave companions-in-arms. Cry with me 'Vive Lothaire! Vive le petit-fils du grand Charlemagne! Vive le roi des Français!"

Having thus spoken, he fell at the King's feet. Raising him, Lothaire clasped him to his breast, while every voice echoed the cry of love and obedience—the cry of *Vive notre roi*—which, by its magnetism, quickly rallied all hearts around the monarch to whom it was rendered.

The latter now demanded permission to speak. Profound silence succeeded the noisy transports, and he was listened to with respectful attention as he related, in a few words, how Arthus, informed of the danger with which he was menaced, had protected him by sending him to a safe retreat—how he had recalled him from retirement to share in the present triumph.

Then he turned to Arthus.

"Dear Arthus," he said, presenting his hand, "be my brother-in-arms, and reign with me. I do not want this crown which thou hast restored to me, unless shared by thee."

Arthus, touched to tears, kissed the royal hand, and answered—

"I accept, my lord King, only the right to consecrate my life to your service. Your precious life must not be exposed. Leave to me the care of fighting and vanquishing your enemies."

"Be it so, then, Commander-in-Chief of my army. Be my friend, as thou hast been both my support and my protector."

Arthus bowed to the King. Then, raising his sword, turned to face the army. "Depart all our enemies! And long live the King Lothaire!"

"And our brave chief, Arthus!" responded the soldiers. "*Vive Lothaire! Vive Arthus!*"

The King himself echoed this last cry. What a memorable moment was this for our hero! How much greater he was—how much happier than if, in conceding to a moment of popular enthusiasm, he had placed himself upon a usurped throne!

Alone together in Arthus's tent, the King and his Commander gave vent—the one to the joy of success, the other to the pleasure of gratitude.

Lothaire, whom Arthus had summoned by sending to him the tiny golden key, had only arrived when the engagement was actually commencing, and they had had no opportunity of conferring together.

Before giving attention to what most interested himself personally, Arthus related to the King all that had transpired during his absence. By-and-by Arthus urged with gentle insistence that Lothaire should marry and secure to France an heir in sympathy with her.

"Royalty," said the King, "would be odious if it forced me into a marriage which was not the choice of my heart. But rest content, Arthus, I will neither be treacherous to friendship nor to gratitude, and I will consider thy counsel."

Arthus was surprised at these words, and remained silent for some moments. Presently he inquired if the King had been satisfied with his sojourn at Vufflens.

"Thy mother is the best and most amiable of women. She has treated me like a son; thy Isaure, as a cherished brother. They showered upon me every kindness. I dwelt at Elise's house, seen by no one but her, Alibert and Isaure. This time, wrongly termed by thee an exile, has been the happiest time of my life. But, alas! the remembrance of it removes, perhaps for ever, all hope of real happiness."

"How so, my lord?"

"Arthus, I will open my heart to thee. Couldst thou believe it possible that I should see thy amiable, angelic Isaure day after day and see her with indifference? I adore her. Nothing on her part has given me the least encouragement, and she knows my rank. But Arthus is more to her than all the kingdoms in the world. In possessing her heart, Arthus, thou art a thousand times happy, for thou dost possess far more than a crown."

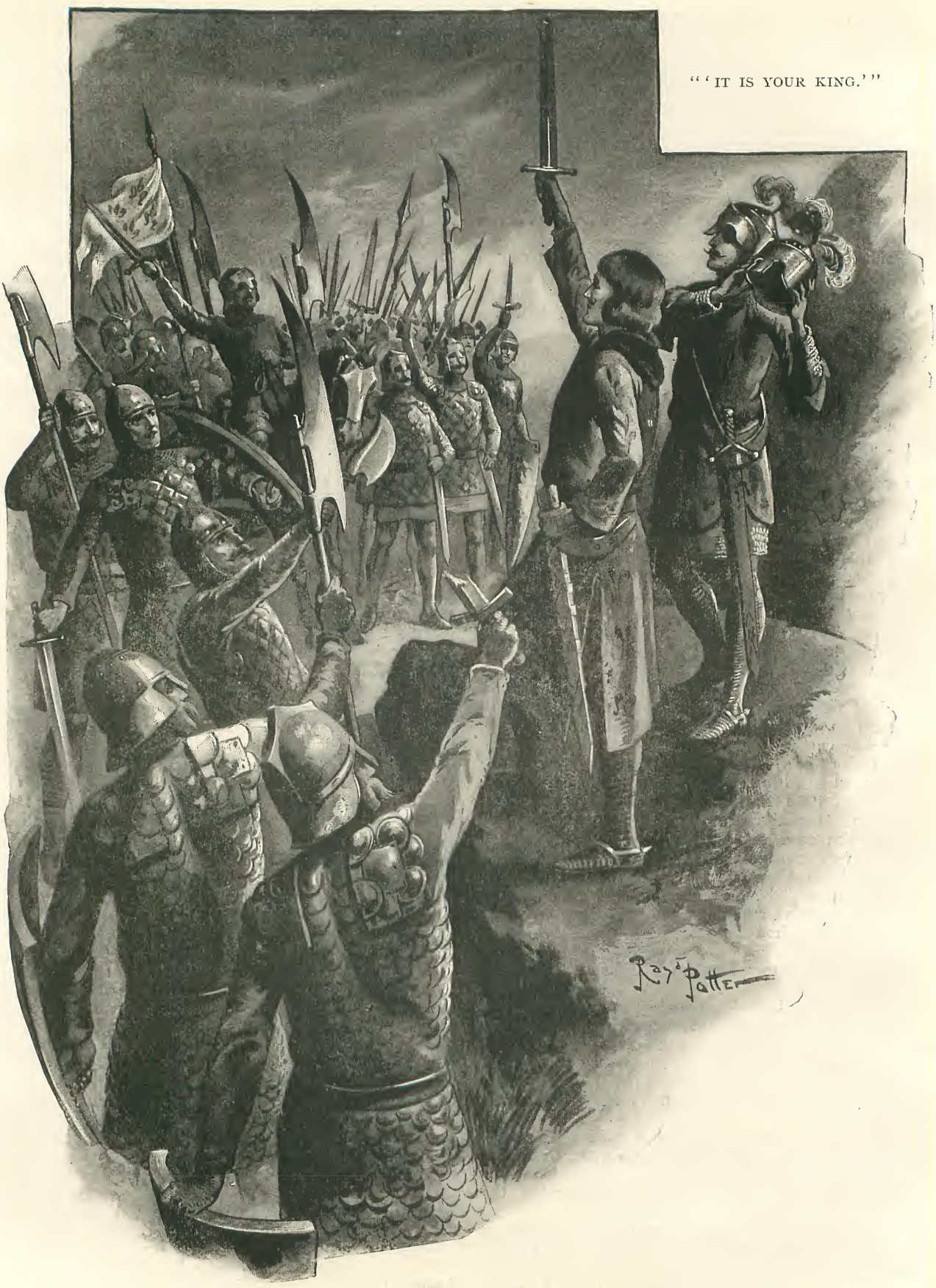
Arthus was confounded. Isaure loved *him?* Refuse for him the homage of a King? No—no! Lothaire is in error. Isaure's sensitive heart feels for Gizèle's recognised lover nothing beyond a friend's affection. He does not know that with her affection is so full of the tender animated expression that it could easily be mistaken for a deeper feeling. Who more worthy than she to wear a crown? Who better able to make Lothaire happy? She was not a princess born, it was true; but the best of noble blood flowed in her veins, for Grimoald's father was descended from one of the many children of Charlemagne.

"On my honour as a knight, it is not so," said Arthus solemnly.

"I must believe thee," replied Lothaire; "but I am in no way happier. Isaure has repulsed my love and the offer of my hand. If it be true that she has for thee only such simple, sisterly affection as you say, what a treasure of love lies in her heart for the one who knows how to touch it! She was troubled when I insisted upon knowing whether at least her heart were free. She did not tell me that it was. She did not name thee, it is true; but by her manner in speaking of thee, the tone of her voice, her look when Arthus was mentioned—all made me believe myself right in my surmise. The assurance thou dost give me of being to her no more than a brother and a friend delights for another reason. I owe thee my crown and my life, dear Arthus, and shall never requite myself until I can really call thee brother."

There was a pause, then the King continued—

"Be the husband of my sister Mathilde. I give her, Arthus, to thee. She will bring thee the dowry of Lyonnais."



"'IT IS YOUR KING.'"

Arthus fell at the King's feet and could scarcely reply for tears.

"Thou wilt accept my proposal?" said Lothaire, embracing him.

"No, my lord, no, my well-beloved King. The name of Arthus Raymond cannot ally itself with that of the sovereigns of France. Son of a simple equerry, I have no rank even among the nobility; and he whom you would honour with your alliance was banished from the Castle Vufflens for presuming to pretend to the hand of Isaure's sister. Has Isaure never spoken to you of Gizèle? Pardon, my lord, if I dare to question you. When I quitted Vufflens, Isaure promised that I should not be forgotten by her younger sister. For her alone I have endeavoured to make my name illustrious. And he whom Lothaire deigns to call his friend dare now presume to be the husband of Gizèle. Whilst my birth will not permit me to aspire to the hand of the Princess Mathilde, I could not have offered her a heart which is no longer mine to offer."

Lothaire sighed.

"It is the fate of kings to have their dearest desires destroyed," he said.

Arthus then referred to a project he had previously formed of marrying the Princess of France to the King of Transjurane, Conrad I., surnamed the Peaceful, making Lothaire feel all the advantage of such an alliance; and at length obtained his consent to negotiate in the matter as soon as those matters of greater moment then on the carpet—the conquest of Lorraine and the making of peace with Othon and Charles—should be terminated.

Lothaire then seemed wishful to learn more details respecting his friend's career and the motives which had drawn him to France.

"It is my stars I have to thank, I suppose," said the King, "but, tell me, what is it that attracts you in the destiny of the King of France?"

Arthus then related in detail the history of his youth.

The King knew from Elise of the captivity of the Countess and her children. Isaure had not spoken to him of it, nor yet of Arthus's attachment to Gizèle. She had merely pointed her young sister out to him when she was seen walking with her mother, drawing his attention to her charming person. But Lothaire's eyes had seen only Isaure. He admired no one but her, and he could not understand how Arthus could bring himself to admire anyone else, except through the explanation of his having regarded and loved Isaure for so long as a sister.

When Arthus in his recital referred to Comte de Melun and the little golden key, Lothaire suddenly raised his hand to his forehead and exclaimed—

"Give silence! How is it possible I could have forgotten! It is of thee, I feel sure, the Comte de Melun wished to speak to me when he was wounded in the attack of Aix-la-Chapelle, and when he put into my hands a small locked casket, enclosing a secret of importance to a noble family and affecting the destiny of a young man. 'If any should come from Transjurane in search of the Comte de Melun provided with a sword on which the names of myself and friend are engraven, with a little golden key attached, he it is who must open this casket in your Majesty's presence, he it is who may claim the document it contains. I give along with it this sealed paper. If, during the next ten years, no one should present himself with the key, then it is for your Majesty to dispose of it as you may consider most advisable.' Thus spake my general a few hours before he died. The casket and papers are at Aix."

"And this sword will further confirm it to you, my lord," said Arthus, pointing out the names engraven upon the weapon. He then demanded permission to go in search of casket and papers.

Early next morning they together put themselves *en route*, followed by a numerous suite. Continually by the way did Lothaire manage to lead the conversation back to Isaure, wishing to learn the minutest detail of her life.

"What knights fought for her at the Tournament?" he asked. "What nobles have come forward for her hand?"

Arthus talked to him with pleasure of this gentle friend, and revealed to him all he knew of her honest, pure, beneficent nature, praising, too, at the same time, the good Elise, who had the care of her childhood. Lothaire listened in transport.

Verily, Arthus could not believe how Isaure could remain untouched by the love of a young and noble-hearted prince, who had power to place her on the throne. He was in hopes, since he had refused for himself the hand of the Princess Mathilde and the gift of one of the most beautiful of all the provinces—since he had restored to the King a crown which had been offered to himself, that he would not find himself accused of interested motives in giving, to be Queen of France, his adopted sister Isaure, whose ancestors had been highly placed since the first days of the monarchy, and whose charm of character gave promise of such certain happiness to her subjects.

Arthus ventured to believe that such a union would have the unanimous assent of the nation. He smiled in the glad anticipation of so brilliant a marriage for his dear Isaure.

Arrived at Aix, the tiny key quickly unlocked the golden casket. In it had lain concealed not parchments alone, but several jewels, and an exquisite portrait of a lady, around which was found inscribed the name of Alicie Douglas, and a betrothal-ring on which was engraven the words, "Renaud Duc Azzoni et d'Alicie Douglas."

"I have often, in my childhood," said Lothaire, "heard tell of this beautiful Alicie. She was the favourite maid of honour of my grandmother, Queen Ogine, then Princess of England. She came to France at the time of her marriage. The young Duke Azzoni had gone with a representation from the King. He became attached to this charming English girl. Let us see if these documents will further enlighten us."

The parchment in the casket was a marriage contract between "le Duc Renaud, fils unique du Duc Azzoni, et Alicie de Douglas."

(*To be continued.*)



GIRLS' AMBITIONS.

PART VI.

EDUCATIONAL—SECONDARY TEACHING.



N the last paper we dealt with elementary teaching as an understocked profession for girls. Secondary teaching cannot be said to come under the same designation. And yet it is year by year offering increased facilities and attractions to women-workers; extending its boundaries and multiplying its points of interest.

"Secondary" education, which has a mystic sound, is simply that part of education which comes after primary or elementary education, and before university or college life. In the case of private teaching, the limits cannot of course be exactly drawn; nor can they, in the abstract, be drawn at all!

It was during the last half-century that an immense change took place in the secondary education for girls of this country. The Girls' Public Day Schools Company, and the Church Schools Company, both so well known, have established their High Schools throughout the land; there are, here and there, boarding-schools also, which emulate the great public schools for boys. The posts of mistresses in these schools, and especially the post of head mistress, offer a worthy aim for the ambition of girls. Any one of our readers who desires to make education her calling in life, has (apart from elementary teaching, already discussed) a wide field to choose from.

She may be a governess (daily or resident) in a private family; or a teacher in a private day or boarding school. She may begin a school on her own account. She may seek a position in a public day or boarding school. She may "specialise" in some way. Or she may set before her the aim of a position in one of the Training Colleges. Lastly, she may dream of a University lectureship.

With the aim of being practical, we may deal with these "ambitions" one by one.

The first—which for so long was almost the only "ambition" open to the middle-class girl obliged to earn her own living—does not need much comment. It was just glanced at in our last paper. Probably there are very few who would allow the title "ambition" to be applied to it. They would rather call it a terror—a dread! There is something specially dreary and forlorn in the idea of daily going up and down alien stairs.

Has not even so great a genius as Dante spoken of it? In Book xvii. of the "Paradiso" are the well-known lines:—

> "Tu proverai si come sa di sale
> Lo pane altrui, e com' è duro calle
> Lo scendere e il salir per l' altrui scale."

> "Thou shalt by trial know what bitter fare
> Is other's bread—how hard the path to go
> Upward and downward by another's stair."

It *is* hard! And yet if one can only be believed, there are alleviations even in the lot of a resident governess. The woman who can put aside the thought of being a martyr, who is resolved to look for the best in her lot, not to watch for slights, but to do her utmost with zeal and affection—how intensely she is sometimes beloved by her pupils! She finds a second home, where she is cherished and honoured, and her future becomes the care of those to whom she has devoted the best years of her life. This is how it should be; and how it sometimes is. The individual influence she can exert is more intimate and thorough than it can be in any other department of education. But she *must* regard her calling from the standpoint of a worthy ambition.

It is, of course, a mistake to set out with the conviction that slights will be the daily portion. People who offer them to an educated lady would now be considered "outsiders."

A tactful governess will soon cease, in a well-regulated home, to feel lonely. She can command also, if she is well qualified, a sufficient salary to put something by for future needs. This is hardly the case with a daily governess, whose salary is usually quite inadequate when the expense of board and lodging is taken into account.

It may be said in passing that it does not follow that a governess is slighted or in any way offered the "cold shoulder" just because her presence is not always desired in the family circle. A woman with tact will see this, and will not feel injured because she is occasionally left to herself. She may be thoroughly liked and honoured, and yet there may be times when both she and the people with whom she lives may prefer to be independent of each other's presence. It is not only in the case of governesses and employers that a little temporary absence is found a great stimulant to mutual liking!

There are not so many governesses now as formerly; and the number of private schools must, one would suppose, be decreasing. The position of a governess in a good boarding-school is by no means to be despised. Her hours of work are defined, her position is free from any anomaly or doubt, she has never to wonder whether she is in the way, and has companions of her own standing. If she is a kind and clever woman, her pupils will probably adore her, and her life will be of necessity a happy one.

There are some women who seem fitted by nature to influence their own sex, and those who love teaching and have a sympathy with those they teach, may find very great happiness and success in the "boarding-school" that sounds so dreary. One can remember women who have been uncrowned queens in their time; not rich, not distinguished, beginning in what has seemed a monotonous round of school teaching, gradually rising by thrift and capability to the head of the school they entered as a subordinate. Beloved by generation after generation of girls; even admitting the daughters of their early pupils (who can imagine no better training for their own children than the one received in youth); exerting a beneficial influence on young lives, adored and reverenced until they pass straight from work to their rest and reward—it is impossible to imagine a life more full of power for good than theirs.

To attain such a position is a worthy ambition for a girl. For a good boarding-school is a "school for character" in a way that no High School or day school of any kind can possibly become. There are certain qualifications for this post of "uncrowned queen" which are indispensable. She who makes it her ambition must love teaching and not grow weary of it, nor must she grow weary of girls. Her powers of affection and sympathy, tact and kindness, must be unlimited. She must know how to be firm; but there must never be a point where her temper and patience break down.

One is tempted, remembering some such women, to enlarge on this subject, but possibly it is a little beyond the scope of readers who will for the most part be removed by their age from the position we have tried to describe. Still, it is to be commended as an object of ambition.

Some women who never have children of their own become mothers by deputy and exert a wider influence than, married, they could have done; for their families are large, frequently changing, varied widely as to tastes, ages, capabilities. It is such women who have helped to cause the odious term "old maid" to disappear from the earth. Education will suffer when they cease to reign. No brilliance of attainment will come in the place of the womanly character and charm which cannot be tested by examinations.

It is time, however, that we passed from this "ambition" to one more definite and easily attained—that of a teacher in the public secondary school, High or endowed.

The preparation for this work should be as good as possible. A university degree, or its equivalent, is very valuable. It is, however, most important, not only to possess knowledge, but to know how to impart it. One year spent

at a good Secondary Training College will be of enormous advantage to a girl who makes teaching her profession. We give a list of these.

1. The Maria Grey Training College, Salusbury Road, Brondesbury, London, N.W. Scholarships and bursaries offered.
2. The Cambridge Training College. Scholarships.
3. Cheltenham Ladies' College.
4. The Mary Datchelor College, Camberwell, London.
5. Bedford College for Women, York Place, Baker Street, London.
6. University of Oxford, Training Department. (Apply to Miss A. J. Cooper, care of the Secretary to the Delegates of Local Examinations, Merton Street.)
7. The Home and Colonial Training College, Secondary Department, Highbury Hill House, London.
8. St. Mary's College, 122, Harrow Road, Paddington, London, W.
9. St. George's Training College, 5, Melville Street, Edinburgh. Several bursaries of £30 a year offered annually.

The fees for tuition vary from £10 to £30 per annum (£21 is about the average). The boarding fees, sometimes in separate hostels, are from £12 12s. to £17 17s. a term. The inclusive fees for tuition and residence vary from £50 to £75 a year. Particulars can, of course, be obtained from each College.

Practice in teaching is arranged for either in neighbouring High Schools, or in secondary schools attached to the College itself.

It is a popular mistake to suppose that any clever person who knows a subject can therefore teach it. An illustration from life may be given to enforce this; although the personages are men, the lesson is not affected by sex.

Two scenes of long ago rise before our memory, in one of the best secondary day-schools in Scotland—so justly famed for them! The first is a disorderly scene enough. About two dozen girls, aged from fifteen to eighteen, ladies by birth for the most part, are sitting at a double row of desks. Some are chatting in an undertone, one or two are engaged in fancy-work, others are reading. In front of the desks an excited gentleman is wildly rushing to and fro. The space between the class and the opposite wall, though wide, seems all too narrow for his frantic career. He is appealing by name to the occupants of the forms, but his vehement adjurations fall on deaf ears. "Nothing written! *Oh*, Miss Mackenzie, Miss Mackenzie!" but Miss Mackenzie is placidly conversing with her neighbour. "Miss Ross! Miss Macdonald!" he shrieks in vain. There are only three or four in the class who deign to pay the slightest attention to him. "I will go!" he screams at last in theatrical excitement. "I will go and fetch the Directors! I will tell them I cannot manage this class!" He flies to the door, but no alarm is exhibited at the familiar and empty threat; a smile passes through the room; one or two girls, tired of the unseemly display, stifle a yawn; all, diligent and idle alike, are glad when the useless attempt at a class is over. And yet the teacher bears the prefix "Dr." to his name, and is honourably known in the literature of his country.

A new-comer sits in silent dismay. How can she hope to learn in such a bear-garden?—a medley of ill-breeding and idleness on the one part, incompetence on the other! The teacher, seeing her disposition to study, has assailed her with unreasonable exactions. In disappointment and concern she obeys the summons to the next class.

Along the sides of a great echoing class-room sit the pupils. In strides the professor, to be received with instant attention. In clear, rapid accents he turns to the work of the day; making the girls exchange their written exercises, he takes one himself, and the sentences are quickly read aloud by the pupils in turn, each girl correcting the paper in her hand from the master's decree. By this simultaneous plan every exercise is thoroughly corrected and the mistakes are brought home to their perpetrators by the living voice. Also the reason for each correction is ably explained. The whole process only occupies, briskly conducted, some fifteen minutes. (Surely this is a better system than the weary, laborious method of correcting a pile of exercises away from the class and returning them to, frequently, uninterested pupils!) The lesson continues with force and vigour, incisive questions are put that draw forth *the very gist of* the subject; no "there or thereabouts" reply is tolerated; vagueness is met with unsparing though good-humoured satire, and any suspicion of idleness with a hint of grave rebuke. But there is scarcely any idleness to notice. All are alert, keenly eager, absorbed. The new-comer, when she can spare a moment's attention, looks round on the interested, docile class, and to her amazement recognises some of the girls who, not long before, were driving another professor to desperation.

Both professors are learned; both are men of repute; both have a command of the English language; but one cannot teach and the other can. Study how to teach, and consider how you can best gain the practical experience which will stand you in good stead. Elementary teachers learn how to teach as a necessary part of their training; why should secondary teachers be less fully equipped?

What of the rewards for their labour? The salaries in High Schools for assistant mistresses may rise to £150. Head mistresses receive capitation fees, and with salary these—but in rare cases—may amount to £800. The head mistress of a good High School will be sure to enjoy a dignified competence.

College graduates of good standing may also aspire to the very pleasant position of resident lecturer in one of the training colleges (with a salary of from £60 to £100) and hope to become a principal. The principals of the training colleges, it is needless to say, hold an honourable status in the world of education. There are also lectureships in the other colleges for women—university or various—but these come outside the scope of our subject.

As this paper is written, vigorous discussion is prevailing throughout the land on the Education Bill. Whatever the upshot may be, it is certain that secondary education must proceed by leaps and bounds, and as education advances, more teachers will be needed. There is a cheerful outlook, therefore, for anyone who will make education her profession. Diligent work, lofty ideals—these are necessary, and with these she may hope to succeed.

"Tell me definitely how I am to prepare myself for the realisation of this ambition?" a girl may say. But it is impossible to mark out an exact path to the goal. Diligent and conscientious study in the school where you find yourself, with unswerving pursuit of one aim, is the first essential. If it is a school possessing (as many do) a scholarship, set yourself to win it. If you can win no scholarship, and cannot go to college, set yourself to obtain a degree.

For the London B.A. (to take that as an example) you have first to matriculate, then pass the Intermediate Arts, then take the final B.A. You can obtain instruction by correspondence from the London University Correspondence College, 32, Red Lion Square, W.C. When you have taken your degree, a year at a training college (as we have said) will be most useful.

The St. Andrews L.L.A. examination can be spread over any length of time, and be prepared for by correspondence. Information can be obtained from the Secretary, L.L.A. Scheme, St. Andrews University, and from the Secretary of the Correspondence Classes, 5, Melville Street, Edinburgh.

Diplomas for teaching can be obtained from the London University (granted only to its own graduates), Cambridge University, College of Preceptors, Oxford University. The Universities of Durham, Victoria, and Wales have established or are establishing such diplomas. The girl who nourishes the ambition to make teaching her profession, may feel rather discouraged at the length of the way indicated, and may ask whether, for instance, the university degree is actually needed.

It is not. She can teach, and may even contrive to attain a good position, without it. But every year this will become increasingly difficult, and she will be wise to strive after the very best preparation for her work that she can possibly obtain.

LILY WATSON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

E. M.—Sincere thanks for your kind offer, which, however, I am unable to utilise. My share of work is purely literary, but it gives me great joy to know that the Circle Column helps many besides those to whom the answers are specially addressed.

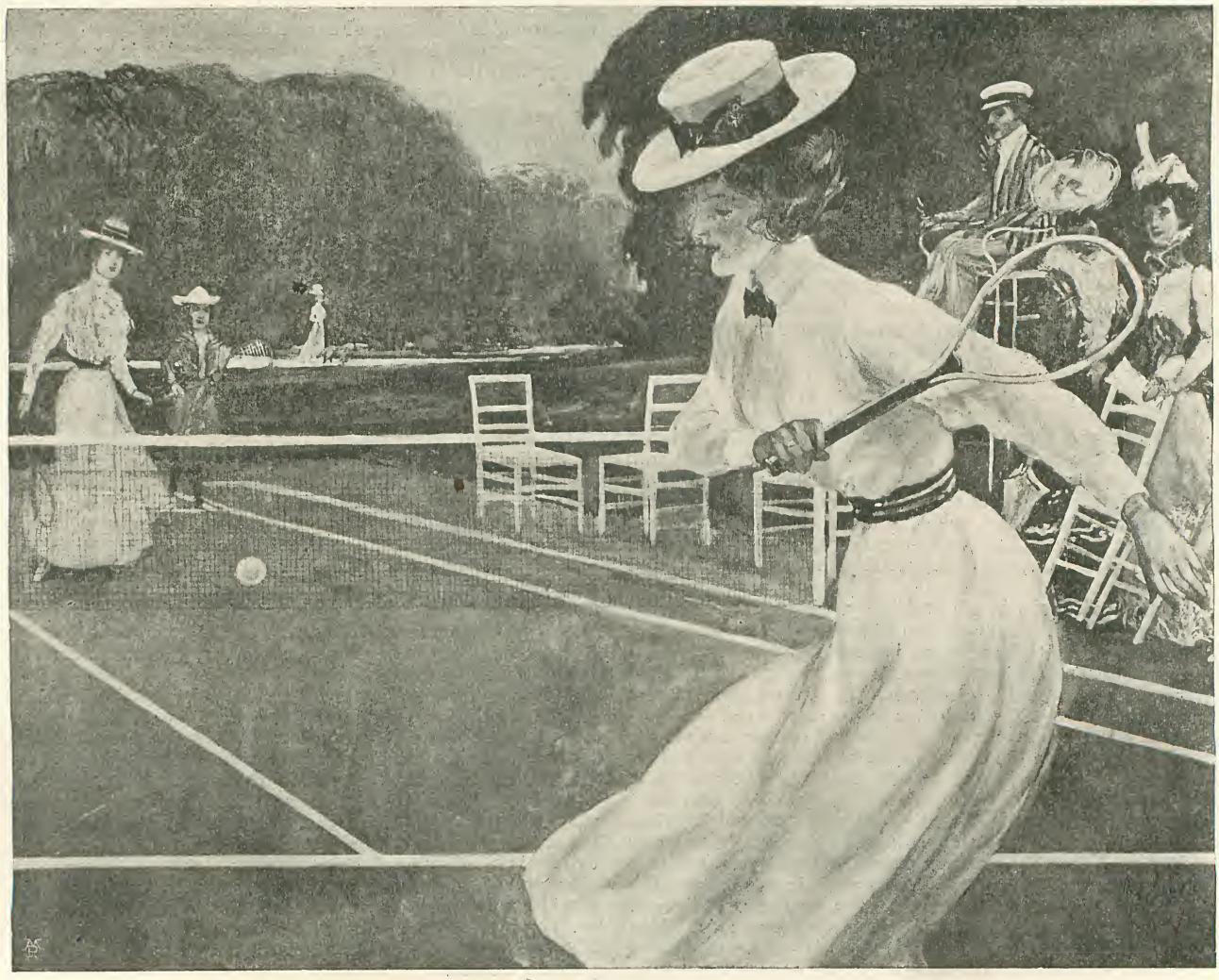
PERPLEXED GIRL (Ontario).—Your picture is a sad one, but the fact that all professing Christians do not "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour" in their lives as well as with their lips need not make you doubt either God's love or His truth. Remember that amongst the first chosen twelve there were found a Judas who betrayed, a Peter who denied, and a Thomas who doubted the Master, that in time of danger "all forsook Him and fled," even the beloved disciple following "afar off." You know what these men became afterwards—the traitor excepted—and how neither bonds, scourgings, imprisonments, nor death could shake their allegiance to their risen Lord. Do not allow the inconsistencies in professing Christians to shake your faith. God is unchangeable—"the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Serve Him with heart, soul, mind, and strength, and put to shame those who are Christ's disciples in name only. I will not forget your request.

WITHOUT HOPE.—Another name to be changed at once. With godly parents who love you, a Christian mistress who desires your welfare, everything to help you on the right path, you write despairingly. You say, "I am treading the downward path. Sins I once trembled at the thought of I now hardly notice, through continued practice of them." No wonder you add, "I am miserable." Open your heart to your good mother. Fight against your hasty temper and passion for reading at wrong times, and ask God to give His strength to conquer your weakness. You are so young to write in such a despairing strain. I number you as one of my girls very gladly, and I will do what you ask. But put forth the power that is in you. The guilt of wrongdoing is doubled when we know so well what is right and have friends who would rejoice to help us to do it. I shall look for better news.

SINNER.—In replying to your question, dear, I ask another. "Is there any good thing that may not be abused, though the use of it is lawful and in many cases expedient?" Were I in your place, I should feel and act very much as you do, and should certainly not cause trouble to those near and dear to me by adopting the extreme views alluded to. My reply is very short, but you will understand that our Column is no place for arguing such matters. I so rejoice in your new happiness as a true servant of God. My one regret is that this reply will be so long in reaching you.

LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY.—I did not forget your request. I rejoiced that the service to which you were looking forward was no matter of form but "a very real thing" to you, and that you long above all things to dedicate your life in the fullest manner to God's service. I believe also that your intense love for parish and missionary work was not given without a purpose. I pass on a few of your words to cheer others of our Circle. "This past year has been the sweetest and happiest I have ever known. I have temptations and trials, and I fall at times; but I can truly say that I have never lost faith in God since I realised Christ's work as my Saviour. I often pray for you and all the members and ask God to bless you indeed."

ENGLISH DAUGHTER-IN-LOVE.—Yes, dear, you were thought of at the time named. I am so glad you have now a sympathetic friend to whom you can speak on the things nearest your heart. Never mind if, with your sensitive nature, progress is slow in regard to others. Courage will grow by using what you have already gained. Be sure too that every sorrow or trouble brings some blessing or lesson along with it. It is for us to try and discern it first, then to act upon it so that it may not be lost. You are right as regards the confidence between me and the dear ones alluded to. It has been perfect in nearly every case. On the whole yours is good news. I thank God for it, and I ask for you every needful blessing, whilst rejoicing with you in the knowledge of past conquests over self and your dear words, "You do help me so wonderfully."



A GAME AT TENNIS.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XXIII.—NO. 1182.] AUGUST 23, 1902. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE FAIR CAPTIVES OF CASTLE VUFFLENS.

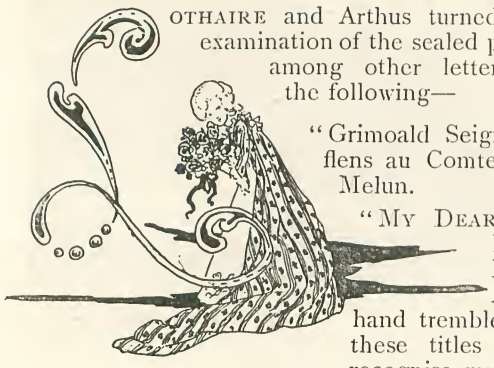
A STORY OF LOVE AND LOYALTY.
FROM THE RECORDS OF THE
TENTH CENTURY.



"ARTHUS, AT THE SIGHT OF HIS MOTHER, THREW HIMSELF INTO HER ARMS."

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CHAPTER XVII.



LOTHAIRE and Arthus turned then to an examination of the sealed packet, which, among other letters, contained the following—

"Grimoald Seigneur de Vufflens au Comte Thibaut de Melun.

"MY DEAR AND FEAL FRIEND, AND BROTHER-IN-ARMS, — My hand trembles in tracing these titles to which I recognise myself so little worthy. He whom you have so long called friend and brother, against whom you believe to have no reproaches except that of a hard character, considered by me as noble pride, is full of faults of the gravest nature. Since this document is a partial reparation, it will contain nothing but the truth. I swear, on my honour as a knight, on the holy name of God, and on my sword, that one named Raymond, who has always served me as equerry, whom I have loved as a brother, is son of Duke Renaud and Alicie Douglas, maid of honour to Queen Ogine. My grandfather had decided that his son Renaud should marry the daughter of Geoffroi Grise-Gonelle, Comte d'Anjou. He had, therefore, no desire ever to consent to his son's marriage with Alicie Douglas, with whom Renaud had fallen in love while away in England on an errand to the Princess Ogine. He was sent into the army, but before his departure the young Duke married her secretly. My grandfather was apprised of it through the treachery of a page in the service of the Duchess Alicie. Soon after the birth of Raymond, his grandfather took possession of him and placed him away from his mother in a place of hiding with a hired nurse. The trouble of this separation caused Alicie's death. Thus this marriage remained unknown, and the young Duke Renaud was kept in ignorance of his son's existence. On his return, he learned with despair of his wife's death.

"The following year Duke Renaud was persuaded into marrying the heiress of Anjou—my mother, mother also of my brother Adalbert. He was eventually killed in combat while we were still children. Our mother did not long survive her husband. My young brother, Alibert became page at court to Rodolphe II., King of Transjurane. He was particularly attached to Queen Berthe, and was later killed by lightning. I, the eldest, remained near to my grandfather at the Court of Louis d'Outre Mer. It was there, my dear Thibaut, that we became friends. I had another friend whom I have loved as much as it were possible to love, because, I suppose, of his blood relationship. Raymond, my elder brother, unknown as such excepting to my grandfather, passed his childhood in the house of the old Duke, employed there as page. This irascible old man would not acknowledge him, but he gave him an excellent education and preserved with care all documents relative to his identity, in order that his name should not be lost to the world in the event of the death of my brother Adalbert or of myself.

"Raymond shared my studies, and was distinguished by his agility in horsemanship and swordplay. He saved me from many dangers to which my rashness exposed me, and although my character, violent to excess, was little in accord with his, by nature serene and sensitive, he attached himself with much affection to me. I begged my grandfather to allow him to be my equerry on my first campaign. He consented, recommending the young man to my especial care as one who was well born. Some traits of resemblance to the old Duke, the care he had taken, and a sort of mystery surrounding him made me often speculative about it. In any case, I could not have loved him more. He, on his side, swore an inviolable attachment to me, and gave me continual proof of it. Hiding my faults, excusing my failings, lending himself to all and everything as I exacted, bearing with my ill-mood unmurmuringly, having no other wish than mine, he was, in fact, devoted to me in life and death, for he has never left my side for a single day. Never did knight have equerry more faithful. And I have repaid this unique attachment by an infamous action in depriving him of the rights to a fortune which his birth gave him, and of leaving him in ignorance of the tie which related us. I was made acquainted with this secret at my grandfather's death, under a solemn promise to re-establish Raymond with his rights, if I had no son and heir in whom the name would survive.

"The odious idea of destroying all the proofs occurred once to me. But a remnant of honour remained. In order that I should not again be tempted, I consigned them to your care. In course of time, I married Ermance de Vergi. My eldest brother still remained in ignorance of his birth, and in order to appease my conscience I showered friendship and kindness upon him. My wrongs towards him increased as years went by in consequence of the circumstances which arose. He ought now to be invested with all his rights. Heaven is just. I have no son, and Raymond, a hundred times happier in his obscurity than I in my grandeur, has an excellent son. This young man will recover for the name of Azzoni all its lost glory.

"Arthus, my nephew, will be worthy of his own knightly name and of his ancestral name. When he brings you my sword and the tiny key of the casket I now send thee, present him to thy King as the descendant and only survivor of the noble Dukes of Azzoni.

"Dear Thibaut, protect his youth, and assure me that thou wilt disclose this secret to no one until Arthus himself shall show thee key and sword.

"I pray that one and all may deign to forgive the culpable but repentant

"GRIMOALD, Seigneur de Vufflens, and
"younger son of Renaud Duc Azzoni."

"Duc Azzoni!" exclaimed Lothaire. "Receive my greeting and my recognition of thy knighthood."

Arthus fell on his knee, the King touched him with his sword, made the sign of the cross upon his head, then bade him rise, and saluted him under the title Duc Azzoni. Arthus, deeply moved, raised his tear-stained eyes skyward, saying—

"O my father—thou who didst live and die in obscurity! From thy habitation on high, deign to throw a regard upon thy son. Inspire in him the virtues which should grace his position."

On their return to the camp, Arthus was presented by the King to his knights and to his army as the son and heir of Duc Azzoni.

In taking up his own ancestral name, he renounced Queen Berthe's gift to Grimoald, regarding it as belonging to no one except to him to whom she gave it.

"Happy I am," he said to Lothaire, "if Ermance now accords me the hand of Gizèle. I dare to hope it, when she shall know by what tie we are connected and the friendship which the King himself accords me."

"Say rather his gratitude for all that thou hast been

and done for him," interrupted Lothaire. "The Dowager of Vufflens shall learn it from me myself. She shall know that only she shall requite what I owe to this chevalier. She shall know also, as soon as thou hast obtained Isaure's confidence, that I not only aspire to call her mother, but that the happiest day of my life will be when I place the crown upon the head of her daughter, and when I shall be able to say to thee 'Arthus, my brother.' But to attain unto this, it is all necessary that the free gift of her heart shall precede the gift of Isaure's hand. I know that my rank counts for nothing in her decision. Her soul is above all grandeur, and her only ambition is to make happy those whom she loves. Go, then, my dear Arthus. Go, and supplicate for my happiness and the happiness of my subjects."

The Emperor Othon died just about this time. Othon III. broke the recently-made treaty, and it was necessary to take up arms again to repulse him. After several memorable actions, which added to the glory of the young Duc Azzoni, a treaty of peace was signed at Aix-la-Chapelle.

Arthus was then at liberty to go whither his heart and the interests of Lothaire called him, accompanied by Alibert, and carrying letters from the King to Ermance and to Isaure.

Hardly two years had passed. The simple son of an equerry, rejected, banished, returns covered with glory —the one remaining survivor of an illustrious family; friend and even protector of his King; the idolised general of a brilliant army; ambassador of his Sovereign! What titles these with which to buy himself happiness! But they were not enough if Gizèle were inconstant.

Isaure had written to him by Alibert when the latter conducted the King to the scene of battle. It was the only means which she had in a time when the happy invention of the post was not yet established. She had spoken freely of his mother, little of Gizèle, and less about herself.

For the first time in her life he had to reproach this good Isaure. How many things she would have to tell him. But why have kept silent if she had been able to reassure him?

Duty took him first to Conrad's Court. He learned with pleasure that this embassy must be deferred for several days, Conrad being absent at Lausanne with his brother, the Bishop Burcard.

Pressing forward with all possible speed, he did not even pause to take more than a passing look at those well-known towers which recalled Gizèle so vividly to his mind. His heart beat wildly in its impatience.

Arthus was fearful of the effect of her excessive surprise and joy upon his sensitive mother, and would have preferred to see Isaure first of all. Her firm self-possession was well known to him. In hope of this, he remained for a moment or two at the entrance. Looking around, he perceived signs of devastation in the Castle enclosure —fallen walls, unhinged doors—and he saw mounted soldiers pass through the battlements. Greatly astonished, he was about to sound the horn at the entrance of his mother's house, when he saw a young person, whom he mistook for Isaure, descending the balustrade and coming towards him. He ran to meet her in a state of fearful suspense.

"Isaure, my sister!" he cried.

"What! It is you, Arthus!" exclaimed Berthe, for it was she. "Heaven sends you to succour us! Oh, if only you had been here! Have you already seen your mother? Ah, poor Elise! How much she is in need of this consolation! News of your valour, of your great accomplishments reached us. Hélas, we had great need of some such able defender!"

"What are you telling me? Speak, in Heaven's name! I know nothing. Explain yourself. Can any misfortune have befallen—my mother—Gizèle—Isaure?"

"Isaure!" repeated Berthe, with eyes that were full of tears. "You will not see Isaure."

"Why? Where is she?"

"Those barbarians have carried her off. She is in the power of our most cruel enemy, the Governor of Castle Clées, Humbert de Montfaucon."

"She will not be there very long!" cried Arthus, with menacing gesture. "And Gizèle—is she also in the power of these miscreants? You do not speak, Berthe. Gracious Heaven, is it possibly worse even than that? Have I then lost her for whose sake alone I care to live? Gizèle, Gizèle, where art thou?"

Greatly distressed, he cast his eyes bewilderingly around him. Berthe seized the hand of the trembling young warrior and clasped it in her own.

"Dear Arthus, recover yourself. Be calm. Think of the two mothers who have hope in no one but you. Think of Isaure's cry when that barbarous Châtelain carried her off—'Arthus, my brother, where art thou?'"

"Monster, thou shalt perish!" cried Arthus excitedly, as he drew his sword. "But Gizèle. Ah, it is evident she is no longer alive, and thy lips dare not tell me. I must know. Speak, I command thee!" he added frantically.

"Gizèle is alive," responded Berthe with some hesitation. "She is free, and only needs that you should restore Isaure to us to be happy."

"She is free—happy?" exclaimed Arthus ecstatically, as his countenance assumed a calmer, more serene expression. "I had need of thy sweet assurance, and I swear, on my sword, to deliver my dear Isaure and to punish that infamous traitor. Pardon me, my amiable Berthe, if I terrified thee. I was out of my mind. A frightful suspicion took possession of me, but thou hast dispelled it. Let us go and see my mother. Ah, how much she must have suffered in the loss of her loved one!"

"Yes, poor Elise, in constant terror, yet always hopeful that Arthus would return and deliver us. In that hope she found resignation. Come and confirm it by your presence. I will accompany you. I divide myself as equally as I can between your mother and my own mother."

"And Gizèle?" asked Arthus again, with renewed disquietude.

They were by this time at Elise's door. Berthe hastened to enter, and Arthus, at the sight of his mother, threw himself into her arms, and pressing her to his heart, thought, for the time being, of no one but her.

Elise clasped Arthus to her breast, thanking Heaven for this good fortune; but her dear Isaure could not be very long out of her thoughts.

"Isaure, Isaure," she sobbed, "where art thou? Ah, can I enjoy any happiness when thou hast fallen on such cruel misfortune?"

Arthus then conjured Berthe to tell him all that had happened since his departure. It was Elise, however, who undertook this task. She was better acquainted with the details than the young Baroness Châtelard, who had come a few days after the capture of Isaure to give what consolation she could to her mother.

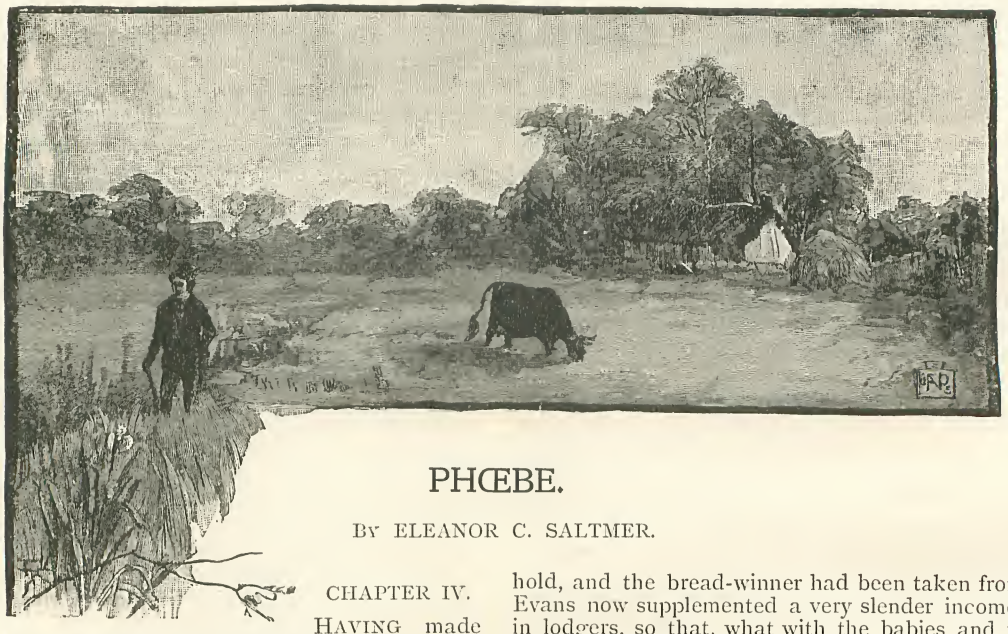
During the recital, Berthe expressed a wish to rejoin Ermance in order to apprise her of Arthus's arrival. The young hero experienced a feeling of embarrassment

in going himself to inform the Dowager of the recognised place he had always been entitled to, and now held, among the nobility and the properties pertaining thereto. He apprehended that she would see in his conduct only a desire to humiliate her. Preferring therefore that she should be made acquainted with these facts before seeking an interview with her, he transferred to Berthe the obligation of handing Lothaire's letter to the Mistress of Vufflens.

"Good Berthe," he said to her, "deign to present these papers to your mother. I desire that the Dowager should read them before seeing me. And say to Gizèle that for her Arthus is always the same, and that very soon she will see him at her feet."

Berthe pressed his hand affectionately and went out quickly, leaving Elise to further inform her son respecting the events of the past two years.

(*To be continued.*)



PHŒBE.

By ELEANOR C. SALTMER.

CHAPTER IV.

HAVING made sure that her father and David were both out of the house, Phœbe hastened to complete her preparations. She had packed a small box over-night; there was therefore little to do beyond finding someone to take it to the station. The carrier usually passed along by the cross-roads about ten o'clock, so she went to the spot and waited, with growing impatience at delay, until his cart came jogging along.

Phœbe's idea was to get herself as well as her box carried to the station, for she felt unequal to the walk, and this idea she was enabled to carry out, as old Timothy was quite agreeable to the arrangement.

In another half-hour then she had turned her back on the farm, after a brief farewell to Rebecca, the eloquence of whose tongue she was rather anxious to avoid. It was a disappointment to have no parting word with David, and the regret weighed upon her more heavily than she could account for. He was the only one to whom she had imparted her intentions, and he had tried, with what she was now willing to allow was kindness, to dissuade her from the step. He would feel her going away in this manner very keenly, she felt sure, but pride and wounded feelings held her up.

It was a serious step for a young girl to take upon her own responsibility. Home left behind, Phœbe was venturing forth upon the unknown with a blind haste which was sure to end in stumbles; yet she arrived at her destination with the idea that fair and pleasant sailing was before her.

Everything was a novelty—the place and the people, the sparkling, sunny sea, the gay, busy town with its bright shops, the pleasure-seeking visitors, who seemed to have nothing to do but amuse themselves. Surely, all this would bring compensation for her troubles.

Aunt Polly was almost a stranger, for beyond a couple of visits to Wilderness Farm when Phœbe was a mere child, they had enjoyed none of the intimacy of relationship. Since then, many children had come into the Evans' household, and the bread-winner had been taken from it. Mrs. Evans now supplemented a very slender income by taking in lodgers, so that, what with the babies and the visitors, she had not much time to call her own.

She lived in a narrow two-storeyed house, standing in a side street, but as it had the advantage of being a corner house, there was a good view to be had of the sea from the end windows. In August, she and her family were relegated to the basement and the attics, the rest of the rooms being given up to lodgers, for Mrs. Evans always made her little harvest during the six weeks of the summer holiday season; so much depended upon her earnings then.

Discomfort and hard work notwithstanding, Aunt Polly was a bright and cheerful body, of an easy-going nature like her brother Joseph's. Her philosophy was that, if a trouble could be mended, there was no use in fretting over it, and if it could not be mended, why—it was likewise useless to fret over it, which is a very simple kind of philosophy, and one to be much commended.

Mrs. Evans received her niece very kindly, though she could not help manifesting some surprise at the sudden change of mind which had brought Phœbe to Helstone so unexpectedly. Her quick perceptions soon enabled her to form a correct estimate of the girl's state of mind, for when they sat alone together, after the children were in bed, a few adroit questions drew answers that made everything transparent to her mind. Inwardly, she blamed her brother, was sorry for Phœbe, and inclined to make excuses for her; but she would not take her niece's part openly, for the childish ebullition of jealous temper that had driven her from home made it plain there was cause for blame.

"I remember Sarah Lawson well," said Mrs. Evans; "a good-hearted straightforward body, and just the kind of woman for your father to marry, child. Why, bless me! You might have expected him to do this sort of thing, and better that he should take Sarah than any other woman. You and she ought to get on well together, and so you will after a bit, and have got used to the change. Why, instead of moaning over it, you ought to take it as the very thing to give you liberty to enjoy life while you're young and have

the opportunity, to say nothing of the prospect of getting married yourself one of these days."

"I thought," said Phœbe, aghast at her aunt's outspoken opinions, "that you would have sided with me, Aunt Polly; but you actually approve of what dad has done!"

"Approve, yes; I think my brother Joseph has acted wisely, only—he shouldn't have taken you unawares, child. But what did your father say to your coming away to Helstone in such a hurry?"

"I didn't tell him. He won't know till he gets back on Monday," answered Phœbe, with an uncomfortable feeling that it was not pleasant to have to make the avowal, and that it sounded wrongly when told without the heat of passion.

"Dear, dear! What a pity, what a pity!" said Aunt Polly. "My dear, you must sit down and write to him first thing after breakfast to-morrow. I don't hold with children rising up in rebellion against their parents. There's a deal too much of it in these days, and it's sad to see. Why, in plain words, you have run away!"

"Oh, Aunt Polly, what a thing to say!" exclaimed Phœbe, quite shocked.

"Oh, my dear, what a thing to *do!* It doesn't sound nice put into plain English; but facts can't be explained away."

"But you asked me to pay you a visit," remonstrated Phœbe, "and I've come."

"The circumstances are different, my dear. But I understand all about them now. You'll write to your father first thing, and say you're sorry. I'll write too, and tell him that, as you're not well, I mean to keep you here a bit till he wants you."

"Not well?" echoed Phœbe helplessly.

"No, I can see that. You have a bad cold on you, and want your bed, so to bed you shall go."

Phœbe complied with a wan smile and a lamb-like obedience. Mrs. Evans gave her a drink of something hot and sweet, tucked her up with motherly care and left her to her reflections and sleep, if sleep would come.

For a long time Phœbe lay awake; the small room was so full of moonlight that she could distinguish every object plainly. In the opposite corner was another bed in which reposed a child. The articles of furniture were few and shabby; evidently the best of everything was in use in the lodgers' rooms. The ceiling sloped down to the walls on two sides, while on the further one was another attic of similar dimensions with a door of communication between the two.

Phœbe involuntarily compared this mean-looking attic with her own comfortable, white-draped room at Wilderness Farm, so sweet and airy, so spotless in all its appointments. The attic was stuffy and hot; she lay tossing with feverishness and the oppressive atmosphere for hours as it seemed to her. In reality, it was no later than twelve when she heard Mrs. Evans treading softly up the stairs to bed.

"What can Aunt Polly have been about? Why should she sit up so late?"

Could Phœbe have had a peep below she would no longer have wondered. No sooner had she the house quietly to herself than Mrs. Evans bustled about as if she had done no work all day and were only just beginning. There were two sets of supper-things to wash up besides their own, trays and glasses to remove, various odds and ends to stow away, and, in fine, nothing was left to encumber the next day's work.

"Why don't you leave all these things till to-morrow?" Phœbe asked her aunt a week later, before she had grown accustomed to the methods at Sea-View.

"My dear, it would drive me crazy not to be clear of the work of one day when it was time for that of another to begin. No, that's not my way, and I don't mind an extra hour or two so long as I can save my temper," was the answer, and the girl wondered no longer.

To her infinite relief Phœbe was saved the task of writing to her father, for, when morning came, she was too unwell to get up. Aunt Polly would say all that was necessary, and if, in her honesty of purpose, she should write more than if the pen had been held between her own fingers, why, that could not be helped, and dad would *certainly* know the difference in what came from her and what came from his sister. She was not anxious personally to eat the humble-pie Aunt Polly was disposed to carve for her, but she was willing to admit that she had perhaps acted precipitately.

After all, was there much harm done? And having Sarah Lawson—now Mrs. Hawthorn—by his side, would he greatly care as to what became of the little Phœbe who was once all in all to him?

Yet she had run away. That was how Aunt Polly looked at what she had done. Dad would probably look at it in the same light and—David also. In running away, who got the best of it? The person who ran, or the people who were left behind? That was rather a startling question, and there might be a sting in the answer.

She tried to satisfy herself that dad was not in reality angry, for though he had not written in answer to Aunt Polly's letter, she did not think much of that. Her stepmother had, however, and she had read the letter, which was couched in kind and moderate terms. It made no reference to anything unpleasant, and hoped that Phœbe would enjoy her visit to Helstone. The absence of any allusion to what had happened was a trifle discomposing. Phœbe would far rather have found the letter full of reproaches and condemnation; she would have felt an added justification in what she had done, but Mrs. Hawthorn had taken up an attitude against which there was no appeal. At the same time, it corrected Aunt Polly's accusation; she had not run away. Her action was not looked at in that light at home.

As long as Phœbe remained invalided she lived the kind of life her ideal of a visit to Helstone had sketched out. She had nothing to do but look on, whilst others took an active part. Out-of-doors there was sparkle and sunshine, the salt scent of the waters, the boats gently rocking at anchor, or sailing away like white butterflies over the deep blue sea. There was music on the little white pier, there were merry voices, gay laughter and carriages rolling by full of smartly-dressed occupants, pleasure-seekers everywhere, and life seemed full of light and buoyancy.

There were books also to amuse her if she wanted them; not of the style she had been accustomed to at home, and at first she had small appetite for them, but by degrees Phœbe became interested and began to make comparisons between the sensational unreality, the impossible situations of the romances she had been wont to devour, and the life-like creations, wholesome imaginations, wit, humour and delicacy of thought of such writers as Dickens and Thackeray, literary kings of a generation ago, to say nothing of the social revelations, fascinating, thought-enkindling, which the pages of Walter Besant opened to her awakening insight. How could she have admired those vapid stories, those foolish heroines, those unreal characters depicted in the books, to read which she had stolen so many valuable hours? Here was life; here were real men and women, acting, speaking, thinking, making the world better that they lived in; here was inspiration, and it took the girl's breath away.

Mrs. Evans's library was small but very select, and it was instrumental in opening to Phœbe's sight a world with which hitherto her mental horizon had been totally unacquainted.

Ten days of this kind of restful holiday appeared to do wonders for Phœbe, and she recovered tone both in mind and body, seeing which Mrs. Evans was of opinion she might make her niece useful. It was in the full press of a busy season; her own children were too young to be of much service, and the girl she hired to give assistance at such times wanted a great deal of superintendence, so before long the summons came, and Phœbe was not unwilling to be of service.

The novelty pleased her; the ways and doings of the different lodgers amused her, and she being *young and* pretty, they liked to have her wait upon them.

Mrs. Evans cooked for the whole establishment, and, as

it often seemed to the inexperienced country lass, the meals went on from morning to night with little intermission.

"Aunt Polly, you work like a slave! Why don't you take a rest?" exclaimed Phœbe, herself feeling fagged out, at the close of a long and trying day.

"My dear, there's no time to rest. When you give yourself to this sort of thing you must put up with all it entails, and so long as all goes well, and the money comes in, I won't grumble. But you look too tired; we will sit down and have a cup of tea together."

Yes, Phœbe acknowledged that she was unaccountably tired, but she would not admit as much to her aunt, for Mrs. Evans had worry already. Two of the children were sickening for some complaint, and were fretful and tiresome accordingly.

"I don't know whether it's going to turn out chicken-pox or measles," said she "but whatever it is, 'twill make a difference; the second floor people will be sure to go."

Before long, a scare commenced to make itself apparent in Helstone. There was a talk of fever in the town; there was an electrical current of mystery in the atmosphere; doctors began to be busy with various suspicious cases in different quarters, but as yet no malady had been declared by name.

A scare develops into a panic if not speedily allayed, and soon it communicated itself to the terrace of which Sea-view was the corner-house. Indeed, the corner-house itself was the object of alarm, for two of the children, it was said, were avowedly ill with fever, while another was sickening.

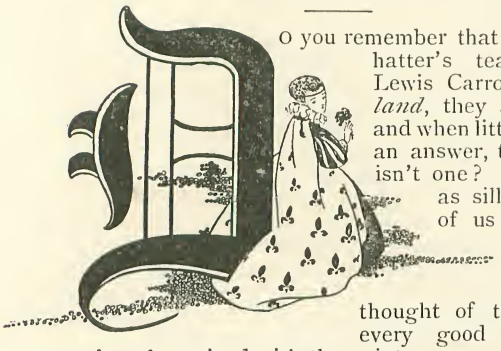
The lodgers all packed their trunks and departed. The house was left to the anxious mother, her sick little ones and Phœbe.

(*To be concluded.*)

LOVE AND ADVERSITY.

A Picture in Words.

"Who is my neighbour?"



Do you remember that at the "mad hatter's tea-party," in Lewis Carroll's *Wonderland*, they ask a riddle, and when little Alice wants an answer, they say there isn't one? It seems just as silly, when most of us look at pictures without troubling to get at the thought of the artist—for every good picture has some thoughts mixed with the paint.

Look at this. A road leading into a castle of olden time; some people are passing inside. Nearest to us, by the side of the road, are two far more striking figures. A woman, poor, dishevelled, wretched, bowed and writhing under the bonds which tie her to a wooden post which stands behind her. Dress, hair, figure (you can hardly see her face) alike point to her miserable plight. She is evidently a culprit tied there as a punishment. In olden times justice had such a heavy hand that we cannot feel sure if this poor creature was or was not guilty of some crime; maybe she was not.

For see, at her side is seated, among the meadow flowers that border the road, an angel. We need not mediæval art, which coloured red the wings of the angels of Love (because surely such stand nearest the light of the Throne), to tell us who it is—the angel of Love and Pity—we see it in the glorious face, looking so tenderly at the poor creature beside. But there are times—are there not?—in adversity, when even Love fails to cheer us—for the moment. Only, even if it seems so, let us never for that reason relax our wish to show our love and pity; while there is no response these may be sinking unconsciously into the stricken soul. The angel wears a sweet, pure wreath of white, star-like blossoms. What a comforter to have near one! And, see, the desert is blooming beneath his feet, in that the lovely white flowers which grow around them are but those of nettles, and among these nestles a dove of peace.

Only, the comforter's is not the personality working upon the poor girl for the moment. From beneath her tangled hair the prisoner sees the passers-by. And is there pity here? Far from it. All are gaily dressed, probably so-called friends of her prosperous days. Now? Some pass with the almost ludicrous gait of one who "cuts" another—a stiff walk, head in air, averted face. A second goes by like those who passed him of old who fell among thieves, simply not caring. But this fop, who marches hat in hand, and bows mockingly? Even in us he makes the blood boil! How much more in the woman he insults! Ah, poor girl, your heart is too full of hate, of scorn, of shame, of wild grief to heed the heavenly vision that would fain console you. Perhaps before long you will be sobbing out your troubles, and Love and Pity will be healing your wounds; surely yes, for Love and Pity never came in vain.

Thoughts crowded in on one as one gazed at this picture by the girl artist, Miss Fortescue Brickdale, lately on view at Leighton House Let us take one idea, and think about a dull-sounding subject to a girl—the sorrows of the spun-out spinster. Girls, doesn't that word recall the middle-aged, worn, sad, fussy and interfering lady next door? "What an old crab!" "What a poor-spirited, dull thing!" "What a blue-stocking, a gossip, a busy-body, a gad-about!" So speaks superior youth, strong, bright, hopeful, healthy, happy. Girls, does it ever strike you, when people talk with bated breath of specialists and judges, bishops and generals, and sniff at curates, young medicos, briefless barristers and "subs.," that the former were once the latter? On the other hand, these ladies at whom you turn up your little nose have been young, and even as you are, *n'est-ce pas?*

Ah, if you will but turn aside from the castle, from your special castle in the air—brilliant exams., games, cycling, church-work, home, lovers—and look at the figure in the bonds, patient or impatient, as the case may be! Sit down beside her in prosaic modern life—hat instead of wreath, skirt and blouse for crimson robe—yet another angel of love and pity.

The modern spinster is generally either very independent, and outwardly, if not inwardly, bright, or very sentimental and sensitive; she may be cold and sarcastic, or gushing and mawkish to your robust taste.

Don't be "put off," try again, be she rich or poor (as the world understands it): take her some little offering, unless you see it hurts her pride; lend her the latest story, religious work or cookery-book; or, if you are poor and she rich, give her that highest comfort of feeling that she can help an equal and not only the denizens of slums. Pocket your pride and ask her for some jelly for you to give some poor invalid; beg for him the drive you cannot afford. There, you will know best what may touch her. And if you have some girlish trouble that will bear the telling, confide it to her, it may bring confidence in return. She may tell of a dead lover or a false one; she may echo the saddest cry King David ever uttered, "It was no open enemy . . . . it was . . . . mine own familiar friend."

If none of these things happen, child, you will at least have done incalculable good to—yourself, you will have added to the growth of the angel-wings that shall one day bear both you and your poor, much-tried neighbour to a better world than this.

A Welsh Spinster.

SOME CONTINENTAL RECIPES FOR COOKING VEGETABLES.

Linsen (*Lentils.*)

Ingredients.—One pound of lentils, one Spanish onion, two tablespoonfuls of flour, two ounces of butter, an eggcupful of vinegar, brown stock.

Lay the lentils in water over-night. In the morning cook them in salted boiling water until tender. Take a frying-pan, heat the butter and cook the flour and minced onion in it until they are brown, pour over this the vinegar, pepper, salt and a breakfastcupful of stock, and when the sauce has thickened add the lentils and let all cook together for another ten minutes.

If any lentils are left over, a nice dish may be made of them in the following manner.

Mash the lentils with a fork, then make a little plain dripping pastry, roll it out thin, cut it into rounds with a cup. Place in the centre of each round a teaspoonful of the lentil mixture, fold up and stick together, cover with egg and bread-crumbs and fry in boiling fat.

Fagiole e Pomodoro (*Beans and Tomatoes*). An Italian Dish.

Ingredients.—One pound of haricot beans, two tablespoonfuls of flour, two ounces of butter, half a pound of tomatoes, pepper and salt.

Cook the beans in salted boiling water until tender, drain them. Take a frying-pan, heat the butter and cut up the tomatoes, fry these in the butter for ten minutes, add pepper and salt and a cupful of the bean water, thicken with the flour, add the beans to the sauce, let all cook together for about five minutes and serve.

Polenta e Pomodoro (*Maize-meal and Tomato*).

Ingredients.—Indian or maize-meal, salt, water, one Spanish onion, two ounces of butter, half a pound of tomatoes.

Cook the maize in a saucepan of boiling salt water for a quarter of an hour. Turn it on to a dish, and when firm cut into slices. Have ready a sauce made with the butter, fried onion and tomatoes. Place a tablespoonful of the mixture on the slices of meal and serve very hot. This is a delicious and wholesome dish much in vogue in Italy and often superseding the meat course.

Selleriegemuse (*Celery*).

Ingredients.—One head of celery, vinegar, salt, brown stock, one Spanish onion, parsley.

Cut up the celery into small slices, wash it, cook it tender in salt water, to which a little vinegar has been added. Strain it and pour over the brown stock, to which a fried Spanish onion and some finely chopped parsley has been added. Thicken with a little flour, add pepper and salt and serve.

Aubergines Frites.

Ingredients.—Two good-sized aubergines, pepper, salt, oil or fat.

Cut the aubergines into very thin slices, dry them well, season with pepper and salt, dredge with flour and fry in boiling fat. Serve very hot.

Bohnenkerne (*Haricot Beans*).

Ingredients.—Haricot beans, two ounces of butter, parsley, pepper, salt, two tablespoonfuls of flour, brown stock or water with a little meat extract, one eggcupful of vinegar.

Soak the beans over-night in lukewarm water. Cook them in the morning in boiling salted water until tender. Strain the beans and cover them with a sauce made in the following manner. Heat two ounces of butter, fry the flour in the butter until brown, add the vinegar, broth, pepper and salt. Stir until thick, then strew over all some finely chopped parsley. An excellent soup may be made from the bean water with the addition of a little roasted flour and fried onion

Celerie à l'Italiana.

Ingredients.—One head of celery, one egg, breadcrumbs, pepper, salt, boiling fat or oil.

Cut up the celery into equal lengths of about two inches, boil in salted water until tender, strain, dry on a towel, cover the pieces with egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling fat, oil and butter. The Italians serve up this dish with tomato sauce.

Carciofe à l'Italiano (*Artichokes in Italian fashion*).

Ingredients.—Two or three green artichokes, one egg, salt, and oil or fat, flour.

Cook the artichokes in boiling salted water until tender. Remove the leaves and cut the heart into very thin slices, throw these into a batter made of one egg, one tablespoonful of oil, and two ounces of flour, salt and pepper to taste, and fry gently in boiling oil or fat.

Concomoro Fritto (*Fried Cucumber*).

Ingredients.—One good-sized cucumber, pepper, salt, flour and oil.

Slice the cucumber and cut into slices a quarter of an inch in thickness, drain them and dry them in a towel, dredge them with flour and fry brown in boiling oil or fat.

Champignons à la Sauce Blanche.

Ingredients.—One pound of mushrooms, a quarter of a pound of butter, pepper, salt, lemon juice, nutmeg, one cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of flour.

Pare the mushrooms and cut into pieces, throw them into a pan with the melted butter, juice of half a lemon, pepper and salt. Stew gently for twenty-five minutes, add the milk, thicken with the flour, flavour with a little grated nutmeg and serve very hot.

Crêpes aux Fines Herbes. Herb Omelettes.

Ingredients.—Any sort of herbs, two ounces of butter, four eggs, a cupful of flour, pepper, salt and steaming oil or fat.

Chop up the herbs finely and stew in butter until tender. Make a paste with the eggs beaten into the flour, add the herbs to the mixture, make into thin pancakes and fry lightly.

A SONG OF THE SEASIDE.

By G. D. LYNCH.

Off to the sea,
  Off to the sands,
Schoolchildren free,
  Spades in their hands;
Buckets and nets
  For catching shrimps
  Borne by the imps,
Paddlesome pets.

See the waves leap,
  Tumble and roll,
Timidly creep
  In little soul;
But ere you wade,
  Tuck up your dress;
  At their caress
Don't be afraid.

When the waves roar,
  Sing with delight,
Watch the gulls soar,
  Follow their flight.
Sans shoes and socks
  Search every pool,
  Placid and cool,
Formed by the rocks.

When the hot sun
  Hides his red head,
Night has begun,
  Daylight is dead.
Close those bright eyes,
  Worn with the feast,
  Till from the East
Dawn shall arise.



CHARACTER AND CONSCIENCE.

STUDIES IN CHARACTER.

By ALFRED T. SCHOFIELD, M.D. (*Chairman, Parents' National Educational Union*).

PART VI.

We are now near the end of our studies, which we trust have proved of some interest and profit to our readers; and in this and our closing paper will consist the connection of character with conscience and Christianity respectively. It was a somewhat bold proceeding to attempt in the columns of this paper to give a complete series of papers upon one subject—character; and nothing but the supreme importance of our subject could have justified making such a demand upon the attention and perseverance of our readers.

Before now speaking of conscience we would say a word or two about will.

The will is free. There can be no morality without freedom of will, because there can be no responsibility. Our own personal freedom and responsibility must be an assured condition in order to build up personal character.

Free will and Divine foreknowledge cannot clash, though to human logic apparently incompatible, for they are two parallel lines that never meet save in infinity.

The freedom of will, moreover, is always consistent with the Divine foreknowledge of action; and if of Divine, then of any other knowledge as well. Because a certain action can be predicted it does not prove it is not a free action.

To be morally and practically, as well as theoretically, free, one must be able easily to resist all instinctive and unconscious impulses.

We may be free, and yet it may be quite certain what use we shall make of our freedom. There can, of course, be no movement of will without a sufficient exciting cause, but we may know perfectly well in what direction this exciting cause will act.

While, therefore, we are literally and absolutely free in theory, there are laws of character as irresistible as the law of gravitation. And in this lies the importance of character—that while a girl is free to form it, to re-form it, and to transform it as she likes, and has abundant power available to do so, when she has formed it, she freely imposes conditions herself on her own free will.

Though a person may be free to go wrong, in fixed characters it is practically impossible in certain directions. Of course, this remark is equally true with regard to right doing, though in neither case is the force of character absolute.

John Stuart Mill observes*: "A man feels morally free who knows he is master of his habits or temptations. To be completely free we must have succeeded in the effort. Hence, none but one of perfect virtue is completely free"—and yet, as we have seen, such a one is, to a great extent, under the power of virtue instead of vice. When we cease to be slaves of sin, we are described as slaves of God, and yet, at the same time, we are morally free.

Virtue often has a tremendous battle to attain this freedom, or this possession of the *ego*. The Homeric conflict is described in full by St. Paul, whose profound introspection exceeds that of most men (*vide* Rom. vii.). Freedom is certainly linked in that passage, and throughout St. Paul's writings, with virtue. "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free."† And Christ Himself attached

* J. S. Mill: *System of Logic*, Vol. ii., p. 477.
† St. Paul, Gal. v. 1



A BLISSFUL HOUR.

freedom to truth: "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." *

The conscious will should rule, and rule in accordance with the moral sense; but sometimes the instincts of character, and what may be called the unconscious will, prevail over the conscious will; and "the firmest resolve," says Maudsley, "or purpose sometimes vanishes issueless, when it comes to the brink of an act." †

But the will must be strong and resolute, and often, in the desperate conflict with inertia and positive evil, needs all the aid it can get from the higher side of character, and from the enlightened moral sense, energised by the Divine Spirit. Many amiable, good characters in girls are marred for want of will. We see plainly they might be so much better, do so much more good, with more will and purpose than they do.

Effort and overcoming are essential factors in all strong characters, and determined wills are their mainsprings. Professor James ‡ earnestly insists upon our never suffering a single emotion to evaporate without its yielding some practical service. Freedom is not standing still; it is the power to *become;* it is advance.

We are really as capable of moulding our characters *if we will*, by force and exercise of will, as of having them made for us by others unconsciously.

A habit of willing is called a purpose. It is only when our purposes have become independent of pain or pleasure or internal sudden impulses that we are said to have a settled or confirmed character. A whole-hearted purpose to be true to one's best instincts ever leads onward. A great deal of moral power is gained by accustoming our wills to act with decision the moment the right path is clear. This decision, and the habitual discipline of a strong will, are essential to a good character. "In the supremacy of self-control consists one of the perfections of the ideal man. Not to be impulsive—not to be spurred hither and thither by each desire—but to be self-restrained, self-balanced, that it is which moral education strives to produce." §

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control—
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power; that of itself would come unsought;
But to live by rule, acting each rule by law,
And because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence." ‖

At a large girls' college in the States girls deserving of it are put on the roll of the self-governed, and are then permitted to do as they please.

"The bravest trophy ever man obtained
Is that which in himself, himself hath gained." **

We will now consider the relation of will to morality. We have seen that the will must be free in order for moral responsibility to exist. A person to be moral must be capable of being immoral: a free will implies choice between good and evil.

A girl is not so much what she does as what she approves of. Nevertheless, we are responsible for what we do. A responsible being is one, therefore, whose conscious will endorses the actions that may spring from unconscious motives. We are responsible for all actions, however much they may be predetermined by character. Punishment for and suffering for sin is thus really in the interests of humanity, and of the whole race. If fools and sinners did not suffer for folly and sin, the world would soon consist of nothing else.

We see from all this what moral importance attaches to the action of the will. All moral training is essentially a training of the will; moral health implies a vigorous will. The two evils as to will are feebleness or indolence and the corruption of will by self-indulgence. The first moment, therefore, that moral sense is developed, the conflict begins between two springs of action, a higher and a lower; and the first index of moral character is the choice between them.

And here comes the struggle into a girl's life, and it is here that the Christian girl who has the highest ideals before her and a divine Helper within, is aided to choose aright regardless of lower motives.

When the choice is made, the voice of conscience begins to be heard condemning or approving our decision.

What, then, is conscience? It is a moral sense that judges or acquits us according to the standard that rules it.

The Bible throughout declares that all have an inward power to discern moral truths.

"Even of your own selves judge ye not what is right." The "light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world" includes the conscience, though it may mean more.

There is a moral sense, a sense of duty, in all men. It is even to be seen in Tennyson's "Northern Farmer," who is represented as dead to any higher thoughts, for even he silenced its reproaches by reminding it that he had "stubb'd Tharnaby waiste."

This moral sense is one of the three abstract senses with which God has equipped us. We have five special senses by which all information of a material nature reaches our brains, and we have three abstract senses by which impressions reach the soul.

The *logical sense* or reason connected with the intellect is one, the *æsthetic sense* or sense of beauty connected with our emotions is another, and the conscience or the *moral sense* is the third.

All these three abstract senses can be educated and trained as every other sense can, or they can be neglected, abused or degraded.

A fine school of painting raises the æsthetic sense and makes a great painter, as bad teaching degrades it. So with schools of morals. Conscience can be made more sensitive and delicate and true, or deadened and warped.

If conscience were in the fullest sense the direct voice of God, this were impossible; though the voice might be stifled, it could not then be made to speak falsely. But conscience is like a sun-dial, which only tells the right time in the sunlight, but can be made to tell any time with a candle.

These three senses are alike in another respect—in that their origin is at present entirely inscrutable. Why should one thing be beautiful to one and not to another? The æsthetic sense is the most arbitrary of the three; and while colour in flowers is of great value in the insect world and amongst birds, we can scarcely think that any but man truly possesses the sense of beauty.

The simplest, most scientific, and, we believe, the truest account of the three, and especially of the moral sense, is that they are given by God as special endowments of man as distinguished from the rest of creation. There can be little doubt that it is largely in the possession of these three abstract senses that man is made in the likeness of God.

Conscience is a power that is felt from the earliest age.

Mrs. F. Hodgson Burnett * in her autobiography tells us of the awful effect of conscience (in very early years and under no special training) when she bought a gingerbread for a halfpenny on credit, unknown to her mother. She spent agonies and sleepless nights in consequence, and yet her mother was most kind, gentle and easy-going, and she knew she would not be punished.

The natural conscience at different ages varies immensely, being generally most acute in childhood and gradually deadening in old age. That of children, as we have just seen, is very strong in its sense of sin, and is also severe in its penalties. This has been proved by Professor Earl Barnes from the result of questions put to some twenty thousand school-children in England and America. One

* St. John viii. 32.
† Maudsley: *Physiology of Mind*, p. 417.
‡ Prof. James: *Principles of Physiology*, Vol I., p. 125.
§ Herbert Spencer: *Social Statics*, p. 185.
‖ Lord Tennyson: *Œnone.*
** Earl of Stirling.

* F. H. Burnett: *The One I Knew Best of All.*

question was, "If a mother gave her child some paints and then left the room, and the little child painted all the chairs blue, what should the mother do to her when she returned?" The answers given showed that the younger the school-children, the heavier the penalties they wished inflicted. In the lowest standards nothing less than corporal punishment satisfies the offended conscience. As the children rose in the school, so was the penalty modified, until in the highest standard punishment disappeared, and the answer to the question was merely that the child should be remonstrated with and shown its error.

The extreme severity of the younger children's sentence may be partly due to the innate cruelty in childhood, as well as to an exaggerated idea of the young artist's sin.

There is a difference in the sexes as to conscience. Its range is greater in the woman than the man, though more easily disregarded.

With a woman the rightness of the end is often more prominent than the justice of the means. To attain a truly desirable and legitimate end a woman may use means that might possibly offend the conscience of a man; but, on the other hand, a man may be less pure in his aims, and more selfish and yet more scrupulous about the means used.

The conscience of a child is most easily affected; indeed a child seems to crave for artificial standards. These may be supplied by mere suggestion or by artificial parental rules (necessary perhaps) or by the customs and practices of the nursery. Suffice it to say that the moral sense is so vigorous in the child that it almost seems to crave occasions to exercise its activity. One of the most important points to observe in the education of children is to avoid setting up or suggesting artificial standards of right and wrong. An artificial conscience thus created in a child and obeyed for a few years may be a great bar to its happiness in after life.

The standards of right and wrong in minor matters by which our conscience is regulated is continually changing. A girl may do a thing with a good conscience one year, and with a bad one the next.

For instance, in this closing year of the nineteenth century pleasure generally is considered less sinful than formerly, while excess at table decidedly more so.

With regard to conscience there is in many girls a great love of submitting it to the moral standards of others. It is so much easier to adopt a ready-made standard than to make one or discern one for oneself.

In a general way, of course, the standards of the social circles in which we move must be accepted and conformed to; and no one is justified, unless these flagrantly contravene the natural laws of morality, in setting up a counter standard of her own.

A conscience may be morbid, that is, what we do may not be wrong, but we may feel it is. On the other hand, a course of action may be wrong and we may not know it, and look back on our past conduct with added light. We may not approve the act, but we feel no remorse, because we recognise that at the time our motive and acts were in accordance to the standard we then had.

Two good maxims help us here: "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that which he alloweth."

"To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

The best conscience in the world soon becomes valueless, and silent, and useless, unless there be a will proceeding from a formed character to carry out its decrees.

It is this that is the main difficulty, and herein consists the power of a virtuous character, formed in early life, and herein is seen the enormous value, as we have said, of the inward energy of God's Spirit in fortifying our will in a right direction.

Character seems to be the bank in the unconscious mind on which conscience draws. If the deposit be small in the bank of character, it soon becomes exhausted, and the cheques of conscience are dishonoured.

The right use of each of our senses has its good effect on character, but the right use of the moral sense far transcends all the others put together.

Conscience, we see, does not make a girl virtuous unless she follows it. Peace of heart or conscience, moreover, never is attained by making it an object, but by obeying its voice. "A good man," says the "wise man," "shall be satisfied in himself."

The records of conscience too are lasting, whether for or against us. Every good act builds up and strengthens the character by the approving verdict of conscience; and every idle word weakens it by its condemnation.

The end and sanction indeed of conscience is the perfecting of self and others in the order of a perfect life.

"They who will do His will shall know of the doctrine." The moral order is not made, but gradually revealed and discovered. The horizon of duty recedes as we advance, and ever leads us onwards and upwards.

The effects of acting conscientiously may, however, involve much sacrifice. The conduct of many affairs may have to be altered, and perhaps some callings abandoned altogether; though we believe where the conscience is healthy and not morbid this will be rare.

Conscience shuts us up to one life if we would know inward peace, and that life is obedience to its voice, and if it be a conscience whose standard is the highest and Divine, its voice will then be the voice of God within; and the life will be eternal, and the peace enjoyed, that of God "which passes all understanding."

May each reader know and enjoy it.

LINES.

By the Rev. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.

The Heart Makes the Best Poetry.

"Say, will my words survive?" the Poet said
To the clear angel shining by his bed.

"Some of thy words—and thou hast leave to look—
Are written here within the Living Book."

The Poet read the words—three words of pity
Said to a small dog limping through the city.

Wait not for Wheaten Bread when Christ would Bless.

Thy homely gifts to Jesus take—
Thy little fish and barley bread:
He will not scorn to bless and break,
And thousands haply shall be fed.

All the World is Sorrow's Kin.

Is Lady Sorrow hard to please?
Ah, be you patient, glad to learn,
Soon she will trust you with her keys—
There is no heart but they will turn.

THE FERNLEY GIRLS' GUILD.

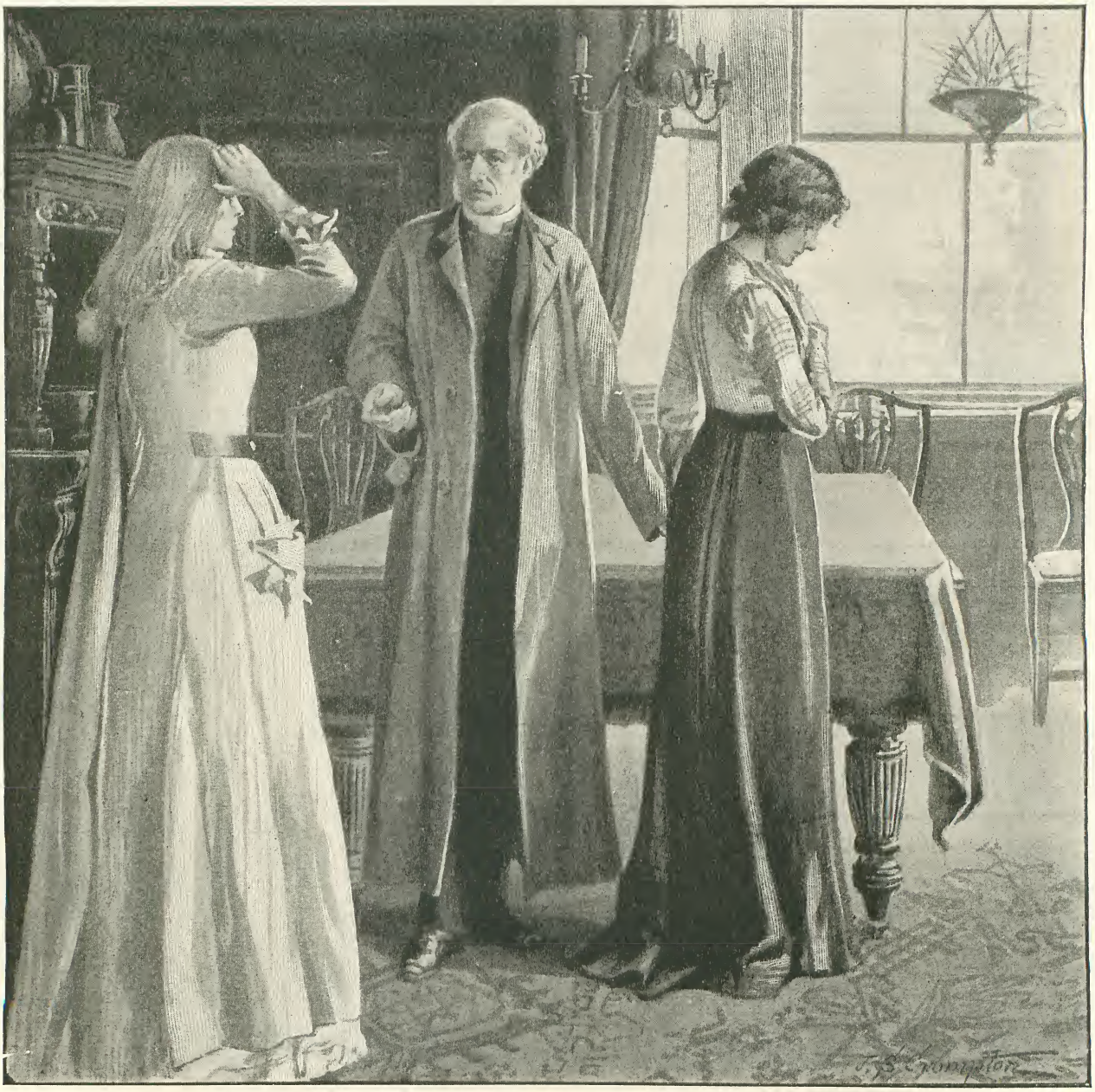
By SARAH TYTLER.

CHAPTER XIII.

BLOW UPON BLOW.

The Vicar was a frequent visitor at the Bungalow. He and Major Singleton had a cordial regard for each other. Mrs. Singleton was one of the sick who were very dependent upon their clergyman's ministrations, and if Mr. Field had come often when his friend, the head of the house, was at home, he did not fail in his kindly attentions when the house was without its head. Therefore there was no reason, except for what was written on the clergyman's face, for a call from him on a rainy October morning to strike Sophy with a very agony of apprehension; yet she always believed that she knew what he had come to tell her before the idle words "What a bad day for you to be out in, Mr. Field! Your mackintosh has not protected you; I am sure you are wet—let me——" had died on her lips, and he had begun very quickly to say, "My dear child, my wife and daughters have often told me how sensible and dutiful you were, and I have not needed them to tell me how your dear father has trusted you——" when a sudden interruption came to the conversation.

A loud hurried step was heard coming down the stairs. Somehow Sophy knew it was not the step of any of the servants, and she was aware that Alice and Bea were both with their governess in the school-room, from which Sophy had just come into the dining-room, where



."'YOU HAVE COME TO TELL ME MY HUSBAND IS GONE AND I AM DESOLATE.'"

the Vicar, by his own request, had been shown. It was the last step that he and Sophy would have wished to hear. Mrs. Singleton hardly ever came down to dinner in the evening—an invalid's dinner-tray was taken to her room in the middle of the day. She had not been in the dining-room in the morning for years, yet the rapid, irregular step was hers. It was she who fluttered into the room in her white dressing-gown like a ghost at which people stared aghast, only no ghost had ever such blazing eyes, such burning spots on wasted cheeks.

"You have come to tell me my husband is gone and I am desolate. Do not deny it," she assailed the Vicar.

"My dear Mrs. Singleton, I do not deny it!" he said sorrowfully, clasping her hands. "Alas! for us—but we know also that He who has taken John Singleton to a better world bids us call Him 'the husband of the widow and the father of the fatherless.'"

She had only heard his first words. She would have fallen insensible to the ground if he had not caught her in his arms. When she was restored to consciousness, taken back to her room and laid on her bed, too spent to do more than suffer in silence, the Vicar spoke apart to Sophy.

"You see how much depends on you, Sophy. You will not fail your mother and sisters?"

"No," gasped Sophy. She had the same experience as a strong man in his sorrow, of which he has left a record. "I looked like a stone and I felt like a stone." Her eyes were dry and she stood erect and steady, though her father was dead—dead. He would not return. She would never more feel his touch, or hear his voice, or know that she was safe, everybody was safe, all was right, because he was there to take care of wife and child and household.

Mr. Field told her that her father had died of fever in hospital—that was all which was known as yet. But at least he must have been cared for, with friendly faces and friendly hands around him giving him all the help they could; that was a comfort, as she would feel when she thought of it later. It was not like death in the awful rush and struggle of a battlefield, or, it might be, left behind, alone, in pain and thirst and faintness.

He had ascertained from a stranger's letter, in which there was a casual mention of the incident, that such had been the Vicar's former pupil young Blake's fate. He had not been seen to fall and had been recorded as "missing" till his body was found twenty-four hours afterwards. The letter had happened to pass into the hands of a gentleman who knew the relations between Blake and the Fields and forwarded it to the Vicar.

"He was such a friendly young fellow, he would not have left his horse or his dog alone in its extremity; but Katie shall never know, no, nor her mother—her heart is too tender. I have only told it to you, child, to show how much less hard it was, doubtless, with your father. But remember, I would like you to understand, too, that the poor boy Hal was not all alone. No, no, we know he was not alone, for the Father was with him, and before that Presence, human company, even the dearest and the best, counts as nothing."

Sophy listened as to a blurred mist of words heard mechanically from a great distance, and when she answered, her own voice sounded in her ears weak and strange.

"Poor Hal Blake! Poor Katie! Father never said in his last letters that he was ill—we did not know——"

"No, he was the last man to complain or to make you anxious by any hint of illness. The particulars will reach you in time—probably messages and directions from him if he was conscious. In the meanwhile we will do all we can; you may command your friends here. I am so sorry Mrs. Field and the girls are still at the seaside—they will be grieved indeed, and will wish to hurry home. In addition to notifying to the newspapers, tell me if there are any other letters Parker or I can write for you, to your father's solicitor—I think I have heard him mention his name, but it has slipped my memory—to the War Office—there is what is due of his pay, your mother's pension and the allowances for you children. It may sound unfeeling to speak of such things now, but the claims must be made out and forwarded to the proper quarter. Did your father say anything to you of what you were to do in case——"

The truth was that though the Vicar was well accustomed to inquire into such details and to take similar melancholy obligations upon himself, the death of his friend, and the sight of young Sophy as that friend's representative, put him out and flurried him. He felt as if he did not know where to turn with no man in the family.

Sophy told what she knew, giving him the name of Major Singleton's cousin, the barrister, to Mr. Field's relief.

"I did not think—I did not expect——" she began, and stopped, biting her lips.

"No, my dear, none of us expected—at least, we hoped for the best; but I may tell you that your father said to me the night before he left, 'Field, I hardly expect to return, but I am doing my duty as far as I can see it, and we are all in God's hands.'"

When the Vicar was gone, Sophy sat down for a moment, clasping her hands and seeking to realise to herself—with her head swimming and a reeling world around her—him who was indeed gone—the altered circumstances. The next instant she started up—what was she doing? Who was with her mother? Who was to break the blow to Alice and Bea—not so much her mother and sisters as his wife and children whom he had entrusted to her care?

She found Mrs. Singleton sunk from utter exhaustion into a piteous doze, with the servant accustomed to wait upon her within call. And when Sophy stumbled into the school-room, prepared to fling her arms round Alice's neck and to call Bea to their side, and thus clinging together, to sob out in the old childish terms, as if she were a child again, in broken sentences which she could not piece together, "Alice, Bea, papa in Heaven—only mamma now," she was anticipated by the clamour of Bea's loud sobs and Alice's scarcely more restrained weeping, and was aware that the Vicar had been before her, enlightening the school-room.

Sophy did not lack condolers to sit and mourn with her. It seemed to her that there was a crowd of them, and that they would not leave her to grieve in peace; but they meant well and they acted out of respect for him, so that she could possess her soul in patience and be grateful. Some of them were less distasteful than others. There was Mrs. Somerville, who, though like cook she forced meat jelly upon her, and though she abetted Bea's governess in carrying away the little girl and Alice till they could compose themselves and not hang upon Sophy, yet spared and quieted her by the firm hand with which she put her to bed, darkened the room and bade her think no more of what was to be done for her mother, since she, Mrs. Somerville, was to stay with Mrs. Singleton for the night.

Maggie stole in unprohibited by her mother, lay down on the bed beside Sophy, clasped her in her tender young

arms, crying softly, till Sophy cried too, the first opening of that flood-gate of tears which was to relax the tenseness of the over-wrought brain.

"He was in hospital," whispered Maggie; "perhaps it was Sandy's hospital, and Sandy would see to him—that is if Sandy, too, is not gone."

Maggie could not keep back the words, gulping down a sob on her own account, while she yielded to the dismal conclusion besetting her that Fernley's whole martial contribution to the war had been swept away.

The Torrens girls, who had been from home when the news of Hal Blake's death reached Fernley, resisted their aunts' injunction that they should let a decorous time pass before they intruded on the Singletons. No, they said, they must go to Sophy, for in the same circumstances Sophy would have come to them.

The elder Miss Torrens did not see the necessity unless, indeed, it was to relieve Sophy from ordering the family mourning. If that were the purpose of their nieces' early visit, then one of the aunts would exert herself to accompany the young people, for it was an important question. Sophy Singleton could have no knowledge of what to provide, and if her poor mother was too ill to be appealed to, the girl might make great blunders.

"We will tell her what you say—that you will undertake to write to the proper shops and to appoint a dressmaker to come over, Aunt Eliza, so that you need not call yet, when it looks like rain and you have a little cold—you said so at breakfast."

Gladys and Lilian succeeded in evading the discussion on mourning which they had a feeling would be antipathetical to Sophy, though what else they were to say or do on their own account, they had not a notion. All their college learning, though it had included some divinity and a good deal of ecclesiastical history, did not furnish an idea. Gladys was fain to fall back on the message about the mourning, to which Sophy gave an absent-minded assent. The subject did not bulk to the same extent in her mind, and she was largely occupied with the expected arrival of her father's cousin, who was to set his kinsman's house in order.

Gladys and Lilian were abashed by their incapacity to say a word which could speak to Sophy's heart.

"We were worse than the eldest of the servants who was in the drawing-room when we went in. She had gone to do some dusting, I suppose, for she had a duster and a feather broom in her hand. She must have thought Sophy was moping all alone, for she had gone up to her before she saw us, and I heard her say, 'It is mortal hard, Miss Sophy, but it is God's will. You, as knows better, must not grudge the master to God.'"

Gladys told Sophy some time afterwards that she and Lilian presently agreed to spend that half-hour, which the Guild girls had promised to bestow on a special study, in reading up books which dealt with spiritual subjects—the testimony of men to the divinity of Christianity. They had begun with Thomas à Kempis and had gone on to Blaise Pascal's *Pensées*, George Fox's diary, Romanes's *Religious Thoughts*. They were tempted to laugh at the extreme catholicity of their selection, while they were reverent, honest and humble in acknowledging that these were indeed divine philosophies, not of man's wisdom alone, like the other philosophies with which the girls had a bowing acquaintance, but were touched with the wisdom of God, which drew men and women nearer to God, treating, as they did, not only of the past and present but of the time to come—nay, when time should be no more, soaring into eternity.

There was another rule of the Guild which the younger Torrenses recalled and acted upon for Sophy's benefit, without ever mentioning the circumstance to her. When their aunts received *carte blanche* to order the Singletons' mourning, and the ladies were proceeding to carry out their views on the same rich and costly scale as that on which they conducted their own toilets, the one niece appealed in an undertone to the other, "Don't you remember what Sophy said on dress that day? She would dislike more than ever to be inconsistent on this occasion."

Then both sisters interposed.

"I am afraid poor Major Singleton cannot have left much money or made great provision for his wife and daughters," suggested Gladys.

"Mrs. Singleton must have something to wear for all that," retorted Miss Eliza, continuing to pile up on her notepaper orders for yards of silk and crape.

"She hardly ever crosses the threshold—she is less likely now than ever to do so," remonstrated Lilian.

"You don't mean to say that she is not to have a bonnet and a mantle on the chance of her not using them?" the elder Miss Torrens exclaimed so incredulously that she resumed her jottings the instant she stopped speaking.

"Yes, but might they not be—since they may never be worn—as plain and inexpensive as possible?" chimed in Gladys.

"What! A woman of her age, the widow of an officer of Major Singleton's rank!" Miss Eliza protested indignantly, holding her pen still hovering over the paper.

"I don't think she will care, and I am sure Sophy would like another plan much better," urged Lilian. "I don't believe Sophy will want both a fine woollen and a silk frock, as well as a commoner frock, and if she does not want three frocks, still less will Alice and Bea want them."

"And the maids," Lilian proposed another amendment. "Of course the governess is a lady, and must have as good mourning as Sophy and Alice, but the maids, I think a merino given to each, with black ribbons and gloves might suffice for them."

"Upon my word," cried Miss Eliza, throwing down her pen, "I always knew you college girls would undertake to govern a universe, but I thought that Matilda and I might be trusted to know the common usages of society, as we happen to have been familiar with them before either of you were born. Pray, to whom did Sophy Singleton give the charge of getting mourning for herself and the family—was it to you or to me?"

"Oh, to you, of course, Aunt Eliza, but there is that lawyer cousin coming to arrange Major Singleton's affairs—to look into the current accounts and control the expenses. If you could write to the shops and get an estimate of the kind of mourning you propose to order, and let Sophy decide before showing it to him, it might be easier for her."

Miss Eliza was not devoid of sense, though she had always accustomed herself to a liberal expenditure on dress as to what was required of a gentlewoman, no limit in her purse having ever stinted her. She was brought to comprehend that the case of the Singletons might be different, even though Mrs. Singleton was approaching middle-age, and was the widow of an officer of the rank of the late Major Singleton, and though Sophy, as the eldest daughter and her mother's representative, might now be considered grown up—a privilege which she had been accused, not without reason, of usurping for the last year and a half. A rough outline of the expense of what, in Miss Eliza's opinion, was the proper wear for a family in her circle that had lost its head, was procured,

and when, on its being submitted to Sophy, she hastily stroked out a full third of its items, the presiding genius on the occasion, though she was mortified, was not offended.

"I daresay it is that lawyer man at Sophy's back," Miss Eliza declared contemptuously. "What should men know about women's dress? At least they were in blissful ignorance in my day; but the world is so changed that they may now go about appraising and buying their mother's and wives', sisters' and daughters' gowns, telling the women what is suitable and becoming, like so many men milliners. One hears so much about the superiority of men's taste in this generation; in mine men would have scorned to have a taste about the cut of a sleeve and the colour of a ribbon. Sophy has had her own way too much, but I should not wonder though she will not be able to turn her foot now without the consent of this lawyer man, who seems to have been appointed the Singletons' guardian."

It appeared as if Maggie Somerville was to prove a true prophet, and that the hecatomb of Fernley victims to the war in South Africa was to be completed by the addition of her brother Sandy.

First there came a letter from him with all the smallest details which love could crave of Major Singleton's illness and death. They were noted with the most reverent and faithful care, since, though he had not been in Sandy's hospital, the young man had received information of the hospital, at no great distance, in which Sophy's father was lying and had obtained leave to change places with another young doctor, so that Sandy might be with his friend.

Then there came another letter from a senior doctor, to the effect that Sandy himself was struck down, and was in the clutches of one of the worst types of the malarial fever. But he was young and strong, with the strength of a sound undamaged constitution, and, if ever patient had a chance of pulling through, he had. This alarming but cautiously hopeful letter was read in the doctor's house at Fernley, and father, mother and sister, looked with a wistful question in each other's faces.

"I have no very serious cases on my books, none that it would be unfair in me to leave, none that could not be trusted to the other man," he said hesitatingly.

"Go, go, my dear," was all his wife could answer to the doubtful suggestion.

"But can you spare me too?" The gruff man spoke quietly, as he still faltered in his swift resolution. "It will take every penny we have scraped together against a rainy day. You and Meg may be left alone with the bairns to face the world. I am not so young as I have been, though I still feel as strong as a horse, and it may well be too late. I don't know that I ought to risk it," he finished with a groan.

"Go, go," came in a dry sob from the usually brave, bright woman. "Never think of Maggie and me and the rest—we will do somehow. The boy is worth it all. You have made these fevers your special study, and we know what ability you have. You have grudged its being undervalued and wasted, but you will not think so if it saves Sandy. You would never forgive yourself if you did not spend all you have on the lad."

"Father, how mother and I envy you—to be going to Sandy!" cried Maggie. "We will miss you; oh, how we will miss you both, but we would not deprive you and Sandy of the gain. We will pray our hearts out that you may come safely back to us."

So Dr. Somerville went to cross the sea, to traverse a desolate continent, to penetrate a war-convulsed territory, to plunge into the fever vortex; another example of the old deathless loyalty "Another for Eachin?" "Death for Eachin." And the winter descended on bereaved Fernley, dark and dreary.

"Sandy, too!" was Sophy's brief acquiescent murmur, for sorrow had robbed her for the present of all spirit of resistance. It seemed only natural, almost right that Sandy should follow his companions in the expedition from Fernley. It was awfully selfish, but it was also intensely human that she should seem to recognise a certain justice in Maggie and the Somerville family being involved in their turn in the common calamity. Yet poor Maggie, who loved her brother so, and poor Sandy! She would have missed him a little, if life had been as it used to be, and she had gone on her old course, but all was changed and she would never do as she had done formerly. She wondered idly what had become of the cravat which he had promised to bring back, about which he had made such a foolish jesting fuss. It must have shared the fate of Hal Blake's cravat and cap, and the cigar cases, and *porte-monnaies*, in the bestowal of which the girls had been so exercised. How silly and ignorant they had been in those days, how incapable of imagining what lay before them!

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

MISS SCOTT, 4, Ridgway Gardens, Wimbledon, calls our attention to her "Odd Minute Coterie." Members work or knit fifteen minutes daily, or an hour and a half a week, at some useful article of clothing. The work is sent to needy children and the fines go in the same direction. Anyone who is interested may obtain full information from Miss Scott. There is no subscription to pay.

KATHLEEN.—"The Song of the Ages" is correctly composed as to metre. "Morn" and "dawn" are not considered to rhyme, and you cause a wrong accent to be placed on "decade." The verses are better than most of those we receive for criticism. There is a similarity between the thought and that expressed in the Christmas hymn by E. H. Sears—

> "It came upon the midnight clear
> That glorious song of old."

But originality is difficult to attain in this class of composition.

AGNES.—March 12th, 1885, was a Thursday. Your first question is so interesting as to deserve a special answer, which no doubt you have read.

E. L. H.—"The larger hope" is an expression from Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, Canto lv.—

> "I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
> And gather dust and chaff, and call
> To what I feel is Lord of all,
> And faintly trust the larger hope."

Eternal Hope is the title of a volume of sermons by Dean Farrar, published by Macmillan. Perhaps this is what you have in mind.

HILARY MUMFORD.—Your question, depending on Euclid, Book I., "How to draw an equilateral triangle having given any point in each side?" has been successfully solved; but, unfortunately, the answer is too long and intricate and of so little general interest that we cannot print it in this column. You may obtain it on application to Miss Phyllis Green, Aldhurst, Leigham Court Road West, Streatham, S.W.

MRS. REAKS.—"Lily Watson" is Mrs. Watson. Her maiden name was Lily Green, so she is not the "Lily" whom you speak of as having known in childhood. We are sorry that we cannot print her address here, but any letters sent for her to the office of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will be duly forwarded.



GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

DOMINO (*Hospital Training*).—We are not aware that one of the infirmaries you name is better as a training-school than the other. Both are in the first rank. The difficulty is that both are beset with applicants. In your own neighbourhood there is the Brownlow Hill Infirmary, which is also one of the best. Or you might apply to the Crumpsall Infirmary, Manchester. The general limits of age for probationers at these infirmaries are between 23 and 35. If we can advise you any further, please let us know. We are glad to hear that you read the "G. O. P." with so much interest.

HOPEFUL (*Governess-ship in France*).—Situations of this kind are not at all easy to get, partly because there are not so many teachers' registries in France as in this country. We advise you to apply to the Foreign Registry of the Girls' Friendly Society, 8, Holbein Place, London, S.W. To arrange matters so that you should be near your friend, and that both she and you should be employed by families on the sea-coast, would, we fear, be quite impossible. There are many good schools of painting in Paris, the Ecole des Beaux Arts being one of the best.

MISSION ZEAL (*Training for Missionary Work Abroad*).—You had better make known your wish to the secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, Women's Missionary Association, 19, Delahay Street, Westminster, as it is in connection with that society that you would prefer to go abroad. Women who think of becoming missionaries should be between 25 and 35 years of age. The missionaries work in India, China, Burma, Japan, South Africa, and elsewhere. It is preferred that intending women missionaries should possess some knowledge of nursing.

STUDENT (*London School Board Clerkships*).—You should apply for particulars respecting the above clerkships to the Clerk to the Board, London School Board Offices, Victoria Embankment, London.

V. A. H. (*Training in Hospital Nursing*).—For the efficiency of hospital nursing it is no doubt rightly decided that girls cannot begin their training until they are well advanced in the twenties, but for girls themselves who wish to become nurses we regret the necessity they are under of waiting during several years of youthful vigour which they hardly know how to employ advantageously. You are wise in thinking of entering a children's hospital as soon as you are old enough for admission. This, in the case of several of the largest institutions (such as the Great Ormond Street and the Evelina Children's Hospitals) would not be before the age of twenty-one, and the competition among candidates is at all times immense. When you are twenty, however, you might try to get into the East London Hospital for Children, Glamis Road, Shadwell. Here, if admitted, you would receive a small salary from the first with uniform and laundry. But the disproportion of vacancies to applicants yearly is so large as to be disheartening to would-be probationers. We think it might be wiser for you to try a good children's hospital in the provinces, and we might suggest for this purpose the Jenny Lind Infirmary for sick children at Norwich. Here, however, a premium of £5 must be paid, and no salary is given during the two years of training. Laundry expenses are defrayed, and uniform is partially provided. To become a thoroughly qualified hospital nurse you would still need to be trained at a large general hospital, but the work in a children's institution would form a useful preparation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRANCES.—A postage stamp affixed upside down was, according to an old rhyme, supposed to be "an insult to the Crown."

NEW IRISH READER.—I think your silver penny-piece, dated 1772, George III., is worth about 2s. 6d. Take it to Lincoln's, 69, New Oxford Street, London, or Spink's, 18, Piccadilly, London, W.

A MOTHER OF BABIES.—The Sohxlet method of feeding is not known in England. Your English seems to me quite correct, and there was no need for an apology. We are so glad that all that long way off in Galicia you read and like our paper. In England we consider the best artificial food for children during the first six months of their existence is humanised milk. Some doctors order milk with barley water. About yourself, you had better take cocoa made with milk at least three times a day, and rub locally with castor oil.

WELSH SPINSTER.—The word "coddle" in the original sense means to render effeminate. The word "cuddle" is clearly a corruption of *couth-le*. We have examples of "couth" in Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary*, and we have numerous instances of the opposite un-couth, unfamiliar. Ban, or banns, means a proclamation. The Low Latin *bannum*, and the Old French *ban*, are both derived from the Old High German *bannan*, to summon. Banish, bandit, abandon, all come from the same root. Rustic, belonging to the country, comes from the Latin *rusticus—rus*, country; whereas, *rust* has to do with the Anglo-Saxon *reád*, red, and means a reddish-brown coating on iron.

MUSICALE.—Covered piano wires can be got from Whiteley's, or from the Army and Navy Stores.

F. E. T.—This is a good recipe for a plain cake. *Ingredients*.—One pound of flour, four ounces of dripping, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, half a saltspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of ground allspice, a quarter of a pound of currants, half a pint of milk (or use eggs instead), a quarter of a pound of sugar. Put the flour into a pan or large basin. Mix in the baking-powder and salt; rub in the dripping until there are no lumps left; put the currants into a cloth, and rub them clean; add the currants, allspice and brown sugar. Mix all together with a wooden spoon; pour in the milk or eggs. Grease a quartern tin inside with dripping; pour the mixture into the tin; put into the oven (the heat should rise to 240°) and bake for one hour. Turn the cake out of the tin and stand on its side to cool. Practise writing on any subject; try and write a little every day, and describe things you have seen or read about. For instance, take your morning walk, and write in as easy a style as you can a description of everyone you met, and all you have seen. This will be excellent practice for essay writing. Read all the good essays you can get hold of, such as Lord Macaulay's, Emerson's, etc. There are no rules for essay-writing. An essay is a description of anything—a person, a book, a place—written in a flowing and easy style.

ONE IN EARNEST.—In order to answer your question, "In what way does the Roman Catholic Bible differ from ours?" we must give you some facts from history. Towards the end of the fourth century, so many errors had crept into the old Latin Version of the Bible that the Latin-speaking churches were in danger of losing the pure Scriptures of the Apostolic days. St. Jerome undertook the work of revision, and, by comparison with Greek and Hebrew manuscripts, produced the celebrated version known as the Latin Vulgate. It was badly received at the time; but a thousand years later the Council of Trent decreed that it should be considered correct, and to this day, notwithstanding all the progress which has been made in textual research, the Church of Rome has refused to advance any further. The Rhemish and Douay Testaments are translations direct from the Vulgate. The Latin Vulgate was also the source of our English versions down to the time of Tyndale. He was the first English translator to go back to the old manuscripts. The contents of the lost original manuscripts survive in the existing manuscripts, versions, and writings of the Fathers, and these three sources were all used for the first time in our recent English Revised Version. To put our answer to your question into a few words, the Roman Catholic Bible is known as the Vulgate, and is a Latin translation made by St. Jerome in the fourth century, while our English Revised Version was a translation made in 1611.

A NEW READER.—The value of your George III. half-crown, dated 1819, is given at 3s. 6d. to 6s.

FLORRIE.—In the time of Pope Pius IV., the Roman Catholic Church added twelve new articles to her creed. But the latest article of faith was added to the Roman Catholic Church in 1870. So if we Protestants are given "Luther" as the date of our birth as a Church by Rome, we need not go far to find the birthday of the Church of Rome into the separate body she is to-day.

C. W.—To indent means to notch, to cut into points like teeth. It is a law term. In making duplicates of deeds, it was usual to cut or indent the edges exactly alike so that they would tally with each other upon comparison. The deeds with edges so cut were called indentures, and the verb "to indent" came also to mean, to execute a deed or make a compact. It is also used as a term in heraldry. Latin, *in*, in, into; and *dent*, stem of *dens*, a tooth.

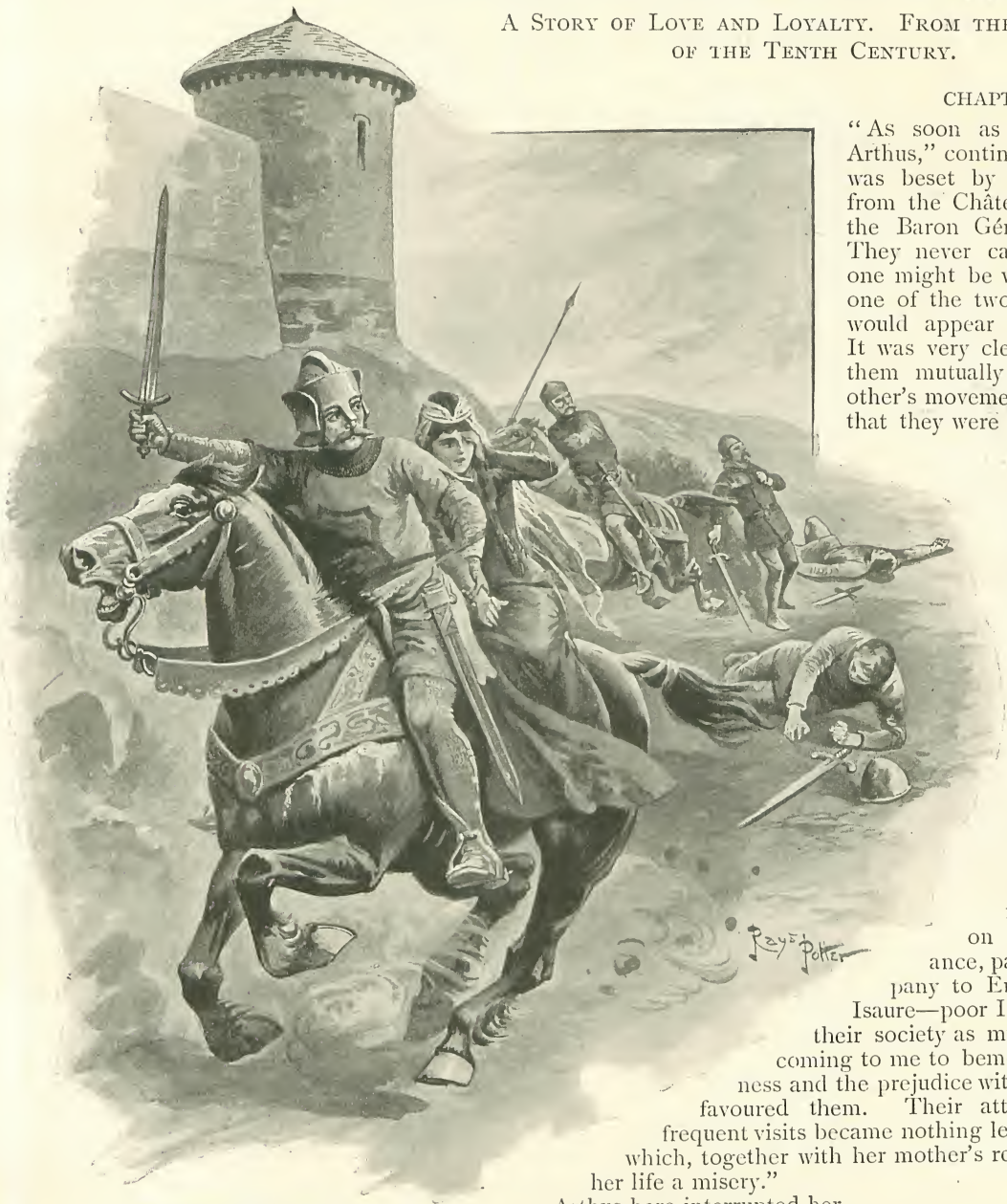
R. E. L.—There is no harm in having one or two plants growing in the bed-room where you sleep. Plants in a sitting-room are beneficial to health.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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THE FAIR CAPTIVES OF CASTLE VUFFLENS.

A STORY OF LOVE AND LOYALTY. FROM THE RECORDS OF THE TENTH CENTURY.



"PLACING HER BEHIND HIM, HE GALLOPED AWAY."

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CHAPTER XVIII.

"As soon as thou wert gone, Arthus," continued Elise, "Isaure was beset by too frequent visits from the Châtelain des Clées and the Baron Gérard de Montagny. They never came together; but one might be very sure that when one of the two arrived, the other would appear shortly afterwards. It was very clear that spies kept them mutually informed of each other's movements, unless it were that they were influenced by that instinct of jealousy so apparent in every action. Isaure treated them with equal indifference. Her mother authorised the courtship, leaving Isaure free, however, in the matter of choice. But her heart was disposed neither to Humbert nor Gérard, and as the slightest preference inflamed their jealousy, they lived, in spite of a reciprocal hatred, on terms of forbearance, paying court in company to Ermance rather than Isaure—poor Isaure escaping from their society as much as possible, by coming to me to bemoan their intrusiveness and the prejudice with which her mother favoured them. Their attentions and their frequent visits became nothing less than persecution, which, together with her mother's remonstrances, made her life a misery."

Arthus here interrupted her.

"And Gizèle? You have not mentioned her. Did not her

affectionate heart sympathise with these sorrows of her sister? Did the Baron Thiéry visit the Castle Vufflens again?"

"Very often," Elise replied. "And Heaven be praised for it! In your absence, Arthus, he has been our sole protector. Without him, verily we should all have perished. You would have returned to find Vufflens a heap of ruins. Ermance, her daughters, thy mother, would have been no longer alive."

"I owe my life to him also then," cried Arthus impulsively. "Brave, noble man! Shall I ever be able to requite him? Ah, even if I ceded to him my rights over Gizèle's heart, how much still should I not owe him in recognition of having saved my mother!" He sighed deeply and prayed her continue.

"It was then," proceeded Elise, "that Alibert led hither thy friend, the Chevalier Adelstan. Isaure was glad to talk of Arthus with someone who had so recently seen, and who never ceased to praise, him. Ah, how proud I felt of my son when our guest told me of the glory he had acquired, and how he owed his own life to him."

"My mother," interrupted Arthus once more, with a movement of impatience, "you are speaking still of this stranger and of me. I burn to know——"

"Hélas, my son, I will shorten my recital by telling thee at once of the fatal moment which deprived me of my Isaure. Every two or three days we were almost sure to see one or other tormentor, sometimes both together, galloping towards Vufflens, followed by equerries and page-boys. Isaure would quickly escape by the path from the terrace to seek refuge here. Happily for her, these haughty, high-born nobles deemed Raymond's widow too much beneath them to visit her. They had often enough blamed Isaure for her friendship for me. It was, they told her, the only thing with which they could reproach her. Forced sometimes to depart without having seen her, they gave vent to menacing gestures, and, as they passed under my windows, I could hear their imprecations against me and my dwelling, and their desire to annihilate it. In my arms would Isaure renew her vow of never being induced to marry anyone who menaced her Elise. Left in doubt by Isaure's coldness, they finally, with much arrogance, exacted a promise from the Dowager that she should command her daughter to make choice between them, and accorded her just eight days in which to make her decision. In reporting to Isaure the demands of these proud suitors, she no longer alleged anything in their favour, but spoke solely of her fear in having them for enemies. This motive did not influence Isaure towards a sacrifice a thousand times greater than life itself.

"'Heaven will protect us. Arthus, when he comes, will not allow us to be persecuted thus,' she said.

"And so Isaure's positive refusal was given before the eight days had expired. Their fury knew no bounds, and a circumstance occurred to further increase it. After receiving their *congé*, they saw a young soldier enter this house, attended by Alibert. It was the messenger sent by thee, my son, to thy friend Adelstan. The stranger guest, on receipt of thy message, decided to set out that same evening. But falling shadows could not hide him from the spies of Isaure's suitors. It was, in their eyes, a love intrigue, favoured by me. They swore to be avenged, and held to their fatal oath. A few days later they commenced a sort of siege round the Castle, which they found guarded by the Baron de Lasarraz's *gens d'armes*. His son Thiéry, who commanded them, defended himself with so much skill that they were twice repulsed. My dwelling, being outside the walls, ran the greatest danger. What miracle held me safe from their fury? you would ask. I presume that both having the same design, they themselves watched it jealously, hoping to draw their prey outside the Castle walls. Hélas, they have only too well succeeded. Isaure, resolving to brave everything in order to save me, by placing me in greater safety inside the Castle, came forth. Vainly did several servitors, who had followed her to protect my entry into the Castle, try to defend their young mistress. Her avenger and his suite soon put them to flight, leaving the unfortunate Isaure a victim in the power of the cruel Châtelain, who, having placed her behind him on his horse, galloped away, exclaiming—

"'I have accomplished all I wished, and am content.'

"I still hear my Isaure's cries. It was thee whom she called to her aid.

"'Arthus, Arthus, where art thou?' she cried frantically.

"Soon I could hear nothing. A profound silence succeeded her cries. In a little while a new cause of disturbance caught my ear—a noise of many men who, headed by Thiéry de Lasarraz, were pursuing the Châtelain des Clées, having been informed of what had occurred. Thiéry had lost not a moment, but all his efforts were of no avail. He is a young man full of courage, and was in despair when he found himself unable to deliver Isaure from her tormentor. And if he had not been in the Castle to defend it, it is certain that it and this house would both have been destroyed."

"Continue, I pray," said Arthus. "Tell me what I forsaw and what I can understand. Gizèle is the reward due to one who has saved you all."

"The Baron Thiéry is her husband, my son. You ought to know it. It was his wife, his wife's mother, his wife's sister, whom he defended. Bear with courage, my son, a misfortune that has no remedy. Gizèle has for six months been the Baroness de Lasarraz."

Arthus was too dismayed to reply at once. It seemed to him quite natural that Gizèle should be the reward due for such devotion.

"For six months!" he repeated indignantly. "Ah, how little faithful! How inconstant some can be! But Thiéry was the means of saving your lives. It is that only of which I am envious. But now I must be occupied with nothing else until we have delivered Isaure. I will go at once and discharge my commission to Conrad; and will carry to him the complaints of the Lady of Vufflens on the unworthy conduct of his governor of Castle Clées. A hundred of my brave soldiers would have sufficed. But Conrad will be ready and willing enough to aid in this rescue."

Arthus spoke excitedly. One could see that he endeavoured to make himself forget Gizèle's infidelity—that he wished to banish her from his mind, although evidently thinking of her still.

"And I have to reproach Isaure," he added with a bitter smile, "for she faithfully promised to guard Gizèle's heart for me until my return. Ah, she has badly pleaded my cause."

"Thou dost not know, my son, all that Isaure has suffered. She spoke of thee unceasingly to her young sister. She copied thy portrait and placed it in her sister's room. It ought to have recalled the absent one to mind. But what was an inanimate portrait? With the Baron Thiéry always at her side, she had no time to remember or think of thee. Gizèle must not be utterly condemned. She is young and lightheartedly thoughtless by nature. Beset continually by her mother, by the old Baron de Lasarraz, who unceasingly reiterated that his only son would die if he did not obtain her hand, seeing herself the one object of this amiable young

man's love and attention, she, through these influences, almost unknown to herself, became by degrees drawn in, to the forgetting entirely, so it appeared, of her absent friend. Sure of being blamed by Isaure, she, for some time, kept the matter from her. When, at length, the date of the wedding was fixed, she was obliged to confess it. But not to Isaure was the confession made. She hoped for more indulgence from thy mother, and, taking thy portrait, came and threw herself weeping at my feet.

"'Take it,' she cried, covering her eyes. 'I am no longer worthy of it, and I cannot bear the look which seems to be cast upon me for my heartlessness. Will you, can you ever forgive me for the wrong I have been guilty of? And are you generous enough to obtain for me Isaure's pardon and Arthus's pardon, too?'

"'What dost thou ask, Gizèle?' I inquired with no little surprise.

"'To-morrow—to-morrow,' she explained, with an effort, lowering her eyes as she murmured, 'to-morrow I wed Thiéry de Lasarraz.'"

Arthus then informed his mother of the rank to which he was by birth entitled, and, kissing her hand respectfully, called her the Dowager Duchess of Azzoni.

"No, no," said the modest Elise impulsively. "I will never take any title which my dear Raymond did not carry. I resign it in favour of Ermance. All I wish for is to see Isaure restored to me."

"Thou shalt see her soon, I promise thee. But, oh, if only I had known sooner that I was Duke Azzoni! Ermance always overlooked the real character of him with whom she disdained to be allied. I attached no value to this title except to offer it to Gizèle."

Then the tears, held back so bravely up till now, commenced to flow, and, warrior as he was, he let them flow on his mother's breast, being sore in need of some such relief to ease his breaking heart.

"You see my weakness," he said to her. "I have loved Gizèle from the first moment of seeing her. I gave myself up entirely to the hopes and sentiments which Ermance herself countenanced. Their realisation would have made my life supremely happy. They have made it a torture to me."

"No, no, my son," said Elise, clasping him closer to her breast. "Thou wilt conquer it, I truly believe. Didst thou not say to me, 'We will rescue Isaure in order to be once more happy'?"

"Isaure is very dear to me, I own. But Isaure is not Gizèle."

"Isaure, my son, will become a thousand times dearer to thee than ever the lighthearted, inconstant Gizèle could have been. She knows how to truly value thy heart. Arthus, art thou unable to read her soul? Hast thou not seen that her fraternal affection for thee has given place to a deeper and more tender sentiment? I love thee too well to be deceived on this point. Confident of thy love for Gizèle, she was the devoted guardian of that love. But how often have I not seen her in tears! In fact, since Gizèle's marriage she confided to me——"

"Stay, mother mine, I pray thee. Do not tell me what I wish to ignore, what I cannot believe. A more brilliant fate is in store for Isaure. Lothaire loves her. The King of France offers her his hand and heart and throne."

"She will refuse it."

"No, I do not believe she will."

"She will refuse it, I tell thee. I have myself noticed the love she inspired in our late guest, confided by thee to our special care. I spoke to her of it, and it was then that she opened her heart to me—that I learned what I had long suspected."

"Noble, courageous girl, how much she has already suffered! And what may not her fate be at this very moment?"

A noise proceeding from the outside interrupted the conversation at this juncture. The door opened. It was Ermance supported by Berthe, and in her hand she held Lothaire's letter. Her face bore the impress of a strong emotion. But her bearing was full of a sweet and noble graciousness.

"Duke Azzoni," she began as she entered, in a voice that trembled, "receive my——"

Arthus did not allow her to finish. He was at her feet, kissing her hand with tender respect, before she could say another word.

"Call me always Arthus," he said. "Keep for your nephew such affection as you deem him worthy of. Receive his self-reproaches for not having been here to defend you; his fervent vow to restore Isaure to you; and give him authority to present to Conrad your just and righteous complaint against the Governor Clées."

Ermance then informed him that her sons-in-law of Blonay and Châtelard had made fruitless attempts to obtain Conrad's aid.

"But," she added, "a friend of the King of France will have more influence."

She moved now towards Elise, who was still too weak to leave her chair, and said—

"You know, of course, my dear Elise, that we are sisters. You, as well as I, have much to forgive. But repentance and death have effaced our wrongs, and such a son as yours should leave you nothing to regret."

Elise, less mistress of herself, was overcome with emotion, and could not respond in words. She wept and pressed Ermance's hand upon her heart. There still remained between them a point too sore to be touched upon—Gizèle's marriage.

"This letter," said Ermance, returning it to Arthus, "must render me very culpable in your eyes. I am fully conscious of it, and my sole excuse the lightheartedness of one——"

"And the merit of the husband whom you have given to her," interrupted Arthus generously. "The Baron de Lasarraz's deed in prolonging your life and the life of my mother forbids me reproach him or anyone, if he is able to make Gizèle entirely happy. The first wish of my heart was always to see her happy, and without doubt it is granted. In restoring her ring to you, I resigned and restored to you the right to dispose of her. I set out to-morrow morning to rescue Isaure. I carry with me no feeling so painful as that of her cruel captivity."

Arthus inquired next about Aloyse, who had not been able to be at her mother's side during her recent trials. As for Gizèle she had returned to Lasarraz with Thiéry.

Arthus was questioned in his turn upon all that had happened in France. He would have been obliged to show himself too conspicuously had he entered into all the details. He praised the bravery of his soldiers, spoke of the King with respect, but said nothing of his own exploits. Still Ermance knew, through the King's letter, something of what he held back.

After a short time she retired with her daughter. Arthus, left alone with his mother, related to her all that had transpired. The joy and appreciation of Elise was his sweetest recompense.

The next morning at daybreak Arthus, followed by Alibert, set out for Chavornay, where King Conrad was due to arrive that same day.

(*To be continued.*)



PHŒBE.

By ELEANOR C. SALTMER.

CHAPTER V.

An anxious time followed. Everyone knows what illness involves, especially where children are concerned, what patience and self-sacrifice it demands, what untiring devotion, and what a cheerful mien, even though the heart be heavy as lead.

The Phœbe whom David Wolfe loved best to remember was herself again and at her best.

She loved her aunt, and felt she could not do too much for her in this time of trial. The sufferings of the little ones appealed to the pitying instinct which awakes at once in every true feminine nature. The one-time indolent, ease-loving Phœbe was altogether transformed, and no service was a trouble which could make the mother's burden lighter and ease the children's pain.

"What should I have done without you, dearie! You have been such a comfort!" said Mrs. Evans one morning, after Phœbe had kept the night watches in order that her aunt might obtain some greatly-needed rest.

Even as she spoke and looked into the girl's heavy eyes, the conviction dawned upon her that she would have to do without her. The prevailing sickness had undoubtedly taken hold of Phœbe. She read the truth in every line of her face, in the languid movements and feverish hand.

"You are not well, child!" exclaimed Aunt Polly in a troubled voice. "Go and lie down at once."

Phœbe's asseverations that nothing ailed her but a little fatigue availed nothing. Mrs. Evans insisted she should go to bed, gave her a cooling drink, and when the doctor paid his visit, inquired his opinion.

"She is sickening, no doubt," he said. "It is a bad job, Mrs. Evans, for you will want a nurse."

Aunt Polly shook her head.

"No," said she, "I'm equal to the care of her, for the children are on the mend, thank God! But I'll write to my brother and his wife, and let them know what's amiss."

This she did, and prepared, like the brave woman she was, to face all emergencies.

The very next day, however, brought Mrs. Hawthorn herself, ready to carry her step-daughter home. The feverish lethargy which was fast taking possession of Phœbe did not incline her to resistance; she felt as though it mattered little what became of her, but it was a tearful, clinging farewell that passed between herself and dear aunt Polly. The antagonism she thought to feel, however, towards her step-mother, was not there. All her moods were softened, and she felt grateful for the motherly tenderness which watched over her comfort during the journey home.

It was pleasant to lie within the lavender-scented sheets in her little white-draped room at the farm. It was pleasant to look in dad's kindly face again and read in it only love and no reproach. It was pleasant to watch Rebecca coming in and out, bringing with her the atmosphere of dairy-work, and the scent of burning log fuel from below.

And yet again, she was fain to confess to herself that it was pleasant to be ministered to by the hands of one whose advent at the farm had threatened, in her own imagination, to make all the difference in the world to her.

And so it had. Those same gentle hands heaped coals of fire upon her head in the hour of her necessity. Phœbe's varied experiences during the last few weeks had taught her many a lesson; humbled her pride and lessened her self-will. Soon she began to look for her step-mother's entrance with brightening eyes, to listen for her footfall and to welcome the sound of her voice.

It was pleasant during the weakness of convalescence that no responsibilities lay upon her shoulders, that every care was taken off her hands, that she had nothing to do but to get well and try to make up for the past.

Not one word of blame for all her perversity fell from the lips of anyone. No one told her that she had run away, and she felt deeply grateful for the forbearance. Nevertheless, it behoved her to speak.

"I made a great mistake, dad," she said, one evening, when he was trying to entertain her with an account of the day's events upon the farm. "I made a great mistake, and I'm sorry for it. I'm sorry I treated you so ill."

Hawthorn took the thin, white hands between his own rough palms, and stroked them softly.

"Yes, you made a mistake, my lass. We're all apt to make mistakes, but that's a thing of the past, forgiven and forgotten. I knew you'd see things in a sensible light before long."

"She's been so good to me," added Phœbe.

"That's of course," he replied, taking it for granted to whom she was referring, "that's of course. It's not in Sarah to be hard on anybody. David wants to know," he continued, "when he is to get a sight of you."

A faint tinge of colour suffused Phœbe's cheeks. David had sent many messages to the sick-room, and not a few tokens of his thought for her from the town.

"I shall be downstairs to-morrow," said she. "Mo-ther," with a slight hesitation on the word, "says I may, and then I'll see Davy."

It was the first time Phœbe had given utterance to the name "Mother," as applied to Mrs. Hawthorn, in her father's presence, and his broad face beamed upon her.

"David has news for you," he said, as he rose to leave her, "good news, I guess."

An old-fashioned, comfortable-looking couch was drawn up to the window, that Phœbe might look out upon the garden; she looked very small and fragile, curled up there in the cushions. A small log fire burned on the hearth, for though it was golden September still, the last days of the month were on them, and the evenings were growing chilly.

A parcel, newly tied up, lay on the table close by, and David, who stood at the girl's side, saw that it was addressed to her old school-fellow, Bessie Warner.

"Will you post that for me, next time you drive into town, Davy?" she asked, and a conscious blush mounted into her face, for they were the books she had once so greatly delighted in, and David knew it.

"Ay, that I will," he answered cheerfully, "and that will be to-morrow, Phœbe."

"I've asked Bessie to send me no more like them," she said. "I can't think how it was I used to think so much of them. I know better now."

"Like eating pickles without the good meat, eh?" suggested David, and he looked at her with a new appreciation shining out of his eyes.

He sat down in a corner of the couch, and took one of her hands.

"I've been saying to myself that you're the little Phœbe I've been wanting back for so long."

"Which Phœbe? You knew so many, I believe," said the girl, a trifle maliciously.

"Oh, *my* Phœbe, of course! There could be only one I cared to call mine, you know. But there's something sweeter and dearer now about her than even in the days I first thought her so."

There was no mistaking the colour in Phœbe's cheeks now, and it seemed inclined to stop there. Silence fell between the two for a while. Presently she said—

"Dad says you have some news, and that it's good news. What is it, Davy?"

He smiled.

"That's as it may be. I'll take your opinion on it, Phœbe. My uncle Silas, who is over from America, has made a heap of money out there, and he has promised me capital enough to start business on my own account."

"That's good," said Phœbe.

"So far, yes. Now, I know of a snug little farm which I can have, not a hundred miles from here, and Uncle Silas approves of it."

"That's good again," said the girl.

"True; but there's a want. Just listen, Uncle Silas says—and I agree with him—that I can't undertake this snug little farm alone. I want a partner."

"Oh, a partner!" echoed Phœbe, rather weakly.

"That's so; and the only partner to suit me is Phœbe Hawthorn, the pink of the may. What do you say—will you agree? Only say you'll take me on, Phœbe dear, and I'll sign for the lease of the farm."

David still kept her hand, and Phœbe did not withdraw it.

"You'll make it good news for me to carry to Uncle Silas, eh, Phœbe?"

"Well," she said, with a dimple in either cheek, and a moisture in her pretty blue eyes, "if you do sign the lease, Davy, I don't think you'll be doing wrong."

And with that answer, equivocal though it was, David felt inclined to be satisfied; at least his action gave witness to that effect.

[THE END.]

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART IX.

HASTY JUDGMENTS.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged."—St. Matt. vii. 1.

"Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment."—John vii. 24



I HAVE been frequently urged to have a talk with you, my dear girl-friends, on the subject of hasty and one-sided judgments. Looking back into my own past, I stand convicted of having been guilty of judging others too harshly, or on one-sided evidence, and of having bitterly repented of the hard thoughts thus engendered in my mind. Hence I can speak from experience.

During our young days we are especially prone to make mistakes in passing judgment on the sayings and doings of our neighbours; if indeed the word "mistakes" is not a too lenient one to use in regard to our over self-confidence. We do not, however, always stop at hard thoughts, but in a transport of what we consider righteous indignation against a wrong-doer, we repeat an injurious report and thus create prejudice in others without reasonable cause.

I suppose that the words contained in the first three verses of St. Matthew vii. are familiar to you all. "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote which is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam which is in thine own eye?"

These words would seem to forbid entirely our passing judgment of any kind on the doings of those around us, because, if we look into our own lives, we shall find far greater faults to condemn than can be visible to us in the outer lives of our neighbours.

I will quote some of the wise words of an old writer on this subject. These words of Christ "are pointed against harsh, uncharitable judgments, the thinking evil where no evil seems, and speaking of it accordingly. The Jews were highly criminal here, yet had very excellent maxims against it. By a secret and criminal disposition of nature, man endeavours to elevate himself above others, and to do it more effectually, depresses them. It is from this disposition that evil surmises, rash judgments and precipitate decisions flow. He that is severe on others will naturally excite severity towards himself. The censures and calumnies from which we suffer are often the just reward of what we have dealt out to others. It frequently happens that the faults which we consider of the first enormity in others, are to our own as a mere chip compared to a large beam. Self-love blinds us to ourselves. Envy gives us piercing eyes in regard to others. When we shall be as zealous to correct ourselves as we have inclination to reprove others, we shall know our own defects better than we now know those of our neighbours."

These words, "Judge not," have an imperative sound with them, and I think I hear some of you saying, "We live in the world. We see what is going on around us. We hear the words of our neighbours, and we know something of their lives. How can we help forming opinions? Are we to close our eyes and ears, to have no minds of our own, and to keep our thoughts of others wholly to ourselves?"

Surely the wise words I have drawn upon for our mutual benefit prove conclusively that it is only the harsh, uncharitable, hasty and unnecessarily unkind judgments which Christ condemns, and do we not all know that these are sadly too common amongst us, as they were also amongst the Jews when our Lord walked and lived in their midst? His own words put us right and throw the further light we need on this subject.

In the second text which heads our "Talk" to-night, Jesus tells us, "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment." The Pharisaic sticklers for the Mosaic law were angry with Him and sought to kill Him, because He had healed the impotent man on the Sabbath day. In this verse He bade them, and He bids us also, to look at the spirit and design of God's commands, as well as at the letter. The Jews were most scrupulous in their outward observance of the Sabbath. He does not blame them for this, but points out the glorious truth, "that the law which commands rest on the Sabbath is subordinate to the law of love and mercy which requires us to be ever diligent for God's glory, by promoting the good and salvation of our fellow creatures." Also that we should endeavour to judge of the right or wrong of an action, not merely from a first impression made upon our prejudices, but from its tendency and the motives of the person, so far as it is possible for us to judge of them.

Again I imagine some of you dear ones saying, "How can we know a person's motives? Can we look into the minds and hearts of our neighbours? Are not their actions and their words the fruits from the seeds of impulses, thoughts and passions hidden from all human eyes?"

True, but this fact is the strongest argument against hasty judgments and unqualified condemnation. Since we cannot know, it behoves us—as followers of Him Who so loved sinners that, whilst they were yet such, He was willing to die for them—to "judge righteous judgment"—to wait patiently until we can at least see or hear both sides and to believe the best that is possible unless proof comes to justify sterner thoughts. Even should the worst happen and we find that the actions or words we instinctively condemned deserved the strongest censure, we shall have gained much during the waiting time. The first inclination to say hard words and do harsh things will have been softened, especially if there are signs of penitence, and we shall probably be more inclined to palliate the offence than to condemn, to restore than to banish the offender.

A first partial, hasty, or one-sided judgment has often been the means of parting very friends and of spoiling the future of two lives, whilst silence, patience, and a determination to think the best in spite of appearances, have bound the judge and the one judged in happy life-long union.

Many years ago I heard a story—I never saw it in print—of James VI. of Scotland—our James I. of England. It affords an amusing illustration of the necessity for hearing both sides before passing judgment.

After James became King of England, he one day determined to sit beside the judge in court and hear some of the trials. He listened eagerly whilst the plaintiff's statement was heard and witnesses in support of it were examined. At the close of this part of the case the King exclaimed excitedly, and in the words then most familiar to his lips, "He maun hae it! He maun hae it!"

The judge smiled, but respectfully suggested that the defendant had his story to tell, and that both sides were entitled to a fair and patient hearing.

To this the King assented, but signs of impatience soon became visible in his face and manner. At last he could no longer bear to listen to the evidence, which contradicted what had previously appeared to him absolutely convincing. Starting from his seat, he exclaimed, "They're a' leears of a ruck!" and hastily left the court and the knotty problem which had to be solved, in the more accustomed hands of the presiding judge. He could come to no conclusion save that they were all liars on both sides, since the witnesses did nothing but contradict each other.

To some of us the opportunity for hearing both sides before we presume to pass judgment on our neighbours' sayings and doings does not always come. Is there not then the more need for us to obey that wise command, "Judge not?" In such cases we should suspend even *mental judgment*, lest we should wrong an innocent person in our thoughts. It is a great mistake to say that hard thoughts cannot harm an individual who is not even conscious of their existence. This may be true in a sense, but how many of us could entertain hard thoughts of another and not permit them to influence our conduct towards the object of them?

We think evil because we honestly believe that the unfavourable judgment is merited, though it may have been hastily arrived at and after only doubtful or one-sided evidence. We cannot wholly hide our feelings towards the individual whom our thoughts condemn, and yet we are not quite sure that we are right. If we were sure, there would be an end of our intercourse. In the meanwhile, we and our erewhile friend are mutually unhappy. Both are conscious of the little impalpable cloud that has arisen between them. One knows whence it came and why it stays. The other, if misjudged, cannot guess at the origin of the barrier, only she knows that she had no hand in raising it, and she begins to doubt whether after all she has loved and trusted only to be disappointed.

Believe me, my dear ones, hard thoughts and judgments, unuttered though they may be, cannot fail to manifest themselves, especially if they come between those who have been near and dear to each other. Those who cherish them may think they are only waiting to know the whole truth, and hoping that when the time comes the cloud will vanish and all be as it was before.

We should not only wait but resolutely drive out the hard thought, determine to think no evil and to believe none without proof positive, and in the meanwhile to act as though no whisper of wrong had reached us. This is by no means easy, but it is possible if we seek help from Him Who bade us equally "judge not, that ye be not judged," and "judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment."

I have said there is not always an opportunity to hear both sides of a matter. It is well for all of us to ask ourselves whether we really want to hear both sides. There are times when what we hear or see—very little it may be—coincides with our own preconceived notions or with an instinctive feeling of antagonism towards the person blamed. Hence our judgments are apt to be unfair, being warped by prejudice almost amounting to dislike, to which we should be ashamed to allude and could not explain even to ourselves. It has this ill-effect, however, that it makes us ready to believe a slanderous tale, or to endorse an adverse judgment on the most one-sided evidence.

How much we need to guard against such tendencies, not only on account of those whom we may injure by yielding to them, but for our own sakes, since they are no less harmful to our higher nature! Let us cherish these lovely words of the great Apostle when the temptation comes to indulge in hard thoughts and too hasty judgments. "Charity"—true Christian love—"thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth."

If you and I, my dear ones, could only keep these words in our minds and resolve to act upon them, there would be no room for hard thoughts or judgments in our dealings with any human being. We might, perforce, listen to an evil report which seemed to have a ring of truth in it, but, despite its apparent probability, we should strive to think no evil. We should believe the best and hope for the best until we were compelled by unimpeachable evidence to condemn. Even then, if we were actuated by the spirit that was in our Divine Lord, there would be no saying, "I told you so. I knew I was right in condemning;" no "rejoicing in iniquity," or stealthy self-congratulation because our own severe judgment was justified. On the contrary, there would be sorrow for those who had fallen under the power of temptation, and a longing to help in bringing them back into the paths of holiness and peace.

I wonder if you have noticed that beautiful verse which begins the sixth chapter of Galatians? Let us read it together—"Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."

Note how the verse begins, "Brethren," and the later word "thou." These show that Christians are addressed at first collectively—as a body. But the message is made

personal in the after part of the verse. It is for each of you to whom I speak, for me, for every faulty human being needing and desiring guidance.

It bids us turn away from contemplating the fault of our neighbour and refrain from dwelling upon it with a sort of stealthy satisfaction. We may confess to ourselves that we are far from perfect, but perhaps we think our own little stumbles as mere nothings in comparison with our neighbour's downfall. We shall feel differently if we apply and act upon those words, "Restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."

What cause has the best among us for self-righteous congratulation, because we have been strong where the erring one has proved weak? We have only slipped and recovered our balance, whilst that other has fallen and lies prone, ashamed and condemned.

"Consider thyself." Look at home, not with a mere glance into the heart or the motives that actuate us, or on the events of a single passing day. "Consider thyself" searchingly, patiently, honestly. Let conscience and memory do their part in bringing before us the lessons of our own past lives. Then, having been faithful to the teaching of God's Word and honest to ourselves, which of us will be found ready to nourish hard thoughts or pronounce hard judgments on our neighbours?

This wonderful verse carries its warning for the future, "Lest thou also be tempted." The particular temptation which has vanquished others may have no power over us. The sin which most easily besets another may entice us in vain. We wonder that anyone can find resistance to it hard, or experience pleasure in yielding. The less cause have we then to judge another, seeing that we have been mercifully shielded from approaching even the brink of the pit into which that one rushed headlong, or slid half unconsciously at first. Dear ones, I repeat to each of you those heart-searching words, "Judge not," "Consider thyself." Stifle the inclination to condemn, and especially with an imperfect, partial knowledge of the case.

If you cannot acquit, be silent and pitiful, for you can do no good by speaking. A blow is often less powerful in driving a person further on a downward path, than a scornful word or harsh judgment is to the wrong-doer. A firm hand has saved many a feeble pedestrian from falling. The concealing of a matter or the pitiful silence, in place of condemnation, has touched the heart of many who had gone wrong, but just wanted a little encouragement to turn round and start afresh on the right path from which they had been enticed.

If the blessed chance of aiding in the restoration of one who has been "overtaken in a fault" should come to any of you, how you should rejoice in being so honoured! And how careful as to the spirit in which you enter on the work! With the best possible intentions it often happens that the effort to restore proves fruitless, because of the spirit in which it is undertaken. In our poor, frail human nature there is such a tendency to self-exaltation when dealing with those who have fallen into temptation. We may not own this even to ourselves, but often, mingled with the honest pity that impels the effort, are a sense of superior strength and a shade of contempt for the weakness of the erring one, who is quick to read the least sign of such feelings.

O for the spirit of meekness which makes us remember our own conquests only to fill us with more thankfulness to Him in Whose strength alone we have gained our victories, when tried and tempted far beyond our own power to resist the evil!

Amongst the many whom these words will reach, I doubt not that numbers will be set thinking by them. Memory will be busied in recalling instances of too hasty judgments which caused temporary estrangement between friends and kinsfolk; or even complete separation. Affection has given place to enmity, kindness to indifference or positive hatred because of them.

There is nothing that pains a sensitive nature, or stirs a hasty one to anger more surely than the being misjudged by the friend who has been trusted, and who—we believed—trusted us in equal measure. Mothers—alas that it should be so!—are often much to blame in this respect, even in dealing with habitually truthful children. Some article has been damaged or broken, and circumstances suggest a child culprit who is promptly accused, though undeservedly. The child denies having done the mischief, and the mother perhaps retorts angrily, "No one else could have done it. Why don't you tell the truth? I will forgive you if you only own your fault. If not I shall punish you severely."

What a struggle an innocent child must pass through under such circumstances! It will be in an almost despairing mood that she will ask herself, "Where is the good of my having been truthful, if I cannot be believed? I am to be punished for the truth, and if I tell a falsehood I am to go free!"

Happy for the child if she has the courage to bear the wrong rather than do it, but how sad for a parent to discover later that her hasty judgment might have driven her child from truth to falsehood.

Such cases as I have suggested are not imaginary. I have known many similar ones. The saddest of these I only read of, but it made a deep impression upon me and influenced my own conduct in dealing with children and older people also.

A boy, who had always been truthful, had been accused of breaking a costly vase which he had been repeatedly forbidden to touch. The beauty of the vase attracted the boy, and he often went near it to feast his eyes on its graceful shape and exquisite colouring and ornaments.

He was found gazing distressed and horrified at the shattered treasure and at once accused of having broken it. He promptly denied that he had touched it. He had gone to look at it, as he so often did, and found it ruined. He was not believed. Everything seemed to indicate his guilt. He was urged to confess it, and as he persisted in denying that he had touched the vase, he was sent to his own room and told that he must remain there until he owned his fault. Brothers, sisters, and servants were forbidden to speak to him, and the boy's continued silence was regarded as a proof of obstinacy as well as of guilt.

The strain was too terrible for the innocent and sensitive lad to bear. He became ill and delirious, and in his ravings constantly protested his innocence. His agonised parents believed too late that their boy had been judged hastily and unjustly; but that hasty judgment cost the loss of a bright young life and to the parents a life-long sorrow. "Judge not according to the appearances, but judge righteous judgment."



HOW A GIRL SHOULD DRESS.

By "NORMA."

THE "pneumonia blouse," as a subject of conversation, may be said to be quite threadbare. There is not much of it at any time, and it is now—conversationally—a mere rag. Amusing and animated, almost vehement, has been the discussion on it in one of the dailies, and the "fors" and "againsts" have been almost equally balanced. The truth is the "pneumonia blouse," like many another good thing, can be made foolish by over-indulgence. If worn in accordance with common sense and a due observance of the English thermometer, which has lately behaved by leaps and bounds rather than by degrees, it is one of the prettiest and most useful articles in a girl's wordrobe. With a cold north-east wind blowing, a transparent blouse of muslin and lace and no—or next to no—collar, is neither sufficient, appropriate, nor becoming. So keep your dainty pneumonia blouse for the hot sunshiny days, when we share the temperature of our neighbours on the Continent for so brief a time, and at such unexpected intervals, that



Figure on the left wears a dark cloth costume tor travelling, fancy braid or pipings of silver cord. The centre figure wears a popular and useful travelling coat with fitting back and loose front. This coat is worn over blouse and skirt, and can always be worn open if necessary. The third figure wears a coat and skirt in regulation tailor-made style in the new striped flannel or cloth. If worn for the fall a velvet collar is admissible. This type of coat and skirt has always been favoured by Royalty.

we have never, like them, learned how to take the middle hours of the day with ease and dignity.

Dress in September consists more of echoes of summer styles and indications of autumn modes than in actual fashions. We have our summer dresses; it is far too early to think of winter, and even the excitement of "saling" is over. It is a time to enjoy life far away from the neighbourhood of shops, and to wear out. To buy a little at a time and to wear out is not in favour nowadays; nevertheless it is very sound advice, for fashions change so quickly that the girl who wishes to make the most of what she calls a moderate dress allowance—and what her grandmother considers wanton extravagance—will find herself much more up to date if she chooses wisely and really wears three dresses, and thus keeps abreast of her allowance, than the girl who is carried away by her admiration for the modes of the moment and indulges in six gowns akin in style, and gets tired of them before they are worn out, and is thus confronted between laying them



Standing figure wears navy cashmere dress, tucked in groups, and trimmed with *écru* lace. Sitting figure wears gown of fine reseda cloth trimmed with bands of satin on bodice and skirt. Lace collar finished by satin bow.

on one side without having had their full benefit, and wearing them when the first gloss of fashion has departed.

Yet though September is essentially a month more for wearing out and meditating upon autumn garments than purchasing, there are certain additions always needed at the turn of the year, especially for those who are going to pay country-house visits, or spend holidays in travelling, or by the seaside.

And the first requisite is a new wrap. The characteristics of the newest wraps are their length and their general voluminousness. The new golf capes are well over three-quarter length. They give the tall slim girl the look of a champagne bottle, and decrease the apparent height of the short girl so much that she is wiser in selecting one of the straight full coats reaching to the ground, which lends her height and importance. The newest loose coats have their fulness strapped in at the back after the fashion of a military overcoat. This is a very pretty fashion, and likely to become popular. The graceful triple sleeve is also to be seen in every kind of wrap—for garden-parties, travelling and driving coats. It has not yet made its appearance on the mackintosh, but doubtless will, for the mackintosh is a poor garment with no originality of its own, but always cut and fashioned according to what is worn underneath. This is, of course, the case with most over-wraps, so as fashion decrees the continuance of the wide, gracefully-drooping sleeve, all coats and wraps have to follow suit, even the fur jackets.

The very newest development of the tam-o'-shanter for the moors is a very soft fluffy felt in exquisite shades, twisted into a Directoire, semi-three-cornered shape, turned off the face, with a bunch of quills settled in front. I say settled, not fastened, with intent, for anyone who has experienced the winds of Scottish and Irish moors will appreciate the difference in those words. To go out with quills fastened in a tam-o'-shanter is one thing, and to go out with them settled there is quite another. In the latter case you are at least sure of bringing them back with you.

The word fasten reminds me that a great many jackets and cloaks show a decided tendency to fastening on one side, invisibly, except for one charming ornament or buckle. This is a relief from the monotony of buttons at regular intervals.

The Russian blouse, like the Eton coat, has become a standard fashion, with variation. The latest variation takes the form of a short basque, which gives the excuse for the very smartest ornamental waist-belt, wide at the back and decreasing to vanishing-point in front, to give the long pouch look, which, to most English figures, is so becoming.

One of the prettiest linen gowns I have seen this summer, and quite suitable until the end of October, got into an omnibus with me from Waterloo the other day. I guessed that its owner was only up in town for a few hours from some beautiful spot on the river. The colour was a warm brick-red, and the skirt was made with five frills, widening as they neared the back, and piped. The pouched bodice opened over a full white vest, and had the smallest plain gilt buttons to edge it on either side. This dress was simple enough to feel at home hay-making, and pretty enough to be noticeable at a regatta or a garden-party.

Silver and gold gauze, jet and crystal trimmings, are so invaluable for evening dresses that I hope my readers have been fortunate in discovering bargains of this kind in the sales. A little zouave of some iridescent material edged with narrow ruchings of chiffon or gauze, and a new pair of lace or chiffon sleeves, will make a black gown quite a stranger to itself. Very pretty too are the lace robes which were to be had so cheaply in the sales, made up over slips of bright silk. The beauty of these lace dresses lies in the pattern of the lace, which should be fairly large, and the absolute simplicity with which they are made. They do not require trimming and arranging; their aim is to give an appearance of lace over colour, and they should be cut as little as possible. While I am talking of evening dresses, let me remind my readers how charming pink can be made by the introduction of black—a little black. Black relieved by colour is more than commonplace, but colour judiciously relieved by black is *chic* and original. The black must be small in quantity and light in quality, not done in the fashion of long ago—small tight bows of black velvet plastered at intervals with no meaning upon a light gown, but contrived so as to look part of the scheme of the dress, and not an afterthought.

Concerning hats it is impossible to speak, for there is no change in them at present. The little bib of lace or velvet hanging down behind has been overdone and not likely to appear on autumn models, and the same applies to the lace arranged to droop over the brim in front like a veil. These are essentially French fashions, and do not particularly suit the English face. Let me use the little space at my disposal to beg girls not to wear Panamas unless they can buy really good ones, and not then unless they find them becoming. The Panama, and its cheap imitation, threatens to become as common as the sailor hat, and has not the merit of the sailor, which, on a well-groomed head, placed at the correct angle, was at least extremely neat. The Panama's chief merit is shade, and this can be obtained in many becoming straw shapes.

The outdoor dresses our artist has sketched for September are eminently practical. The figure on the left wears a dark cloth costume for travelling, with fancy braid of piping of silver cord. The centre figure wears a useful travelling coat with fitting back and loose front, which never goes out of fashion and can be worn open or closed at option. The third figure is in the regulation tailor-made suit in one of the new striped flannels. This is the style of fashionable simplicity so much favoured by our own Royal family, and far more suitable to the country and seaside than the voluminous skirt of voile. The house dresses are very pretty. The girl standing wears a very fine soft navy cashmere, tucked in groups and trimmed with *écru* lace arranged fichu-fashion over a yoke of the same, with vandykes of lace on the skirt. The girl sitting down has on a fine cloth gown trimmed with bands of satin of the same colour, the bodice finished with a lace collar and satin bow.

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Mrs. Acheson, Eliza Acworth, Helen Beatson (New Zealand), Robert P. Brown, Dorothy G. Crawford, Nellie M. Dartford (Lisbon), Elsie V. Davies (Australia), M. Cerise Deane, James T. Fulcher (Queensland), Agnes Glen, Gertrude F. Hinde, William G. Holloway, Annie F. R. Jackman, Eliza Learmount, Carlina V. M. Leggett, Louise M. McCready, Margaret E. McCutcheon, James McDunnough (Berlin), Ethel C. McMaster, Constance M. Mallandine, May Malone (Antigua), Robert Murdoch, Chas. Murton, Freda M. Potts, Ellen M. Price, Mary I. Richards, Helen Shilstone (Barbados), Millicent Utting, Mrs. C. E. Warren, Emily C. Woodward, Edith Mary Younge.

Highly Commended.

Joanna M. Bell, A. Belthouse, E. J. Bone (Bermuda), M. S. Bourne, M. M. Butland, Mrs. E. J. Brown, Alice J. Chandler, Dora Clarke, Pearl Cocks (Brit. West India), Edith M. Coles, Mabel M. Collard, Winifred Copus (Canada), Mrs. E. J. Davies, Mrs. Dobbs, Winifred Eddington, E. Irene Foster, L. A. E. Hartshorn, Mrs. L. Howell (India), Mrs. Inderwick, Polly Lawrance (Barbados), Annie G. Luck, Elsie Lusby (Sidney), Annie Manderson, Benj. Marcroft, Mrs. Hastings Ogilvie (India), Phyllis Pearson, Janie G. Simpson, W. Fitzjames White.

Honourable Mention.

M. E. Ackerley, Daisy M. Aucutt, Mary E. Aucutt, Elsie I. Bale, Dora M. Barling, Lily Belling, Eva Benson, Nanette Bewlay, Beatrice F. Bord, Alice Bound, H. Kate Brown, Ines Bryson (Peru), A. Bunting, Gertrude I. Butler, Miss Carlyon, Arthur Carr, Irene Carruthers, Ruth A. M. Clarke, C. Dora Collett, Alice M. Cooper, M. A. C. Crabb, Mrs. L. T. Davey, Mabel E. Davis, Ethel M. Dickson, Ethel E. Dives, Mrs. E. E. Dobbs, Edith Downes, M. E. Tyrwhitt Drake, Fredk. Fuller, Elsie Gardner, Lois B. Gardner, Mrs. Grubbe, Edith E. E. Grundy, Sarah E. Hemsley, Constance Hill, Muriel Howie, Arthur Wm. Howse, Clara Humphrey, Annie M. Hutchens, Margaret Isaacson, Mrs. Arthur Jones, E. H. Jones, H. E. Klein, Raymond P. Keene, George Knight, Annie Langton, E. M. Letch, E. Lord, W. Corney Lee, Fred. G. S. Lloyd, John Lush, L. A. Mackie, Mrs. G. Marrett (India), E. Mastin, Nellie Meikle, Mrs. F. M. Morgan, Jas. D. Musgrave, Mrs. Nicholls, Millicent P. Okeden, A. Pearson, Miss F. A. Prideaux, Florence E. Russell, Florence Sandell, A. P. Sargent, Mrs. A. E. Scarlett, Clement M. Scott, A. C. Sharp, Mrs. W. Shiels (Australia), F. B. A. Skelton, Nellie Skitter, A. M. A. Smith, Ellen R. Smith, Lavinia Smith, Mary Smith, H. Constance Smyth, Isabel Snell, Fred. W. Southey, Kathleen Stelling, Florence A. Stevens, Lucie K. Thompson (India), M. Tolson, Ethel Tomlinson, E. G. Tregaskis, Mabel A. Vernam, E. Ward, Louie Wheeler, C. E. Weitzel, Mrs. Whitcombe (India), Clementina Wilkins, G. S. Wilkins, Minnie Wilkins, Violet Wilson (Canada), Miss Wright.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

We can well imagine the delight of those solvers who hit upon *craft* in the fourth line, for what connection or contrast could there be between "ships" or "sales" and *crime*? This was the crucial point of the puzzle, for though there were several other difficulties, not one of them gave half as much trouble. At the same time, we ought to state that many who found *craft* (not "crafts," by the way) were not in the first rank, and a few did not even receive commendation.

More than one competitor translated the first line—"Catalogue of countless gee-gees," which struck us as being very funny, and, alas! dozens spelt *humorous* "humerous"! Nearly all solvers identified the bone, but one or two evolved "painful" out of it. We are inclined to agree that to have an upper arm devoid of flesh might not be wholly agreeable.

Passing to the fifth line, we may observe that more than one *puff* was depicted, and that neither "launch" nor "float" could be accepted for *boom*. As to "Parish" for *Paris*, in the next line, we were in some doubt as to what was meant—the Parish or Workhouse fashions being chiefly remarkable for their monotony, or at best utility—the very last thing to be considered by the socially elect.

The *Large* t at the beginning of line 9 was variously interpreted as "Plain," "Black," or "Big," with none of which we could find any fault. A few competitors objected to this line altogether, not apprehending the sarcastic humour of the poet.

The last three lines gave no trouble, although there was a superfluous s in the last but one.

Colonial and foreign competitors will find their names included in the home lists. It is worthy of remark that only one of them found the troublesome *craft* in line 4. Solutions were received from 450 competitors in all.

THE BIRTHDAY PAGE.

SEPTEMBER.

By FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

Our Maiden Queen.

The sovereign that held sway over England during the period of its greatest literary and musical splendour—the age of Shakespeare, Spenser, Tallis and Byrde—will always command the interest of students of English history; for, until the Victorian age was reached, there was no other such splendid time in our country's life as that which gave us Bacon, Raleigh, Hooker, Frobisher, and Drake, with the splendid luminaries we have just mentioned. Elizabeth Tudor, daughter of Henry VIII., by his second Queen, Anne Boleyn, was born in the palace at Greenwich.* When but three years old her mother was beheaded, with the result, among others, that Elizabeth's early years, and those of her half-sister Mary were much clouded. Happily, she was carefully educated, her governesses and teachers, at the head of whom was Roger Ascham, devoting themselves to the intellectual advancement of the young princess. As a girl she learned to read Cicero, Sophocles, one or two of the Fathers in the original, to speak French, Italian, and German with fluency, and to acquire a mastery over the then limited technique of music. Brought up to the Protestant faith, while her sister Mary remained a Roman Catholic, Elizabeth was destined to rule over England at a period which may be described as the most crucial in every sense that she has ever passed through.

Whether it was a consciousness at work within her that she was destined to rule England by her unaided self, whether it was the exercise of that superlative gift of penetration which was hers that prompted her not to hamper herself with a consort, are matters which have not transpired; but certain it is that Queen Elizabeth never married. Marriage projects were early set on foot for her—and she entertained with more or less sincerity successive suitors—but all left matters where they were, and she died England's "Virgin Queen."

Not long after her half-sister Mary came to the throne, Elizabeth, being a Protestant, was arrested and sent to the

* September 7th, 1533; died March 24th, 1603.

Tower and other places of confinement, until on November 17th, 1558, she succeeded to the crown amid immense joy and acclamations. From that time "the golden days of good Queen Bess" began, and ere long the country was enjoying one of those periods of British history of which every subject has reason to be proud—a period in which England took up her position as a world power. Elizabeth's was a great, beneficial, and, on the whole, a wise reign. The great blots upon it were the persecution of the Roman Catholics and the execution of Mary Queen of Scots.

The personal character of Elizabeth has been depicted in totally opposite colours by Romanists and Protestants, with exaggerations on both sides, and the truth probably lying between the two extremes. From her father she inherited physical strength, resolution, energy, hauteur, a fiery temper, an inclination both to cruelty and coarseness, and a passion for splendour; to her mother may be attributed such physical attractions as can be claimed for her, whatever of feminine piquancy flashed fitfully across her essentially masculine life, and probably also her insincerity, her jealousy, and her love of artifice.

Little or nothing can be said against Queen Elizabeth's ruling of her people. They were momentous times when she held the throne, and a weak, vacillating sovereign could easily have landed the country into terrible straits. The re-establishment of the Protestant faith and worship; conflicts with adherents of the Romish system; disputes with the Puritan party; foreign affairs on all sides in a state of turmoil; all this was seething as Elizabeth took the throne. Happily she possessed the invaluable faculty—in her case it amounted almost to genius—of choosing as her advisers the most capable and trusty counsellors. Prominent among these loyal statesmen were Lord Burleigh, Sir Nicholas Bacon, and Sir Francis Walsingham, skilful diplomatists whose conquests fitly rank with the achievements of the lights of learning, or the great enterprises and discoveries of the maritime heroes whose names adorn this reign. Queen Elizabeth passed away, after a brief illness, at Richmond, and was buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster. Her end was hastened, historians say, by the shock she received from the execution of her favourite, Essex, two years previously.



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

"She Struck the Keys."

One of the first to recognise the amazing originality and talent of that great tone poet, Schumann, was Friedrich Wieck, the German pianist, composer, and writer, who became Schumann's master in pianoforte playing. Wieck had a charming talented daughter, Clara Josephine,* destined to become the wife of one of the most advanced musical thinkers—most thoroughly romantic composers of the nineteenth century. The birthplace of "Madame Schumann"—the name by which she is popularly remembered—was Leipzig. There her father was practising, and there it was that she made her *début* in 1828. Weimar, Cassel, Frankfort, and Paris saw and heard her in 1831. In 1836 she was performing in Vienna, after which she joined hands and heart with the one she loved and admired, and with him travelled in North Germany and Denmark. She made her first appearance in England in 1856, when she played Beethoven's E flat Concerto and Mendelssohn's Variations Sérieuses at the Philharmonic Concert of April 4th. Madame Schumann returned to this country year by year from 1865 to 1877, and her last visit was in 1888.



MADAME SCHUMANN.
(*Photo by Stereoscopic Co.*)

Seldom have the rites of holy matrimony joined together two more kindred musical minds than those of Robert Schumann and his wife Clara. We cannot call to mind throughout the annals of the art another quite analogous case where man and wife have both made an impress so lasting upon music as did Schumann and his wife. Let them ever be honoured.

Born in the same year as our late sovereign, Queen Victoria, owing to the awful malady which afflicted her husband and ultimately caused his death, and to other painful circumstances, Madame Schumann had an unusual share of sorrow; but to these trials was probably largely owing the dignity and depth of feeling that always marked her interpretation of the great compositions to which she confined her performances. Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn were the masters in whose interpretation she succeeded most thoroughly. Chopin and Weber seemed less congenial to her. Those who have heard her in the great compositions of the masters first mentioned have probably heard that music played as near the standard of its composers as it will ever be heard. Her renderings, in their devotion to the spirit of the author, and entire forgetfulness of self, can never be surpassed. This great *pianiste*, to whom is due so much of what is now known respecting her husband's compositions, will long be remembered as the foremost exponent of the quiet classic style of playing, in a generation dazzled and attracted by the showy, noisy *Sturm-und-Drang* methods of the *virtuosi*.



MRS. HEMANS.

* Born September 13th, 1819; died May 20th, 1896.

The immediate cause of her death was the effects of a paralytic stroke. How she is missed by those who, much as they admired her music, loved her person still more! And how fitly the poet Campbell's muse applies to her—

"She struck the keys, and music made
That mock'd all skill her hand had e'er displayed.
Inspired and warbling, rapt from things around,
She look'd the very Muse of magic sound,
Painting in sound the forms of joy and woe,
Until the mind's eye saw them melt and glow."

SWEET LYRIC SINGER.

Among the noble army of women who have adorned English literature, few, if any, have sung more sweetly or have possessed imagination more rich, chaste, and glowing than we meet with in the muse of Felicia Dorothea Hemans.* This English poetess was born at Liverpool. Her father, George Browne, of Irish extraction, was a Liverpool merchant; her mother, whose maiden name was Wagner, was of mixed Italian and German descent. Like most possessors of exceptional intellect and true genius, Felicia Browne gave indications of her future distinction when quite a child. She always had a bent for poetry, in which her mother and others properly encouraged her. How amply their expectations were confirmed in after years by one greater than they! She once paid a visit to Abbotsford, and Scott, after complimenting her upon her poetry and musical gifts, said, "Mrs. Hemans, I should say you had too many gifts, were they not all made to give pleasure to those around you."

When she was seven years old clouds gathered over her father's roof. The family removed to Wales, near St. Asaph, where her love of nature and romantic temperament had full play. At fifteen years of age Miss Browne plunged into authorship with a volume containing her earliest pieces.

Her nineteenth year (1812) was a memorable one. In it she married Captain Hemans of the King's Own Regiment—a fit year that for the publication of her second volume of verse—*The Domestic Affections and Other Poems*. Alas! the marriage was not a happy one. In six short years a permanent separation took place—the husband settling in Italy—and the two never met again. Despite her impaired health she now devoted herself to the education of her children, and to writing. Retiring first to Wavertree and settling subsequently at Dublin, she published volume after volume of poems, hymns, translations, prose dissertations, such as her papers in the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* on "Foreign Literature," and even dramas. Mrs. Hemans always regarded *The Forest Sanctuary* as her finest work, and this appeared in the *Lays of Many Lands*, which was published in 1826. It was Bishop Heber, then Rector of Hodnet, who encouraged her in the composition of *Superstition and Revelation*, a poem intended to extirpate religious error. Besides the immortal Scott, Mrs. Hemans enjoyed the friendship of Campbell, Wordsworth, and Archbishop Whately. She died at Dublin of disease of the heart, and left behind her five sons.

The writings of this pure, delicate poetess stand out not so much for their originality or force as for their sweet, natural, pleasing beauty. So pure and refined are they that not a line of them would delicacy blot from her pages. Her personal feeling will be found reflected most in the *Records of Woman*, 1828; but her lyrics are undoubtedly her best productions. Most of these will serve to keep alive the memory of a woman of true genius, whose range was circumscribed, and who had to write much and hastily to make amends for her husband's indifference.

* Born September 25th, 1793; died May 12th, 1835.

THE FERNLEY GIRLS' GUILD.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

CHAPTER XIV.

LOUISE HARRIS.

Up to the time when the news of her father's death reached Sophy, she had, along with the other girls, continued to visit Louise Harris. Indeed, the very peculiarity of Louise's situation had disarmed the severest stickler for unblemished antecedents in any of the houses of the old and honourable inhabitants of Fernley and its neighbourhood. Not only was Louise's confinement to her room, and later to the immediate surroundings of Fernley Lodge, protracted for an irksome length of time, it could no longer be concealed either from the girl herself or from her friends that she was permanently crippled. She would pay dearly for her lack of submission to the circumstances to which the rest of her family had prudently bowed. Because she would not consent to confine herself to decent privacy till the scandal of her father's trial and sentence blew over, she was compelled to submit for the rest of her life to being disabled for the exercises in which she excelled and delighted. Science and medical skill might do something for her, the worst effects of her accident might wear off in the course of years, but she would never again leap a five-barred gate, or be in at the death of vixen, or dance out two pairs of slippers in the course of a night, or win the record of a daring Alpine climber, or be the crack tennis-player at a tennis-tournament, or be the stand-by at a woman's hockey club, never again skate or fence or even cycle.

In the meantime Louise was left stranded at Fernley Lodge. Rose had been ordered abroad for the winter, and, as soon as she was able to travel, which was before Louise, with her badly-fractured ankle, displaced knee-cap, and injured collar-bone could be moved in bandages, splints and plaster of Paris, from her uneasy bed, Mrs. Harris started with her daughter Rose for the Riviera. She had intended her two remaining daughters to remain behind at the Lodge, since necessity willed staying where going or staying had to do with Louise; but Marcia settled the matter otherwise.

Marcia had been the laughing, carelessly-gracious girl of the world, whom Fernley had preferred on its first promising introduction to the Harrises—she had not been pre-occupied and languid like poor Rose, or abrupt and a trifle mannish in the style of Louise. She had swallowed the bitter draught of her father's disgrace, and acceded discreetly to her mother's sense of the propriety of keeping themselves out of that world in which they had figured so largely. For, even if they had the spirit to show themselves in public, and society were prepared to condone the cloud under which the Harrises were living, there would be an outcry against their heartlessness and shamelessness. But Marcia was ready to seize the first opportunity to escape from the social ban and the notoriety which attached to the family in England. On the Continent less would be known of what Mr. Harris had done and where he was expiating his misdeeds. Mrs. Harris would not have fled from their consequences. There was a certain stolid bourgeois honesty about her which forbade her running away from the retribution which she owned to be just. She would pay the social penalty if she did not see her way to paying the forfeit in coin of the realm. To tell the truth, she was a little tired of perpetual motion in the higher regions to which the misappropriated wealth of her husband's firm had elevated her. She could have been resigned to restful obscurity, to the judicious management of the income secured to her, and to the promotion of what she viewed as the interests of her children, at least till the period of her husband's sentence was ended, when he would probably desire to go where he was least known, to join his sons in the colonies, or to establish himself in one of the remoter quarters of Europe. She had no inclination to make any pretences to her foreign neighbours, or to impose on their ignorance on her own account. But Rose's requirements were urgent and could not be set aside; and Marcia was ready to avail herself of them, even at the cost of forsaking Louise and abandoning her in her suffering, helpless state, to what—but for the humanity of the Fernley girls—would have been the sole companionship of servants.

Marcia had been accustomed by hook or by crook—as a rule a bland, smiling, accommodating hook or crook which deceived strangers and slight acquaintances—to get her own way. In ordinary circumstances her mother, who was far from a weak woman, might have resisted such an arbitrary exercise of Marcia's will as meant deserting Louise in her present condition; but now Mrs. Harris was too shaken by recent trouble and too pressed by manifold cares to be able to withstand her good-humouredly masterful daughter. And there was one plea brought forward by Marcia which had some reason in it. Mrs. Harris could speak no foreign language. Marcia was glibly discursive, after a fashion that slid over grammatical difficulties, in French, German, Italian; she could even have mustered up a little Spanish if it would have served her purpose. English goes very far nowadays, but it does not go everywhere, and one feels oneself particularly fallible with no tongue save the English when hotel and shop-keepers, railway servants and public officials take refuge in their native Doric and their native money system. And here was Marcia armed to resist and overcome these national foes.

Mrs. Harris gave way to her crafty daughter's specious arguments, which, had any other resource presented itself save the tame, hum-drum one of going with her mother and poor, weak, querulous Rose to vegetate in some quiet sheltered corner of the Riviera, would have immediately veered in an opposite direction.

Mrs. Harris quitted Fernley Lodge, leaving with reluctance Louise, the only one of the sisters, behind her. She could take no farther precaution for her child's welfare than was included in checking off the old family nurse to act under Dr. Somerville's orders, and, conjointly with the new cook and housemaids, to take care of and serve Miss Louise.

Any young girl thus sick, in pain, solitary, condemned to contemplate the foregoing in the future of the open-air life with its exhilarating sports, in pursuit of which she had gloried—in connection with which she had been led to believe she was covering herself with distinction—was an object of pity even apart from the dishonour of her father which would leave an indelible stain on the name he transmitted to his children.

"We might well be sorry for her, and do our best for her, even though her father had been guilty of murder instead of fraud," maintained Sophy, and as usual she led the girls of her Guild. For the seniors, they could not find it in their hearts to make any strenuous opposition. Only a girl—a poor forlorn girl to whom the other girls of the place were kind, surely no harm could come of that? No hereditary dishonesty could threaten with its contamination the generous young people whose motive was pure compassion. For Louise Harris, though she interested and, when she was in her livelier moods, amused the other girls, was by no means unfailingly agreeable, not to say grateful. In happier circumstances she had been blunter and less accessible than her sisters, and at first when Maggie Somerville and Sophy Singleton went to sit with her, she was short and ungracious in her manner to the last degree.

"Poor thing! What can you expect?" the girls told each other.

Her temper continued uncertain, but her naturally vivacious temperament re-asserted itself, and from speaking only in snappish monosyllables she took to pouring out her past experience and her present frame of mind with the utmost freedom, especially to Sophy, whom she singled out to be rude or confidential to as her mood varied. She did not complain, not even when she was subjected to severe pain, and she took the departure of her mother and sisters calmly and as a matter of course.

"Mother must go with Rose, that is without question, and I suppose Marcia finds any change better than none," she added carelessly.

She was either stoical by nature or education, or her individual tastes had tended to separate her from the women of her family. But for that matter, neither did she express any regret for the absence of the men. Her father's name never passed her lips, she made slight reference to the brothers who were business men, only for the brother in South Africa did she express any longing.

"He and I were chums," she condescended to explain. "Many a splendid gallop we have had together. He taught me to shoot, and said I would not be slow in filling a bag. When he comes home he will take shootings in the north, and I will go out shooting with him. He is our Crœsus. His grand-uncle, for whom he was named, left him quite a pretty pile. Gerry would not know what to make of me lying here. The idea of me confined to bed, not allowed to move, is too stupid, too absurd." She gave a resentful laugh.

"You might have lost your life; you should be thankful that it was spared," Maggie Somerville reminded her, somewhat indignantly.

"Should I? I do not know that it is much worth as it is," she said lightly, and changed the subject.

Louise Harris was a continual puzzle to Sophy in those days when she was still equal to analysing her neighbours' characters and speculating upon them. This description of modern girl, devoted to sport, enamoured of "a spice of danger," as keen as any man on exciting adventure, was a revelation to Sophy. The old-fashioned Fernley girls had been content to cycle in moderation, to play tennis, golf and croquet—in the new style—to attend Mrs. Field's rather boisterously gay evening parties. Nobody had thought of rivalling her brother, if she had a brother, in his departments of sport; not one had proposed, according to what Louise Harris announced to have been the dream of her life, to travel alone in an unknown country among savages, with a loaded revolver and a fearless heart for her sole protectors.

Louise talked constantly of her achievements and of scenes in which she could only mingle thenceforth as a passive spectator, but that was not the tone she assumed. To listen to her, one would have imagined she counted on resuming her old *rôle* next week or next month at the latest. She entirely ignored her accident and its effects. It would have been possible to believe that she was in entire ignorance of the result, if it had not been for the extent of her assurance, and the circumstance that she did not put a single question with regard to the probable length of her illness—to when she would be convalescent—to when she would be out-of-doors again.

When Dr. Somerville told her, "You are decidedly better, Miss Harris, you can move yourself more freely, you are making good progress, we'll have you taking the air in no time," she said nothing in reply, expressed no satisfaction, uttered no eager anticipation of the fresh step towards recovery. When he had the lightest, least unsightly pair of crutches brought into her room, and explained to her gravely, "You must consent to make use of these for a time. You must practise using them. The more you use them the sooner you will be able to get about in a more agreeable fashion," she still said nothing, she only looked him hard in the face with a queer smile. The moment he was gone she said to a maidservant—

"Take those things away," and with difficulty turned her face to the wall.

There she lay, a burden on her doctor's hands, trying his patience.

"The vain young idiot!" he fumed. "Many a strong man is resigned to limp through life if such is his fate. Can't you girls who go about her bring her round to common-sense and submission? I don't see what good your being with her comes to if you cannot do as much as that."

No, none of the girls—not Sophy Singleton—dared approach the subject. It was at once too delicate and too formidable to be broached by them. It might have seemed that Mrs. Somerville or Mrs. Field were the fitter persons to advise the refractory patient, but from the first it had been evident that if Louise was wooden to her contemporaries, she was stony to her seniors.

"She is a big girl—nearly grown up. I cannot force her to adopt the means to get about," groaned Dr. Somerville. "I suppose she must lie there till she chooses to change her mind, or till her mother comes back. I don't suppose it will materially injure her health, though the stiffness will increase, and her attainment of the cripple's gait, which is all she will ever arrive at unfortunately, will be delayed. So much for conceit and its punishment. Meg, you had better take warning!" with a quizzical glance at his unassuming unaffected daughter.

"Unfortunately, as you say, father, I have nothing to be conceited about."

Maggie gave him back his challenge. The father and daughter understood each other perfectly.

"I don't think it is altogether conceit," said Sophy thoughtfully. "It is what people used to call 'a stout heart.' She won't own herself beaten; she won't give in. It is the same in reference to her father. The way she puts him out of her life, not simply out of her present but out of her past life. He must have been in many of the scenes she is fond of describing. He is a squire's son. I daresay he was brought up to field sports, and that it is from him she takes her taste for hunting and riding and playing boys' games. But all that you notice with regard to him in her stories is the entire omission of his name from them. It never by any chance slips out, therefore it must be always present in her thoughts; she must be constantly on her guard to prevent her saying the word which must once have been so familiar to her. She must have cared for him as a child, if not in later years. He must have been, in his way, indulgent to excess, else she could never have led the life she likes to dwell upon."

"There are such things, Miss Sophy, as stubborn tempers and unforgiving natures. She will not forgive either her father or her Maker for what has happened to her."

"Oh, but the repression she practises must be terrible. She is not without feeling, I am sure she is not. She is the old nurse's favourite of all the children she has brought up, and I wish you heard Louise speaking to her old nurse."

"I don't wish to hear anything of the kind," declared Dr. Somerville doggedly. "I only wish the obstinate monkey were out of my hands."

Then came the reiterated blows which changed the world to more than one of the Fernley girls, and, instead of Louise Harris passing out of Dr. Somerville's care, he had to leave her, with various strict injunctions for her treatment, to be dealt with by the assistant put in his place by the neighbouring doctor.

Sorrow, like joy, usurps our whole being, fills up our outlook, paralyses our sympathies. If anybody had asked Sophy Singleton for Louise Harris, she would have started at the mention of her name, roused to the consciousness that she had forgotten her of late, and not so much affronted at her forgetfulness as listlessly sensible that it could not have been otherwise. All her thoughts were owing to her dead father, to her widowed mother; the greater trouble had swallowed up the smaller.

But there was a quick revulsion from this weary dead-alive mood, in which she had felt that her tears were all shed, her anxiety all spent, that she would never care much for anything or anybody again, when one stormy October afternoon the Fernley Lodge carriage drove up to the porch of the Bungalow, and out of the carriage, assisted by the coachman and nurse, who remained in the carriage till the call was paid, stepped Louise, supported by the despised crutches, painfully making her way up the steps and asking to be shown to Miss Singleton's room.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



SPECIAL NOTE.

The above is the second half of a poem consisting of twenty-five lines. The other half was published last month. The usual number of prizes (twelve of 10s. 6d. each) will be awarded for this half, and a Special Prize, or prizes amounting to One Guinea, will be given for the best rendering, or renderings, of the whole poem. This prize will be open to everyone. In other respects the "New Conditions," in force since November last, will prevail.

The puzzle has been made especially difficult, and it (not the Poem) sometimes oversteps the bounds of grammatical accuracy. No solver need be afraid to send in an imperfect solution.

ABBREVIATED RULES.

Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only, and to be *headed* with the name and address of the sender.

Solutions must be addressed to The Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.

The last day for receiving solutions from the United Kingdom will be October 16th, 1902; from Abroad, December 16th, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

ONE ANXIOUS TO GET ON.—We should think it was extremely difficult to teach oneself shorthand. There is more than one system. Pitman's is, we believe, the method most generally recognised, and you could, of course, obtain a handbook and work at it. If you intend to make a profession of shorthand and typewriting, you should attend a recognised school. Inquire at the Women's Institute, 15, Grosvenor Crescent, Hyde Park Corner, London, W. We cannot say how long it would take you to fit yourself for the post of a lady clerk. All depends upon your aptitude and diligence. Shorthand and typewriting are said to take a year to learn. Many subjects are taught free in the continuation classes, held in the evening, at London Board Schools. You can obtain all information by writing to the offices of the London School Board, Victoria Embankment, W.C.

X. Y.—The way to obtain work in designing is to submit specimens of what you can do to the large firms that employ labour. The same advice holds good with regard to Christmas cards. Some firms hold a yearly competition for the best designs for cards. If you have had no lessons in painting, we are afraid you would not stand a very good chance. But you might apply in various directions with the designs you have. In the town you mention, you should be able to dispose of such work if it is good. Do not think of earning money by book illustration, unless you can be properly trained in "black and white."

NO. 14.—The translation of the Italian words *Si deve suonare tutto questo pezzo delicatissimamente e senza sordini* is, "All this passage should be played most delicately and without dampers," *e.g.*, without the soft pedal. Many thanks for your suggestion. We are always pleased to receive hints, as to the subject of new articles, from an interested reader.

CHLOE.—Owing to a great increase in the number of inquiries for foreign correspondents, we have been obliged to regard them as advertisements and charge a small fee. If you *consult the* inside cover of our weekly part, you will observe such advertisements with particulars, also price of insertion.

MISS J. M. RUDDLE kindly writes to inform our readers that the Home for English and American Governesses in Berlin is removed to Potsdamerstrasse, No. 28. She also calls attention to the Homestead or Durban Girls' Institute, which accommodates sixteen boarders besides workers. The resident Secretary is Miss Horswell. The Homestead is under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Association. Any girls going to Natal may be glad to know of a temporary home and a kind welcome. During the year (notwithstanding the war) 131 visitors have passed through the home.

BABS.—The best book you can possibly get on astronomy to teach yourself the position of the heavenly bodies is *The Midnight Sky*, by Edwin Dunkin, F.R.S., F.R.A.S. (Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row). This contains maps of the midnight sky month by month with full explanations. It is a large volume, beautifully printed and illustrated. A smaller book is *Half-Hours with the Stars*, by R. A. Proctor, B.A., F.R.A.S. (Allen & Co., Waterloo Place).

AN AMATEUR.—We are glad to hear that you have been helped by Mrs. (not Miss) Lily Watson's article on "Girls' Ambitions." Many thanks for your letter.



VOL. XXIII.—NO. 1184.] SEPTEMBER 6, 1902. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING;

OR,

THE POSSIBILITIES OF LIP-READING.

CHAPTER I.

"WHY, the morning papers are full of it!" came from a voice, the owner of which lay buried amongst the cushions of an old arm-chair by the fire. "It is really too bad," she said, as she clasped her hands, in which was crumpled an embroidered handkerchief.

"Full of what, Gussy?" said her brother, who was a good deal older than herself, as he came across to the fire-place and stood beside his sister, so that she might hear him. She was a handsome girl, but at this moment her face showed plainly enough that life went hardly with her, and her whole attitude was one of despondency. "Full of what, Gussy?" repeated her brother when he was nearer.

"Why, the case which has drawn thousands of people to the Courts to hear the fortnight's trial and the verdict. And here was I, of all people, most anxious to hear the summing-up, left out of it all! Are things never going to get better? Is my hearing never coming back? Am I always to suffer this misery of being cut off from close and friendly intercourse with

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GUSSY. [*Lallie Charles.*

others? Is close intercourse possible when conversation is carried on by shouting? Am I, too, to become apathetic, like those hungry-eyed people one meets? One sees they suffer mental agony by being made conspicuous by a hideous ear-trumpet! O, it is too awful and fearful to think I must spend my life thus. Could anything be worse, even surrounded as I am with love, luxury and all that goes to make life worth living? Blindness may be a greater affliction, but all see and feel the suffering of the blind, and kind hearts, ay, even cold hearts have their sympathy awakened; music and the sound of voices that are dear to them are still theirs. Deafness is on the increase, there is no doubt of it, for influenza has worked its havoc in this line, and more people are 'hard of hearing' than candidly own up to it. Is there no hope for the deaf," she went on breathlessly, "beyond the terrible frauds advertised as remedies which the uneducated are hoodwinked into believing honest? You know how many treatments I have tried when under the care of the best aurists. I will bear the suspense no longer, I will put an end to it one way or another, for they have one and all said they would make me better. I'm no better, but worse, far worse!" Having exhausted herself she sank back with parched lips and a gesture of despair.

Except for the ticking of the clock and the little mouse scratching under the skirting-board, a mournful silence reigned.

"Well," said Tony after a few minutes, looking at his sister compassionately, "I think it is a monstrous shame that the doctors have led you to think they could restore your hearing if they really could not do so. Why, it must be seven or eight years since you had that bad go of 'The Flue,' which made your deafness so much worse. But after all, I suppose the doctors did their best. If you go to a doctor, even if he knows he can't cure you, he feels in duty bound to try; all doctors, worthy of the name, look to Divine guidance, and surely a patient does so too in following the advice given. But when a doctor knows there is no ray of hope for curing his patient, I suppose you are right."

"Yes, the rising man of the present day considers that 'honesty is the best policy.' The ears are such delicate organs, and though the doctors may give all their skill and care, you must know that often in cases of deafness it is not only the ears that are affected. Knowledge as regards deafness has not at present reached as high a level as in other branches of medical science. You see, where there is a ray of hope given, as in my case, a patient will cling to it for dear life."

"No doubt you had much better have been told the truth years ago, as Lady Ramsay was, and have been advised without delay to take up lip-reading. Look at the Temperance question. The majority of old-fashioned medical men said it was essential to health to take alcohol. I know in the long run everyone is very much better without it. Young Taylor was made to take it after a severe illness, and his doctor has never sanctioned his dropping it, till one day he happened to pick up an ancient paper in which he saw the picture of two girls discussing the subject of bicycling. 'Do you bicycle?' said one. 'No, my doctor has forbidden me.' 'Oh, that is just what mine did, so I changed my doctor!' Taylor changed his doctor, and he is not only a happier man, as he feels he can help others by being a teetotaler, but he is a stronger man by far, and he hears better too. You know he's a bit deaf? He used to find that when he got back from a hard day's work he was often too tired to eat his proper meal, and his glass of wine used to 'pick him up' quickly, and as quickly to drop him down again. Now that he takes no form of alcohol he has to eat a good meal, which naturally conduces to make him stronger all round. I have heard of hundreds of similar cases. Yes, Gussy, you should have been told the truth long ago."

CHAPTER II.

"SHALL I get better, doctor?"

Doctor Wimbourne, the rising young aural specialist, faltered, and by the kind look in his eyes Gussy Monroe felt instinctively that he would tell her the truth

"Yes, tell me the truth, doctor, please! I have so often been deceived, and would rather know the worst."

Doctor Wimbourne paused again, and saw by the wistful, heartrending expression on the deaf girl's face that though it would mean life or death to her hopes, she intended to be tampered with no longer.

"You'll never hear any better," he said.

Tears stood in the young girl's eyes, and for the moment she hardly knew how to face the six short words and all it would mean to her and hers after the many years of pent-up hope.

She left the doctor's room crushed and trembling.

The same night Gussy was ill. Doctor Law, the family physician, looked solemn. "High temperature and quick pulse," was the verdict. "Keep her warm and quiet, and things will go right; it is just the worry and shock, but with care we can tide her over it. Rest is the best possible thing for her," he remarked.

Time dragged. Gussy did not close her eyes till the early hours of the morning. Her mind was clouded with the haze of a darkened future—would it be hers? Dozing off gently she found herself in a distant country, in a quiet churchyard. What was it she heard in a low deep voice? Surely words which could hardly be true?

"All Thy works praise Thee, O God, and Thy Saints give thanks unto Thee."

She caught the echo of the words again, and creeping into the porch she heard the preacher despairing of the unbelief shown by the world in the goodness of God. "My brothers, some people think that our infirmities should be taken as the Will of God, to be in no wise alleviated, but to 'grin and bear it' is not the highest aim of life, and was not the teaching of our Lord during His ministry. He had brought unto Him those who were afflicted in order that He might, in His infinite love, restore them to their dear ones healed of their infirmities, enabled to become not only instruments of happiness to those around them, but to share in that holy joy, the glad service of our God.

"The whole of the New Testament teaching shows us we are to alleviate the sufferings of others to the best of our ability and arouse ourselves to partake of the blessing of cure when God in His goodness sets it within our reach.

> "'We must learn of the Divine wisdom,
> Imitate the Divine goodness,
> Depend upon the Divine power.'

Then as the wonders wrought through medical science are proclaimed, we turn as the disciples of old to render thanks unto the Giver of all good. We must, however, remember that in the present day there are other methods to take the place of cure when cure is beyond medical aid.

"The healing power produces happiness. God meant us to be happy, for all was happiness till sin came into the world. We all have our trials, but sorrow and sickness are sent us, not only to train and develop character, but as a means by which our sympathy can be drawn out to others. Had we not suffered, surely the soul would not have overflowed to give the heart full speech! The world is sadly devoid of the sympathy which springs from the 'man of sorrows.' It needs 'kindness in another's troubles,' besides 'courage in our own,' to roll this earth a little nearer heaven. Think of those who are deprived of the blessing of perfect health — the blind, the lame, the deaf."

The preacher paused.

What was that? A knock at the door, daylight and old nurse with the hot water. Gussy awoke to find all had been a dream! Yet, could she not realise the teaching of this sermon in her own life and, God helping her, endeavour to learn this wonderful "hearing by sight," and moreover devote herself to the cause of her fellow-sufferers, and live the life of happiness through sympathy?

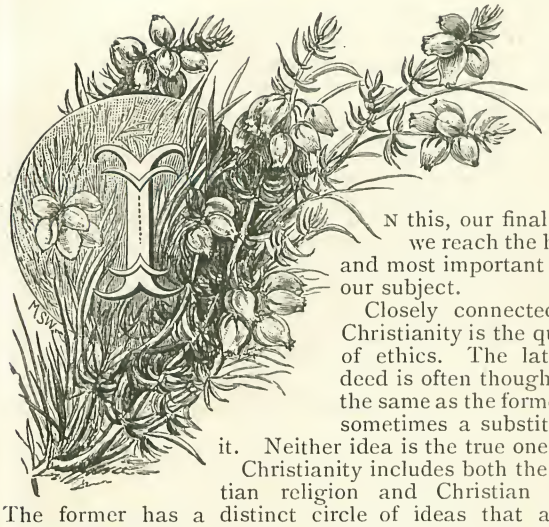
(*To be continued.*)

CHARACTER AND CHRISTIANITY.

STUDIES IN CHARACTER.

By ALFRED T. SCHOFIELD, M.D. (*Chairman, Parents' National Education Union*).

PART VII.



IN this, our final study, we reach the highest and most important part of our subject.

Closely connected with Christianity is the question of ethics. The latter indeed is often thought to be the same as the former, and sometimes a substitute for it. Neither idea is the true one.

Christianity includes both the Christian religion and Christian ethics. The former has a distinct circle of ideas that are not necessarily included in any form of ethics. These doctrines are partly based on the moral sense, but transcend its sphere in every way. Christian ethics are their result, not their cause. Christian doctrines include a sense of sin (of which there is no trace in heathen philosophy), of personal alienation from God—a scheme of redemption and holiness by the work of, and through faith in, a Person; an inward sanctification by the Spirit of God, and eternal life with Jesus Christ our Lord. Those who would reduce Christianity to the ethics it contains will here see how much is superadded by such doctrines, and how the circle of thought indicated above must modify and react on all previous ethical theory; so that Christian ethics become necessarily a compound of religion and ethics; or perhaps we may say that Christian ethics is one thing, and Christian religion another.

The point is that, in Christianity, ethics must always be subordinate to religion—the philosophy to the life; whereas in Greece the opposite was the case—when the philosophers arose, Greek nature-worship was dying.

Ethics have very little effect on character. Religion has much; it is a natural school of character. Ethics do not mould character as religion does; they do not affect the emotions, they have no vital force, and are purely intellectual. Let it be clearly understood, however, that religion without morality is dead, but that morals apart from religion may exist.

No doubt it is the doctrines in Christianity of the cross and salvation that are great stumbling-blocks to those who regard good conduct or ethics as all-sufficient.

However fully the highest ethics may be taught in Christianity, these are not its most distinctive features. But on the other hand, however firmly a girl may have embraced these doctrines, we are not entitled to call her, in the highest sense, "a Christian girl" if she does not, in her life, practise Christian ethics. All this is expressed with greater brevity by St. James when he says, "Faith without works is dead."

It is remarkable that Wundt, the most modern German psychologist, insists that "the merit of moral life is not primarily outward righteousness of life, but a purity of the inward motives."

Rightness of heart, and not of mere conduct, is the essential characteristic of Christian goodness.

It is therefore fatal to limit Christianity to ethics. Let it be clearly understood and never denied, therefore, that, while we cannot have true religion without morality, and that the truest religion finds its exposition in the highest morality, we can and do have morality (as generally understood) without religion. The greater includes the less, though the less cannot include the greater.

There can be no doubt that no choice on earth is so important to a girl as to whether or not she is to accept Christianity as the standard and goal of character. So imperious are its claims, and so absolute the distinction between accepting and rejecting, that endless remorse must one day fill the soul of the one who now rejects the higher for the lower—Christianity for modern ethics. "We have to choose," says Ruskin, in his impassioned language, "between a Love that cannot end, and a worm that cannot die."

With a Christian ideal we get a stricter sense of justice, a more complete realisation of duty, more delicacy of feeling, greater refinement of manner, more kindliness, and quicker sympathies.

At the same time, it is easy to criticise many noble characters, for the greater the polish on a stone the more are the flaws, as well as the perfections, revealed. The finer the character the more difficult is the advance, and the more frequent the shortcomings. The Christian ideal of perfection is indeed nothing less than perfect obedience to God, and perfect communion with Him and one another in His light.

We talk of obedience, but such a service is perfect freedom. It is the "truth" alone that can make us free, not "freethought"—and not only free, but happy—and not only happy, but beautiful.

"When a man," says Emerson, "lives with God, his voice (character) shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn. He will weave no longer a spotted life of shreds and patches, but he will live with a Divine unity. He will cease from what is base and frivolous in his life, and be content with all places and with any service he can reach. He will calmly front the morrow in the negligency of that trust which carries God with it, and so has the whole future in the bottom of the heart."

Not that, if we are to accept the Bible teaching, we ever see the full development of Christian character here. The soul is a seed, and though it may leaf, and bud, and blossom now, we do not see the full fruition in time, for "it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

This Christian principle, this inward energy of the Divine Spirit, lies deep in unconsciousness. By virtue of the unconscious mind our conscious will is often overpowered, and our true inner selves speak. That which we are is what we really teach, not what we say. True progress is seen in a girl's tone rather than heard in her words. If she has not found her home in God, her speech, her opinions, her acts all unconsciously confess it. If she has found a creature's only true centre, the Creator shines through her. The tone of the seeker is one, that of the possessor is another, and the latter should be the humbler of the two. The centre round which a life revolves cannot be hid.

One may, perhaps, be allowed to quote here a few words of the late Dr. Creighton's, when the Bishop was addressing the Christian Endeavourers at Alexandra Palace two years ago. He says: "More important than what they said was the way they said it. The spirit that radiated from them was the most important part of their influence in the world. . . . The world could do without their ability and zeal, but not without their reflection of Christ's temper. It was by their temper in the small things of life, by their grace, humility, and self-sacrifice, that they would turn the hearts of others to a power the world did not contain."

But to reflect Christ's temper we must enter the kingdom

of heaven, and to do this, according to the Master's words, "we must be born again."

The "new birth," however, is hardly better understood by our philosophers now than it was by Nicodemus of old.

Plato in his *Republic*, in describing the art of dyeing the true Tyrian purple, says: "The wool must be purely white first, otherwise this profound colour soon washes out." So, if the heart is as white as wool, the character truly dyed will never change. But is the heart as white as wool? The Bible only echoes the voice of all experience when it answers "No."

What, then, is the "new birth"? Is it not, under the power of the Holy Spirit, the impartation of a pure and holy principle to guide the will and life in accordance with the will and word of God? And is it not evident that any "dyeing" that is attempted before this principle is imparted will "wash out"?

Since this is in no sense a theological treatise, we need not enter here on the question when this "inward grace" is imparted.

In the new life it appears the Holy Spirit is the subjective and God the objective power. The new birth gives new motives and objects rather than new faculties. The character therefore is not suddenly changed, but rather gradually transformed by new objects. Those parts of the character that cannot now be used atrophy from disuse, while those that are useful are freshly moulded as required.

"In the life of every man," says Maeterlink,* "has there been a day when the heavens opened . . . and it is almost from that very instant that dates this true spiritual personality."

We wish we could endorse the "every man." It is true of all who know "the truth."

It is the actions, the fruits of the character of the girl, that must show the new inspiration. There is a new principle of faith in active exercise; the lamp of hope is lighted, and burns steadily, while the flower of Divine love fills the life with fragrance.

Christianity takes new views of any duties in all the three spheres of self, neighbour, God. Holiness and righteousness are new and guiding principles of life, and by them and other qualities is the inward motor-power exhibited.

Ruskin beautifully observes, "There is nothing so small but that we may honour God by asking His guidance, and as thus every action done, even to the drawing of a line or the utterance of a syllable, is capable of a peculiar dignity in the manner of it, so also . . . still higher is the motive of it. For there is no action so slight or so mean but it may be done to a great purpose, most especially that chief of all purposes, the pleasing of God." †

We see pre-eminent amid all the rival systems of ethics set before us as purposes of life the simple and sublime end of Christian life as declared by St. Paul: ‡ "We are predestined to be conformed to the image of His Son." That, according to God, is the end and goal of a rightly-ordered human life, and meanwhile we are commanded to "follow Him, to walk as He walked, to follow His steps," in short, to make Him the pattern, example and standard of life, as He is predestined to be its end. Now can any girl cavil at this? Is there a nobler ideal within the whole range of human thought? Have we within the whole circle of other religions one single utterance so authoritative as regards the object and plan of life? It is an immense relief to have such a purpose and end placed before us, and we think no worthy substitute will ever be found for it. "Come happiness or sorrow," says Maeterlink,§ "the happiest man will be he within whom the greatest idea shall burn the most ardently."

Christ is the only ideal worth following, the only Personality that can draw the whole world.

He alone can fill a human life with love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance—with that Christian character which is one of the hall-marks of the true precious metal; and this, as we have already said, not alone by making Him the ideal, but by having within that new spring and power that both give the desire and ability in any way to copy it.

Our destiny therefore depends upon this combination of faith and works, two principles which from the days of the Apostles have been constantly placed in opposition to each other instead of necessarily and always in harmony.

As long as we have two rival schools—the one crying aloud for faith and the other for works—we shall never arrive at the true relation of character and destiny, for the "believers" tell us destiny depends on faith and not works, while the "workers" tell us it depends on works and not faith. As we have said elsewhere, we are often right in what we affirm, but wrong in what we deny, for truth is greater than ourselves; therefore we should affirm and deny not. If we say destiny depends on faith, well and good; if we say it depends on works, also well and good. Let us be content with the two affirmatives—which have the highest authority—and dispense with the negatives.

Character, then, as shown in works or conduct, according to the latter school, is the seed that determines destiny here and hereafter. But what says the former? Does it not deny this? No, in no wise. For the faith that saves is the power that can alone produce the character or conduct that determines our eternal destiny for good. Faith shows itself by works.

The position of every girl, partly in this world (for there are the circumstances of birth, accident, etc., to be considered) and wholly in the next, is determined by character, but the character that can alone please God and dwell with Him must be inspired by faith and energised by the Holy Spirit. "Sow a character and reap a destiny." Yes, but it is impossible to sow the right character unless we have the moral force within, the sower as well as the seed; and this we cannot find in the elementary natural conscience alone, but in the possession and guiding of our wills by God's Spirit.

Now in this view we have gained much. We do not exalt faith at the expense of works, or works at the expense of faith; but seek to give each its place as laid down by our inspired teachers.

Consider, then, how great a thing is character, both for this world and the next. It has the casting vote in our destiny. A girl has exactly the place that her character makes for her. If she be clever, and unscrupulous, and selfish, she may rapidly get her reward in position without honour, in power without love. A noble character may be poorer in prospects, but richer in respect; and in the eyes of all whose opinion is worth having she is the one to be envied.

And the hereafter? While faith alone can inspire these acts that are truly pleasing to God, He in His final tribunal will render "to every man according to his deeds,"—his conduct, the expression of his character. Let us then, in view of the supreme importance of this subject, try to give finally a few practical hints as to the formation of character.

We are, nowadays, slowly and dimly beginning to see that we stand face to face with a most interesting and difficult task, with which is bound up in a way that was little understood a few years ago our welfare and destiny. Fatalism has had its day, cause and effect are more clearly seen everywhere, the sowing and the reaping follow each other without question, and, as we have seen, faith no longer casts a doubt on the reality of this process, but appears in its true light as the only power that can enable it to be carried on to the glory of God.

We have then certain simple helps to forming character that we will proceed to sum up with great brevity.

1. We have the power of forming good moral *habits* to overcome the obvious defect in our characters.

2. We can to a great extent choose our *environment*, so that good suggestions, physical, mental, and moral, are ever unconsciously sowing themselves in our brains.

3. We have the power of setting before ourselves inspiring

* Maeterlink: *The Treasure of the Humble*, p. 172.
† J. Ruskin: *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, Introd. 4-6.
‡ St. Paul, Rom. viii. 29.
§ Maeterlink: *Wisdom and Destiny*, p. 43.

ideals, so as to give direction to our wills and energy of growth.

4. We can feed our minds with good *ideas*, the character of which is so largely within our own control.

5. We can go bravely through the *circumstances* of life; not choosing the smooth path, but the right path at all times.

6. We can, by watching the various tendencies, *balance* one against the other, so as to avoid becoming cranks or one-sided.

7. We can strengthen the *will*, and make it carry out its own designs, and act with energy and decision.

8. We can educate the *moral sense* with reverent care, keeping it tender in its purity, modesty and sensitiveness to all evil.

9. We can increase the sense of *responsibility*, first to oneself, then to others, and, above all, to God.

10. We can by unquestioning *faith in God* and in Christ as our Saviour cultivate the spirit of humility and dependence on the power of His Spirit to produce in the life the character that pleases Him.

11. We can remember, after all, that character itself is *not the object* of our lives.

12. We can ever keep before us the *twofold purpose* of our being—the glory of God, and the good of our fellow man.

Let the ideal for which life is being lived, then, be clearly realised; let it be the highest and best; and let it be steadily pursued, and all that would turn it aside into lower and easier paths be suppressed. The character will thus grow in the likeness of that which it is following, and if that object be Christ, the character will evidently and naturally become Christian.

By these twelve means every girl can improve her life, fulfil her highest aspirations, and, increasingly forgetful of self, attain to that rest of soul and peace of heart that passes all understanding.

While then, as we have said, we will not make our own attainments the objects of our life, we will remember that good habits can be formed to overcome evil as long as life and mental faculties endure; that surroundings always help or hinder; that ideas still feed or poison; that circumstances are still of the utmost use in producing vigour and self-control; that conscience may be used or abused, cultivated or deadened; and that lastly and finally religion may be made a collection of dead dogmas which dwarf and atrophy the character, or true Christianity may become the breath of life, the inspiring ideal, that, by "sowing" the character aright, "reaps" the Eternal Destiny hereafter, where "self" at last is gone, and where the personality is but the reflex of the Eternal; where "*non nobis*" is the eternal cry, and where Christ is all in all.



THE FAIR CAPTIVES OF CASTLE VUFFLENS.

A Story of Love and Loyalty. From the Records of the Tenth Century.

CHAPTER XIX.

Announced as "Duke Azzoni, envoy from Lothaire," Arthus could not help but be well received. Having asked for a private audience, he made Conrad feel all the advantages of an alliance with France, praised Mathilde's charms, represented her own willingness in this matter, and received the royal assent of Conrad, who prayed him be his ambassador to ask, on his behalf, the Princess's hand, and to marry her in his name.

Arthus refused this honour as being in the service of Lothaire—his envoy, in fact, to Conrad; besides which, an interest, too important to be deferred, must for the present detain him in Transjurane. In speaking of Ermance as his nearest relative, he denounced the Châtelain des Clées, and then referred to his barbarous treatment of Isaure.

The King replied that he had already sent two of his councillors to carry to the Châtelain an order from the King to give up the said lady and to restore her to her family immediately.

"I have learned that my envoys have returned, and was about to give audience to them when you were announced. Since you take so great an interest in Mademoiselle de Vufflens, we will interview them at once, so that you may hear what they have to say."

The councillors were admitted and interrogated on their mission.

They related how, to their great surprise, they had found the Châtelain des Clées lying on a couch ill of a fatal wound; and how, having pressed upon him the command of his Majesty, he had declared by his sword and by the soul which would soon leave his body, that the young lady of Vufflens was no longer in his power. He had seized her, he explained to them, as his *fiancée*, under a promise from the Dowager, and a promise also

from the young lady herself, who had accepted him as her knight when, at the tournament, she gave her bracelet to him as a pledge of her faith, and he considered himself, he said, only within his rights.

He had wished to compel her to keep her word, and was carrying her off to Castle Clées by a detour, when, close to the grottos of Agis, he was overtaken by his rival. She was placed a prisoner in one of the grottos, guarded by a bodyguard of their armed men, and the two champions forthwith engaged in fierce combat for the right to claim her.

Humbert de Montfaucon, mortally wounded, was transported to his Castle home in a state of unconsciousness.

He did not know, he said, what had become of Mademoiselle de Vufflens.

"It is to Lord Montagny, then, that I must address myself," said Arthus. "With your permission, my lord, I will take my departure without delay, and reach his castle as quickly as possible."

He saluted the King. Conrad pressed him to wait a little while in order that he might be accompanied by an armed escort. The Lord Montagny was universally dreaded, and the King feared that the Duke Azzoni might meet with some unlooked-for treachery at his hands. But Arthus was too impatient to wait. His blood boiled with indignation.

"I shall be well pleased to welcome what military assistance your Majesty may send to me. But I cannot longer defer going in person to release my unfortunate cousin."

Taking speedy leave of the King, he started in all haste for Yverdon, below which place rose the terrible towers of Castle Montagny. His heart beat madly in approaching this retreat of feudal tyranny, with its massive vaults, its heavy doors decorated so generously with sharp-pointed projections, and guarded by sentinels whose mien was ferocious and repulsive in the extreme. With lances crossed they prohibited him from entering.

"No stranger," they said, "may enter the interior tower."

Arthus told them that he came charged with a command from Conrad the King. While the Lord of the Manor was being warned of this arrival, Arthus was bidden to enter and wait in the arsenal.

He preferred to remain on the raised bastion in front of the drawbridge.

The narrow loopholes of her prison, he thought, would not permit Isaure, if a prisoner here, to enjoy the outlook which was the only advantage so dreary a dwelling could have to commend it.

"How beautiful are the works of the Creator. How hideous often the works of man!"

As he reflected thus, Lord Gérard appeared, escorted by a bodyguard. Everything about him combined to make up a person terrible to look upon—to Arthus, as to everyone else.

"What is it that Conrad the Peaceful requires of me?" he asked in a sneering, menacing tone. "And what messenger does he send me?" he inquired again, contemptuously, seeing only a single knight and his equerry.

"He desires that thou deliver to me, here and now, Isaure de Vufflens, detained by thee in captivity," said Arthus with dignity. "Thy King commands it; and I, his messenger, Isaure's cousin, Arthus, Duke Azzoni, well know how to compel thee, shouldst thou dare offer the least resistance to these his wishes."

"Compel me to it!" cried the other furiously. "Learn, young sir, that no one can force Gérard de Montagny; that in this stronghold I fear neither king nor duke. Learn also that I am now about to reward thy audacity. Guards," he cried, "let this forger be seized! If it were true what he alleges, would he come with so small an escort? Let him be put in the dungeon and chained!"

"Unworthy of thy knighthood!" cried Arthus, drawing his sword. "Thou, whom I have already vanquished once, dost thou then believe it will be so easy to conquer me? If thou wert not disarmed, thy blood should have reddened the earth ere this. If thy villainous attendants dare approach, they will feel how far this arm can avenge innocence and punish a traitor!"

The astonished guards remained immovable. Then, on a positive order from their master, several of them, somewhat ashamed of having feared a single man, advanced in order to seize him.

Alibert assisted his master to such good purpose that soon their adversaries, either disabled or seized with fright, suspended their attack. But Gérard, who had retired, now appeared fully armed.

"Cowards," he cried, "a child could intimidate you! All the better, the more quickly to fall!"

"It is thou," cried Arthus, "who wilt quickly fall! But before thy death, I wish to know where Isaure is concealed?"

"Only when thyself expiring shalt thou know," cried Gérard, falling upon him with his lance.

Arthus received the blow upon his shield, and was not even disturbed by it. He in turn attacked the Châtelain, with all the force of youth and with that intrepid courage and reasoning that foresees the blows of his adversary, knowing exactly how to direct his own. Not so tall as, and less robust than Gérard, but quite as courageous and more adroit, he did not give him time to breathe, and succeeded at last in giving him a wound deep enough to lay him at his feet. Arthus bent over his enemy, and with one hand he tried to arrest the blood.

"Once again I have vanquished thee, Gérard," he said to him. "Dost thou recall the Tournament of Blonay? It is I who was the victor. Then it was merely a game, now it is thy life which is in my hands. I accord it thee, if thou dost restore Isaure. Thy wound——"

"Is mortal," replied the proud cavalier. "For I do not wish to survive defeat, nor do I wish to owe my life to thee. Seek for this Isaure, and find her if thou canst. Leave me to die. Avenge me!" he cried to his servitors, and then expired.

Now for the first time our young hero was in danger. Furiously the soldiers from within, where they had been in ambush ready to fall upon Arthus at the first signal from their master, rushed forth in full force. Gérard's signal, uttered with his last sigh, animated them against him whom they called their master's murderer.

Arthus defended himself valiantly; but he was about to succumb to fatigue through the number of his assailants, when Alibert cried vigorously—

"Courage, one moment more and victory is ours! Here are the brave Thiéry's soldiers, and he himself is at their head!"

Scarcely had he uttered these words than the troops approached. They forced the drawbridge, spreading terror all around them. Superior in numbers to the garrison of the Castle, this intrepid force had soon triumphed over a troop no longer able to hold its own. After half-an-hour's resistance, the soldiery of Montagny were completely defeated. Arthus, seeing himself thus

ably supported, recovered his exhausted strength. He fought at Thiéry's side till what remained of the soldiery laid down their arms, and the keys of the Castle were carried to the conquerors.

"Shall we find Isaure within?"

"I hope so," said Thiéry, "for I promised Gizèle that I would not only save Arthus, but would not return to her without Isaure. One of her orders is executed. The other should soon be accomplished."

"What!" exclaimed Arthus in surprise. "It was Gizèle? How did she know? Brave Thiéry. It is a sweet reflection to owe my life to one who also saved my mother, to my cousin's husband. But explain. How did you become aware of the danger I was in?"

"Ermance in leaving you," replied Thiéry, "mounted her palfrey and came with Berthe to Lasarraz; told Gizèle of your arrival at Vufflens; of the discovery of your birthright; of your high deeds in France; and finally of your resolution to go forth to Isaure's rescue.

"'And he will go alone to Clées and Montagny,' Gizéle declared fearfully, 'and that is to court instant death!'

"I quite agreed with her, and suggested setting out at once with an escort to join and succour you, in case these lawless lords wanted to gain a treacherous advantage. It was Providence led me here at a moment when my assistance was still of use."

Arthus conquered nobly, although without Thiéry he would have succumbed. And this new obligation, in attaching him to the Baron de Lasarraz by the sweet tie of gratitude, extinguished the last spark of his love for Gizèle. From this moment he felt that he was able to see her again without trouble or danger—that the wife of his deliverer was no more to him now than a sister and a friend.

Whilst speaking, they sought for Isaure, and, with the porter's assistance, they hurried through the towers, the vaults, the dungeons of this gloomy residence, but without finding her. They questioned guards and sentinels. They could learn nothing. Many persons had witnessed the combat between Lords Clées and Montagny before the gorge Agis. They knew that a prisoner, who was the cause of it, had been retained there. Some among them had been commissioned to guard her. And yet she had disappeared without their knowing how or whither.

"Let us go at once in search of her," said Arthus, "and not rest satisfied until we have succeeded. Without doubt the wandering fugitive is in hiding somewhere. Gentle, modest Isaure, how thou must have suffered!"

"Why, I wonder," said Thiéry, "if she dare not return to Vufflens, has she not come to Lasarraz? She would have been in safety there."

Arthus made no response, but remained absorbed in his own reflections. Isaure, he thought, was not likely to seek asylum near to a brother-in-law who had defeated all her efforts in Arthus's cause. She had pardoned Gizèle, it is true, and she had estimated Thiéry's-worth. But he felt sure this marriage must have grieved her too greatly for her to find any pleasure in being near to Gizèle and a husband who was not Arthus, especially if it were true that Isaure loved himself.

In spite, however, of all that Elise had said, Arthus could not believe it. He saw in her suspicions only natural prejudices. Another distracting idea seized possession of his mind. Perhaps, after such a multitude of disturbing emotions, Isaure had succumbed in some unknown cabin, where almost certainly she would find little help or care. They resolved to visit not only the grottos of Agis, but every village, hamlet, or cottage, and to inspect each carefully.

Débris of armour, pieces of spears, and broken helmets scattered about showed the spot of the recent furious fight between Isaure's two suitors. Something shining in the sunlight attracted Arthus's attention. It was the bracelet of pearls acquired at the Tournament by Châtelain Clées, and which he had worn in his helmet. It was still attached to it. Arthus easily recognised it, for he had often admired it on Isaure's arm. He knew where the fellow bracelet was, and this find, while giving no indication whatever of Isaure's present whereabouts, was regarded by him as a favourable omen for the eventual success of his enterprise. The companions continued their route. No place of possible asylum escaped their inspection. They made inquiries of everyone. In a village named Grancy, a peasant woman told them that, in going to her work one day, she had met a stranger on the borders of Venoge who inquired of her the way to Vufflens. This good woman imagined that she wished for Vufflens-la-ville. She had directed her along a pathway leading to it. After what they had heard, they were convinced that it could be no other than Isaure. Full of hope, they turned their horses in the direction of Vufflens-la-ville, and made fresh inquiries. Yes, such a person had been seen. The peasants of this place had re-directed her to Château Vufflens. One of them had been her guide as far as Bussigny. The horsemen hastened to Bussigny. They entered the first house and made the usual demand.

"I am sure," said a little girl, "it is the lady who entered the convent of the Abbey Saint-Germain. She wished to rest there, and has not come out again because of being ill. In going the other day to wash linen in the Venoge, a Sister spoke to me and said her life was in danger."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Arthus. "Let us away! Ah, if it be too late!" and, throwing his purse into the child's apron, he bade her show them the road to the convent.

She turned presently by a small chapel built upon a hill, traversed a beautiful meadow, then through the hamlet of Saint-Germain. On the river bank, in the middle of the prairie, rose a large building. Never was a refuge better placed than in this retired and rustic spot.

(*To be continued.*)

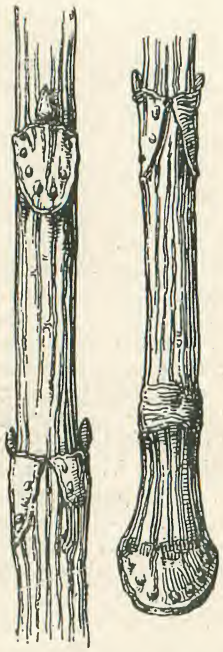


THE HORSE CHESTNUT.

Æsculus Hippocastanum.

"Children played beneath it, lovers sat and talked,
Solitary strollers looked up as they walked.
Oh, so fresh its branches, and its old trunk gray
Was so stately rooted, who forebode decay?
Even when winds had blown it yellow, almost bare,
Softly dropped its chestnuts through the misty air;
Still its few leaves rustled with a faint delight,
And their tender colours charmed the sense of sight."

Dora Greenwell.



HORSE-SHOE MARKS ON CHESTNUT TWIGS.

THIS handsome tree appears to have been introduced into England, probably from Northern India, about the middle of the sixteenth century.

Many of our native trees have such inconspicuous catkin flowers and produce them at such a height from the ground that they may well be passed by unobserved, but the striking beauty of a horse chestnut in full flower must appeal to the most unobservant eye.



Gerard mentions it as a rare foreign tree in 1579, and Evelyn remarks with reference to it in 1663, "I wish we did more universally propagate the horse chestnut, which being easily increased from layers grows into a goodly standard and bears a most glorious flower even in our cold country." How he would have admired the magnificent avenue of chestnuts in Bushey Park if he could have seen them in their full beauty of rich foliage and masses of silvery blossoms!

I believe it was the unfolding of the conspicuous buds of the horse chestnut that first led me to take a special interest in our English forest trees, and in the hope that my readers may share in that interest I have drawn four studies of these buds to show their mode of unfolding in early spring.

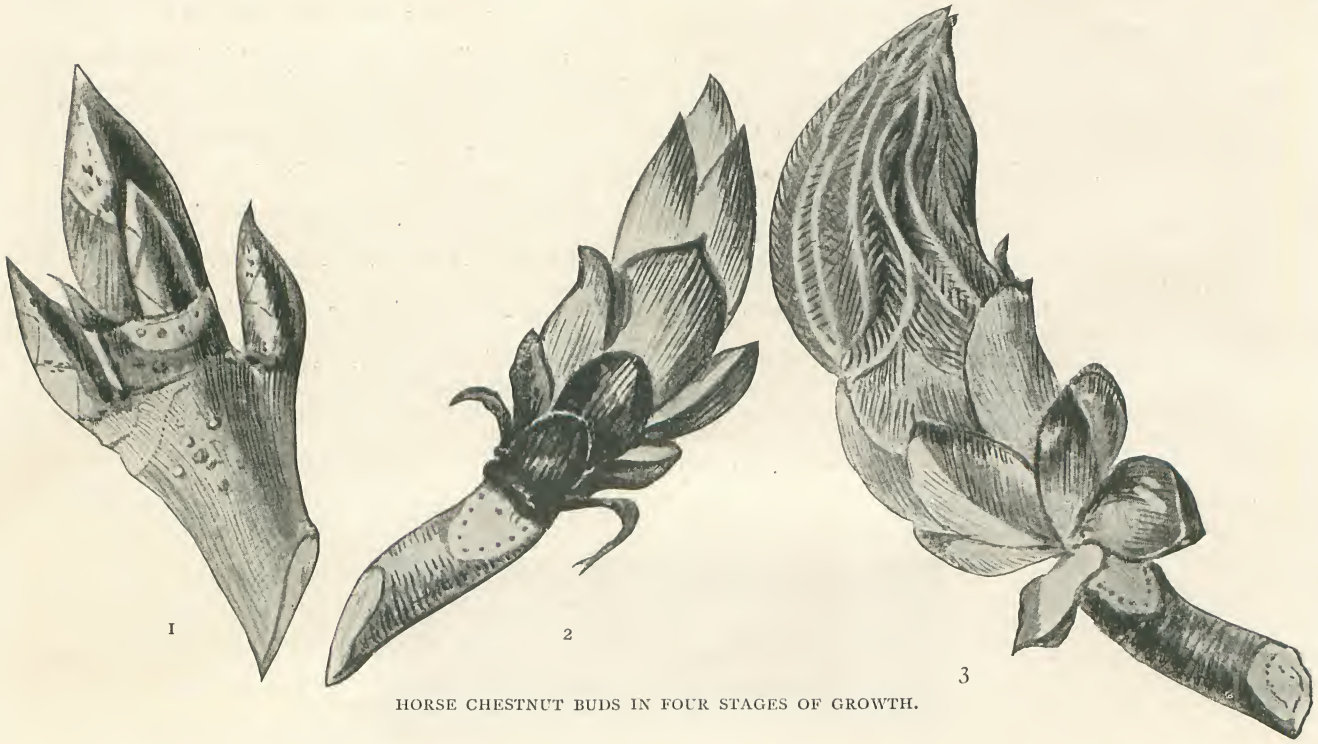
The leafage of the tree is securely packed in each bud and defended from the effects of frost and snow by no fewer than fourteen scales, cemented together by a resinous substance which effectually shelters the immature leaves. With care it is possible to unpack one of these buds in winter, and by the help of a magnifying glass the minute leaves can be seen surrounding a little spike of flowers embedded in a substance which resembles soft yellow wool.

No severity of cold seems able to penetrate these buds. They yield only to the increasing warmth of the sun in spring, which gradually melts the outer resinous coating and permits the scales to unfold and drop off, thus releasing the leaves which, in all the beauty of their tender green, hang droopingly for a while, until they gain strength to expand their five or seven leaflets. It is at this time that our numerous squirrels hold high revels amongst the branches, biting off the young shoots of tender leafage apparently in sheer mischief, until the ground beneath is strewn with a *débris* of leaves and flower-buds.

This annual pruning only lasts for a day or two, and I must say I can never trace any ill effect from it; doubtless nature supplies fresh shoots to fill the place of those that have been destroyed.

There are many derivations of the name of this tree; I can but suggest one or two that seem most likely to be correct. As the word "horse" is a common prefix denoting anything large or coarse, such as horse-radish, horse-mushroom, it may have been applied to this tree because it grows vigorously and has large expanding leaves. I am, however, inclined to believe that it is more likely that the name has arisen from the leaf scars so closely resembling a horse's shoe. Also amongst the smaller twigs may be found some which are almost exact counterparts of a horse's foot, fetlock and leg. According to the angle at which they grow will depend their resemblance to a fore or to a hind leg.

The glossy brown nuts which strew the ground in autumn



HORSE CHESTNUT BUDS IN FOUR STAGES OF GROWTH.



4

It is worth while to observe the curious way in which the bark splits off in a series of curves, so that the fragments beneath the tree are of a rounded form, whilst the sycamore has an exactly opposite habit; its bark splits vertically and horizontally, shedding off small pieces which are often absolutely square.

I am glad to observe that the red-flowered chestnut (*Pavia rubra*), which is an allied species, is more frequently planted than it used to be; its flowers are scarcely as large and vigorous as those of the common horse chestnut, but their vivid colouring combines admirably with masses of lilac, laburnum, hawthorn and other flowering shrubs.

Our specimen of *Pavia macrostachya* is always one of my "spring delights." Its early shoots are of a fine reddish brown hue, opening into leaves of elegant form, and then, six weeks later than the common chestnut, it produces its curious flowers. They are white, with long projecting stamens which give a delicate fringed effect to the spike of blossom.

ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.

do not appear to be of much value. Starch has been made from them, but the process was found to be too costly to be remunerative. Neither are they attractive to any animals except deer, which greedily devour horse chestnuts. For their sake I allow the nuts to be collected when desired by those who possess a deer park.

In Switzerland, I believe, these nuts are crushed and used as food for fattening sheep.

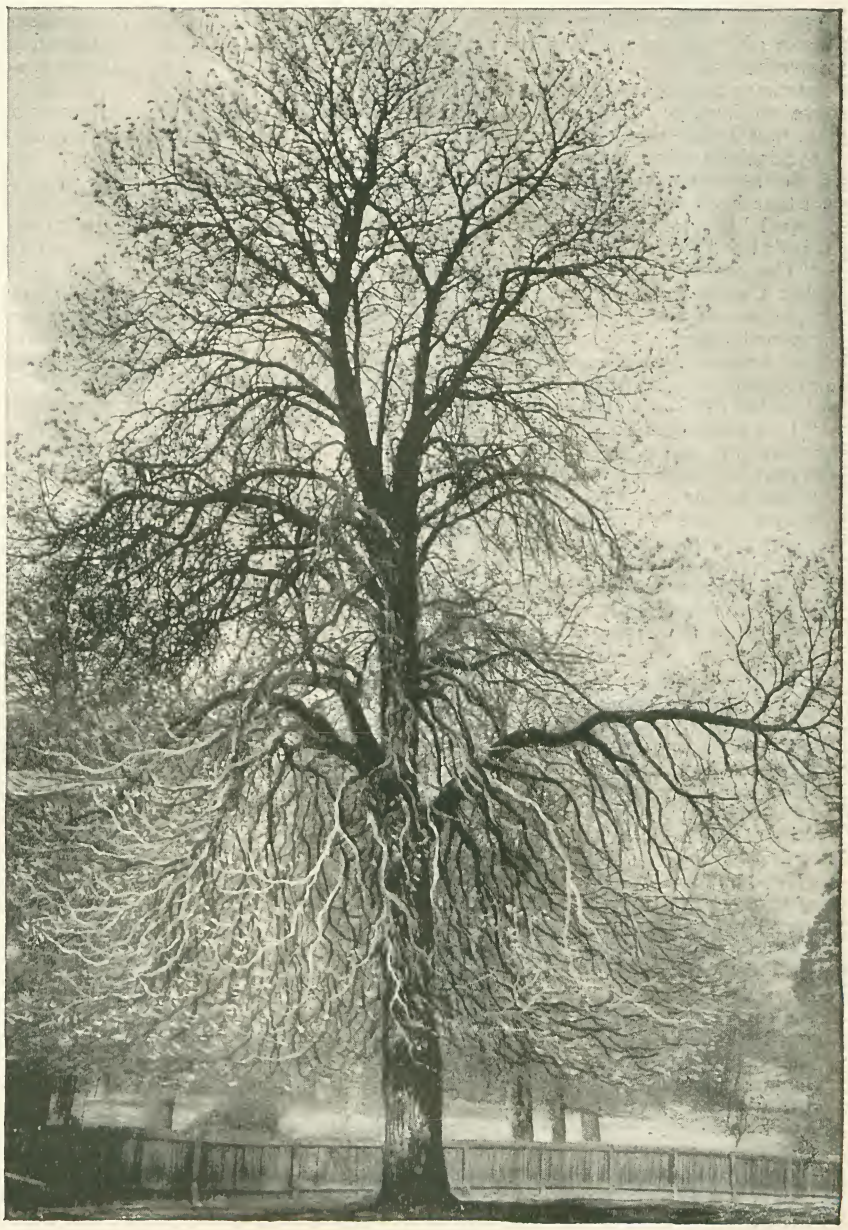
The horse chestnut is one of the first trees to show the yellow tints of autumn, but it is beautiful in its decay, and I hardly can recall a more vivid effect of colouring than may be seen when looking up at a deep blue sky through golden-leaved chestnut boughs.

In some cases a branch here and there will turn a rich crimson, which greatly increases the gorgeous effect.

The forms which the adult tree takes are often eccentric. Five and twenty years ago there was a horse chestnut in the grounds of Ardbraccan Castle, County Meath, which covered nearly a quarter of an acre, its peculiarity being that it imitated the banyan tree, the branches falling and taking root again. I do not know whether this remarkable specimen still survives.

The separate leaflets, when dry and sere, will often curl into a peculiarly graceful form, and after remarking this fact for many years I was much interested to see, at an exhibition of carved wood-work at South Kensington, that one of the students had produced an exquisite panel, the ornamental scheme of which was entirely borrowed from these curled leaflets. An artistic eye had noted their special beauty and used them with admirable effect in an elaborate design in carved lime-wood.

The timber of the horse chestnut is soft, and unfit for use where strength and durability in the open air are required. It is, however, said to be useful for underground water-pipes, and the boards are suitable for flooring and packing-cases.

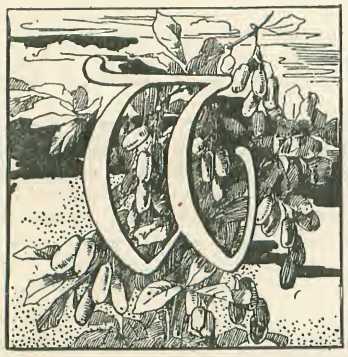


HORSE CHESTNUT.

LOVE IN IDLENESS.

By EMMIE AVERY KEDDELL.

"And here a King, a guilty King, might bow
Before a child, and break his word no more."



"WHAT is beauty?" asked Frank Curzon.

"Beauty?" repeated Beatrice. "People have given it a thousand definitions. Surely it is a mighty yearning. The appeal of our higher self to our lower. An eager invitation to become what we admire most, and for the rest, it is compensation for the 'eyes of the heart.'"

"What you said to me the other night," he began after a pause, "has been haunting me. Do you remember how you said that the touch of spirit upon spirit sometimes became like the touch of hand upon hand? I have an impulse to speak out to you—to be myself with you, that I have never had with anyone else."

"Elizabeth often tells me that I am a foolish girl, who cannot help weeping now I have realised that Pan is dead. But then he is never dead for those who love him. There, I heard his pipe then! It is a good omen to have heard it, isn't it?"

"The very best omen in the world, I assure you," said Frank Curzon gravely, "and it never happens unless two people are in mental accord. I wonder if it has really happened before in this century."

She looked at him, her face rippling over with fun and comprehension. With an impulsive gesture she held out to him her little sunburnt hand.

"It is altogether good to be with you," she said. "You translate my moods for me. I am so glad that we came, and that it is such a beautiful day!"

"Pan is not to be resisted when he has entered into a compact to give two people a charming morning together," he remarked as they turned to leave the sea-shore.

"That vision of the sky, drifting between Heaven and the sea always reminds me," said Beatrice, "of some lovely dream that finds its way into a glad night."

"Do you often have glad nights?" he asked.

"Sometimes; and then I think of the poets I love best, and build white castles on fairy islands, wild lonely islands, where oft-times one is almost within touch of the philosopher's stone that has been sought for ages, and yet even when seen never possessed."

"Dear," he said in a low voice, "do not make me love you too much. I have no right to such happiness. Help me to remain your wise self-contained friend."

"I will, indeed I will," she answered, trembling, as she drew her hands from his and put them over her eyes.

When, half an hour later, he was alone, he found himself face to face with a problem which for many years he had known he might one day have to solve. He felt that he had been wrong, unmanly, in striving to engrave his image upon a girl's heart, before not only making sure that hers was writ as large upon his own, but that he was as ready to walk in the courts of love as he had been to linger beside its garden fancies.

Conscience, which was with him an acute faculty, stung him as he thought how he had been playing love in idleness, and with a girl who had no knowledge of empty play hours. His own self-abasement became almost intolerable.

There are times in which our belief in the absolute deadness of all intense feeling surrounds us with danger. It was this belief which had cheated him into his present position, and of another's feelings he had been blindly forgetful.

Only yesterday he had been sure that for him all feelings of such a kind were impossible, and that a gentle regret was the keenest emotion which could stir any girl in her teens, however lovable.

Now he found himself mastered by acute pain. Different solutions presented themselves to him in hurried succession. He might go to-morrow and tell her the story of his play-time, and of how it dishonoured the beautiful girlhood he had learnt in her. He might leave there for good as though called suddenly away by imperative matters. He might see her less frequently and keep strictly within the limits of a disinterested friendship. But, with stern honesty, he decided that the latter course was impracticable, and the first utterly unworthy.

The conclusion at which he arrived, after hours of minute self-inspection, was to go away for a week to some still quieter place and think out the matter beyond the reach of her smiles' influence.

It was the next morning that the note, telling her elder sister Elizabeth of his sudden departure, caused the colour upon Beatrice's face to first deepen and then turn pale.

"I suppose you won't like my saying so, Beatrice, but I'm not at all sorry. I hope he will stay a long time."

"You never liked him," answered Beatrice. "But why?"

"I know it vexes you, girlie, and I am sorry. Mr. Curzon with you is one person, with me he is quite another. It's all summed up in those lines of Browning's: he shows me the side he 'faces the world with,' and you the side he 'shows a woman when he loves her.'"

Beatrice's eyes flashed resentment.

"I don't like even you to say such things to me, Elizabeth. I have always thought it more than a little ill-bred for one's friends to say that as soon as a man shows that he likes one he is in love with one. I am glad now that he has gone away if you think such things of him."

"If you care so much, Beatrice, I wish I could honestly admire him more."

"But how can you know whether you admire him or not? You have only known him a short time, and then you've only said the most commonplace and conventional things to each other."

"That is it," replied Elizabeth drily. "I am one of those who are fated to hear only the commonplaces of life. A 'Queen in the rosebud garden of girls' and an unalluring spinster see the world through a totally different medium of humanity. I have not the smoky glass of reciprocal charm to soften ugly details and blend crude tones together, until the crude tones the beautiful, and the beautiful bestows warmth and shade upon the crude."

"And yet," objected Beatrice, "we are told to half close our eyes in painting on purpose to avoid seeing too much. Surely this same rule applies to our mind's eyes? There are, we know, the ugly details in every nature, and if we go peering about for each other's every fault, where would be our pleasure in each other's companionship?"

"I daresay there would be none," admitted Elizabeth, now thoroughly nettled. "Yet he strikes me as such a—a sham."

Beatrice turned upon her sister a look which was different from any Elizabeth had ever seen upon her face.

"You have no right to say those kind of things of one whom you do not in the least know. It makes me think that you have grown prejudiced and uncharitable in your judgment of people. And I would tell you too that all you have said of Mr. Curzon only makes me more determined to do him justice, and hasn't the very least effect upon my opinion of him."

With this she rose, and went away with a white set face.

Elizabeth, looking through tears of wounded love and sharp vexation, saw her a few minutes later rowing out

towards the headland, which glowed like a grey mantle lined with purple and gold.

* * * * *

It was the next evening. Something seemed drawing, drawing Beatrice down the steep hill to the old boat. It was as though she were in search of something. She walked faster, less carefully. The old boat amongst the rocks—it was there, she must go. Now she was almost running—now she was there. She put out her hand; someone was sitting there!

When Frank Curzon's voice said, "Don't be frightened. I came to bring you a letter I had written you. I meant to slip it into your box in a little while"; she only answered softly—

"I knew it was you when my hand touched you."

He had risen, and was standing in front of her.

"Sit down," she said, in her sweet voice. "I want, I think, to talk to you."

He sat down as she bade him, and she placed herself at his side, slipping her hand into his as she did so with all the frank confidence of a child. For some moments they sat thus, looking up at the soft tiredness of the heavens. At last, very quietly, she said—

"Do you know this is my birthday?"

She felt him start and half withdraw his hand. Then he said with some bitterness—

"An exquisite birthday gift I have brought you. It is here. See, I will give it you now." And he put into her hand a thick white envelope. "A rather long letter, isn't it?" he asked, with a short hard laugh.

But Beatrice did not answer. He could see in the dim light that she was turning the envelope about in her hand, and looking down gently at it.

"Is it not strange," he went on, "to think that after you have read what is written there, you will never care to be with me or to talk to me again."

"Oh," she said, under her breath, and he knew by her tone that she was smiling, "do you think me like that?"

"Like what?" he demanded in a hard voice. "You hold in your hands as ugly a confession as a man could well make to anyone. Am I to imagine you different from every reasonable creature in the world? Would you think the same of a man as you did before after finding he was selfishly despicable?"

"Not the same—how could it be? For then I would give him of my compassion also; not my pity, but my absolute understanding compassion. Who are we, to let misdeeds hinder life's growing? Does the Great Forester when He lets the trees shed their leaves, hinder the spring grass from growing? Why are you afraid that I shall judge you so harshly? Is it not enough that you regret it so, whatever it is? If you will allow me, I will throw this into the sea there, now this instant, and I will never again even think that it was written."

"My dear, my dear," said Curzon in a choked voice, "what you say is womanly divine, but I should be base beyond any expression if I took you at your word. When you have read what is written there you will see that I am right."

"I wish I could comfort you before I leave you," she said presently.

He could not speak for some moments, and then at last—

"God must have put the spirit in your feet that led you to me. I was sitting here wondering how men bore their own scorn and lived, when your little hand touched mine. Dear child-heart that you are, how good you are to me! Have you not remembered that I am old and grey, and not at all like the Prince in a fairy tale. You will go back to your room in a little while and pray over that letter in your hand—and that I may not have been quite guilty of the dishonesty and cowardice of which I tell you I have been guilty."

And then they sat silent for a long while. The stillness had grown so intense that the breaking of each wave upon the shore seemed the detonation of sullen thunder.

"Ah, Beatrice," he whispered at last, "if I had been less unworthy I should indeed be proud to serve for you seven years, and think it but a day in comparison to the love you have taught me. There is an old legend that comes to me. 'One knocked at the Beloved's Door, and a Voice said, "This house will not hold Me and Thee," and the door was not opened. Then went the Lover into the Desert, and fasted and prayed in Solitude. And after a year he returned and knocked again at the Door. And again the Voice asked, "Who is there?" and he said, "It is Thyself," and the Door was opened to him.' Only one who has such a spirit can claim you."

"And still," she answered gently, "à Kempis says, 'Nothing is sweeter than love; nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing more generous, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller or better in heaven or earth . . . . Love feels no burdens, regards not labours, would willingly do more than it can; it pleads not impossibility, because it conceives that it may and can do all things. It is able, therefore, to do anything, and it performs and effects many things where he who loveth not fainteth and lieth down.'"

"I must not listen to you," he said, rising. "Go and read that letter before you sleep. Afterwards, if—but that is impossible, and my opinion of myself is unalterable in spite of your divine charity. I will take you to the door, and then I will—I will come and talk of you to the Great White Mother of us all—the sea."

Very solemnly he held her hands in his for a moment in that silence with which the strongest of us have always parted with their heart's desire. And then walking wearily, with her hand through his arm, she went towards the house, and he stood watching until the door had closed upon her.

But though he turned he did not move far away. Something soft blew against his hand, it was the lace scarf she had worn over her head. He lifted it, and buried his face in its fragrant film, and he felt as though a spirit touched him soothingly, tenderly. Keeping the scarf still in his hand, he waited to see the glimmer which would tell him that she had lighted her lamp and was reading his letter, as he had asked her to do.

Suddenly it shone out, and, fascinated, he stood looking at the luminous square behind which she was learning how he had played at love's idleness when first he had met her.

He calculated how long it would take her to read each page; followed her in imagination. Now she had come to the first bitter sentence. Now the pride of her, the baseness of his act was searing her tender soul. Now the fulness of her contempt was beginning to dawn upon her. Now—now—now she knew. She had read it all. It was over.

He turned, and went back to the old boat by the side of the sad Mother, who bears within her many of the tears, some of the shame, from all the ages, of her sons.

* * * * *

"Dear," she whispered, with slow soft distinctness, "I have come back to you. I had to. I have read it all; it has not, it never can, change me."

A shudder took him, but he did not move. Then kneeling beside him she put her lips close to his ear, and spoke again more softly still.

"Never mind, dear, never mind. Only believe that I not only love you, but honour you so, because you were strong enough to tell me."

"Beatrice!" he faltered.

"That I honour you!" she repeated firmly.

"Beatrice," he cried with a great sob—"Beatrice!"

"Yes, your Beatrice, or no one else's, never to be anyone else's until I die. We will teach by our own lives, you and I, the holiness of loving to other girls."

"And to men," he answered reverently, "the splendour of forgiveness."

* * * * *

This time Elizabeth watched them coming hand in hand towards the house. And as she looked she whispered gravely to herself, whilst a tender light came into her eyes—

"Over the hills and far away the happy Princess followed him."

NEW IDEAS FOR TEAS.



TEAS have, for a good many generations now, been an important feature in our social life, and the descriptions of the tea-drinking in Mrs. Gaskell's delightful *Cranford* make one feel that even we do not make as much of such gatherings as we might. The teas in *Cranford* were not mere polite "four o'clockers," to use a new French coinage which they have adopted from us, but sociable meals of a sufficiently substantial character to carry the guests round until the next morning, with a sandwich or two and, maybe, a glass of home-made wine before leaving to help keep out the night air.

A good many folk who cannot invite people to dinner or supper can entertain their general friends to tea, and the thing is to think of some diversion, some general scheme of entertainment that shall knit the company together and give point to the gathering when it is on a somewhat larger scale than usual.

A good many people are very scornful at the mention of the word "game," and yet games, of sorts, afford a good deal of fun if people will only throw themselves into the game with zest, and leave self-consciousness behind for the while. I have known a good deal of amusement got out of "rhyming." One starts a line in the metre of some well-known poem, and the next person has to add the next line, following the metre and the subject started, and so it goes on, each one contributing a line, or maybe two, if the couplet form, familiar in the poems of Pope and Goldsmith, be adopted, and the rhymed couplet is one of the easiest to manage. As for the subject itself, it should be something occupying people's thoughts at the moment, say the Coronation, the approaching holiday-time, or other matters in which all can take an interest. One of the party should write down the lines as they are given out, so that the poem of many poets can be read in its entirety, and very quaint and curious verses result from this kind of collaboration. The great thing in all such games is for the hostess to encourage her guests to make an effort. With our cold and lymphatic temperaments we want a good deal of stimulating into action, but once get us under weigh we go at quite a pace, and it is astonishing what an amount of talent seems to rise to the surface. There are other *mauvais quarts d'heure* than the one before dinner, but get over them and things brisk up, and before long everyone is gathered into the social net, and the impetus necessary can be given by the hostess or host.

A very successful "tea" was given recently, at which the writer was present, where the hostess required her guests to caricature any three of those present. Several protested "that they could not draw to save their lives," but paper and pencils were handed round and each one had to do his or her best, and some very laughable results came from the pencils of those who could not draw to save their lives. When each guest had drawn three portraits the papers were collected and then passed round for all to record their votes upon, by putting either naught or one, two or three, according to the merit of each drawing, those securing the greatest number of marks winning the prizes. These were two small pocket-books or metal mem-books with spring-hinged covers which are kept closed by the pencil. A "booby" prize of a piece of india-rubber was given to the lowest score. This idea of a caricature tea was, so far as the writer is aware, an original one of the hostess, and it certainly went well. It put people in touch with one another, and by the time the drawings were finished and the tea itself came to be drunk, not one of those terrible pauses occurred which bring the hostess the crushing feeling that her gathering is slow and her guests are being bored instead of amused. As a detail it was found that shrimp paste sandwiches and cress sandwiches met with great favour, so it is evidently a good plan to provide something other than sweets for teas, for these soon cloy, whereas brown-bread sandwiches with bloater paste, cress or cucumber give the palate a zest for some of the sweets.

"Penny" teas are a novelty and afford amusement, and also exercise the ingenuity and give people something to do in their leisure time. The idea is a simple one—to show the greatest effect obtainable at an expenditure of one penny in materials, time and labour not being counted. I suppose more paper can be purchased for a penny than any other manufactured product, and it is astonishing what can be done with three-farthingsworth of paper and a farthingsworth of glue. The first prize at one such tea was given to a lady who made a model of a grocer's shop, every article being contrived out of brown and coloured paper. It would be permissible to purchase two or four separate pennyworths of materials and then take half or a quarter of the purchases for use, though it would be as well in that case to bring the surplus with you, so that the hostess can satisfy herself that the actual cost of the work submitted does not exceed one penny.

Wire, again, is cheap, and skilful fingers with a pair of pincers could contrive some artistic toast-forks and other articles out of a pennyworth of wire.

Wood, again, is cheap, and some good models and toys could be contrived out of, say, a halfpennyworth of wood, a farthingsworth of glue, and a farthingsworth of colour to decorate the wood with.

Out of a halfpennyworth of wire and ditto tissue paper an artistic lamp-shade could be contrived.

Those who can paint might buy a penny box of paints, and on the paper in which the box is wrapped paint a landscape or head. Such a picture would be a veritable *tour de force*, as the colours and brushes in a penny box leave much to be desired.

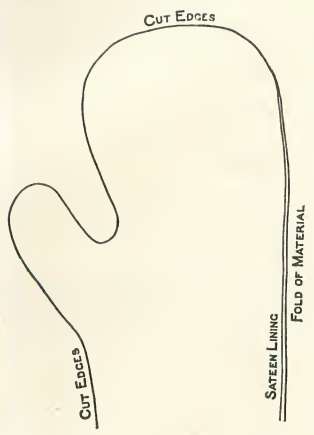
Those who have culinary skill could show what can be made for an expenditure of one penny. I imagine a farthingsworth of rice, a farthingsworth of sugar, and a halfpennyworth of milk would make a pudding. The cost of firing would not be counted, but if something ought to be allowed for this, then the rice and sugar should cost a farthing, fire a farthing, and milk a halfpenny.

Don't be scornful, gentle reader, at such suggestions, for after all a difficulty so many hostesses encounter is what to do with people when you have gathered them together? and it is one way out of the *impasse* to suggest all doing the same thing at the same time. And even if the "thing" be as trite or ordinary as those above, it will at least serve to start the social machine; it will do something to overcome the inertia that affects us too often; and don't let your enthusiasm be damped by the critic, who is, as Byron said, "ready made." The croaker is soon silenced when he sees that you are not to be turned aside from your purpose by his cynical douche. The hostess, with a little tact and the courage to carry her programme through, can do much to make her gatherings delightful half-hours instead of dreary interludes in which the guests say spiteful things about her and her friends.

FRED MILLER.

A NEW ARTICLE FOR A FANCY BAZAAR.

COAL GLOVE FOR SICK-ROOM.



THE design given in this article is for a coal glove, which may at first seem a very useless article and not exactly pretty, but when once it has been used you will wonder how you ever did without it. The little tongs which are so often used for putting on lumps of coal are most useful, but not to be compared to a coal glove. In a sick room they are simply invaluable; the fire can be made up quite silently, a boon to the patient as well as the nurse.

The glove is made of black velveteen and lined with a coloured sateen. Of course the cheapest material should be used, and the glove should be made for the right hand, and big enough to slip on easily.

The words "coal glove" may be worked on the back in silk the same colour as the lining.

You will require a quarter of a yard of velveteen and the same quantity of sateen, and one yard of ribbon an inch wide the same colour as the sateen.

Fold the velveteen and place the straight side of the glove to the fold of the material, and then cut it out. The sateen should be cut a trifle smaller. The reason for this will be seen when making up the glove. Work the words on the back in crewel stitch. Then fold the velveteen the wrong side out, fold the sateen the same way, *i.e.*, the wrong side, and then lay one on the top of the other, taking care that the sateen lining the side it is folded is placed a little further away from the fold of the velveteen, as shown in design. This will prevent the lining rucking when the glove is turned.

Stitch round the cut edges with a machine—this makes it stronger—and then turn the glove, the velveteen outside. Finish the wrist part off neatly by binding it round with the ribbon, making a loop to hang the glove up by, finishing it off with a bow of the ribbon.

These gloves can be sold at bazaars for eighteenpence each, and when people are told how useful they are, they will gladly buy them, and as nowadays it is found very difficult to sell the expensive and useless articles which are always sent to bazaars, it is well to have a very good supply of smaller and cheaper goods. More people are then able to buy them.

NONA.



THE FERNLEY GIRLS' GUILD.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

CHAPTER XV.

FIGHTING THE WHOLE WORLD.

"THE mountain has come to Mahomet since Mahomet has ceased to come to the mountain," said Louise to her astonished, embarrassed hostess.

Still more to Sophy's astonishment, Louise's eyes filled with tears as her glance fell on Sophy's black frock.

Louise crying, when she had not, as far as was known, wept for her father's degradation or for the calamity which had befallen herself!

"This is so good of you, Louise, and I have not been near you for such a length of time. But you know——"

"Yes, I know," Louise interrupted her gently; "the mystery is that it should have happened to you. We Harrises have been a worldly lot—I daresay people will not hesitate to say a bad lot," she threw back her head defiantly, "but you good people here! The Vicar is not only godly, as a Vicar might be expected to be—he is good, and Mrs. Field is kind. The girls are pretty tomboys, flighty and fond of dress, but there is no great harm in any of them, unless a spice of malice in the curate's wife. Dr. Somerville and I have been at war all through my illness, but I can see he is honest to the core"—her fingers gave a nervous twitch as she said so—"and now that he has gone away to see his son die, I miss his scolding. As for his daughter Maggie, your friend, she is one of those good creatures everybody puts upon and despises. I am rather afraid of her mother, but I think she is good, too—and you, Sophy, you whom they tell me is a Joan of Arc of a girl—(how I should have liked to be the real Joan in armour, on the battlefield!)—but you have not been fighting flesh and blood men-at-arms for a kingdom, only the weaknesses and follies of your contemporaries, in order to spiritualise them, to raise their standard into that of ideal girls and women, to redeem them from their foolishness and littleness as Joan redeemed France.

Weary work, Sophy, hopeless work I should say, from the girls and women I know; but you are not the less a heroine because you are leading a forlorn hope."

"No, no heroine," protested Sophy piteously. "A heroine is not so engrossed by her own sorrow as to forget the sorrows of others. A heroine does not desert her post, I have been nothing else save a forward, presumptuous girl who is forced to see her incapacity, and how short a season of trial on her own account she can stand, without becoming utterly demoralised and selfish. If you call me a heroine I shall think you are pointing out to me that I have been a pretender—a false pretender."

"No, a heroine," insisted Louise. "I won't be robbed of my heroine. At least you are one of the good people of Fernley on whom, by the strangest selection of victims, this storm of calamity has burst."

"Hush, Louise," cried Sophy, with a sense of profanity in the speech, "at least we are all good enough not to think or call ourselves good."

"But why should affliction be suffered to fall on and crush some of the best of their kind? I can understand why I am never to ride—to call it riding!—or dance or do anything worth doing again, because I only pleased myself; I never thought of anybody else. But you and the rest, why should you be sentenced to suffer more than your neighbours, who you must own are not half so good?"

"I don't own anything of the kind," Sophy's spirit rose to say, "though I admit that I have rebelled against the loss of my father. I have said to myself, 'Why have other girls, whose mothers were strong and well, who have had brothers to take care of them, who have not seemed to prize their fathers as I prized mine, had their fathers spared to them, while my dear father was taken from mother and from Alice and Bea and me, who need him so much?' I suppose it is natural to think such things, but I know it is wrong. It is not loyal to the teaching of him who was our father on earth—not to say to the sovereign rule of Him who is our Father in Heaven."

"Oh, I don't care about loyalty," asserted Louise, "especially when it is loyalty to manifest injustice."

"Why, Louise," remonstrated Sophy, with the first faint approach to a smile that her lips had formed for days, "you are bringing forward an old and refuted argument. You have surely heard of the patriarch Job. None of us was so good, and none of us said simply, as he said when his multiplied trials came upon him, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' And you have read the explanation given of the fall of the tower of Siloam."

Louise had certainly heard of the most patient of men; she was less acquainted with the history of the Tower of Siloam; for, though she had her own share of intelligence and an unusual amount of knowledge of the world for her years, her studies had not lain much in the Bible.

She stuck to her theory that the just should be rendered as exempt as possible from human ills, and then she added moodily and, as it sounded, irrelevantly—

"And I have lost my father."

It was breaking the absolute silence of all these last months. It positively startled Sophy, who said gently as soon as she recovered her presence of mind—

"Yes, for a time." As she uttered the words in her sick longing for her father's return, which could never be, she almost envied Louise for the limitation they expressed, though she knew the envy to be unworthy. She had some perception that there are worse partings than that of death, and she realised it more keenly within the next five minutes.

"For always," said Louise deliberately, and with a tone of infinite hardness in her voice. "He is dead to us as he is to the world. He has brought a stigma upon us that we can never cast aside. We will be pointed at as his sons and daughters all our days. I don't know that dad and I were much to each other, since I could trot about on my own hook. Marcia was his favourite, and Marcia says the same as I say, and rather more. She is in the greatest wax when she has to speak of him. Rose and I were not of much account to him, only he let us have our way—that gave him least trouble—and I think he had rather more regard for me than for Rose. I did not weary and nettle him by continual illnesses, and I have heard him boast of my seat in the saddle and my pluck. But we had not much to do with each other, father and I, and we shall do without each other very well. I can speak for myself."

"Oh, but you will forgive and forget," cried Sophy, grieved and shocked. "Your own father—who can ever be like a father?"

"Almost anyone, such a father as ours was, our own father working out his sentence in jail! No, I don't think we'll forgive, certainly we sha'n't forget. He might have left us his name decently clean, and we could have dispensed with the money which was not his to give."

"But your mother," faltered Sophy, for she had heard through the Vicar of Mrs. Harris's patience and fidelity where her husband was concerned, that she was already speaking of how she was to receive him on his release, and go with him to hide his dishonoured head wherever he could find a refuge.

"Oh, mother has her own bourgeois ideas of a wife's duty to her husband, and if she keeps to them she must choose between him and us. You don't understand, Sophy; you are an innocent, romantic, sentimental baby. Husbands and wives, brothers and sisters in society, in the great world, are not to each other what you dear greenhorns at Fernley are. We do not hold by each other; we are content enough to let each other go."

Sophy did not understand, and made small way in convincing Louise that there was another better, truer interpretation of kinship, with its blessings, ay, and its curses, its sweet delights and its stern obligations. But she did herself good, she roused herself from the apathy of prolonged mourning, the indifference to the needs of others, the lack of gratitude on her own behalf, the listless acquiescence in all around her, which might have numbed her sympathies to a degree from which they could hardly have altogether recovered.

"Father was not like this," she told herself remorsefully. "He would not know me as I have been lately. I am not the girl he praised and trusted. I must go out and about, and do my poor best to be useful and helpful to others besides mother and Alice and Bea. I must go and see poor Louise Harris, after she gave in and broke her wrong-headed determination not to cross the threshold of the Lodge, not to be seen handling these pitiful crutches, just to struggle to get to me. Louise's bark is worse than her bite, and she was brave never to deign to complain."

When Sophy went to the Lodge, where she found Maggie Somerville, the two girls were made acquainted with Louise in a different humour. She had been worse since her expedition to the Bungalow. She was again laid up on her couch and racked with no little pain.

The girls would have done anything they could compass to comfort and entertain her. Sophy was as contrite for the relapse as if she had been its author—as if Louise had driven to the Bungalow at her urgent entreaty and by her express invitation. Sophy and Maggie would have sat silent if Louise had desired it; they would have talked softly together, trying to interest and divert her by their conversation; they would have read aloud to her by turns from whatever book she chose.

But Louise would have none of these things. Instead she exclaimed excitedly, "How would you like to lie here like a log, and know you had to fight not one enemy, but the whole world? That is the legacy my father has left his children, and you expect me to thank him for it. Your father has left you an honourable name which you can bear without reproach, which you are proud to bear; but wherever my father's name is known it will cover us with shame and disgrace. People will expect us to cheat and pilfer as he did. He saved us from temptation, did he? He secured money, part of his ill-gotten gear, for us and for himself that he might not starve when he came out of jail; and people will taunt us with the possession of it and with its source in the dishonest hands of the partner who robbed his firm, though we were to wander to the ends of the earth. And we cannot give it up and get rid of the unclean thing. The precious law which is punishing him puts obstacles in the way of his children stripping themselves. As for mother, she has an insane, old-world idea that duty and affection—as if affection could not be scotched out of existence—bind her to stand by and sustain the man who has disgraced them both, and has wasted her substance as well as his own."

"Oh, be quiet, Louise," implored Sophy, "you are exciting yourself. Do your best, and people will not blame you."

"Will they not?"—with incredulous scorn. "Our former partners will turn their backs upon us, men and women will go out of their way to avoid shaking hands with us. When we enter a room we will be greeted with meaning glances and whispers—we do not need to have them shouted in our ears to know what the words are—'There go the daughters of the man Harris, who was tried for felony the other day and is undergoing his sentence. Oh, yes, they are quite well off, he took care of that for their sakes—and for his own.' To hear you pretend, Sophy, that the innocent do not suffer for the guilty! I have told you that we were a worldly lot, we Harrises, but I can say for the women of us and for Gerry, who is with his regiment in South Africa, we would not, if we could help it, take what is not our own. Even Marcia would not, though she might protest, like some of your Bible people, that she could not dig, and to beg she would be ashamed."

"And if you do suffer for your father's sin," cried Sophy, growing exasperated in her desperation, "he is your father, however little regard there may have been between you, and are you not willing, thankful for your suffering if it expiate in ever so small a degree his offence?"

Louise's only answer was a long stare before she closed her eyes wearily.

(*To be continued.*)

FOREIGN CAKES AND SWEETS.

Sudeltorte.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of butter, two eggs, half a pound of powdered sugar, half a pound of almonds, half a pound of flour.

Stir up all the above ingredients together, not forgetting to melt the butter and pound the almonds. Pour into a well-buttered tin and bake in a hot oven.

Zwetchgenkuchen (*Plum or Greengage Cake*).

Ingredients.—Two pounds of blue plums or greengages, a quarter of a pound of sugar, cinnamon, two ounces of butter, ingredients for butter or dripping pastry crust.

Make a pastry of either dripping, butter or merely bread dough. Spread this out on a large tin. Halve and stone the plums. Place these as near to one another as possible on the crust. Strew over them breadcrumbs, cinnamon and sugar. Cut up some tiny lumps of butter and lay them on top. Bake in a warm oven.

P.S.—Like the apple cake, this plum cake may be made from simple bread dough, the plums laid on top and a cream of eggs and milk strewn over when it is half done.

Pasta Neapolitana (*Neapolitan Cakes*).

Ingredients.—A quarter of a pound each of sugar, blanched almonds, butter and flour, two eggs, half a pound of icing sugar, half a cupful of preserved cherries, jam.

Rub the butter into the flour, pound the almonds and add to the flour, then mix in the two yolks of eggs. Roll out the paste, cut it in rounds, bake till light brown on a buttered tin. When the cakes are cold spread each with jam, place on top of each other. Beat the icing sugar and whites of eggs together. Ice the cake and decorate it with the preserved cherries.

Kartoffel Torte (*Potato Tart*).

Ingredients.—Half a pound of sugar, six eggs, cinnamon, lemon peel, and half a pound of potatoes.

Mix the eggs and sugar well together, add, by degrees, the crushed potatoes with a flavouring of cinnamon and finely-shredded lemon peel. Pour the mixture into a form which must be first well buttered, and bake in a moderate oven.

Pudding Al' Italiana.

Ingredients.—A quarter of a pound of Osborne biscuits, two ounces of macaroons, two ounces of candied peel, one ounce of sultanas, one ounce of blanched almonds, eight eggs, half a pint of cream (or milk), a small glass of rum. Powder up the biscuits, chop the peel, almonds and sultanas very fine, and mix with three whole eggs, five yolks, the crèam and rum. Pour the mixture into a tin which must be buttered and lined with paper. Cook in a "bain marie" for about three-quarters of an hour.

Pasticci di Risotto (*a favourite Italian sweet*).

Ingredients.—A quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, half a pound of rice, a quart of milk, vanilla flavouring, egg and breadcrumbs, boiling lard.

Cook the rice, with the milk and sugar, over a gentle fire, and before it is quite done pour in some drops of vanilla. As soon as the milk has dried into the rice, retire from the fire and set it to cool. Form into round balls, cover with yolk of egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling fat until of a nice brown colour.

Serve hot in a doyley with an accompaniment of fruit jelly or syrup. Any remains of rice may be used up in this way.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

NESSIE.—No words of mine can express the deep interest with which I have read your letter and entered into the story of your conflicts by the way, your doubts and fears, your prayers, heart-searchings, use of means, your perseverance, and the simple faith to which you have now attained. I should rather say "received," for "faith is the gift of God," and "without faith it is impossible to please" God. I can well believe that you never before wrote such a letter. How glad I am you wrote it to me! It has done me good to read it. I respect your wish in not quoting from it, and I rejoice to welcome you into the world-wide family who call me "Mother-Friend."

ERIN has noticed WINTON'S inquiry about "a cure for melancholy," and urges me to advise her never to use a medicine advertised as such. Some nostrum of the kind was brought under the notice of one dear to herself, and the use of it produced, and still produces, most baneful effects, as, having once begun, she could not be induced to discontinue it. ERIN adds, "Perhaps WINTON was not really asking about a medicine to take; but I could not help thinking that if she were, I should be wrong not to warn her." This message is evidently sent from a kindly motive, so I pass it on. ERIN gives no real name or address.

MYRA SHOWE.—A second volume of *In the Twilight Side by Side* will be published, but I cannot give the exact date. I fear it will not be out in time for the "birthday present." Many other readers keep asking for it. Hearty thanks for your appreciative letter. Such words fill me with deepest thankfulness.

WHITE LILAC.—You have my true sympathy in your aspirations and plans for using your God-given powers, and I do believe the way will be opened for you. We often need great patience whilst waiting. It is so much easier to work than to wait, even though time proves this discipline to have been part of God's plan for enabling us to make the best use of our lives. Do the work nearest your heart, and put your best powers of mind and body into it. We may always trust to these strong inclinations, when, by yielding to them, we shall do God's work and bless our neighbour. The doctor or nurse who is a true servant of Christ has more opportunities for saying a "word in season" than others can possibly have. When a suitable Correspondent offers, I will not forget you.

A WOULD-BE DISCIPLE.—Such longings and desires after a sense of forgiveness for past sin and a life of holiness and dedication to God's service, can proceed only from a Divine source. They are not natural to us, so thank God for them. There is no room for hopelessness; no need for discouragement, though your progress may be slow. Your letter, with the picture of your heart-searching, your alternate hopes and fears, your dissatisfaction, even with your motives, and your yearnings after more definite assurance, is a very touching one. Dear, you must remember that the Christian life is one of constant warfare. By God's help, it may be, one besetting sin is conquered, but you find the work is only begun. All along life's way, success and failure, victory and defeat, follow each other. But every success gives new strength to fight, and every failure has its lesson for the "would-be disciple." God furnishes the armour. The Holy Spirit lights the path, and the Captain of our salvation leads us on if we look to His life as our perfect pattern. It is not presumption to take Christ at His Word. But in joyfully accepting the assurance of pardon to the penitent, we must not forget the injunction, "Go, and sin no more," even though our failings may be comparatively "little ones," and of the every-day sort. I think you might be greatly helped by seeking advice from such a pastor as you describe.

I. Y. W. C. A.—I sympathise heartily with you, and I hope and pray that your desire may be granted. It is so much to be able to say, "I lean on Jesus now, and the burden is not half so heavy, though the trouble remains." Read 1 Cor. vii. 10-16. Is not the last verse a special message for troubled ones like you, dear friend?

MARA.—I am glad you have taken the step I advised. Do not lose heart. Resolve not to think of the past. I feel sure that the trouble is intensified by dwelling on it. By all means mix with others as much as possible, and allow your mind to be diverted to other things.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

LADY DISDAIN.—Your poems are decidedly above the average of those we receive for criticism, as you are able, on the whole, to handle metre and rhymes satisfactorily. We well remember writing a criticism upon the verses some time ago, and possibly you have already seen it in this column. There are many reasons which prevent replies from appearing immediately they are written. In "Flower Symbols" you should not make "variety" rhyme with "supremacy." It is old-fashioned to elide the *e* of the final syllable of past participles—"seem'd," "pass'd," and so on. We prefer the last of the three poems, as we think it shows more originality of treatment than the other two.

JESSAMINE.—Many thanks for your kind and courteous message of appreciation.

JANE.—We thought one of your questions important enough to receive a separate answer, or could not have replied to two questions. Occasionally, as our readers may observe, we print a reply of special significance in another part of the magazine from this column. You may consult *Child Life* (Philip & Son, 32, Fleet Street, E.C.), 1s. quarterly, the Kindergarten journal; also the *Journal of Education* (W. Rice, 3, Broadway, Ludgate Hill), 6d. monthly, and the *Schoolmaster* (Latham, 3, Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C.), 1d., Saturday.

CORNFLOWER.—Refer to our exhaustive reply to JANE, which recently appeared under "Question and Answer." We may add, in case of any difficulty, that you can obtain full particulars by addressing the Secretary of the National Froebel Union, 4, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.

ROBIN.—As our answer to CHRISTABEL disposes of your first question, we will take the second. But it is not very easy to weigh the respective difficulties of various examinations. We think the L.L.A. diploma of the University of St. Andrews would suit you best. The examination may be spread over any length of time. It is held in May or June at various centres in the British Isles, and at two London centres. Seven subjects must be taken in all, or honours in one or two, and fewer subjects. Full information can be obtained from the Secretary, L.L.A. scheme, St. Andrews University, and there are preparatory and correspondence classes; address, 5, Melville Street, Edinburgh; 3, James Street, Hyde Park, London, W., and elsewhere.

CHRISTABEL.—The best advice we can give you is to apply direct for full information, as to the B.A. (London) degree, to the Registrar of the University of London, University Buildings, Imperial Institute Road, South Kensington. Probably you know that the preliminary examination is Matriculation. Women can also obtain a B.A. degree at Durham University, Victoria University, the University of Wales, the Royal University of Ireland. You do not say which University you have in mind, but full particulars can be obtained from each or any of them. Many thanks for your kind letter.

M. E. D.—We must say to you, as to so many others, that we are unable to print our criticisms immediately they are written. The press of correspondence, and other reasons, prevent us from doing so. Doubtless you have ere now seen our reply to you.

SHAMROCK and CORNFLOWER.—We fear our answer will not be of much use to you for "a concert at the end of April." The best plan for a girl-reciter is to keep her eyes open and make her own selection from what she reads, as you have done. You would find something in *What to Read at Entertainments*, arranged by Rev. F. Langbridge (Religious Tract Society), also *The American Reciter* (Alfred H. Miles). "Aunt Tabitha," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, is a clever short poem for a girl to recite. *Voces Populi*, by F. H. Anstey, is a book which offers a collection of witty and amusing conversations. These could not fail to succeed if well and dramatically done.

BAS-BLEU, MARY WRIGHT (Dunedin, N. Z.), W. ROBINSON, and L. E. RICHARDSON (New Zealand).—We are sorry to disappoint you, but we have found it necessary to make a change in our "International" and "Exchange" Correspondence. It was occupying too much space in this column, and has therefore been transferred to our advertisement department. For all particulars, consult the advertisement sheets inside the cover of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.



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AN AUTUMN STORM.

THE day was bright and fair, the afternoon sun came pouring in at the windows. Outside in the garden the sunshine was lighting up the red autumn leaves of the cherry-tree, the yellow branches amongst the green of the beech-trees, and the smooth green sward in front of the house.

I stood at the window rejoicing in the sunshine—rejoicing in the lovely autumn tints. Then taking up a book I sat down and began to read.

Suddenly I became aware of the fact that all had changed. The sun had gone, dark clouds covered the sky, a bright flash of lightning nearly blinded me, quickly followed by the awful sound of heaven's artillery. Then the air was white with hail, which, as it fell upon the grass, rebounded half a yard into the air again, the white falling mass blown first one way and then another by the force of the wind, rattling on the windows, rattling on the greenhouse, rattling on the gravel path. What a storm!

And now as I write it is all over, and the sun is shining brightly again, and except for the sparkling diamonds on the trees, and little dewdrops on the grass, and some red and yellow leaves blown from the cherry or the beech tree, one would not know that it had been!

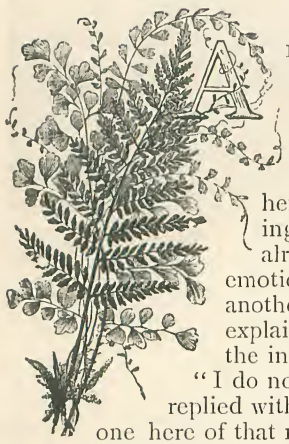


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THE FAIR CAPTIVES OF CASTLE VUFFLENS.

A Story of Love and Loyalty. From the Records of the Tenth Century.

CHAPTER XX.



ARTHUS could scarcely restrain his impatience as he knocked at the exterior portal. A nun in charge answered the summons, and drew back when she saw two cavaliers before her. However, their gentle bearing reassured her. Arthus had already named Isaure; but his emotion prevented him from uttering another word, and it was Thiéry who explained and who retailed to her the information they had received.

"I do not understand, Sir Knight," she replied with lowered eyes. "We have no one here of that name. No young person such as you describe."

"I believe," said the little villager, "that it is the young invalid lady whom they want, who came from Bussigny. It was I who led her and——"

Upon this, the nun retired to make further inquiry. She soon returned, and said—

"Who would believe, Sir Knights, in seeing you, that a young girl exposed herself to any and everything in order to fly from your presence; and that she trembles terribly at the thought of encountering you again! She whom you seek is in truth here with us. Tall, thin, pale, pretty, having the name of Isaure, and flying from two cavaliers who pursue her. It is the same if, as she has said, they are wicked traitors. Certainly you have not the air of being such. But one must not be tempted by appearances. And since she fears you so terribly, she must have her reasons for it. To see or recover her is impossible. Therefore, depart quickly."

"I will depart only with Isaure," cried the much irritated Arthus. "Go and say to the Abbess that we wish to speak with her. If she refuse, we will force the doors," said he, raising his voice, while placing his hand upon his sword. His look, ordinarily so gentle, was now so determined that the nun trembled.

"The young girl had reason indeed to fly from such!" she said.

"It is not us from whom she flies, my sister," said Thiéry, smiling at her terror. "Very much to the contrary. We are her brothers and——"

"Her brothers!" interrupted she. "You will never make me believe it. You neither of you resemble her any more than you resemble me. It is not as brothers that you come thus—threatening force. For the rest, Madame the Abbess will judge of that. Perhaps she will receive you at the grating, if you replace your swords."

She re-entered the convent. After half an hour, the Lady Superior, followed by others of her order, appeared, but was still apparently unwilling to admit two cavaliers spoken of by a young novice with terror, and pronounced by the door-keeper to be verily terrible.

Arthus saluted the Abbess respectfully. His distinguished person, the charm of his countenance, soon dissipated her fears and disposed her to listen to him.

"In truth, sirs," she said to them, "one would scarcely believe, in seeing you, in the deeds of violence of which you have rendered yourselves culpable. You are, I understand, Châtelain Clées and Lord Montagny?'

"No, madame," replied Arthus, "you behold before you the Baron Thiéry de Lasarraz, husband of the youngest sister of Isaure—in search of whom we are here. And I, I am——"

"Arthus," replied the Abbess, regarding him with critical attention. "I know your name and recognise you now."

"Yes, madame, my name is Arthus. But I do not remember—having had the honour——"

"Of seeing me, you would say? It is true you have never seen me. But I—I have seen you daily."

She whispered to one of the Sisters, who retired into the interior. Arthus ignored what she had been pleased to tell him, being more anxious to hear of Isaure than of himself.

"You know then also, madame, that I am the adopted brother, the cousin and the defender of Isaure de Vufflens, whom you have so generously sheltered. She must be very ill, since she comes not with you. If this be so, will you please, madame, inform her of the presence here of her brother-in-law Thiéry and of her brother Arthus, and that she has nothing to fear from her late tormenters—that we come to escort her back to her family."

The face of the Abbess became clouded. Before she had time to reply, her messenger had returned and placed in her hand a packet. She unfolded it and drew forth a portrait attached to a ribbon.

"A resemblance more striking could not exist. Judge if I have been deceiving myself."

She handed the portrait to him, and although it had been painted three years previously, he believed it to be no other than a portrait of himself.

"Yes, it is certainly Arthus," he said, returning it to her. "But how came this miniature to fall into your hands?"

"I will explain. In the presence of a proof so positive, joined to your own assertions, I have no longer any fear in admitting you. Enter my parlor. I will re-join you there," she said, bowing with graceful dignity. She was of the ancient and noble family of Alinge, and it was easy enough to tell, judging by her speech and her bearing, that she belonged to an illustrious house.

Arthus seemed oppressed by a tumult of inward thoughts and feelings. The interest which Isaure had always inspired in him seemed to be increasing every moment. He felt that he could not live without her. But he still gave the name of friendship to his feelings.

"I was aware of the reputation of her family," said the Abbess on her return, "and found it difficult to understand how a young lady in her position had come by such misfortune as her appearance justified. I was much interested in her, and gave all possible care and consideration to her case. Many fits of fainting succeeded each other. So often did she ask for Arthus; so often did she implore his forgiveness; so often did she refer to her sister Gizèle, as well as to others, the mere mention of whose names seemed to terrify her, that I remained at her bedside until the delirium abated. When she recovered her senses, her first thought was for the medallion. She then related her history to me, her

one desire being that Vufflens should be protected from further assault.

"'Better far pass the rest of my days here, away from those whom I love, than expose them again to such danger,' she said.

"Poor child!" continued the Abbess, "a cruel grief seemed to be crushing her heart. It troubled her peace of mind for a long time. But I believe it depends entirely upon you whether or not she entirely recovers her calmness," concluded she, looking at Arthus as she spoke.

He hastened to assure her.

"Ah!" he cried, "you little know that I would dare any and everything for Isaure's happiness. Nothing should be impossible to me for her sake. Speak, madame, I pray you; what is it oppresses her?"

"You will know to-morrow," answered the Abbess, rising, "and if I mistake not, it will be easy enough. Return in the morning and return alone. If Isaure's health permit, you shall see her, but on condition that you give me your word in no way to fight or hinder her religious vocation. Her nature seems distinctly suited to it, and it would, in my eyes, be sinful to turn her thoughts from God."

"Isaure will be always free, unpersuaded by me, madame," Arthus replied. "But to-morrow's interview will decide her fate."

He bowed low and respectfully. Thiéry did likewise, and the two friends took their leave.

On the morrow Arthus retraced the path to the convent alone, astonished to find himself experiencing so much emotion in the prospect of seeing Isaure again.

"You shall see Sister Isaure very shortly," said the Abbess to him, "but I wish to speak with you beforehand. This agonising grief, which you alone can calm, is caused by the fear of your anger regarding her sister's marriage with the Baron Thiéry de Lasarraz. She appeared to be greatly surprised when I told her that he had accompanied you, and would scarcely believe it. She fell on her knees to thank Heaven for this, but she will never have a moment of peace until you make her believe in your forgiveness."

"Madame," Arthus replied, "Isaure becomes each day more dear to me. She merits no reproach from me. Gizèle and Thiéry seem to be born for each other, and I rejoice in their happiness. But Isaure must not live in the retirement of the cloister. A higher destiny than that awaits her. Charged by Lothaire, the King of France, to offer her his hand and his crown, I beg your assistance, madame, in aiding me to induce her to accept both. Endowed as she is with every virtue, she will make, not him alone, but all his subjects happy. Raised thus to the highest of high ranks, she will be able to turn her virtues to larger and more practical service than in retirement."

The Abbess was astonished beyond words, and she had no reply to make.

Isaure presently made her appearance, robed in a long white gown, wearing the veil of a novice, and looking pale and depressed. The sight of Arthus speedily brought colour to her cheeks. How the King would have envied Arthus could he have heard the expressive and touching accent with which she cried on approaching the grating.

"Oh, Arthus, my brother, do I really see thee once more, and loving me still, in spite of my infidelity? Ah, if it be true, if thou art not angry with me, then I have nothing more to wish for."

"Angry! Dear Isaure, I see thee once again, and Arthus finds thee faithful still. I have another title to join to the rest, my cherished cousin, although this degree of relationship can add nothing to the feelings which attach me to thee as long as life shall last."

Isaure was surprised. Arthus then briefly explained.

"Lothaire," added Arthus, "was the safe depository of this secret. I am his knight, his friend, and his envoy, conveying a message of import to Isaure. But there is little to say on this subject, as you are already aware of his feelings and his wishes."

The cheeks whose rosiness was due to Arthus's arrival now paled a little as he continued, and were finally bereft of all their colour. She wanted to reply, but could hardly command herself sufficiently to say a word, and withdrew the hand which had been passed through the grating to touch Arthus's hand in greeting. Little by little, however, she recovered herself and thus addressed him.

"The King Lothaire has reasoned well, my cousin, when he believes in the power of your affection to move me. It has undeniable empire over my heart. God alone has a greater power. I am under an obligation to consecrate my life to Him, and neither throne nor power——"

"My daughter," interrupted the Abbess, "your vows have not yet been sanctioned by a minister of the altar. I only have received them. A king on earth is a power to whom one owes respect and obedience; and he who has chosen you to be his companion should not be ignored. I salute you, noble Isaure, as the future Queen of France. I have promised your cousin, the Duke Azzoni, to urge you to accept the position which is offered to you. I leave you with him and will return shortly at the head of this religious community, to pay to the sovereign-elect of France the homage which is her due."

Isaure kissed her hand in silence. The Abbess retired. Neither she nor Arthus seemed able to speak. Their eyes were lowered. From Isaure's eyes the tears she vainly endeavoured to restrain fell freely.

Arthus did not weep, but his features were contracted, his countenance troubled. Isaure was the first to recover the power of speech, and her voice said feebly—

"If I ought to believe what the Abbess says, you attach great importance to my assenting to accept the hand of Lothaire——"

She stopped. Arthus did not reply, and appeared to be still greatly agitated.

"Hast thou seen my mother?" asked Isaure. "Does she also command me to accept this offer?"

"Isaure, let us get at the honest truth. Lothaire recognises no duty in this matter, but the duty you owe to your own heart. And I would not have wished to be his deputy without this condition. Yes, I have seen your mother; but not a word has been betrayed to her of the King's secret. My reason for mentioning it to the Lady Abbess was because I saw she had a keen desire to keep you always here, and I feared the weight of her persuasion."

"You prefer that I wear a diadem at Lothaire's side, rather than the veil which consecrates to God alone?"

"I prefer nothing, Isaure. In either case I must lose thee. That is what I feel, down to the very depths of my soul. But thou art worthy of reigning as Queen of France. Lothaire's happiness, the happiness of France, and thy happiness most of all, should coerce my heart into silence. Isaure, to see thee happy I would give my life."

Isaure, deeply touched, gently pressed her friend's hand.

"One word more and I have finished; I conjure thee to tell me truly."

"I promise," he replied, placing his hand on his heart.

"And I receive it," Isaure answered. "Does Lothaire hold thee responsible for the success of this negotiation?"

"Lothaire knows my devotion to him too well to accuse me of aught that might afflict or wrong him."

"That will suffice me," responded Isaure. "For a decision of such importance, it is not too much to ask for a day's delay. To-morrow, Arthus, thou shalt have my positive answer. For the time being, let us think no more of it; we have so many things to say to each other. For two whole years we have been separated. Many events have happened. Alibert and Chevalier Adelstan gave us some account of all you had accomplished. But the soldier who came in search of Lothaire told us what we could scarcely believe. Arthus, Isaure has a right to know all, even if thy modesty should suffer in the telling, and I exact a sincere report."

Arthus obeyed and gave her a succinct account of all that we already know. Isaure's joy, so unmistakably seen on her expressive countenance, surpassed in sincerity anything that could possibly be said in respect to it.

"It is true, then, that Lothaire owes his life to thee, and also his crown. I see it now, and I feel it. Nothing—no, nothing ought to lessen his love and his gratitude."

Isaure then wished to know how Arthus had discovered her place of refuge; and how he had protected Vufflens from further attacks of invasion from her persecutors.

"Thou art delivered from them for ever," he assured her, presenting one of her bracelets to her. "Now, dear Isaure," he said, "thou knowest all that can be said about Arthus, while I am still in ignorance in regard to thy fortunate escape from thy cruel persecutors."

"Thou art about to know now," she answered.

At this moment the outer door opened.

"My mother!" exclaimed Arthus.

Yes, it was Elise.

"Either thou must return with me to Vufflens," she said to Isaure, "or I remain with thee in the Abbey of Saint-Germain."

This happy trio passed the whole of that happy day together, and but for the emotion by which he felt himself increasingly agitated, it would have been the happiest of Arthus's life.

(*To be concluded.*)



AN APPRECIATION OF APPLES.

When we are considering fruit as a food, we should distinguish between one fruit and another, partly with regard to their digestibility as material, and partly with respect to the amount of acidity they contain. There are watery fruits, which supply no solid contribution to diet, and there are those that are of a decidedly nutritious character; there are also acid, sub-acid, and saccharin fruits. Dried fruits, comparatively speaking, are without acids. Fresh currants, cranberries, gooseberries, and most cherries and plums contain little else than acids, phosphates, and water. The sub-acid fruits are peaches, apricots, pears, grapes, and apples, and of them all the last-named fruit stands as pre-eminent for



AMBER PUDDING.



APPLE PIE.



SUSSEX PIE.



APPLE TRIFLE.

food value as it does for the variety of uses it can be put to for the table. It has been remarked that both children and adults who eat freely of good ripe apples, either raw or baked—if the skin is removed—are generally free from any form of indigestion, liver complaint, and constipation; indeed a liberal use of apples in the early autumn, whilst they are full of juice and fresh, will do much to correct the system, and build it up for the winter by putting the digestion into good condition. Cooked apples are often more acceptable than uncooked ones to adult eaters, but a raw apple may be grated, and so become quite as easy to masticate. The skin of an apple or pear is no more desirable as food than the bran of wheat, and is just as irritating, being liable to cause serious trouble in the intestinal canal. In placing a tough, indigestible covering on the outside, Nature's object was to protect the tender pulp and juices within from hurt, and from the depredations of insects. Being largely composed of silica, these skins should be removed, unless we can take the fruit straight off the tree, when it is somewhat less tough. We who live in towns and buy our fruit from shops and stalls have another reason for removing the outer skin, seeing that it cannot but have become somewhat contaminated by handling. The skins of dried fruits can be washed so easily and rendered soft by soaking that they cease to be harmful in any way.

While cooking softens the granules of a hard fruit and makes it digestible, the addition of much sugar is so pernicious that more harm is done by its eating than good, yet it is invariably the fruit which is blamed and not the sugar. Fruits which are preserved in much syrup, and as jam, lose most of their food properties, and are little better than a mass of sugar, and in this way are prone to set up fermentation. If it is desired to get as much benefit from eating cooked fruit as possible, it should be taken with as small an amount of sugar as may be, and a little cream added. This sweetening of fruit has become such a habit that we have got into the way of eating twice as much sugar as is necessary, but perhaps the sugar-tax will do something to bring us right again. All fruits are better when eaten in the early part of the day, and at the close rather than at the beginning of a meal.



BAKED APPLES WHOLE.



BEIGNETS OR FRITTERS.

Our illustrations show a few of the many modes in which apples can be used for the table. The first is Amber Pudding, the second

the familiar pie with pastry crust. On the next page we have a covered tart, such as appears on the breakfast-table in some country districts, and on the tea-table in Devon, and an Apple Trifle. Then we have a dish of Apple Beignets or Fritters; also a sweet, for luncheon or tea, of apples baked and filled with whipped cream.

The first dish has a strip of puff paste placed round the edge and crimped; the mixture which fills the dish is composed of apples sliced, and stewed very quickly to a soft pulp, then sweetened with castor sugar; a little dissolved butter, the yolks of two beaten eggs, and a grate of fresh lemon-peel are also added, the whole being whisked till light before pouring into the dish, and baked for perhaps half an hour, or until the pastry edge is nicely browned. The whites of the eggs are whisked to a stiff froth and sweetened, a drop of lemon-juice added, then piled on the top, the dish being again set in the oven to allow the meringue to assume a pale amber colour. The pudding can then be served either cold or hot, as the meringue will not fall much after baking.

For fruit tarts and pies short pastry makes a better covering than a richer kind, and is far more wholesome; the steam from the cooked fruit is apt to soften and spoil a rich paste, but a crust which is made with a little baking-powder will rise and keep its form even though the fruit falls underneath. Do not cover fruit until it is cool, if you have to partly cook it before adding the crust, and add sufficient sugar to sweeten it, with any flavouring or spice that may be liked. One or two cloves give a nice flavour to some kinds of apples. There is a new invention which has lately been introduced that will doubtless be a boon to those who have to bake pies in a hurry and cannot wait for the fruit to cool. A china cover fits over the dish on which the crust is laid; an opening in the support allows of the spoon to be put in for serving the fruit, and of course the support itself greatly assists in keeping the crust a good shape.

The covered tart with its upper and lower crusts, which is called a *Sussex Pie*, is also made with short paste, indeed it is sometimes made with the dough from which bread has been baked—a little shortening being rubbed into it, of course. Cooked apples are piled on the lower crust, sugar, currants, raisins, and spice added, making a mixture similar to mincemeat, the upper crust laid on and the two edges pinched together, the surface brushed over with sugar and milk, then baked until very thoroughly done through. This is served hot, often with cream, but it need hardly be said that it admits of re-heating in the oven, so can be baked whenever other baking is done.

An *Apple Trifle* is very delicious, and would make a nice sweet for a children's party. Prepare a foundation of sweet biscuits in the hollow of the dish, then pile on cooked and sweetened apples. It is better to have these in rather large pieces, cooking them in clear syrup until tender, then pouring the latter over the biscuits first, placing the apples on next. A few spoonfuls of good custard are next poured over these, then a meringue of whipped cream, sugar, and white of egg—the egg and cream whisked separately—added to crown all.

Beignets can be made from many different fruits, but are perhaps best when apples are used, as these quickly become tender, yet are not so juicy as to fall or spoil the frying by exuding juice. Choose large green apples, pare them, remove the core without breaking, then slice rather thinly into rounds. Make a batter (stiff) with the whites of two eggs, a spoonful of salad oil, a little castor sugar, and sufficient flour to mix into a very soft paste, then add a little water to reduce it to a batter. This is true beignet batter, but, needless to say, the ordinary batter of egg, milk, and flour will answer the same purpose, only it will not puff out to the extent of the other. Dip each ring of apple into the batter, drain for a moment, then drop singly into boiling lard, being careful to see that it really is boiling. A few minutes' frying will make these crisp and brown, when they should be lifted out and sprinkled with sugar, then piled on a paper d'oyley and served with as little delay as possible. They will admit of re-warming in the oven, but will of course not be so crisp as at first.

For our last illustration the apples were baked without removing their skins, but the core was taken out and its place filled by sugar, a morsel of butter put on the top and an incision made with a knife around the middle of the apple to prevent the skin cracking. When this incision is made, the fruit swells out, but never loses its shape. The fruit was baked in the oven, and when cool placed in a glass dish, a spoonful of whipped cream and sugar piled on each with more of the same heaped round.

Always rub the skin of apples and pears when setting them out for dessert. A fine polish, which adds greatly to their appearance, can easily be obtained by using a soft cloth.

L. H. Yates.

PLANTAGENET PIGS.



We gather from *The Guildhall White Book*, lately translated and published by the suggestion of the Master of the Rolls, the following curious regulations as to the City Pigs in the fifteenth century:—

"Pork seems to have been (1412) more extensively consumed than any other kind of butcher's meat, judging from the frequent mention of swine, and the laws about them, living and dead. 'Lean Swine' are named as frequenters of Smithfield Market, apparently as a means of improving their condition. In Edward Longshanks's days, persons living in the City were allowed to keep swine 'within their houses,' with as free a range as that porcine pet of the Irish schoolmaster. But these Plantagenet Pigs were not to occupy sites that encroached on the streets. At a later day, the permission to keep them even within one's house would seem to have been limited, as we have seen, to master-bakers; and it seems to have been at all times a standing rule that swine were not to be allowed to roam about the streets, fosses, or suburbs of the City. If an erring specimen was found grunting along his solitary way, defiant of statutes and ordinances in such cases made and provided, then might such vagrant porker, whether straying in the mere naughtiness of his heart, or compelled by hunger, be lawfully slain by whatsoever citizen lighted on him in his vagabondage, said citizen being also at liberty to retain what had been pig but was now pork, the carcase whole and entire; unless, indeed, the pig's sometime owner bought it of him at a stipulated sum. Not even this license for any citizen to kill any stray pig was considered effectual enough to answer the legislative purpose. The vagrant propensity that emptied so many a sty of its denizen became a nuisance; for we read that early in the reign of Edward I., four men were 'chosen and sworn to take and kill all swine found wandering within the walls of the City, to whomsoever they might belong.' We find, however, that the Renter of St. Anthony's Hospital (the patron Saint of swine) was 'a privileged person' in this respect, though his honesty was impeachable, since he had to make oath that he would not avow any swine found at large in the City, nor 'hang any bells around their necks, but only around those pigs which have been given them in pure alms.'"

OUR PUZZLE POEM REPORT.

SOLUTION.

An English Spring.

You may start in the morning with never a cloak,
In sunshine so bright that a cold seems a joke;
But by midday you'll probably shiver and sneeze,
And at nightfall 'twill thunder, or possibly freeze!
So, whate'er in a meteorological way
May occur, it were wiser to join me and say:—
"Come, get me my wraps, my umbrella unfurl,
"The mist's on the moorland, my hair's out of curl;
"My skirts will be draggled and damp as can be,
"And it's woe for the fate of my bonnet and me."

Prize Winners.

Ten Shillings Each.

Lilian Barker, Hadsor, near Droitwich.
Lily Belling, Bewdley.
Dorothy Darbyshire, Carshalton.
Mrs. W. H. Gotch, Winchester.
Edith E. Grundy, Leicester.
Annie M. Hutchens, Wandsworth, S.W.
May B. Robson, Perth, N.B.
Violet Shoberl, Wimbledon.
Annie Speight, Wakefield.
Constance Taylor, Peterborough.
Helen B. Younger, Edinburgh.

Equal with Prize Winners.

F. W. Southey, G. S. Wilkins.

Most Highly Commended (*word perfect*).

Annie A. Arnott, Miss Beagley, M. J. Champneys, Rebecca Clarke, Mabel M. Collard, Edith C. Cowley, M. A. C. Crabb, D. A. Crafer, Ethel M. Dickson, A. E. Harvey, L. A. E. Hartshorn, Mrs. A. J. Hooley, Eva Hooley, H. E. Klein, Annie G. Luck, L. A. Mackie, Annie Manderson, Elizabeth Maxwell, Nellie Meikle, Chas. A. Murton, Marie McQueen, Margaret Robson, Dora Sandell, Nellie Sandell, Janet Scott, Ellen Rothery-Smith, Isabel Snell, Isabel Stephenson, Norah M. St. John Sullivan, Anna Walker.

Very Highly Commended.

Maud Abbott, Florence M. Abraham, Hubert J. W. Adamson, May Adamson, Arthur Beech, M. Bluett, Amy Briand, Gertrude E. Broomhall, Lily and Daisy Browell, A. G. Brown, M. M. Butland, Evelyn C. N. Butler, Agnes M. Cadman, Mary I. Chislett, Hannah F. Corke, Elsie O. Cudlipp, R. A. Cuthbert, Mrs. E. J. Davies, Douglas Edge, Henry Falconer, Mrs. Grubbe, Ethel Hales, Marie E. Hancock, Amy Henderson, Julia A. Hennen, Mrs. Ireland, Lilian M. Jarvis, R. P. Keene, Aileen Hudson-Kinahan, Ethel Knight, E. Maud Ladell, Jas. L. Laws, Carlina Leggett, Elizabeth A. Lord, Jeannie C. Lion, E. Mastin, Ethel Miles, J. D. Musgrave, Mrs. Newall, Mrs. Nicholls, Ethel Normanton, Ellen M. Price, Alfred W. Scott, Grace Searle, Annie E. Smith, Gertrude Smith, Millicent Utting, W. Fitzjames White, Florence Whitlock, M. Alice Woodhead, Edith Mary Younge.

Highly Commended.

Eliza Acworth, Emma Adcock, Florence Bambridge, Edith Barnes, Mrs. Brand, Margaret Bulgin, Rev. John Chambers, Queenie Clarke, Mildred Cooper, Constance Daphne, Mrs. Frank Dickson, Mrs. Duret, Fredk. Fuller, Edith M. Gough, Arthur J. Harris, Norah Hereford, Edith C. Hobbs, Beta Hope, Elizabeth M. Jay, Miriam G. Jones, J. E. Kingham, W. Corney Lee, Annie Littlehales, Mrs. F. W. Low, Florence Lush, John Lush, Mary G. Martin, 'Mead," Lilie Milner, Marian K. Murphy, Hettie Ormiston, Christine M. Palmer, Mabel A. Pentelow, Miriam M. Pettman, Bessie Plater, Mary Rayner, Mary I. Richards, Winifred Roughton, Agnes Scott, L. Short, Gertrude A. Spink, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. E. J. Stonier, Ellen C. Tarrant, Rosalind M. Thomas, Ethel Tomlinson, M. J. Topham, Mrs. C. E. Warren, Annie F. Waters, Beatrice Whately, James E. Whittaker, Marjie Whittingham, Emily Wilkinson, Jessie S. Young.

Examiners' Report.

Forty-three competitors out of six hundred and fifty solved the puzzle correctly, and, with genuine regret, we had again to examine the punctuation and other marks with most minute care in order to find ten papers better than the others. Several were easily eliminated because of the omission or misplacement of some of the numerous apostrophes, and we noticed with some surprise that not more than five per cent. of our readers know how to quotationise (to coin a word) lines of poetry in accordance with any known rule. In others, again, the important commas after "So" and "Come" were left out, while in a few every other line was indented, for a reason only known to the solver herself. Finally we were left with thirteen papers which, without being absolutely perfect, could be demonstrated to be better than the others. The other twenty-seven competitors, or as many of them as have yet to win a prize this year, will probably be much distressed. But it is impossible to tell whether a puzzle is difficult enough or not before it is submitted to solvers, and the unrewarded successful ones are accordingly invited, with much sympathy, to restrain every expression of indignation.

In passing we may as well say that no competitor who made even one definite mistake could be mentioned, owing to the enormous number of names we should have been obliged to print.

As we have indicated, there were few serious difficulties in the puzzle itself, though a few were created by ingenious solvers. For instance, several girls, and, alas! one man, translated the beautiful garment in the first line into "cloke."

Between one and two hundred solvers ignored the position of the h and i at the beginning of the second line, and wrote "Sunshine" instead of *In sunshine*, a want of thought which, as it happened, spoiled their chance of any mention whatever. The last picture in the same line—A warming himself—was in at least four hundred solutions interpreted as "a fire." What could the solvers have been thinking about to perpetrate such an extraordinary mistake? "A warm" would have been a correct interpretation of the picture, just as much as A *cold*, but the reading would have been lacking in sense. On the other hand, "a fire" would have fitted the sense of the lines all right, but as a translation of the picture it was quite impossible. Is it conceivable that the A on the man's back was not observed? So many able solvers made the mistake that some such explanation seems to be inevitable.

The meteor in line 5 was by some amateur astronomers supposed to be a comet, but we have searched the dictionary in vain for the resultant word—cometological.

In the sixth line the wider e was continually taken to be a wide e, making "wise" instead of *wiser*, to the detriment of the rhythm. In the following line *Moor* was, it is hardly necessary to say, a more accurate description of the first picture than "head," though the latter gave a perfectly sensible reading.

As to the bee on net (b on net) in the last line, it was interpreted in many ways, the most fantastic of which were venture, aunt and baby!

The new conditions seem to work well. Already sixty-one different competitors have received a prize this year, and as time goes on, the chance of every outsider increases.

It only remains for us to tender our cordial thanks for the very kind expressions of sympathy and good-will which accompanied many solutions. We can assure our friends that the "Puzzle-Editor" is himself again, as we hope succeeding puzzles will show.

THE THREE SPIRITS.

A Legend of Krishna.

By MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

Krishna sat on the throne of light,
Ranged before him to left and right
Stood the spirits in phalanx bright.

Forth from their ranks he summoned three—
"Take now these drops of dew," said he,
"And use them as best may seem to Me."

The first flew over the ocean wide.
"How can I know what is best?" he sighed.
"I will lay my drop in the water's tide."

The second saw a shell by the sea.
"I will leave my drop in that shell," said he,
"A gem for my master's crown 'twill be."

Forth on his mission went the third,
But scarce had his snowy pinions stirred
Ere he saw in his path a wounded bird.

"To succour the weak is my lord's delight;
I will wing no longer upon my flight;
If I ease the suffering it must be right."

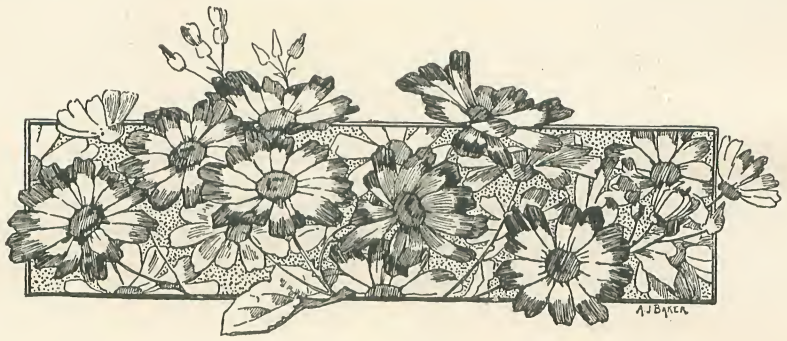
Back to the throne the spirits went
To tell how their drops of dew were spent,
And Krishna looked on the three he sent.

To the first he said, "Thou knewest my will,
And yet thy task thou didst not fulfil;
In doing nothing thou hast done ill."

To the second he said, "Thy zealous care
Should have been in deeds of love to share;
They are the gems that my crown shall wear!"

Then he turned to the third, "Heav'n's balm to bring
To the sick and sad on thy healing wing,
Is work to ennoble the noblest king.

"Thou sawest well 'twas thy lord's behest
To ease the suffering and the opprest.
Take the reward—thy deed is best!"



A CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING;

OR,

THE POSSIBILITIES OF LIP-READING.

CHAPTER III.

A noisy ring at the hall door, and a clamour of voices in the drive announced Gussy's arrival at Mossly Manor, the home of Colonel and Mrs. Langley. It was thought wise for her to have a complete change after the recent shock to her system. Mrs. Langley, being a large-hearted woman, longed to give her favourite god-daughter the sympathy and love of which she had such an abundance, and get her to share her interests in life.

That very afternoon, Gussy, not caring to tell of the doctor's verdict which she then felt too keenly to speak of, asked Mrs. Langley if she believed her dream to be true.

"Why, surely, child! I heard from your home last night, and as I lay awake thinking of the crushing sorrow of my god-daughter, there occurred to my mind several instances where good had come out of harm. Most people are apt to think when a great sorrow comes upon them that theirs is the heaviest. You have inherited a high-spirited temperament, so make the best of it, although it is always these natures that go down to zero point at times. For your own sake, and for those who love you, and for the world at large to whom you owe a duty, don't become apathetic and live in 'the Slough of Despond.' Live for the good of others and to the glory of God. Thus peace will steal into your soul, and in a noble life you will fulfil His plan for you. I so well remember Major Childers' brother finding himself in your boat, and the hue-and-cry of his family besides his own despair, for, indeed, he had become very deaf. Well, time softened things a bit; he took up lip-reading, and that man with his strong faith has been of no small use in the world; and I should say he is now one of the happiest men living. I forget exactly how he started his life's work, I rather think his doctor asked him to befriend a lad leaving school, who in early infancy had lost his hearing and had become what you would call deaf and dumb."

"But why do you say 'what you would call deaf and dumb'?"

"Because, dear, the children who are born deaf, or who become deaf in babyhood, are only dumb because they cannot hear. Their vocal organs, except in very rare cases, are perfect, and if they are sent to special schools for the deaf, they can be taught to speak and hear with their eyes, which simply means they can follow the movements of the lips; and this is called the oral or German system."

"And what did Major Childers do for the boy?"

"He found him employment, and his task was not so difficult as it would have been in the olden days."

"Why should that be so?"



RUTH.

"Well, for one reason, in the olden days deaf children were chiefly educated on signs and the finger alphabet; and this, of course, cuts them off very much from intercourse with those who hear; for very few people can converse in this way, and they become isolated and form a class apart, and this we are anxious to prevent. One great advantage of the oral system is that by it the deaf can acquire a better knowledge of language. In exceptional cases, where the sight is bad or the vocal organs defective, writing is now almost universally considered the best means of education, as the children can thus be better equipped with language."

"And did he help the other deaf boys too?" said Gussy eagerly.

"Yes. By small degrees he took up the cause of the deaf, not only after they left school. He was on some of the Special School Committees, and I remember he spent much time in trying to interest others in these children, for there are comparatively a large number of them. You see, there are deaf girls as well as boys, and good industrious girls some of them are too. It is said there is a regular dearth of servants now, and they talk of importing Chinamen to help us. What do you say to that, Gussy?"

"Oh, they are horrid smelly things, though Uncle Jack says they are 'ripping good cooks!' Why not employ deaf girls more?"

"I, too, would rather follow Mrs. Money's, the Bishop's wife's, example. Why, the girl she had sent her as a 'stop-gap' turned out so willing and good-tempered, she did everything she was told to do so thoroughly that she was kept on at the Palace."

"How splendid!"

"To be sure, and why should you not help the deaf girls, Gussy? People are slow to understand their capabilities, so there is a difficulty even now in finding them employment. You are full of life and vigour. You have nothing to do but ride your beloved mare, and fiddle about the greenhouses and garden, which I know you also love, and as for society, a mere society life is not satisfying, and much of it, to my mind, is sheer waste of time."

"Yes, I might garden amongst the dear girls. But I don't know where or how to begin."

"Why not study the question whilst you are here with me, for besides the County schools there are Board Deaf Centres throughout London and in some parts of the country. We will get leave to visit some of them. You are not the only one, my child, who knows little or nothing about these afflicted children. I sometimes think that there must be many wealthy women who have a deaf child of their own, and others, that might have their sympathy aroused, and be only too glad to become interested in these children. *The Englishwomen's Year Book* gives a list of the schools; I will show it to you."

"But how do deaf children start their education, and at what age are they sent to school?"

"Some schools take them at five years old, but they don't come under compulsory education until they are seven. They are then sent to the local Board School Deaf Centre, if there is one, or are boarded out in the neighbourhood of one. Others go to the County Schools for the Deaf, and there are a few private schools for children of the middle and upper classes."

"Tell me what they do at school," said Gussy, having listened with rapt attention to all she had been told.

"A child's first few days are spent amongst toys until it becomes accustomed to its surroundings. Then it is taken through the Kindergarten scheme, and other branches of education come in due course; all, remember, is taught to them by word of mouth. Manual training holds an important place in their school life. To see these children, some of them mere mites, do brush-work and stripped paper-work with the utmost neatness and precision is wonderful to behold. Similar care is bestowed on their hand-writing, and on the whole they equal the hearing children in most things, for the teachers aim at making them painstaking. It stands them well in after life, owing to their being unable to compete in all branches of employment. The elder girls go through courses of needlework, cooking, and laundry-work; and at some schools they learn the all-important house-work. So they have a fair training by the time they leave school. Yes, you might, indeed, help them much after their school life. Suitable places are needed for them, where girls do not of necessity sink into mere machines, but where good influence, sympathy and kindness have their share in the house, where Sunday—the day of rest—has not to be just as busy as other days; but where time is set apart for worshipping God. Remember the possibilities of their happiness; and the rendering to God, good, happy, useful lives, depends very much upon those with whom they are placed. Many of them have not had our privileges in sharing the mercies which surrounded us from babyhood. I believe ladies would take these girls into their households if they knew of them."

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' AMBITIONS.

PART VII.

EDUCATIONAL—SOME SPECIAL SUBJECTS.



IN the preceding papers on the subject of the ambition which has as its aim the work of teaching, elementary and secondary education have been discussed separately, but "specialising" has, for lack of space, been omitted.

The enthusiasm with which the occupation of teaching children is regarded occurs, it may here be said, almost exclusively among women at the outset of the profession. In contrasting training colleges for men and women elementary teachers, the difference of tone is marked. One can hardly expect very young men to wax enthusiastic over the task of training boys, although the enthusiasm may, and often does, come in time. With women, Nature has so willed it that from the first they may perceive the charm and ideal possibilities of their work.

The first special department of education to consider is one of which women have the monopoly.

KINDERGARTEN WORK.

What are the requirements for this?

First of all, there must be a sound English education, attested by success in some recognised public examination such as the First Class College of Preceptors or the Senior Cambridge.

A girl who possesses this qualification may next turn her attention to the examinations of the National Froebel Union, 4, Bloomsbury Square, London.

Friedrich Wilhelm August Froebel (1782–1852) was, as we need hardly remind our readers, the founder of the Kindergarten, literally "children's garden." This inaugurated a new era in early training. To use his own words, it was to give little ones "employment suited to their nature, to strengthen their bodies, exercise their senses, employ the waking mind, make them acquainted judiciously with Nature and Society, cultivate especially the heart and temper, and lead them to the foundation of all living—to unity with themselves."

It is, perhaps, a little difficult to understand the last phrase as translated, but we may be content to explain it thus—a harmonious development of the whole being.

This is no mean aim for the Kindergarten teacher to set before her.

The shortest time in which it is possible to qualify for the full "Froebel" certificate is two years. The syllabus of examination of the Joint Board of the National Froebel Union will give all information as to the method of proceeding, but we may say that there is an elementary and a higher certificate. The student who has obtained the first can become an assistant in a Kindergarten; she who has obtained the higher certificate can undertake entire charge of a Kindergarten. There are several schools and colleges both in London and the provinces which prepare for these examinations. They are at Blackheath, Brondesbury, Stockwell, Queen's Gate, York Place, West Kensington in London; at Manchester, Plymouth, Sheffield; and are incorporated with many of the High Schools of the Girls' Public Day Schools Company, throughout London and the provinces. The Sesame House for home life training and the training of Kindergarten mistresses and lady nurses, 43A, Acacia Road, St. John's Wood, may be specially mentioned. It was founded by members of the Sesame Club, Piccadilly, on the lines of the Pestalozzi-Fröbel Haus in Berlin. There is practice in a Kindergarten under an experienced teacher, and although the training given in the house is not arranged with a sole view to Kindergarten work, it appears well adapted for that and its other aims. Boarders and day students are received. We may, in passing, suggest that a year spent here may prove very delightful and useful to a girl who has left school and finds no occupation ready to her hand.

The Froebel Educational Institute, Talgarth Road, West Kensington, exists for the exclusive purpose of training Kindergarten teachers; the fees are from twenty-four to thirty guineas a year for preparation for the certificate. Students from a distance are received into recognised boarding-houses at about a guinea a week.

The students in the Junior Division give practice lessons under supervision and attend lessons given to a Kindergarten by qualified teachers. Students who have passed from two to three years at the college and have obtained their full certificate are eligible for posts in private or high schools, or in families, at salaries ranging from £50 to £100. It is, of course, possible for an enterprising and properly qualified teacher to open a Kindergarten on her own account, and if the neighbourhood is well chosen she will probably find little difficulty in making it succeed.

To be a "child-gardener" is a delightful and interesting occupation. The evolutions and games of a good Kindergarten offer one of the prettiest sights imaginable, and a garden of moving flowers always occurs to the mind as the fittest comparison. The process of early culture is here made, as it ought to be made, bright, gay and happy, and yet efficient; interest early instilled in science and nature teaching bears fruit in after years. The profession, too, is attractive, inasmuch as the preparation for it is (relatively) inexpensive, the salary is (relatively) high, the hours of work are short. No one, however, should entertain this ambition unless she has a real and enduring love for children, and is prepared to sympathise with child-life. Patience also is especially necessary—a patience that will stand the daily strain of the charge of many tiny creatures. It is work, we may add, that should not be undertaken without due and recognised qualification.

Physical Training

is the next field for specialising that we shall explore. The physical training of women, as is needless to state, has undergone immense improvement within recent years. What would our grandmothers have said to the hockey clubs, for example, now associated with girls' schools?

Gymnastic teachers are in request, and may be trained under different systems; German, Swedish, Danish, English or private systems—*e.g.*, Miss Chreiman's. It is perhaps unnecessary to describe in detail the specialities of each method. Each has for its object the full development of the physical faculties, and the "Swedish" (or "Ling's") is among the best-known of the modern systems. Free training is given at the Royal Central Gymnastic Institute in Stockholm, where there is one vacancy yearly for an English student, but a knowledge of Swedish is necessary. It will perhaps be more practical to enumerate the different schools in England where a knowledge of how to teach drill, gymnastics, etc., may be obtained.

There is a "British College of Physical Education" at 83, Lancaster Gate, W., which grants certificates of competency as qualified instructors. A list of members of the College, who will train candidates for the requisite examinations, can be had on application to the hon. secretary.

Madame Bergman Osterberg's Physical Training College, Dartford Heath, Kent, offers two years' training to women between the ages of eighteen and thirty. The subjects are anatomy, physiology, hygiene, gymnastics on Ling's (Swedish) system, out-door games, dancing; fees thirty-one guineas per term. There is a great demand for teachers trained at this college, and they command salaries of from one hundred pounds upwards. We are told that the students are usually engaged as teachers before they complete their course.

The Anstey Physical Training College, The Leasowes, near Halesowen, Worcestershire, receives students for two years, within the same limit of age. Elocution, wood-carving, cookery are added to the gymnastics (on Ling's Swedish system), with games, etc. Full particulars may be obtained from Miss Rhoda Anstey at the college.

Miss Theodora Johnson, the Swedish Institute, 20, Vyvyan Terrace, Clifton, Bristol; Miss Morfwdd Hughes, 32, Cheltenham Parade, Harrogate, are other addresses which may be useful.

Stempel's Scientific Physical Training College and Gymnasium, 75, Albany Street, Regent's Park, N.W., is a training college for ladies as teachers of physical culture. Lastly, there is the Gymnastic Teachers' Training College for Women, Manresa Road, Chelsea, where the subjects taught include fencing, cycling, swimming, out-door games.

There is therefore ample scope for the girl who is ambitious to become a teacher in some department of physical culture. It is surely a fine thing to lead others to attain command of the faculties which will help them to enjoy health and make the best of life. She who does this is playing an important part in education. The *mens sana* is sadly impeded if it does not exist *in corpore sano*. This sounds a truism; but physical development, especially in cities, does not come by nature.

Domestic Science,

as a necessity to health, follows naturally upon the last subject. In fact, cookery is included in the curriculum of one at least of the colleges named. With the spread of technical education, the training of girls in such subjects as cookery, laundry-work, needlework, millinery, housewifery, is progressing, and will progress, apace. In connection with every County Council throughout the kingdom there are classes for girls and women on these subjects. For such classes teachers are required.

The girl who is ambitious to become a cookery lecturer, for example, may place before her as an object a post in one of the training schools of cookery and technical colleges for women, in an elementary school, in an evening continuation school, or in afternoon and evening classes for working women and girls held (as we have said) throughout the kingdom. There is scarcely a large town in England where she will not find some such post existing. In former articles we have suggested to girls a way of learning domestic economy as a fine art, and it will doubtless occur to our readers that wherever there is a place for women to learn cookery, there must also be a place for a woman to teach it.

It is an excellent plan for a girl to set before her the ambition of a domestic science teacher, taking a diploma in more than one of the subjects enumerated under that head. To train for a diploma in cookery takes twelve months at least; for a diploma in other subjects of domestic science, about six months. The position to be aimed at is an honourable one, and may be under Government. The

possible salary varies with the class of appointment from £70 to £300.

How shall our aspirant train for the post of teacher of domestic science?

Here are a few of the training schools whose certificates are recognised by the Board of Education:—

National Training School of Cookery, etc., Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.

Lambeth National Society: office, Sanctuary, Westminster.

National Union for the Technical Education of Women in Domestic Sciences, Leeds, with branches at Bath Technical School, Battersea Polytechnic, Bristol, Glasgow, Gloucestershire, Preston, Sheffield.

Manchester School of Domestic Economy, South Parade, St. Mary's Street, Deansgate.

There is such a long list of schools, however, that it is impossible to transcribe it here. Perhaps the best practical advice we can give to a girl who aspires to become a teacher of domestic science in one or more of its branches, is to write to the Association of Directors and Organising Secretaries for Technical and Secondary Education, 10, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W. If she makes full inquiry as to the sort of training she wants, she will be set in the right direction.

Many girls who have no vocation for teaching abstract subjects may find congenial occupation in, say, demonstration before a cookery class, aided, as it generally is, by excellent fittings and appurtenances. We can imagine no more suitable ambition for some lively, energetic, practical girl who has, perhaps, little patience to follow mental processes. In her own words, she likes to be "doing" something; and here she can mould, and manipulate, and mix, and discourse, all at the same time, to an interested company of girls, who will soon have to go through the same performance themselves. She may also feel no doubt at all as to the usefulness of her occupation, and its bearing on public health and happiness, whatever the rank of her pupils.

It is a depressing sight, that of the British workman, even in a superior grade, eating his out-door mid-day meal. A lump of the coarsest meat, resembling horseflesh in appearance, on a hunk of bread is all he seems to have, unless a clever wife provides for him. No wonder he craves for drink, with such unappetising fare.

There is only one other special subject for teaching that we have time to notice, and this is

Sloyd.

This word, of Icelandic origin, is used to denote manual training, applied to such materials as wood, clay, metal, cardboard. The aim of Sloyd is not one special production (*e.g.*, wood-carving), but the education of the hand and eye. Ruskin pleaded for this, and it is rapidly becoming recognised as an important factor in education.

There is a celebrated seminary for Sloyd teachers at Nääs, in Sweden, where in (1) June—July and (2) August—September courses of about six weeks each are open to teachers, men and women, of every nationality. A course open only to women is held in January—February. Full information about Sloyd courses at Nääs can be obtained from the secretary of the Sloyd Association of Great Britain and Ireland, 131, Percy Road, Shepherd's Bush, W. But we may just say that the cost of going there for one course appears to be about twelve pounds, including second-class fare from Hull to Gothenburg, and board and lodging during the time. The instruction is free.

There is a Manual Training School of high reputation at Leipsic. Application should be made to the secretary of the Sloyd Association (address above) or to Dr. Pabst, Leipsic. It is, however, possible to join a Sloyd summer course in England. These are advertised in educational papers, of which one is devoted to manual training, viz., *Hand and Eye* (Newman & Co.), price 4d. monthly. Besides the Sloyd Association, there is the Educational Handwork Union, the National Association of Manual Training Teachers, and the Educational Handwork Association of Scotland.

"Some sort of training in manual arts treated rationally, not mechanically, as in the Swedish form of woodwork, is for young children an invaluable introduction to sound habits of work in all subjects," says Professor Withers, a high authority on education, in an article in the *Contemporary*. To qualify for such training is an ambition which may appeal to some of our readers, and we are sure the opportunities for the work will increase with the growth of national education.

Lily Watson.

PRACTICAL POINTS OF LAW.

By A Lawyer.

Life Assurance.

It is advisable for nearly everyone to insure their lives.

Every married man should insure his life.

And if the policy is effected by way of settlement for the benefit of his wife or children, it will not be liable for his debts.

Every person is presumed by law to have an insurable interest in his or her own life.

A daughter has such an interest in the parent who supports her.

And a wife has an insurable interest in the life of her husband.

A married woman may effect a policy upon her own life.

Or on the life of her husband for her separate use.

She may also insure her life for the benefit of her husband, or children, or of any of them.

It is the duty of a person who is seeking to insure her life to disclose all material facts.

Wilful misrepresentation of a material fact will render the policy void on the ground of fraud.

But an innocent misstatement of a material fact, which, although untrue, was not known to be untrue by the assured, would probably not render the policy void.

A material fact is one which, if disclosed to the company issuing the policy, would induce them either to decline to effect the insurance, or not to effect it except upon payment of an increased premium.

The state of the proposer's health would, undoubtedly, be a material fact.

Care should be taken, therefore, in answering correctly questions as to former illnesses from which the proposer has suffered.

The fact of the life having been refused by another office would also be a material fact; and likewise the fact that the life would only be accepted by them at an increased premium, or treated as a second-class life.

Proof of age should be furnished at the time of effecting the insurance.

This is usually done by producing a certificate of birth.

When the age is admitted by the insurance company, the policy should be endorsed to that effect.

Thirty days of grace are usually allowed for the payment of premiums, but the usual three days of grace must not be tacked on to the thirty.

An "indisputable" policy is one which can only be disputed on the ground of fraud.

A "world-wide" policy generally excepts especially unhealthy parts of the globe.

For proof of death the certificate of the doctor who attended the deceased will be sufficient.

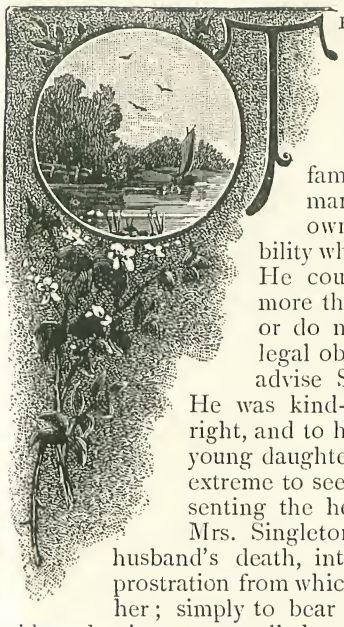
The burden of the proof of death and title to the assurance rests on the persons entitled to receive payment.

THE FERNLEY GIRLS' GUILD.

By SARAH TYTLER.

CHAPTER XVI.

ANOTHER PAGE OF LIFE.



THE late Major Singleton's cousin was conscientious in complying with his kinsman's request and doing all he could for the bereaved family, but he was a busy man with a family of his own, and all the responsibility which the position implied. He could not possibly remain more than a few days at Fernley, or do more than undertake the legal obligations, and direct and advise Sophy in a general way. He was kind-hearted as well as upright, and to him, thinking of his own young daughters, it was pitiable in the extreme to see a girl like Sophy representing the head of the house. For Mrs. Singleton had fallen, after her husband's death, into an extreme state of prostration from which it was difficult to rouse her; simply to bear the burden of her own widowed existence was all she could attain to.

Sophy's broken spirit mended itself and rose to the occasion. With her youthful impetuosity barely held in check, she would have made a clean sweep of all her old surroundings. Indeed, it would have been a relief to her at first to have quitted the Bungalow with all its tender associations, and, as the family were going to be considerably poorer than they had been before, she would have begun the world afresh in the smallest house in Fernley which could hold a better-class family, with only one servant, like the Somervilles, or with no servant at all, with simply Alice and Sophy to do all the household work and wait on their mother. Better women than they had accomplished similar achievements.

But Mr. Latimer, the barrister, was not so rapid in his conclusions or so wholesale in his economising.

"No, no," he said, "I don't think that is necessary, not at present, at least. No doubt you cannot go on as you did before. The larger part of your father's income died with him, and you must retrench; but it seems to me that you may manage to stay on at the Bungalow with what is left to you, if you are careful to put things on a sufficiently-reduced scale. You can dispense with such service as you are able to do without. You may get on without a governess, you two elder sisters can teach the little one, and you are big enough girls to keep each other up to the mark, and to carry on your education together, if you are sensible and studious. You do not go out much in a quiet country place, and even that amount of visiting will be limited for some time. I consider it is your duty to try this before you take any extreme step. This is the home your father made for you, and it might be highly injurious to your mother to attempt any movement of the kind in her present weak state. Wait and learn how matters turn out, and find how you can manage. Hurry will not benefit you, and if there is any time or money wasted, the waste will be so small that it is not worth the reckoning, while you will know more exactly than you ever knew before what you can and what you cannot do."

"Thank you very much for troubling about us. I daresay you are right," said Sophy dejectedly. "I have not thought first of mother as I ought to have thought, only I had a notion a complete change might be good for her. I suppose I was thinking less of the doubtful gain to her than of the small excitement for myself," Sophy finished, with the tendency to introspection which might become dangerous for her.

"That is right," he said kindly, but he was by temperament shy and dry in speech, not qualified, however excellent his intentions, to give much encouragement to Sophy.

Thus she had to take up her life again on narrower, harder lines, with plenty of room for energy, but less space for thought and fancy, with a foreground of drudgery and a background of worrying care which sat heavily on young shoulders. One place was vacant for all time to come, and the vacancy not only shadowed the house, it took from it the stronger mental and moral fibre, the open air breadth and freedom, the wider vision which the presence of a man of sense, intellect and worth brings into a household of women.

"We shall get so petty and one-sided, we shall no longer comprehend that there are two sides to a question while we run in our narrow rut," sighed Sophy, for, though her father had called her better than an eldest son to look after the family, Sophy had known very well that there is something in manhood, young or old, which so balances the brain and heart as to make even a stupid or foolish boy, if he is well disposed, often a wiser guide in the practical business of life and in its complications and perplexities than a clever girl whose cleverness lies chiefly in her quick perceptions and sensitive sympathies.

Sophy felt as if the little family were at once maimed and starved by its purely feminine character. She sought to be resigned, but there was a sore spot in her heart which throbbed and ached at every mention of South Africa and the war.

The lady who was Alice's guide to knowledge and Bea's governess went, and Sophy set herself in sober earnest, which with her meant dead earnest, to keep up and extend her own and Alice's education and to teach Bea. It was a Herculean task in Sophy's hands, for, supported by hints from the Torrens girls, she at once proposed a stiff college course of constitutional history, including political economy, for herself and Alice. To this she added the whole length and breadth of English literature, beginning not later than Chaucer. Alice was far from a stimulating companion in such a course. She read obediently what Sophy chalked out for her, listened to Sophy's comments, and did her best to be intelligently interested. It was greatly to Alice's credit that she neither fell asleep, nor let her attention wander without a heroic effort to recall it. Alice was, as ever, true as steel to Sophy, as clay in the hands of the potter where her sister was concerned. Sophy knew that Alice was as good as gold, and she, Sophy, also knew that she should be devoutly thankful for it, and should love Alice dearly, which she did. But if only the clay would develop some originality of pattern, would show some trait or offer some suggestion purely individual, not a halting shadow of Sophy's opinions, the work

would be less uphill, less heavy and oppressive. Sophy would not feel so much in danger of becoming herself a mere dominating machine, infected by Alice's dulness, without a new idea or a spontaneous impulse.

Bea was much brighter intellectually than Alice, but she had been delicate and spoilt, and great latitude had been given to her in the preparation of her lessons. The plan had been that she was to acquire nothing which was not easy and pleasant in the acquisition. Her governess had either in her excellence flown over Bea's auburn head, or she had acquiesced too easily in the mother's mode of dealing with the child. Sophy found her little sister deficient even in the primary grounding of the great three R's. She was careless, inaccurate, idle and flighty. Sophy was deeply impressed with the necessity of laying a good foundation. She was solemnly determined that Bea should be saved from the drawbacks and deficiencies which had interfered with her own education and Alice's. In the chances and changes of life nobody could tell what might or might not be asked from Bea. She was to be prepared for the uncertain future by a thoroughly superior education, and as her beginning had been on a wrong system, it was to be Sophy's business to reform the system and to start Bea in a new direction, that of a diligent little scholar, an industrious, attentive, painstaking child.

At Bea's tender age surely the transformation would not be difficult. Bea, who was by no means lacking in perception for her years, would recognise the desirability of turning over a new leaf, and in speedily reaping the reward of her good sense and submission, she would go on triumphantly in a young girl's worthy career.

Alas! while good habits, like good grain, demand special cultivation, weeds which ask for no attention thrive apace on the most primitive soil, and in their sturdy growth are hard to root out. Even when they appear to be cleared away, they will again and again send out new strong shoots to occupy and despoil the land.

Bea, from being a happy, good-humoured child when she got her own foolish way, hardened into a stubborn, sulky little rebel when she was forced to amend her faults. She seemed to have the capacity of closing her youthful mind against regularity, method and genuine instruction. Sophy would struggle with her for a couple of hours over a few sentences of dictation, or a couple of the simplest rules in grammar, which a much less capable child could have mastered in ten minutes. Weary and unrefreshed, nay, secretly irritated by dragging Alice's passive, unappreciative mind in the train of her own active, ardent powers through an hour's solid reading and a critical cross-examination on the same, Sophy entered the lists with Bea and was frequently ignominiously beaten in the contest. In place of learning better for the trouble that was being taken with her, it was as if Bea were learning worse. She stumbled in her reading twice as much as formerly, her memory had deteriorated into a blank void. Her copy was a sight of blots to see. Her sums were blurred and muddled beyond reckoning.

Sadder still, the old sweet relations between the eldest and the youngest sister were all warped and embittered.

"Bea will end by hating the sight of me," lamented poor worried Sophy, "but for the child's own sake I must not give in," and proceeded to be a stricter disciplinarian than ever on the principle of "Spare the rod and spoil the child," though it was only the rod figurative which Sophy applied. But it inflicted a keen pang on her to recognise her merry, affectionate little sister, her mother's darling, her dead father's pet, in the flushed, tear-stained defiant young malcontent, who put her hands behind her back and declined to be taught. The pang took a sharper edge when Bea had a fit of penitence and coaxing, when she flung her arms round her aggrieved teacher's neck and sobbed out—

"Oh! put away these horrid books and be the old Sophy."

And the sharp pang was double-edged when Alice took Bea's part—not in open resistance to Sophy's authority, but in covert sympathy and ill-judged attempts at consolation. For poor Alice was dragged in two different directions, first by her allegiance to her elder, and second by her fondness for her younger sister. And to Sophy the idea of her two sisters, for whom she would fain do so much, making common cause and ranging themselves together against her, however surreptitiously or even unintentionally, was a sore wound alike to her vanity and her affections.

Acting on her appointed guardian's suggestions, Sophy dismissed the parlour-maid, promoting the housemaid to wait at the table, to which Bea also was promoted, that there might be one person more than Sophy and Alice to wait upon. To begin with, the cook and the housemaid, under the subduing influence of "the death of poor master in them foreign parts, and the utter break-down of poor missus," readily consented to the change. But as time passed and the effect of the family trouble wore off, the wheels of the household chariot did not move so smoothly as in the past. There was cause of friction in the lessening of the domestic staff and the imposing upon its members obligations which they had not hitherto incurred. Cook struck at sweeping and dusting the dining-room—a duty only imposed on "plain cooks." The housemaid demurred at the amount of waiting as well as dusting which now fell to her share; no doubt Miss Alice might be said to wait on Miss Bea, and Miss Singleton waited on her mother, but, after all, Mary Jane had not engaged to be both parlour-maid and housemaid, and though the first office indicated a nice shade of promotion, there was no prospect of a fair increase of wages in proportion to the increase of duties, with poor missus's income on the rapid decline. There were grumbles and mutual complaints with slips into negligence, and Sophy had to tell herself with chagrin that the internal record of the Bungalow was neither so peaceful, nor so comfortable, nor so dainty as it used to be. It needed all her youthful tenacity of purpose to retain any hold on the disorganised administration, yet she had half thought herself fitted to be a ruler, well qualified to correct the mistakes of others, ready to start afresh on a perfectly original, wise and beneficent course!

Here Alice was a God-send to her. Alice took up by instinct the stray ends of house-keeping; she exhibited a native unsuspected gift of wielding dusters and feather brushes, of turning a whole room inside out and replacing its contents unerringly or of re-arranging them to better purpose than they had ever been arranged before. She understood the servants' difficulties as Sophy failed to do, and by understanding established a common foundation and fellow feeling between them. Cook saw Miss Alice eager to comprehend all the chemistry of a kitchen—how long potatoes took to boil, the testing of them when they were ready for the table, the best mode of beating an egg—till it was as light as the foam of the sea—the art of toasting bread, so that it should be crisp and not tough. It was all to save the

family from dire discomfort and agonising indigestion on cook's evenings out, by either accomplishing the feats herself, or by showing Mary Jane how to do so. It was wonderful, while it was quite illogical, how Miss Alice's desire to be useful and her willingness to learn, propitiated cook for her own particular grievances, and induced her to get up half-an-hour earlier than she was accustomed to do, and set the dining-room in order without a murmur. In like manner Mary Jane ceased to speak of her multiplied functions in watching Miss Alice tying Miss Bea's strings, brushing her hair, buckling her shoes, and the next minute washing all the china on the drawing-room mantelpiece, and in the cabinets, and telling her—Mary Jane—not to mind about the silver cleaning ; if she would put out the rouge powder, the brushes and the chamois leather in the butler's pantry, she—Miss Alice—would polish the spoons and forks, biscuit-box, teapot, etc.—not so well as Mary Jane could do it, no doubt, but as well as she was able. Then Mary Jane would be saved the hurry and perplexity of being in two places at once, in the butler's pantry in her calico morning gown and working apron, and in her own room ready to answer the door-bell, or wait at lunch in her afternoon merino and prettiest cap.

"But your pretty hands, Miss Alice"—hesitated Mary Jane.

"Oh, my hands will wash!" rejoined Alice philosophically.

Bea in this case was neither stolid nor sullen, she was Alice's blithe, brisk little coadjutor in her household work. Their girlish chatter and Bea's gleeful laugh soon sounded over their work.

"Oh, Ally," Bea exclaimed in an ecstasy, "wouldn't it have been nice if you and I had been two servant-girls with just our housework to do, and with no French verbs, or crotchets and quavers on our minds? It is so much pleasanter and more useful, I am sure, to work with our hands than with our heads."

"But you would have had to work with your head at your age, Bea," explained literal Alice. "You would have had to attend the Board School and go through the standards."

"But I would have got through them quickly, like a ship on fire," announced the unblushing Bea, "when I knew I should soon have done with them, and need never touch them again for my whole life. But Sophy says I shall be sent to school as soon as I am beyond her. Fancy anybody's being beyond Sophy! And after that it will not be her fault if I do not go to college ; she will scrape and screw so that I may be kept there for years and years. Oh, dear! Alice, I do detest school and college ; their very names 'volt me."

Mrs. Singleton was for the most part passive in her weakness ; only now and then she would rouse into querulous apprehensive interference and fault-finding with Sophy's management. She was spending too much money, she was not careful enough, her poor dear father was no longer there to check the reckless extravagance of a girl of her age. What better could be expected from her? At the same time, she would soon land her mother and the whole family in dismal straits.

These intermittent fits of interest and of resumed authority were regarded by Mrs. Singleton's doctor as rather promising signs of a certain increase of strength on the invalid's part. Sophy was thankful to know this, and she took the fretting, incapable meddling and the undeserved blame as patiently as she could contrive to do, recognising, as she could recognise, that the origin of the injustice was to be found in the weak state of her mother's body and mind. Still the episodes were trying and wearing in the circumstances.

Looking back on the past—on its cheerfulness, its hopefulness, its ardent aspirations, Sophy seemed to see a rash, inexperienced girl making a play of duties and cares which were not hers by right, which, when they devolved upon her—not in airy ideals, but in stern reality—in dulness and drudgery, contradictions and crosses, well-nigh overwhelmed her. What had there been about her to constitute her the mentor of her companions, she who, when weighed in the balance, was found lamentably wanting?

Sophy remembered how she had looked half-contemptuously, half-patronisingly on the Vicarage "young parties," which Mrs. Field, in pure kindliness, had instituted for the girls and lads about Fernley. Sophy's heart no longer beat in time for them ; she was separated from them by the burden of a family to which she was to be the mainstay, by that far-away grave in the veldt. She felt as Katie Field had felt, that she would never laugh or dance again—laughter might be for Alice and Bea, but it would be utter levity for Sophy to do more than smile a grave, tired smile. She was not conscious of playing a part, at the very time that she was condemning herself for the old *rôle* which had turned out to be idle child's play. For indulging in it she now slandered herself as a very great hypocrite. Only she knew what the friendly sociality and the simple gaiety had done for her in those days, which appeared so distant, to save her from becoming an intolerably conceited, dogmatic prig.

But Sophy's lesson was only half learnt after all.

Mrs. Field came herself to beg Sophy and Alice to join them at the Vicarage to meet some cousins of the Fields. Just a quiet family party, not even the other girls in the neighbourhood to be present. Surely Sophy and Alice might trust those who had too good a reason to sympathise in their mourning not to beguile them into taking part in anything which was unbecoming or disrespectful to the memory of poor dear Major Singleton. Why, the Fields were almost by themselves except for the Manchester Fields, who were paying their visit with the kind intention of helping to raise poor Katie's spirits. They had been teaching her the new game "Ping-pong," which everybody was learning and talking about. Well, the Singletons would see them played—that was all.

But Sophy, entirely ignoring Alice's wistful eyes, declined stiffly, almost indignantly, the mindful invitation which Mrs. Field had came in person to urge.

"Sophy Singleton is a dear, good girl—one in a thousand," the Vicar's wife had said, "but the poor children will go melancholy mad if they are left to themselves much longer. I don't believe Sophy has unfastened her crape veil more than once or twice in church—the only place to which the Singletons go, and Alice, following her sister's cue, does the same, while even that baby Bea, who used to be so restless, sits glum and scared."

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

MERCIA.—I always find it difficult to advise in such cases as yours. To myself, religion without faith in Christ as a Saviour would be terrible, and from what you write I presume you are like-minded with me. I can only ask that you may be guided to a right decision in a matter in which the future of two lives is involved. I feel deeply for you, dear, in this difficulty. I should not call the one you allude to an unbeliever in the widest sense of the word.

F. G.—I will do my best for you. The talks about our Circle will explain the difficulties which often delay the introduction of my girls with a view to correspondence. I do so like the tone of your letter and the desire you manifest to brighten the surroundings of others, and to seek from the highest source blessings for them as well as for yourself.

SUB SILENTIO.—Thank you very much for information. I cannot mention the article here, as it would be equivalent to advertising it, but I have gladly named it to friends. I do not wonder at your appreciation of the "G. O. P." The tale you name has delighted me quite as much as it has fascinated younger readers of our paper.

NEGLECTED ONE (St. Vincent).—I will try to help your lonely young friend. It is nice of you to write on her behalf. Dear lassie, you must fight hard against these feelings you tell me of, and resolve to be such as everyone must love. We cannot alter our features, but we can, by God's help, conquer all the qualities which repel love, and cultivate all those which are likely to inspire it. You own to "a jealous nature." Probably this disposition inclines you to imagine that others are preferred before you. Be sure that I have a warm corner in my heart for you, and that I shall look anxiously for happier news.

TROUBLED.—Read earlier answer to F. G. in May part. I can add no better advice. I would rather be too sensitive, as you are, than like many of the too self-confident class of young people, common enough nowadays. There is nothing babyish in what you complain of, and certainly nothing distressing. Think of it as little as possible, and waste no tears on what is not to be called "a trouble." No doubt it will diminish as you grow older. No person with common sense could mistake the sign of over-sensitiveness for one of guilt. In God's house, think of Him first of all. This will enable you to forget self. Love and best wishes.

REMORSEFUL ONE.—Do not be discouraged by slow progress. I rejoice over what you are able to tell me. Go on with your work. You write that you felt you had a message for your scholars, and after giving it you had a direct testimony from one of them that it had been helpful to her. You must not look back, but onward and upward. The peace will come in God's good time.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.—By all means join the Guild of Sympathy. It is doing a great and good work. I do not think the condition named is now insisted on, as it made a difficulty in the way of many willing to join but unable to introduce another member. I shall arrange the other matter as soon as possible.

ONE WHO NEEDS COMFORT.—You will have seen reply to former letter. We are apt to think our troubles must be greater than those of our neighbours, but, my dear one, believe me, there is no trial which cannot be borne by God's help, and in the strength He will give to His trusting children. Have you sought it in a right spirit? Alas! the dreadful thoughts you have cherished, and the rebellious, even blasphemous words you have uttered, prove that you have not. Because my first reply was long in reaching you, you thought I was indifferent, and cared to comfort others more than you. You were mistaken. Letters are taken in their regular turns, but they are so many. At this moment, I would give much to have you beside me, to put a loving arm round you, to join with you in asking for pardon and help. I beseech you to fight against those dreadful thoughts, and believe that you are not alone, but that there is One who loves you, in spite of all, and who will prove "a very present help" in time of trouble to all who truly, lovingly, trustfully and prayerfully seek Him.

E. M.—You have already been answered fully.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

TEDDY (*Clerkship Abroad*).—Thoroughly satisfactory posts abroad for girl-clerks are not easily found, but some of them are very well paid. South Africa, which is likely to suit you from the point of view of climate, has the advantage that the emigration thither of educated girls is just now being thoroughly organised. The South Africa Expansion Committee of the British Women's Emigration Association, Imperial Institute, Kensington, has taken the matter in hand, and is carrying it through with great zeal. We think you had better apply to the Secretary of the Expansion Committee. In Argentina you would not so readily find ladies to whom you could turn for help and advice if you were in any difficulty. Nevertheless, there would be no harm in asking the Secretary of the British Women's Emigration Association whether she may happen to know of such a vacancy in that country as she could recommend. The Secretary of the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, 9, Southampton Street, High Holborn, also sometimes hears of posts abroad which cannot be filled owing to the unwillingness of English girls to leave their friends.

MOTHER (*Children's Nurse to go Abroad*).—We are very glad to hear that you are one of our many kind readers who like the "G. O. P." The difficulty in the case of your sister is twofold. The first is want of previous experience or training. At least, we assume that she has received no special training, since you say nothing about it; and the second is that she wants to get a special kind of post, and precisely such a post as most demands a girl of experience. We hope that some small amount of money can be expended on her training, as it would really make a vast difference to her prospects all through life. Could she not be sent for a time to the Princess Christian College for Training Ladies as Children's Nurses, Brookside, Cavendish Road, Kersal, Manchester? This is an excellent place, and the fees for the course are only £40. Even if she could take a short course of training in hospital nursing, it would help her to get a post as children's nurse, and lift her out of the ranks of the absolutely untrained. Such a short course is given at some of the infirmaries, and also at the Homœopathic Hospital, Birmingham. With regard to going abroad after she is trained, the best plan would be for her to put her name down at some good registry office, and tell the Superintendent of her wish. In the family of some military officer she would probably have the best opportunities for travel.

CHUM (*Outdoor Employment*).—Many girls now take to an open air employment as a healthful change from too much sedentary work; but we cannot say that the former is so lucrative generally as the latter. Something, however, can be made by growing garden produce, and probably if one were to inquire where the florists and greengrocers in small towns get their stock, one would find that much of it was contributed by private ladies and gentlemen from their own gardens. It is certain that large landowners and noblemen send much of the produce of their conservatories and kitchen gardens to the shops in London, and less often to Covent Garden, because the prices at this market are lower. The difficulty, however, for a beginner is to know what to grow. In some localities there is a demand for one kind of thing and in some for another. Very cheap vegetables and flowers, such as people hawk in the streets, pay in some places; but they must, of course be grown in large quantity. Again, it may be found that a grower does well with bulbs; and speaking generally, we should say that bulbs, though expensive to buy, are remunerative, because the flowers are so extremely saleable. On the whole it answers well to have some glass, notably in order to grow tomatoes and chrysanthemums. Then there is a practically endless demand for fine English violets, and we think anyone would be safe in laying down a good many beds with such sorts as the "Czar" and "the Princess of Wales." But at best, without capital a girl can only make a little money in this way. Still, the employment is so wholesome and interesting that it is to be recommended. But the first point is to find out what the shops most need in the particular place where one thinks of doing business.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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THE FAIR CAPTIVES OF CASTLE VUFFLENS.

A STORY OF LOVE AND LOYALTY. FROM THE RECORDS OF THE TENTH CENTURY.

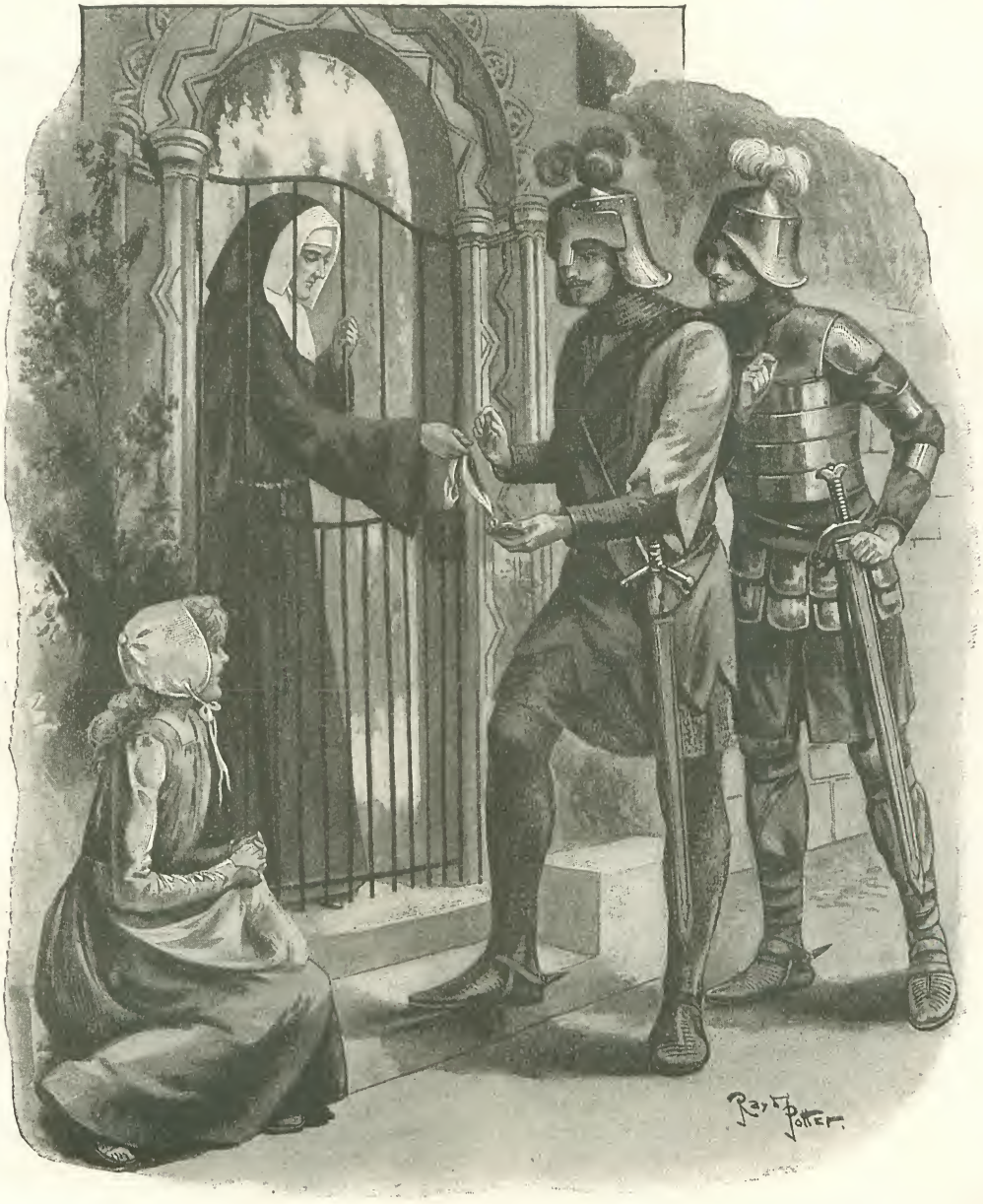
CHAPTER XXI.

ELISE, Isaure, and Arthus passed the second half of that happy day walking together in the groves which bordered on the Venoge, or seated under an oak where the river, after the most graceful contours, flowed under a rustic bridge to follow its gentle course through the Abbey meadowland. Isaure was urged to explain how she had escaped from the grottos of Agis.

"I am almost entirely ignorant of what passed up to the moment when I found myself there. Unconsciousness deprived me of the horror of my fate. When the speed of Lord Clées' courser restored my senses for a moment, and I saw myself so utterly in the power of the terrible Humbert, fright plunged me at once into a new state of insensible helplessness. Once or twice I tried to move him by supplications.

"'Keep silent, ungrateful girl!' he said to me. 'Thou art more cruel than I could ever be. Submit to thy fate. Nothing can alter it.

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AT THE GATE.

I am weary of thy disdain, and if I can bear with it a little longer, it is in order to the sooner imprison thee in my fortress. It shall be destroyed to ruins before thou shalt be released. And I will oblige thee yet to seek my pardon on thy knees.'

"I know not how long I was unconscious," continued Isaure. "I opened my eyes and found myself reclining in the farthest corner of the grotto. The arches were irregular and very low. Scarcely a ray of light reached me. There was just light enough, however, to tell me that I was guarded by many armed men wearing the colours of the formidable rivals from whom I had so much to dread. I concluded that Lord Montagny had pursued the Châtelain des Clées. A clashing of arms in the distance, together with the conversation of my bodyguard, confirmed my suspicions. The idea of bribing them crossed my mind; but I had little gold about me, and they were too numerous. Besides, belonging as they did to two opponent parties, they were mutually watching each other. I prayed Heaven help me in this extremity, and kept as motionless as I possibly could.

"'The poor creature has died of fright!' they said.

"A cry of 'victory' was heard. The curiosity to know which had overpowered his rival caused my guard to leave me and to run excitedly to the spot. By a movement more mechanical than premeditated, I quietly raised myself. What unexpected happiness! After taking a few steps in the darkness, I saw full daylight shining below me. Then a stumbling fall landed me in front of a narrow opening, so narrow that it appeared absolutely impossible to pass through it. 'My judgment is at fault,' I thought, 'if this is not a perpendicular rock overhanging the river Orbe, for that is surely the sound of turbulent waters that I hear!'

"My fall into the abyss seemed all but inevitable; but I passed with considerable difficulty through the passage and, thank Heaven, found my foot encountering an unlooked-for support on a ledge a few inches in length, and a hundred fathoms below the river. I was out of the grotto; but to what dangers was I still exposed? I could hear the cries of the soldiers; they were seeking me, and would certainly discover this outlet sooner or later, I thought. But from the grotto projected a barrier which would prevent their at once perceiving me. I followed the narrow ledge on the side that appeared the most feasible, finding it sometimes a little wider, sometimes narrower; and I quaked at the possibility of it crumbling beneath my tread. The least false step would have precipitated me into the river. It is owing to those early lessons which you, Arthus, gave me that I was able to keep my hold on those almost perpendicular rocks.

"Happy to have escaped from my persecutors," proceeded Isaure, "I pursued my perilous route more courageously. At length I found myself in fields, and near to a village. I felt that emotion, fatigue, want of food—all combined to make me unfit to proceed farther. I feared, moreover, the possibility of passing through some burg dependency of my persecutors. Knowing nothing of the locality, I dared not venture to ask for anything. Chancing to meet some herdsmen, I bought a little black bread and some fruit from them, which revived me considerably. You know the rest."

Isaure's recital had made Arthus realise as never before how dear she was to him. And, he thought, to-morrow she would inform him of her decision to accept Lothaire; or else she will insist upon entering the convent for life. Feeling incapable of longer hiding his agitation, he rose and left the two women alone together.

"To-morrow!" The word seemed to freeze his heart to solid ice.

Isaure received him on the morrow alone.

"I am going to put your discretion and your friendship to the proof. This letter is for the King Lothaire. Carry it to him. It is my wish that he should inform you of my answer."

"Isaure!" cried Arthus in distress, while his look spoke of curiosity, and his tone conveyed reproach.

"Yes," she answered him, smiling, "Isaure already gives herself the airs of a sovereign! Her wishes she cannot explain. Be just, my friend. Since you wish me to reign, you must accustom yourself to obey."

"I wish it! I know only that I am unhappy."

"In being kept in ignorance of my secret?"

"In foreseeing it and in leaving you."

There was a pause.

"Adieu, dear Isaure, adieu! Ah, yesterday will never return, and the memory of it will torment me till I die!"

Isaure could scarcely restrain her tears.

"Go!" she said to him. "You forget that you are being too curious."

After tenderly touching Isaure's hand with his lips, he sought his horse and immediately took route for France.

In passing Lasarraz he called at the Castle. Thiéry received him with more than ordinary friendship. They conversed much about Isaure.

He then pressed forward, rode night and day, and arrived at length at the King's palace. Lothaire welcomed him with joy, clasped him closely for very happiness, and asked in a low voice—

"Does thy news bring me happiness? Art thou wedded to Gizèle?"

"No, my lord and King," said Arthus steadily. "Gizèle has married Thiéry de Lasarraz," drawing a letter from beneath his doublet as he spoke. "There, sir, is Isaure's answer. And I swear, on my faith as a knight, that I am entirely ignorant of the contents."

Lothaire seized the missive and was scarcely able to conceal his emotion. He looked at the address, then hid the letter in his bosom and spoke of other matters.

At length he discharged everyone, including Arthus. Presently the King himself retired, but not to sleep. When he found himself free of all his courtiers, he hastened to open the letter. Below the address were written these words—

"J'ose conjurer votre majesté de n'ouvrir cette lettre que lorsque elle sera seule."

Arthus had not looked at it since receiving it from Isaure, and had not seen this line. The letter was opened and read by Lothaire alone, as Isaure wished. This is what he read—

"Gabrielle Isaure de Vufflens, au Roi Lothaire, de l'Abbaye de Saint-Germain.

"SIRE,—Since you honour me a second time with your attention and your choice, I have no other means of showing my appreciation than by giving you my entire confidence. The heart which you have asked for, no longer mine to give, ought at least to be entirely open to you. When the Chevalier Adelstan revealed his rank, and offered me his hand, I, incapable of deceiving him, ventured then to let him have a suspicion; but how could I name the one who held my heart so absolutely, when I knew that not only was my love unreciprocated, but he who inspired it dearly loved another? I was his confidant—the guardian of his love; therefore the most sacred of duties obliged me to hide

my own. At present all is changed, except my heart, which can never change. Renounce then, my lord King, the idea of obtaining it. The one I love, and who, I believe, loves me also, is Arthus—so long cherished as a brother, and loved from the moment that I discovered that he was no longer my actual brother. Since Gizèle, whose husband he was destined to be, is now the wife of the Baron de Lasarraz, Isaure dares to hope that she may replace her in Arthus' heart. Perhaps it is merely an illusion against which I ought to protect myself, instead of giving myself up to it in very joy. Far from declaring himself the rival of a master to whom he is entirely submissive, he has employed all his zeal in urging me to accept your too generous offers. If my feelings do not deceive me, I have surprised his in spite of all his efforts to conceal them. Ah! since how long have I not been too accustomed to read his soul for a single impression not to reflect itself at once in mine! I believe he feels at last that Isaure was made—to make him happy. Generous Lothaire, deign to believe that the simple, adopted daughter of Raymond and Elise, brought up in obscurity, has nothing which could justify your choice in the eyes of your subjects. A king is not a master who may dispose of his hand according to the dictates of his heart alone. A misfortune, no doubt; but you well know how to submit to it. You will choose a wife worthy of a place on your throne, by adding—if that be possible—to its lustre. Deign, my lord, to be Isaure's friend, as you have been the friend of Arthus. To you alone I confide my hopes and my happiness. You are Arthus' best friend. When you wish to read his heart, it will be open to you. You need only deign to throw there a penetrating glance to destroy or to realise my hope. If I may not be loved as I love, in this Abbey will I pass the rest of my life. God will calm the agitation of my soul. If Arthus respond to my tender affection for him, our King will bless our union and will make happy two lovers who will be for always entirely devoted to him."

At daybreak, Lothaire summoned Arthus into his presence. The pale, depressed countenance of the young cavalier bore testimony to the agitation to which he had been a prey during the night.

Isaure's letter lay open on the King's table—his hand resting upon it as though unable to be separated from it.

"Approach, my friend," said the King to his knight; "come and share in my joy."

Arthus became deadly pale, but forcing himself to overcome his troubled feelings, advanced in silence.

"Thy sister Isaure consents to entrust with me the care of her happiness. Her letter contains a confession of the tenderest sentiment, and ought to make proud and happy the mortal who inspires it."

Arthus did not know whether he understood aright. A film floated before his eyes. He supported himself by a table near to which he was standing, and involuntarily his voice assumed an injured tone as he gave utterance to four short words—

"Isaure—est-il possible?"

He wished to say more, but all his ideas seemed confused. Isaure was willing to become a queen? He could not believe her to be thus ambitious. That Isaure had ceded through love—that she really loved Lothaire; that not only might his mother be deceived, but her brother Arthus also; no, Isaure could not have deceived them.

But perhaps the King's constancy had conquered after all, and since Isaure herself had avowed her love, how could he longer doubt it?

But now, when lost to him for ever, he felt that she alone could make him happy. All these thoughts were revealed through his countenance. No one of them escaped Lothaire, who saw clearly that Isaure had rightly reasoned when she said she was loved.

"What do I not owe to thee, my dear Arthus!" said he to the still silent knight. "Isaure renders thee justice. She tells me that thou hast pleaded my cause with fervour and zeal. It is just that thou shouldst complete thy work. Depart without delay. Go to thy amiable relative. Be the interpreter of all that she inspires in me. I bid thee marry her and——"

Arthus fell at the feet of Lothaire, pressed his hand to his lips, and bathed it with tears.

"No, my King," he replied—"no, I cannot accept the commission with which you would honour me. I am not worthy of it. I have vowed to you that Isaure was nothing to me more than a sister. I believed it then. But I have reviewed the situation. I adore her. And I will never see her more. May some other than the unfortunate Arthus be charged to lead her hither. She loves you. You will be happy. I will go and fight your enemies, and find death, perhaps, under your flag."

"And it is thou, dear Arthus, who art the happy possessor of it. I told thee that Isaure had avowed her love to me, but I did not say that I was the object of it. Read this letter and enjoy a possession which I envy thee, but which I would not deprive thee of. Isaure ought to belong to no one but to him whom she loves. I have lost, but my dear Arthus has gained her. And it is I who secure the happiness of the one to whom I owe my life and my throne."

"And who owes a thousand times more still," Arthus replied, as he seized the letter, which he pressed to his lips and to his heart before reading it, and again after reading it.

"Thus wilt thou carry my answer to thy Isaure," said Lothaire. "She will believe thee better than she can me. I accept her friendship, and you will both be equally dear to me."

Arthus departed. Sure now of Isaure's consent, he wanted to secure her mother's approval also. He stopped, therefore, at Lasarraz, and demanded Isaure from Ermance, who accorded her with such gracious willingness as to obliterate the fact of her daughter having had the opportunity of being Queen of France. Gizèle appeared very content to have Arthus for her brother.

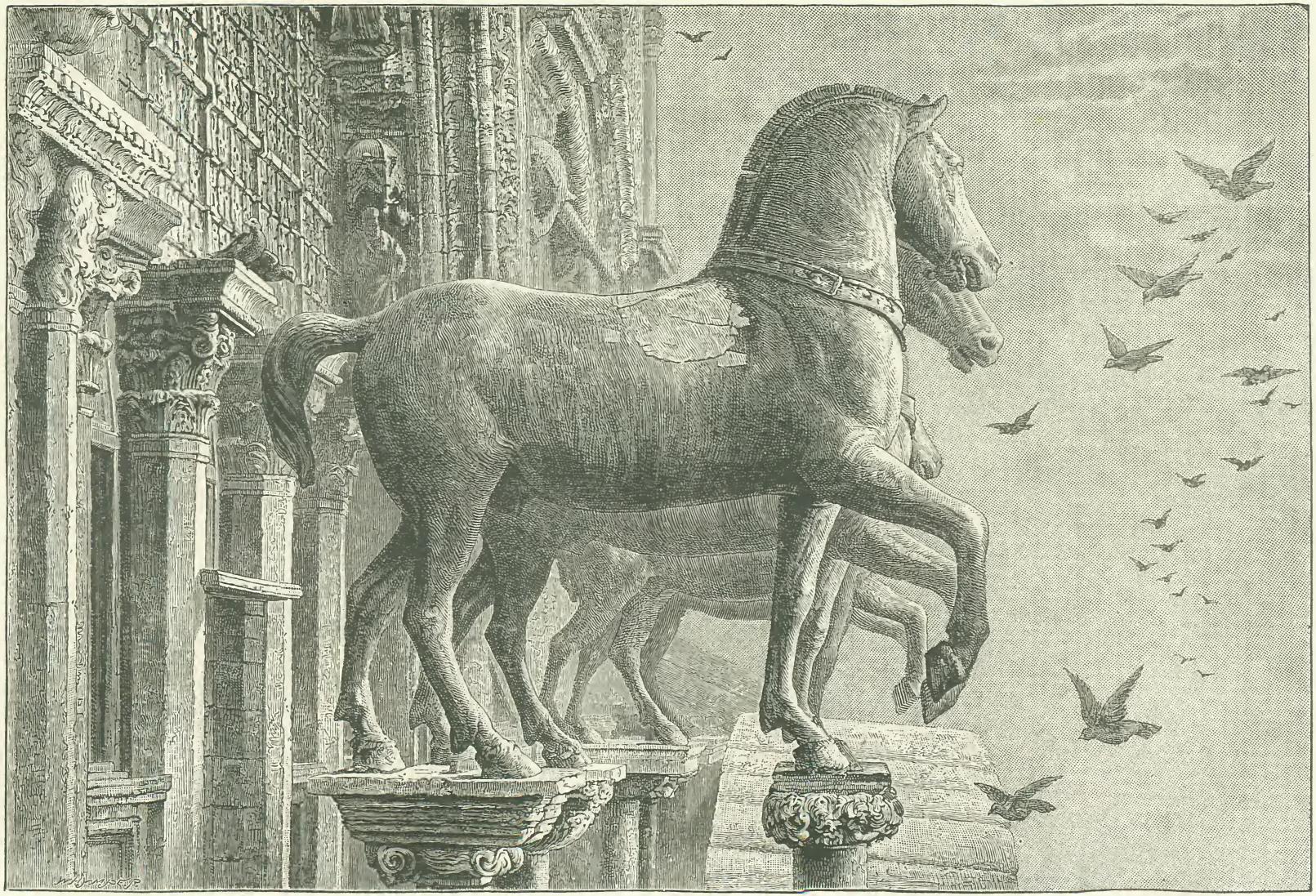
"I have always thought," she said, with her natural ingeniousness, "that thou wouldst love Isaure as she deserves to be loved. She is more worthy than I, I assure thee. And thou hast gained much by the change. Little Gizèle is only suited for the gay Thiéry."

Isaure had no doubt of the success of her letter, and counted the hours and minutes while waiting Arthus' return. He arrived later than she had anticipated. How much they had to say to each other! What joy the good Elise experienced in the realisation of her wish!

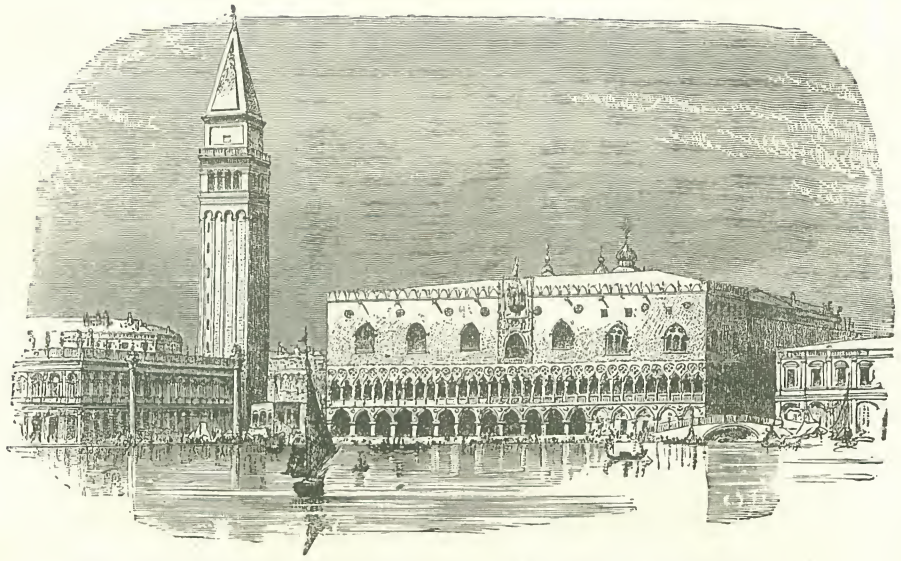
The Abbess, who had insisted upon entertaining the novice-Queen, was rather displeased on learning that she would be neither one nor the other. But the gratitude and friendship of the future Duchess Azzoni somewhat consoled her.

The Dowager gave way at last to the wishes of her son-in-law's father, and became Baroness Thiéry; and while resigning Château Vufflens to Arthus and Isaure, was, in her new residence, within touch of all her children.

[THE END.]



THE HORSES OF ST. MARK, VENICE.



THE DOGE'S PALACE, VENICE, WITH CAMPANILE NOW DESTROYED.

A HONEYMOON IN VENICE.

LAST May I was with my husband travelling in Northern Italy. If I must confess the truth, which I had vainly tried to conceal during our journey out, we left England on the same day on which, in the solemn service of the Church, we had been joined together as man and wife. We had been staying at Como, in that lonely hotel which once was one of Napoleon's villas at Villa d'Este; then we went up Monte Generoso in the little mountain railway. It was really too early in the year for those high latitudes, and we had gazed through a snow-storm over the wonderful plains of Lombardy. We came down away from the early spring flowers, the fields of narcissus, and here and there an early violet, back to the roses and wistaria, and all the summer flowers at Bellagio. We walked along the lake by moonlight, and watched the men and boys fishing with bright lights held at the bow of their boats, lights which attracted the fish, and then when they came near enough, a spear darted through the water, and the poor fish was landed dead at the bottom of the boat. It is a cruel way of catching fish. In the morning light you will see lots of dead fish washed up against the banks of the lake, so many are slightly speared, and get away to die a lingering death under the water. We walked about and watched the lovely fireflies, and listened to ghost stories about the Villa Saberlone, which was situated on the hill above us, and revelled in the fact of youth and happiness in the lovely land of Italy.

One day we determined that we could not return to England until we had re-visited Venice. In our bachelor days we had seen it before, but now we were married we felt that we must enter its enchanted isles together. We took a steamer back to Como, leaving the beautiful lake with the deepest regret; then train to Milan, spending a night there, and the next day at sunset we reached Venice. Never shall we forget the first sight of the fairy city, with its spires and domes rising like a beautiful pink opal from the blue waters of the Adriatic Sea. Black, funereal-looking gondolas were waiting for us at the station; our luggage was placed in one, and stepping in we were silently borne along, with no sound save the cry of the gondoliers, to our hotel. The beauty and impressiveness of the whole scene is too wonderful for words, and in absolute silence we entered Venice together.

"Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles."

One day we had been wandering through the beautiful Duomo. The guides would not let us alone; we had refused six at least, and then a more intelligent-looking one than the rest absolutely persisted in showing us round. Tired of refusing, we at last consented. We were not sorry afterwards at having weakly given way. He refreshed our memories as to the date of the mosaics, taking from his pocket a piece which had fallen from one of them, a tiny piece of thick glass; he showed us how the colour was at the back of the glass, so that the whole mosaic could be washed without the paint ever being touched. Everyone seemed busy at St. Mark's. Tall extra candles were being erected; a baldachino, to be carried over the relics of a saint, was on its stand in the centre aisle, and round it were placed staffs mounted by gilded figures. It was the eve of one of Venice's greatest festivals—to-morrow would be Corpus Christi. We wished to walk round the galleries and so get a nearer view of those wonderful mosaics. Our guide started off to get the key, but he came back disappointed. Owing to the approaching festival, the galleries were closed earlier than usual. My husband looked at his watch; it was four o'clock. "Shall we go now and see the Carpaccios at San Georgio de' Schiavoni?" Before I can answer, our impetuous little guide begs to be allowed to take us to the great lace manufactory. "The signora must see it, the signora will have missed a great deal, she will be sorry after; the place is quite close." I see a slight shade pass over my husband's face, but these are my days of power, as I always laughingly tell him—our honeymoon is not yet over. I wanted to see this manufactory, I heard of it before I left England, and womanlike, too, I wanted my husband to buy me some of this beautiful Venetian lace!

"Let us come; it will not take long, we can go on afterwards to San Georgio de' Schiavoni."

There are two ways of reaching Jesurums; you can walk from the Piazza across the Ponta della Canonica, or else, if you prefer it, you can reach it in a gondola. In Venice we always preferred going about in a gondola instead of walking. We found one waiting for us by the Doge's Palace; we jumped in, the gondolier turned in his wonderfully rapid way down the first side canal, and we glided up to the steps at the door of the manufactory.

We walked in, a gentleman met us, and at once, in perfect English, offered to show us over. He explained to us that four thousand women, varying in age from old women to quite little children, are employed in the manufactory, either in Venice itself, or in the Island of Burano; two hundred and fifty-six of these women are Italian convicts. The girls who are making the finest lace are only allowed to work at it for four hours, on the coarser lace they work for six hours, and they are paid seventy-five centimes a day.

The date at which the art of making lace first became known is a disputed point. Some think we find it mentioned in the Bible, and that Isaiah speaks of lace-making when he says (Isaiah xix. 9) "..they that work in fine flax, and they that weave net work." Many writers, on the other hand, think that the use of lace dates no further back than the sixteenth century. However, there is an ancient document in the Cathedral of Ferrara dated 1469 which fixes the price of the mending and ironing of lace, and another of about the same date mentions a division of goods between two sisters, and several pieces of lace are among the properties which are divided.

Lace is perhaps rather a development than an invention. Point lace is a form of embroidery; pillow lace, which is made with bobbins, is a sort of plaiting. Needle-made lace is probably the oldest form. If you remember, the king's daughters in the days of Solomon were adorned with a "raiment of needlework."

Where the primary idea of lace-making came from, we do not know; it may have come from the Greeks, or some say from the Saracens, but at any rate, in the fifteenth century the headquarters of lace-making were in Venice. Venice was the cradle of the art, Venice rescued lace-making from oblivion, Venice taught the art to the rest of Europe. Between the years 1600-1700 Venice reached the height of this industry, producing lace which was declared to be unique for delicacy and beauty. One of the beautiful Venetian lace patterns, called "mermaid lace," had a curious history connected with it. A young sailor, on his return from the South Seas, brought a coralline as a gift to his betrothed. She was very much struck with its beauty, and imitated it with her needle, thus starting a new pattern in lace.

The art of lace-making almost completely disappeared from Venice, but now it has been very successfully revived under the present Government. But to go back to the lace manufactory at Jesurums. The first room we went into was full of children, for the little Italians begin to learn at eight years of age. One wonders how these tiny things can be taught to keep the bobbins disentangled; some who are working with coloured threads have as many as twenty-five! Our guide tells us that the girls take about a year to learn their work; they are sitting on forms with their pillows in front of them. The scene is very much the same as in the work-room of any of our large London dress-makers, except for the darker faces, the brighter flashing eyes, and the more brilliantly coloured clothes which these little Italian girls are so fond of wearing. The room feels well ventilated, and the children look quite happy at their work. These lace schools, our guide tells us, are subsidised annually by the Italian Government, and they have been placed under the patronage of the Chamber of Commerce.

In the next room we were shown beautiful specimens of the lace which has been made. First some pieces copied from the old patterns are brought out for our inspection. Here are three varieties of Rosaline point; the first is in the Milanese style as made in Venice in 1700, the second is much finer, made about the same period, and the third has a profusion of raised work; the ground is a filigree of marvellous fineness, and each rosette is ornamented with two, three, or even four piled rows of the most minute needlework—this is the Rosaline proper; it is far the finest and the most beautiful of the three, and was made in the sixteenth century. Next we are shown some Burano point; this is worked with the needle, and called after the island which was formerly celebrated for its manufacture. The next is a piece of mosaic lace; this is worked with bobbins; it is called mosaic because it is made in small pieces which are afterwards united like the stones or glass in a mosaic. We are shown beautiful handkerchiefs and fans—one lovely handkerchief made in Alençon point. There is very little difference between this and the Burano, except that the Alençon is made with round meshes, while the Burano is made with square meshes. We notice close to us a beautiful fan made in rose point.

Our guide tells us its history. An old fan was brought into the manufactory, so old that the lace was quite worn away, and nothing except the carved ivory "sticks" remained; these were thoroughly Venetian. If lace were to be made for it, something must be designed connected with the old Venetian Republic. A beautiful figure of the wife of a Doge is worked in the centre, the border is made of a mixed design, but all rose point and all worked with the needle. The idea and the execution are both very beautiful. Although most of the lace is worked from old patterns, yet we see from specimens like this that the art of making fresh designs has not been lost in the Venice of to-day. We asked the price of several pieces of lace, and we found it was extremely moderate; this, our guide told us, is due to three causes. 1. Female labour is cheap in Venice, owing to the fact that there are very few industries. 2. The lace schools being subsidised by Government, there is no expense connected with either the studying or teaching the art. 3. As the public buy straight from the manufactory, of course there are no "middle men." The lace is charged for according to the number of days it takes to make, allowing a franc a day; say a yard of lace took seven days, its cost would be seven francs a yard.

Our guide next showed us the museum of old lace. Here we saw many exquisite pieces of Venetian point made in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, some of it worked by the old nuns within their cloistered walls, some made by great Venetian ladies in their beautiful palaces. In the Middle Ages lace-making was a lady's daily occupation, either in their own homes or in the convent. Indeed, in the fourteenth century, lace was often known as "nun's work." The lace as we look at it is so wonderfully fine, like a piece of gossamer, or a spider's web, and yet it has lasted intact and beautiful through all these centuries; the nunneries are ruined, the palaces have gone, the nimble fingers who made it have long ago turned to dust and ashes, yet, strange to say, this little piece of fine lace remains! The Venice of to-day is beautiful! oh, so beautiful, with its ever-varying skies and sea; these must remain the same, the same campaniles, the same domes, the same fascination pervades it all. Venice still sits enthroned upon her thousand isles, as Byron saw her from his retreat at San Lazaro. Venice still can woo and win her hundreds of lovers; her magical power still exists, and yet what a different Venice she is to-day from the Venice she was, when that piece of lace came beautiful and fresh from the hands of its worker!

No Doge now walks grandly down the steps of the palace on his way to some great function at St. Mark's, no haughty noble moves along the crowded Piazza. The very gondolas wear a funereal garb instead of the gay colours they once were draped with. All, all is changed. Little girls and poor old women have learnt the art and can copy the lace which was once made by the highest ladies in the city. Venice—how changed you are, but lovely, wonderful, beautiful still! All this soliloquising over a piece of old lace! A "come along, dear" brings me back to the present. It is too late for San Georgio de' Schiavoni now, but my husband has been thoroughly interested; it will be better to give our fresher selves to those wonderful Carpaccios to-morrow morning.



A CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING;

OR,

THE POSSIBILITIES OF LIP-READING.

CHAPTER IV.

No one at Mossly Manor was allowed to usurp too much of Mrs. Langley's time, for one and all were jealously anxious to have her to themselves.

"What in the world is all this talking going on about?" said Colonel Langley, standing in the doorway. He was a well-built man over six feet, and had one of those stern faces which light up with the kindest of smiles. "I've just driven up from the station in the dog-cart; it is awfully wet, and I am drenched through."

"Gussy can't hear what you say so far off," replied his wife.

"Ah!" said the Colonel, raising his voice, "I have heard of your terrible blow, dear, and before I change my things I have come to give you my warmest sympathy"—and taking Gussy's sad, sweet face in his hands he kissed her. "But cheer up, don't lose heart! I've got some good news for you, if my wife has not already told you. See, the rain is holding; we'll take a walk round the farm, and you shall hear it."

When Colonel Langley was ready, they wandered down to the farm through the old garden gay with hollyhocks and sunflowers.

"What is your good news, Colonel?" said Gussy, who could bear the suspense no longer.

"It is just this," replied Colonel Langley, bending his head so that his companion could hear him: "you must take up lip-reading as fast as you can. It is not only children who learn the art. A friend of mine became partially deaf after a bad bout of influenza, and consequently he had terrible fits of the 'blues.' Why, he was always singing the praises of his lady teacher; she gave him new heart to face life; at times he even forgot he was deaf, as she taught him to hear with his eyes."

"Is such a thing really possible? How heavenly!" cried Gussy.

"Possible? Rather! Johnson pins his faith on lip-reading; he is most enthusiastic about it. I'll tell you a very amusing story he told me of a girl he knew who had taken up the art, having become rather deaf when twenty-five. She was waiting at Aldershot for her train, which was overdue, and was absently watching a couple on the opposite platform. She saw the man say to the lady with him, 'By Jove! that girl is wearing a Malay buckle; they are awfully scarce!' Of course Johnson's friend was intensely amused."

"Please go ahead, Colonel; tell me how he was taught this wonderful art," said Gussy, her interest aroused.

"Ah, that is where the secret lies! I can't really tell you except that grown-up people are not taught as children are, because they have already acquired the knowledge of language; but they have to learn the A B C of the system for all that. This is based on phonetics, and the task of learning is not so difficult as is supposed. The chief points are to procure a thoroughly good teacher, who has had much experience, then arouse the interest of your friends so that you can get a variety of mouths to practise upon. This will help you over many a stile."

"Is it difficult?"

"Like everything else it needs tenacity of will; for nothing is learnt by despair!"

"I wonder all deaf people don't learn it. I wish I had been told of it long ago," said Gussy.

"Yes, as the power of lip-reading is such a source of gladness to those who are deprived of their hearing, I don't understand people saying, 'Oh, I can't afford it, times are hard.' When one thinks of the cash that could be saved from, say, tobacco, plays, and such things with which men indulge themselves, and the unnecessarily large supply of frocks, hats and furbelows which women-kind invest in, one wonders at their thoughtlessness in not contriving by some means or other to surmount this supposed difficulty. Then I have heard mothers of large families, who, whether of large or limited means, complain, 'Oh, I can't spend the time to learn it on myself.' If they would only pause and consider the subject earnestly, they would realise their plea was a misplaced one. Naturally all household matters, society and business engagements are conducted better when a deaf person is capable of lip-reading, to say nothing of the tediousness saved to others from the exertion of shouting, speaking down an ear-trumpet or writing on paper. You, Gussy, will be wiser and lose no time in learning."

"Really it is often not until one has a bad attack of pain or a disabled joint that one realises the blessing of perfect health."

"Yes," replied Colonel Langley, "I have heard people who have become deaf say they wonder they had not thanked God on their knees for their hearing while it was yet theirs. You know now, dear, what it is to have had this blessing and to forego it. And surely you are in a position to help the deaf who cannot help themselves. By this I mean you are a debtor to their cause. I remember well in an inspiring sermon preached by Bishop Thorold to the undergraduates at Oxford, to whom he was pleading for help to start college missions in South London to grapple with the poverty, ignorance and sin, he repeated as his text four times, 'I am a debtor.' Yes, you are a debtor in every sense of the word; face the debt and 'it shall be told thee of all the things that are appointed for thee to do.' Well, I must be getting on to the farm to have a word with my bailiff. Advice like medicine should be given in small doses, as precepts and prescriptions are apt to appear dull. So no more lecture for to-day. Hark! who is that calling? But I forgot, of course you can't hear it."

"Oh, it must be Mrs. Langley," said Gussy, "for she promised to take me to Evensong. I will hurry back to her."

"Well, don't forget what I have told you; but the preceptor is often more appreciated by his absence than by his presence, so *au revoir*, my dear."

(*To be concluded.*)



AN ENTHUSIASTIC FIDELIAN. [*Photographic Union, Munich.*

THE FERNLEY GIRLS' GUILD.

By SARAH TYTLER.



CHAPTER XVII.

"REJOICE!"

SPRING was shaking her green wings bespangled with the earliest flowers — snowdrops, crocuses, daffodils, the first purple violets —over Fernley. She was bidding the world throw off its melancholy to welcome her.

A sensitive spirit like Sophy's could not altogether resist the glad influence—exquisitely sweet in its very sparseness and lingering chillness which was in the air and the earth and the water one February afternoon. A meeker, less harassed temper than she had been able to call to her aid lately stole over her. She recalled the Scotch song she had quoted to Annie Field the day the news arrived of Hal Blake's death. She was startled by finding herself softly humming the lines—

> "My pain is past and I'm at rest,
> Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me."

She had instinctively pulled a handful of snowdrops and put them in the band of her dress as she would have done a year before when the dress was not black.

But all these gentler, happier impulses were driven back and in upon themselves by the entrance of Louise Harris, exulting over the news she had to tell. Louise had still to use the Lodge carriage for the little distance between the Lodge and the Bungalow, but she had recovered so far as to discard the abhorred crutches, though she still limped badly with the limp which would cling to her till her dying day.

"Oh, Sophy! Isn't it jolly? Gerry is coming home. He had a touch of that dreadful fever, and a brother officer who had interest got him invalided."

Louise did not know for some time afterwards that these were not the real facts of her brother's return. Having the grace to feel ashamed, he had resigned his commission as soon as he heard of his father's conviction and sentence. His brother officers should not have to say that they were forced to keep company with the son of a felon. He had dropped into private life as speedily as he could. He only came back in a troopship because it was the quickest mode of return to his mother and sisters, and because the privilege was granted to him out of regard for the young man himself and respect for the prompt action which had relieved his former associates from an awkward situation.

"He is coming with the West Borderers, one of the regiments ordered home. They are to pass the Fernley Station next Thursday. The railway people are already putting up the bunting to welcome them, and there will be quite a crowd down to see the train pass with the 'boys' who have 'come home.' Won't it be rippinger than ripping?"

Sophy shut her eyes for a second with a sick recall of that other spring day when she had walked down with her father, one of the Fernley contingent to the war, sent off amidst the glorification of their neighbours —that minute contingent of which two were in their graves and one had been sick nigh unto death. Did anyone out of their own familiar friends remember them now? Were they clean forgotten amidst the fresh glorification of their more fortunate fellows who had come back to England and to home?

Louise, in her self-engrossment, was yet quick enough to perceive the effect of her words while she had sufficient good feeling to reproach herself for saying them.

"Oh, dear, how brutal it is of me to come to you with my story; but, indeed, I did not mean to hurt you, Sophy."

"I am sure you did not," said Sophy quickly, "and it is only natural for you to be glad to have your brother back," she added with a catch in her voice.

But it was hard for her to rejoice as we are bidden with those who do rejoice. Already she had experienced the difficulty when Maggie Somerville had gone round about the bush and told her news with the greatest care and delicacy—almost with distress—as if the knowledge of how much better the Somervilles had fared than the Singletons pained and affronted her in the middle of her deep thankfulness. Sandy was better—had recovered from the moment Dr. Somerville, arriving in time, took him in hand, and the father and son were travelling back together.

On the occasion of Maggie's communication Sophy had striven to be magnanimous, to look sympathetic and joyful, in forgetfulness of her own loss. But she had known exactly how the Somervilles would feel, how quietly and modestly the men would return, how tenderly they and the women would deal with her in relation to that perennial mystery of the one taken and the other left.

But this joyous welcome to the survivors, this holiday-making reception was a cruel reminder to those who had suffered of wounds barely scarred. Sophy had once, as a child, learned to say by heart an out-of-date lyric called "The Orphan Boy." It represented the illumination of London for the Battle of Trafalgar, and the puzzled bewilderment of a child, who, in his delight at the blazing lights and the cheering crowd, called his mother in vain to look at and listen with him to the grand sights and sounds. For her only answer she would tell him again and again that what the people exulted over had made him her poor orphan boy, since it had cost him his father.

Sophy thought of the simple lines, and imagined that it would have been in the spirit of the woman who was made to speak them that she would have looked at the rustic flags and bunting and listened to the hilarious greeting given to the returned soldiers. She was a soldier's daughter, but she feared she was not sufficiently heroic.

That day passed like so many others. Of course Sophy kept away from the station, and prevented Bea from going to take her fill of staring. Alice was old enough and was in sufficient sympathy with Sophy to have no desire to witness the scene. She would fain have banished it from her mind.

Presently the Singleton family and Fernley fell back into its normal condition, and once more Sophy's moods softened and brightened under the influence of Faith the Comforter and Time the Healer. Indeed, she began to be at once strong and humble enough to reckon up a series of encouragements and sources of satisfaction for which she was bound to be modestly thankful.

In the first place, Mrs. Singleton was decidedly better and more like herself. She took a greater interest in what was passing around her. At the same time her nerves had so far recovered their tone that her fretful

distrust of Sophy and everybody, with her feverish attempts at setting them right, were passing away. She was able to sit up for a portion of the day in her room. There was talk of her coming down to the drawing-room—even of her taking a drive in the Fernley Lodge carriage, which Louise Harris insisted on putting at Mrs. Singleton's disposal.

Bea was certainly more tractable, more reconciled to regular lessons, more conscious of the benefit of duly learning them, and much more like the contented, happy Bea of old.

Alice's slow but not deficient intellect had begun to grasp the kernel of her studies; she was able to enter a little into their spirit, and to show traces of solid intelligence. She surprised Sophy occasionally by the observations she made. She even originated plans and projects without stopping short with following Sophy's lead—to the relief and gratification of Sophy. She had longed for Alice to say something, do something on her own account, and not throw on Sophy the dragging weight of being responsible for all the occurrences and sentiments of each day. Alice was as good as ever and twice as companionable. Sophy, in whose composition no particle of jealous despotism lurked, realised the rational growth and congratulated both herself and Alice.

Cook and Mary Jane had shaken down into their new obligations and were no longer upset and unsettled.

Mrs. Field came and condescended (where there was no condescension) to consult with Sophy. The Vicar's wife, who had so long looked like her daughter's elder sister, had aged considerably during the last year and a half. There were threads of silver in her luxuriant hair, her pretty colour fluctuated, there were tremulous lines about the kindly mouth, and fixed lines on what used to be the smooth white forehead.

Mrs. Field was not easy in her mind about Katie. Adela's theory had been that all recollection of Hal Blake should be driven out of Katie's head, and that after the first week or two of abandonment to grief Katie should be made to dry her eyes and turn to other things. His name should never be mentioned before her, every little trifling object connected with him should be removed or its character altered. Katie should be kept as far as possible in a constant round of engagements. She should be hurried from place to place, and from occupation to occupation, with no time left for her to remember and regret.

The plan seemed to answer at first, and then the turmoil palled upon Katie. She grew weary and listless when she was not hysterical, and actually wanted to withdraw from company. The child Katie seeking solitude and craving to mope apart! It was not to be thought of for a moment. Mrs. Field begged Sophy to take Katie with her in some of her pursuits.

"You had always so many earnest ideas and serious undertakings, Sophy. There was that Girls' Guild of yours, at which we all laughed. I am sure we had much more to laugh at, or perhaps rather to cry at in the Vicarage."

"You had good reason to laugh," said Sophy, with a smile and a sigh; "it was all presumption and child's play. Not that I meant it for child's play; indeed, indeed, I meant it for good. I forgot, silly girl that I was, all about remembering to take the beam out of my own eye before I sought to take the motes out of my neighbours' eyes."

"But you did do them good," maintained Mrs. Field. "You were such a good, thoughtful girl yourself that you could not help doing them good. And it is by Katie's wish that I am speaking to you. She said, 'Oh, if Sophy Singleton would let me go with her, if she would call another meeting of the Guild, or set about something else of the kind and let me help her, while Alice looked after the housekeeping and took care of Mrs. Singleton! It would give me something to do, too; it would not feel so heartless as these everlasting visits and parties, and I think *he* would have liked it. Though he laughed at Sophy like the rest of us, I know that, like the rest of us, he had a great respect for her.' Poor darling! since we have given over mentioning his name, she does not like to say it either. It is banished from her life also, when it used to be 'Hal' this and 'Hal Blake' that every minute. I could take her with me, you know, Sophy"—and the dear woman blushed rosy red with modesty at the further admission. "I have taken Geoff Parker's class for half-grown boys since he has been threatened with clergyman's sore throat, and Adela did not see her way to relieving him. It is not nearly so hard as I imagined. The boys do not laugh at me, they are quite good; Geoff says they behave much better with me than with him, which is flattering me, of course; but I like it, and I feel as if I were doing myself good as well as the boys. And since Lady Ramsbottom went abroad I have been filling her place with the old rheumatic, bed-ridden women in the village—I am afraid not very well, but they say they care to see me and that it cheers them up a bit, and, if so, I am determined to continue my visits. I am turning over a new leaf in my old age"—with a faint laugh at herself. "But it would be no change for Katie to accompany me, and she might think I was doing it all on set purpose to please her, which would not be true, and would be disconcerting."

There was another reference to the Guild when Lilian Torrens came over to the Bungalow that she might herself give Sophy the pleasant information that Lilian was engaged to be married to a master in one of the great public schools.

"He says I will be of the greatest use to him in his work," the happy girl confided to her friend, "but you were the first person who impressed upon us that we must be of some use in the world. It is true, Sophy, though Gladys and I had been at college years before then, you were the first who insisted on our responsibility for our knowledge. You made us see that, as for everything else, we had not acquired it just for the sake of culture and to show it off in society. We were each of us—

> "'A being breathing thoughtful breath,
> A traveller 'twixt life and death,'

bound to consider what we could do for our fellow travellers instead of being entirely occupied in the cant of the present day, with 'fully developing our humanity,' indulging every idle taste, every worse than idle passion of our nature. Your example, young as you were, taught us a better creed than that which the best of the old heathen world abjured, though it has come alive again with a new insolently defiant existence in our time."

"It must have been your own good hearts which prompted you to take me for an example, and not any merit in the sorry example itself," remonstrated Sophy.

The changes were being constantly rung, by a curious contradiction, on the Girls' Guild, when it had fallen so much into the background with Sophy for the last few months. The final touch was when Louise Harris proposed to become a member. The proposal did not arise solely from Louise's desire to atone to Sophy for the rashly-exultant announcement of Gerald Harris's return. Louise had thrown out hints, half in jest, half

in earnest, of her wish before her brother's retirement from the army was mooted. Louise was sure she had certain qualifications for the Guild. She was not in the habit of giggling, though her talk had generally a pungency which provoked smiles—not infrequently very wry smiles—from her listeners. She had not been to college, and so was not burdened with college learning to launch at the heads of her company. She was much more learned in men, horses, and dogs than in books. Like the rest of her family, she had never been out of the hands of the best of dressmakers and ladies' tailors, but the detail was an accident which had formed her taste in dress, perhaps. In the main her toilet filled little of her time and less of her thoughts, so that she could not be said to care greatly for it. She was ready to advocate its simplicity as a saving of trouble. She stumbled a little over the half hour's solid reading and the good deed a day. She feared they were not in her line. She thought her lameness and the capacity for grinning and bearing it without plaguing her neighbours with her infirmity might be taken as an equivalent.

Before Louise could be put to the test, another turn of fortune's wheel carried her away from Fernley for an indefinite period. The removal occurred in the style most agreeable to Louise. She had not been so transported out of herself, so hopeful and happy, since the whole course of her life was altered by her father's disgrace and her own accident.

Her brother Gerald, with his independent means, had bought a yacht and was bent on a long and distant cruise, round the world it might be, certainly into strange regions where the name of Harris was unknown either for good or evil. It was impossible for his mother or his sister Rose to accompany him and encounter the adventures and hardships he proposed to undertake and face. His sister Marcia was a bad sailor and found attractions more to her taste in the least exclusive circles of the towns in Southern France and Italy, where the state of Rose's health was likely to cause Mrs. Harris to make a prolonged stay, after she had seen herself obliged to sub-let Fernley Lodge till her lease was out.

But the expedition was the very thing for Louise, coming near to the fulfilment of her heart's cherished dream. Gerry and she had been from the beginning more closely allied to each other than to their other brothers and sisters. Louise took to water like a duck—the shortest cruise was her delight. Nowhere would she feel the debarment from sport of every kind, to which her crippled state condemned her, less than on her brother's yacht.

"Gerry and I will go sailing and exploring till we find some island on which the foot of civilised white man has never trod. We may get among cannibals—who knows?—and if we are not eaten we will publish our log some day and find ourselves famous. Dear old Jeremiah and I will get on famously, and the sun will not set on our voyage, as it does not set on the King's dominions. And oh! Sophy, do you know I can swim and cut capers in the water as well as ever? It is the only thing I used to pride myself upon that I am still able to do. I say, remember I am an honorary member of the Fernley Girls' Guild. You are not to cheat me of my election, and if I ever settle down on land again—which I doubt, for Gerry and I are born vagabonds—I shall be a real working member, whatever that may be."

Louise was gone like a will-o'-the-wisp, and Sophy was astonished to find how much she missed her "honorary member."

(*To be concluded.*)

PRACTICAL POINTS OF LAW.

By A LAWYER.

Fire Insurance.

Every householder should insure his premises against fire.

And at the same time he should also insure his rent.

Because he will have to continue paying his rent even though the house is utterly destroyed by fire, as long as his term lasts.

If the premises are not insured by the tenant, he should find out from the landlord in what office the latter has insured them.

For this reason, he cannot compel the landlord to expend the insurance money in rebuilding the premises;

But he can give notice to the directors of the insurance company that he requires them not to pay over the money to the landlord, but to expend it on rebuilding the house.

In taking out a policy it is important that the property should be correctly described.

Any material alteration of the property will render the policy void.

Therefore, if any alteration in the building is contemplated, notice should be given to the company.

Who will thereupon send one of their agents to see if the alteration is likely to increase the risk.

The insured must have an interest in the property at the time of effecting the insurance and when the fire happens.

A purchaser of the property, therefore, will not acquire any right to the benefit of the vendor or seller's policy except by a special arrangement with him or with the insurers.

A policy of fire insurance is not assignable without the company's consent.

The insured can only recover for such loss as he has actually sustained.

Therefore, if two parties are interested in the same goods and insure the goods in different offices, each party cannot recover the full value from his insurer.

When furniture and other effects are removed from the premises in which they were insured, the policy will cease to cover them.

Fire insurance policies generally run from year to year from the date specified in the policy and fifteen days' grace is allowed for the payment of the premiums.

People should read their policies carefully; as a general rule notice and proof of the damage must be given in writing to the company within fifteen days of the occurrence of the fire.

An ordinary fire insurance policy covers all loss incurred by damage resulting from the fire, such as may have been caused by smoke; and from all necessary efforts in putting out the fire, as, for instance, thowing goods out of the window and damaging the furniture by throwing water over it.

In the Metropolis the insurance company is responsible for any damage done by the Fire Brigade in the performance of their duties.

THE BIRTHDAY PAGE.

OCTOBER.

By FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

The Swedish Nightingale.



JENNY LIND.

Who has not heard of Jenny Lind?* All of us cannot, of course, remember the "forties" and "fifties" of the last century, but, all the same, there will scarcely be any readers of these few notes who will not have heard something of this famous songstress from their parents or others. "Jenny Lind" was such a captivating name in the far-off days when our late good Queen was young! When she made her first appearance in this country, at Her Majesty's Opera on May 4th, 1847, she was the talk of all London.

Born at Stockholm, the daughter of poor parents, it soon became evident that, given training, she would prove a soprano vocalist of rare excellence. Accordingly she was sent to the Stockholm Musical Academy, with the result that, when eighteen years old, she made her *début* in her native city as Agathe in Weber's *Der Freischütz*. In 1844 the youthful cantatrice appeared at Berlin, having, in the meantime, had the benefit of additional instruction in singing from Manuel Garcia at Paris. Here her singing in *Norma* and *L'Etoile du Nord* added to her growing reputation. Leipzig and Vienna were each visited, and then "the Swedish Nightingale" (for financially-interested partisans had thus christened her) was brought to London. The place was soon in an uproar about her, so skilfully had the art of puffery been carried out by her *impresario*, Mr. Lumley, and his party at the Opera House. The opera chosen for the *début* of Jenny Lind in this country was Meyerbeer's *Roberto il Diavolo*. The long-looked-for event came off and caused a *furore* never likely to be forgotten by anyone who had to undergo the crush of getting within the auditorium. The public at once went mad about the Swedish *prima donna*. Crowds struggled at the Opera House doors, hats were doubled up and dresses torn; a throng of carriages, unseemly clamour and conflict of coachmen, servants, policemen, mob—all contributed to the "Jenny Lind fever." Not many months afterwards she retired from opera, having been induced by Dr. Stanley, the then Bishop of Norwich, to abandon that "line" of her professional engagements.

Jenny Lind still continued to sing in oratorios and concerts. It was while on tour in America that she married Herr Otto Goldschmidt. The two came back to England, and remained here, taking up their residence in London and Malvern. One of the best things they did was to start the Bach Choir. Nor must we forget that the Mendelssohn Scholarship owes its foundation in great part to her magnificent singing in *Elijah* for the benefit of the Scholarship funds.

* Born October 6th, 1820; died November 2nd, 1887.

The "Nightingale's" voice was a soprano, two octaves in compass—from D to D, having a possible higher note or two available on rare occasions. The lower half of the register and the upper one were of two distinct qualities. The former was not strong—veiled, if not husky, and apt to be out of tune. The latter was rich, brilliant, and powerful, finest in its highest portions. Like Pasta and Viardot, and unlike Malibran, Grisi, and Tietjens, her voice was naturally defective, and it was only by the most careful training and indomitable perseverance that it became flexible and thoroughly under control. Her marvellous success was due mainly to her own conscientiousness in respect to all she had to do, and also to an unequalled amount of outside influence that was brought to bear upon her reception here as a singer.

How many of my readers, I wonder, have heard the following story? Once, when talk turned upon the question of mice, an animal of which ladies are believed to entertain feelings approaching to terror, Jenny Lind contributed to the discussion the quaint phrase, "I have a hole in my heart for ze little mouse."

Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt passed away at Malvern. She left no void in the world of music, but her rare qualities of mind and heart have kept her memory green. From quite an early age she was very charitable, and was ever ready to help those who she believed really needed assistance.

Duchess of Edinburgh.



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.
(*Photo by W. & D. Downey.*)

That was a great event in the history of the two countries, Britain and Russia, when the union took place between Queen Victoria's second son, Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, and the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna,* only daughter of the Tsar Alexander II. By this happy circumstance the two most influential nations in Europe were brought into a closer contact than could ever have been effected by any diplomatic means, an event all the more welcome, too, inasmuch as it came as a factor of peace from a direction that had long looked sinister, as men cast their eyes from west to east of Europe. It is not going too far to state that the condition of Europe has been much calmer and comfortable since this quite unexpected union was consummated. The marriage was solemnised with the utmost pomp and ceremony at the Winter Gardens, St. Petersburg (23rd January, 1874), and was performed in accordance with the rites of both the Orthodox and Anglican Churches. Viscount Sydney and the Lady

* Born at St. Petersburg, October 17th, 1853.

Augusta Stanley represented Queen Victoria; and the Protestant service was performed by Dean Stanley. The Duke and the Grand Duchess used Prayer-books which had been sent them by the Queen, and the bride's bouquet was also the Queen's present from Osborne. The Greek Church allows no instrumental music, but the singing of the Russian choir was magnificent. The marriage register was signed by Dean Stanley, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Arthur, the Imperial Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany, and several members of the Imperial family. It was on Saturday, March 7th, that the Duchess of Edinburgh first set foot on English soil at Gravesend, where she had a British reception. When a few days later she and her husband entered London it was in a heavy snow-storm—which fittingly enough made the country look like "one vast bride-cake." Several children were born of the marriage, of whom Prince Alfred died in 1899.

From the time of her public entry into London, amid every possible enthusiasm, the Duchess of Edinburgh (for so she will be best remembered) has been a favourite with English people, who do not forget how difficult it must have been for her to forsake the first place at the Russian Court, and conform to the law of precedence at that of St. James's. Like most of the Russian nobility Her Royal Highness has a high-spirited temperament which she has been known to exercise as occasion required. Her long residence in London at Clarence House was very beneficial to many people.

It was in 1899 that the Duke and Duchess celebrated their silver wedding at Coburg, for Queen Victoria's second son had succeeded to the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Sad to say, our "Sailor Prince," as he used to be termed, was not long to enjoy his sovereignty. Without great warning he passed away on the 30th July, 1900. Now the Duchess is a widow, and her children fatherless.

Sweet Lyrical Poetess.

There have been few sweeter singers among English poetesses of the nineteenth century than Adelaide Anne Procter,* whose charming drift of language will always win lovers of the genuinely beautiful and simple in verse. Born in London—not a place we should imagine that would be particularly provocative of the muse—she was the daughter of Bryan Waller Procter ("Barry Cornwall"), who Mr. Gosse says wrote "more songs that deserve the comparative praise of good than any other modern writer except Shelley and Tennyson." Thus Miss Procter inherited her father's distinct poetic gifts. Some of her earliest literary work was on *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, to which publication she contributed when little more than a girl. Fame did not attend her literary efforts, however, until 1858–60. Then appeared her volume of charming *Legends and Lyrics*, which passed speedily through several editions. In 1862 *A Chaplet of Verse*, another charming collection of poetical fancies, appeared, and this volume speedily enhanced its gifted authoress's reputation.



ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

The genuineness and simplicity of Miss Procter's poetry, its thoughtful tone, tenderness and grace, its delicate varied style, its musical purity—all these qualities make it perfectly acceptable. No girl could be else than better from such reading.

Her sweet diction and beautiful imagery may well be understood from the following few lines from her lyric *Incompleteness*—

"Dawn is fair, because the mists fade slowly
Into day, which floods the world with light;
Twilight's mystery is so sweet and holy
Just because it ends in starry night.

* * * *

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper life above;
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love."

Such extracts, brief as they are, justify what another critic has said of the poems of this pure-souled young woman—"Their entire freedom from imitation, trick and exaggeration, have given them a high place and a place of their own in the esteem and love of English readers."

Poor Miss Procter had barely reached womanhood when her health began to fail her. Many remedial measures were adopted, unavailingly. The highly-gifted creature was slowly making towards the Eternal Scenes. She became a convert to the Roman Faith, and exhibited a devotional spirit which became the more beautiful as her affliction grew upon her. Finally, after a long illness borne with splendid submission and heroism, she passed away in the twenty-ninth year of her age.

* Born October 30th, 1825; died February 2nd, 1864.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Kenilworth Student *has been vainly trying to reconcile Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth" with history, and writes to us to solve difficulties as to the dates, etc., of Amy Robsart's marriage and death.*

The difficulties of our correspondent arise from reading a novel as though it were a transcript of literal fact. Even the greatest authors in the field of historical romance take liberties with their subject, and Scott is no exception.

Amy was the daughter of Sir John (not Hugh) Robsart, and was married to Lord Robert Dudley in 1550, when the bridegroom appears to have been only about seventeen years of age. She was never "Countess of Leicester" as Scott styles her. She died in 1560, four years before Dudley was created Earl of Leicester, and fifteen years before the visit of Queen Elizabeth to Kenilworth in 1575, so brilliantly described in the story. The ballad "Cumnor Hall" in entitling the hapless lady "Countess" also takes a liberty with fact. Hallam in his *History of England* refers to the "great anachronism and confusion of persons" with which the story of the tragic episode is related in *Kenilworth*. It is, however, true that suspicion hovered around Lady Dudley's sudden death, and those who dreaded lest Queen Elizabeth should marry the Earl of Leicester used against him the report that he had murdered his wife. This was only a report and was never proved, although popular feeling ran high at the time. Our correspondent will not, we hope, consider this reply as any attempt to find fault with the splendid romance she is studying, but for dates she must always refer to history.

A LADY AND A SPIRIT.

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.



It was the family field day. That is what the master of the house called it. Other folk, Annette Bond amongst the number, spoke of it as the Bowen Spring Clean.

It was not a cheerful day, far from it. Little Mrs. Bowen looked worried and heated and worn. Mr. Bowen uncomfortable. The children looked—must I confess it?—hungry! You see, soft boiled eggs have a habit of smashing up when eaten on the stairs, and cool tea is not sustaining. There was no time to prepare anything more substantial, with Bridget scouring away at window-shutters and skirting-boards, the mistress shaking curtains and blankets, and the ubiquitous charwoman reigning over chaos in the kitchen.

Mr. Bowen, conscious of indescribable bicycle rags and oily compounds routed out of his study, was meeker than usual, but was about to give way to sarcasm *re* afternoon tea, when Miss Bond appeared on the scene. We have made this lady's acquaintance before, when, as a lady, she presided over the Bowen laundry. We find her crisp and capable and every other "c" in the calendar, as per usual, brimful of information and energy and good nature.

She took in the situation at a glance. In a very few minutes both Mr. and Mrs. Bowen were seated at a dainty tea equipage. Bridget, virtuous and hot, was "claning" herself, and Mrs. Jones had departed in dudgeon. All because Miss Bond had promised a more satisfactory "help" on the morrow!

She brought him in a bottle! He cost only one and eightpence, yet the latent energy stored in our volatile friend (No, I don't refer to Miss Bond. She was never in her life frivolous!) caused dust and fly-specks, grime and smoke to flee away as if by magic. No need to drive them out with much labour, much expenditure of Herculean strength or application of elbow-grease. Our friendly spirit acted as spirits always do—gently, quietly, and effectively.

First of all, the terra-cotta paint in Mrs. Bowen's bedroom was attacked. It had been ruthlessly scrubbed on former occasions by the vigorous Bridget, until the streaks of red on its face were more like the lines on a russet apple than anything else. In some places the paint was actually pallid from rubbing, and the plain boards appeared. Yet, withal, it had a smeary, unfinished look about it, until Miss Bond caused our spirit to step in and do his work.

Then the terra-cotta window-ledges and cornice-poles emerged bright and shining from a simple application of soft flannel, wetted in a liquid composed of a quart of warm water and a teaspoonful of ammonia!

Bridget could scarcely believe her eyes, as she dried the smiling cheeks of the door-jambs with a square of house blanket, and saw them twinkling beneath her hand. Certainly this volatile alkali—as the dictionary defines it—hath a pungent smell, but that soon passeth away—as doth our spirit when his work is done.

It was not yet done, however, in Mrs. Bowen's bedroom. The big swing mirror was fringed with a border of tiny fly-blows and finger-marks. The windows were dull.

A few drops of ammonia sprinkled on an old newspaper, and lightly rubbed over the surface by Miss Bond's practised hand, soon banished all films, and left no dull smudges behind. The gilt picture-frames were subjected to a like process with a similar result.

"Anything more to be done?" queried the spinster, as she grasped her useful spirit behind a tight stopper. "Ah, yes, I see. What about those brushes, Bella? Not quite clean, are they?"

Poor little Mrs. Bowen blushed. Why is it we ladies like to have our hair-brushes and combs always in spotless array? I don't know exactly. Nor did Mrs. Bowen. Only she stammered more confusedly than ever in explaining the *raison d'être* of a certain dingy hue visible on her dainty, ivory, initialled possessions.

Miss Bond smiled.

"Fortunately you are not the owner of a 'maid,' my dear. Otherwise that wedding present of yours would have 'yelled' long before this! Our Abigails have such a propensity for using boiling water and suds for everything. Blessed is she that hath no Abigail, for her brushes will stand the wear and tear of years, if—if"—Miss Bond began to be emphatic—"she possesseth this spirit of her own."

Taking up her friend's toilet accessories, Annette Bond demanded a hand-basin and a quart of warm water. As Bridget flew to get the latter (she always flew when Miss Bond was at hand), Mrs. Bowen's mentor took up her parable and continued—

"I wish every lady knew the capabilities of her own hand-basin, Mrs. B.! Baby would have clean booties every day. Our brushes would always be crisp and snowy, our silk handkerchiefs never yellow and creased, our——"

But here rushed in Bridget, carefully rubbing the black off a kettle of water she carried on to her white apron. Miss Bond marked this with the corner of her eye, but made no remark. Such affectionate zeal was not to be quenched.

"Thank you," she said kindly. "Now only *warm*"—(warm in italics, please, Mr. Printer)—"water is what we want. Cold would even do, if your brushes were not quite so—ahem—soiled, Mrs. B.!"

Mrs. Bowen blushed again. Never more, she fervently hoped, would they be seen in so unladylike a state. At least when Miss Bond was by!

"To every pint, Bella, I add one teaspoonful of ammonia. Now, shake them gently in the mixture. Face downwards, of course. Getting clean? Yes, my spirit is so energetic. Another basin with soft, clean water. Thank you. That is for rinsing. Heigh, presto! Your brushes are as new, Mrs. B. Now put them on the window-ledge, if you like, or anywhere in a draught. You will find them ready for use by dinner-time, my dear."

Sure enough Mrs. Bowen found them spread out under their hailstone muslin slip before the hour named, and they were flanked by a couple of new-looking tortoise-shell combs which had been treated in the same manner.

Miss Bond was, of course, asked to stop to dinner that night. It was owing to her and her volatile spirit that there was any dinner after that "field day." The bedroom had all been cleaned. Yet Bridget had not been overdone. Roast beef and apple dumpling testified to this fact.

Now Mrs. Bowen had always prided herself on her dainty table decorations. To-day, she felt sadly conscious of very dim, smeary-looking silver. To be strictly accurate, it was not silver at all. Only best electro. Elkington's A1. But what's in a name?

How she managed it, I know not. Only in some way, without hurting Bella Bowen's feelings in the least, or causing her to blush once, talk was led round to the care of precious metals in general. To the care of silver in particular. As a result, the mistress kept a small wooden bowl in her store pantry, which was filled with water—boiling—from tea or breakfast kettle. Added to every pint was a teaspoonful of ammonia. In this, every day, forks and spoons were immersed after every meal. A Selvyt cloth was used to dry, and, for a few minutes' work, Mrs. Bowen was repaid by always having brightly burnished

glittering silver on her table. It seemed such an infinitesimal amount of labour, resulting in so satisfactory a manner.

How to use ammonia in three cases, paint, brushes, and silver, had been thus shown by demonstration. There was more to follow.

Over a roaring fire in the big drawing-room—spring is so uncertain a tide—Annette Bond told her friend of four other daily uses for her much esteemed acquaintance. She said that a spot of grease visible on the front breadth of Mrs. Bowen's light silk evening dress, could be removed by the spirit.

"It is almost uncanny in its operations," quoth little Mrs. B., as the spinster recounted the manner of exit of that spot, on application of one drop of the pure ammonia, followed by slight pressure with a hot iron. "I am afraid of it."

Miss Bond laughed; then she looked grave.

"There are many unseen powers around us, Bella. We do not know the latent forces in nature, and are only just gathering up pebbles on the shore of the sea of knowledge"

"Ahem, Shakespeare!" murmured the master of the house, who had entered unawares.

"No—Sir David Brewster, I believe," corrected Miss Bond modestly. "At any rate, it is a fact, whoever found it out."

Mr. Bowen proved it so a few minutes after. Whether, from following an unwilling lengthy period of abstinence, that roast beef was too heavy, or whether the latent force in apple dumpling was too strong for him, true it is, the master soon had an attack of severe indigestion. He pitied himself muchly. Men always do. But Miss Bond was equal to the occasion. Ten drops of her precious fluid was quickly added to a wineglassful of water, slily, and hastily administered.

It was a safe and speedy remedy. Before the coffee cups were handed round, Mr. Bowen had forgotten that weight upon his chest, and was smiling happily. Miss Bond was a magician. The conversation veered from east to west, and from north to south, until some moans over the state of certain plants in the porch were heard.

"Oh, I'll tell you what to do!" began Annette, but Mrs. Bowen looked firm.

"I will not have it, dear. Don't recommend ammonia again. It is too much for my nerves."

"Water them if they have over-blossomed themselves," gabbled the spinster, on a sign from the man in the chair, "with five or six drops of ammonia in each pot of water. This will stimulate highly. Too highly, if often applied, Mrs. B. Don't dose your fuchsias, and begonias, and roses, and geraniums, oftener than once a week. But, if used in moderation, you will be astonished at the result. Trusses of bloom as big as——" (she spread out her hands indefinitely)"tassels of blossoms as big as——! Foliage as flourishing as——!"

"Spare us!" was the laughing protest. "Your spirit is too much for us, Annette."

"Too much entirely," quoth Mr. B. "It does more than the 'Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverly pen!'"

"Yes, indeed." Miss Bond was quite grave. "Ammonia is a universal solvent. I will not repeat its uses in our home laundry. You can look these up in the 'G. O. P.' for 1894 and 1895. Without it our flannels would shrink, our silks discolour, our paint wear off, our silver wax dim, our windows dull, our looking-glasses smear, our brushes 'yell,' our plants decay, our meals disagree, our hair become brittle—(Did I mention, Mrs. B., that Nellie's curls should always be washed with an eggspoonful of ammonia to each quart of water?)—and our dresses be spoiled. In fact, my volatile spirit comes as a boon and a blessing to women!"

"Hear, hear!" applauded Mr. Bowen, as he helped the visitor on with her opera-cloak. "You are a regular field of industry, Miss Bond."



THE "GIRL'S OWN" GUILD OF SYMPATHY.

ETHEL (London).—Thank you for your gift of strawberries, which arrived in splendid condition, and we gave them away in the wards. We hope others will follow your example. The best kinds of fruits to send are apples, strawberries, ripe gooseberries, and currants. These are always very acceptable.

E. B. (Seven Sisters).—In answer to your questions, the Civil Service is open to girls, and the facilities offered are certainly increasing. The age for Girl Clerks that you speak about is from sixteen to eighteen. On appointment the girls serve for six hours a day for three years, for which they receive £35 and upwards. The competition is very keen, and the subjects are arithmetic, geography, English, composition, including writing and spelling, Latin or French, or Algebra or shorthand. You must have the full approval of your parents, and be five feet in height, and if you serve six years you can obtain a very good pension.

A. J. (Bath).—Thank you very much for your gift of pinks, which are just the things that are needed in the wards. They are very strong smelling as well as pretty. I should be very glad indeed to help you distribute any gifts of this sort, and we cannot help thinking what a blessing a well-kept garden is. It gives not only pleasure to its owner, but it helps to cheer those sick ones at a very little cost, and for that reason we are glad when we hear that a garden is cultivated to some purpose.

BESSIE and several others.—Yes, as we have said before, gifts of fruit are very welcome. You will see particulars about the stall, and about the work the members can do, at the commencement of these articles. If any further particulars are wanted, we shall be very glad to give them.

PHYLLIS CLARKE (Lee).—The parcel of goods for the sale of work safely received. The contents are very welcome, and will be acceptable. The fancy reticules are really very clever indeed. You are one of our youngest members, but your enthusiasm is splendid. We shall want some six or eight members for the stalls. Will write you again on the matter.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

SENLAC.—About four years ago this column admitted many inquiries and suggestions with reference to the extract you mention, beginning, "I shall pass through this world but once." The quotation was referred to Marcus Aurelius, but no one could verify it. Messrs. Bemrose & Sons, 23, Old Bailey, E.C., forwarded the paragraph to us, printed on a small pink card, headed "Resolve." On the reverse side of the card is the statement which we give just as we received it: "This 'Resolve' was written by a New York lady much impressed with the thought of the uncertainty of life. Not many days after she was at a meeting in Madison Square Gardens, where she had distributed some printed leaflets with the 'Resolve,' when the hall roof fell in, and she was one of those killed by its fall." (See THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for December, 1898.) The cards can be had for 5d. per dozen, post free.

DORMOUSE.—It is, as you say, very difficult to find short and amusing pieces for recitation. "Aunt Tabitha," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, is very good. The sixpenny *American Reciter*, edited by Alfred H. Miles, is useful as containing several such recitations. You should keep a MS. book, and always copy anything from a paper or magazine that strikes your attention. We will inquire for your book in "Our Open Letter Box."

PANSY.—The author of the lines

> "Earth's crammed with heaven
> And every common bush afire with God,"

is Mrs. Barrett Browning. You will find them in Book VII. of her poem *Aurora Leigh*.

CHEDDYRINE.—The certificate of the Royal Drawing Society of Great Britain and Ireland, especially if it be a "full honours certificate," should certainly qualify you to obtain an appointment as teacher of drawing in a girls' secondary school.

CAPPADOCIA.—The metre of your poem is too irregular. In verse 2 the second and third lines suddenly become longer than the corresponding lines in verse 1. There is only one instance of rhyme in the three verses, *i.e.*, "small—call," yet the irregular attempt at metre is not suitable for blank verse. "Each" is a singular pronoun and should be followed by a singular verb. The thoughts suggested by spring are natural, and we do not wish to discourage you in expressing them. But to write verse fit for publication is no easy task. It requires among other qualifications a knowledge of poetical form.

SYLVIA.—We really think you could not do better than attempt a few scenes from Shakespeare's *As You Like It*. We have seen this acted by schoolgirls within four walls with great effect, and out of doors it would be charming. *Fairy Tales and How to Act Them* (Mrs. Hugh Bell) would provide good material for a woodland setting such as you describe.

F. M. W.—We should advise you, if you wish to learn designing, to attend one of the following centres of instruction—City and Guilds South London Technical Art School, 122, Kennington Park Road, S.E; Crystal Palace School of Art; or Miss Prince Brown's Studio, Artillery Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W. These can all be easily reached from your home. You might also make inquiries at the Polytechnic Institute, Battersea Park Road.

EDITH C. NAYLOR wishes to thank her Correspondents (by card) from N. and S. America, Africa, West and South Australia, New Zealand, Straits Settlements, Brazil, Jamaica, Athens. She has received and sent at least 200 from all parts of the world.



THE GIANT STRIDE.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

L. D. S. informs MISS D. RAWLINS that the nursery rhyme verses, of which the refrain is, "Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed," can be found in *The Baby's Opera*, illustrated by Walter Crane. We thank L. D. S. for her letter and kind gift.

THEKLA inquires for a song beginning—

> "'Twas on a Sunday morning
> Before the bells did ring."

She would be glad to know the author and where it can be procured.

MISS F. WHITE asks the names of the composer and publisher of the "Vera Waltz," dedicated to the Hon. James Lowther.

DORMOUSE inquires if any reader would sell her cheaply a copy of W. S. Gilbert's *Bab Ballads*, or lend it to her for a few days? It does not matter how worn or battered the book is. She does not give her name, but the book might be posted to St. John's Rectory, Bungay.

M. E. RAPLEY kindly answers A. M. B.'s query, which has already had many replies.

GERTRUDE kindly encloses for JOYCE a copy of the poem by Sarah Williams, beginning—

> "Is it so, O Christ in Heaven, that the highest suffer most?"

FRANCES H. SYKES asks where she can find an anonymous poem, entitled, "The Hymns of the Vanquished."

A. B. R. inquires the author and the whereabouts of the following lines—

> "Beasts know wherein their talents lie;
> The bear would not attempt to fly."

THELMA would like to know the author of the poem, entitled, "Poll's Crossing," cut out of an American newspaper some time in the early seventies. The first verse is—

> "I'm Poll, an' sweeps the crossing
> Over the dirty street,
> So you, my dainty lady,
> Need never soil your feet."

The Women of Mumbles Head is by Clement Scott (see Rev. F. Langbridge's *What to Read at Entertainments*, Part I., R.T.S.).

L. D. S. (Australia) answers LADY JANE GREY, referring her quotation to *In Memoriam*, Canto cxxvii.

A Correspondent kindly writes to tell us, in reference to NEMO'S statement, that letters concerning the "College by Post" should now be addressed to Miss Woodd-Smith, Oak Hill Lodge, Frognal, N.W.

Would any of our readers lend HOLKER, 119, Gleneagle Road, Streatham, S.W., a copy of *Little Folks* for the year 1879? She would return it in a few days.

LULU inquires for a recitation which (she thinks) is entitled "One Month's Notice." It is a story in broken English, supposed to be told by a French servant, of her dismissal from service; the author is not known by LULU.

DICKIE BIRD is anxious to know in which book of Mrs. Emma Marshall's the story is located in Plymouth.

JESSIE PURCHIN inquires for a recitation entitled, "The Story of a Crime."

JACOBITE is anxious to obtain a poem the title of which is "Mary Queen of Scots."

HERO asks the name of the author of two little humorous poems, and where she may find them: "Aunt Jemima's Courtship," and "I've changed my mind."



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THE FERNLEY GIRLS' GUILD.



"SHE WOULD FIND THE WILD FLOWERS FROM WHICH HE WAS TO GIVE HER AND MAGGIE A LESSON IN BOTANY."

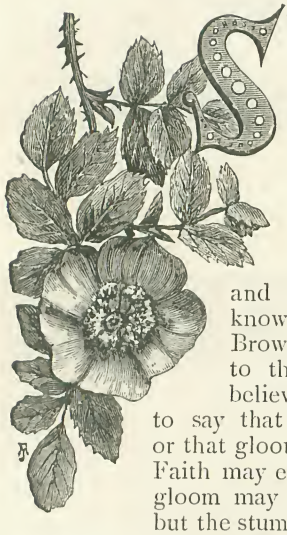
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THE FERNLEY GIRLS' GUILD.

By SARAH TYTLER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY.



SOPHY had learnt from her own experience that there is a light in the world—though not of the world — which enables us to see dimly in the deepest gloom and to walk through the valley of the shadow not only uninjured, but chastened and enriched with a higher, fuller knowledge, a faith that has realised and therefore not only hopes, it knows. So said a great man—Browning—of immortality in words to this effect—"I do not simply believe in it, I know it." It is not to say that faith is always triumphant, or that gloom instantly becomes sunshine. Faith may even totter while it clings, and gloom may be well-nigh thick darkness, but the stumbling wayfarer still trusts there is light somewhere, still believes tremblingly that the sun is behind the clouds, till he or she emerges into the glad dawn or the broad day.

Sophy knew, too, that the same light which every man may claim, which shines into each soul if it will, gilds dulness and drudgery, and crowns it with the reward of perseverance in well-doing. It sets in its crown the jewels of patience, contentment, the true wisdom which comes from above. It not infrequently causes them to sparkle and scintillate with the harmless summer lightning of wit—kindly, not cruel—and humour glistening with that dew of tenderness which writes pathos on its reverse side.

Dr. Somerville and Sandy came back in the quiet and obscurity of a night train without sign or demonstration, as Maggie was not acquainted with the exact time of their arrival and was forbidden to trouble to meet them. Father and son might have stepped upon the platform without remark had it not been for the guard of the local train, whose wife the doctor had once succeeded, by lynx-eyed care and attention and a blessing on his efforts, in pulling through a dangerous illness. A muscular hand would thrust itself forward to grasp the doctor's, and a shyly cordial voice proclaim—

"Glad to see you and Mr. Sandy back, sir. We've fared ill without you."

"Eh! What, Rogers?" The gruff Scotchman turned and stopped instantly. "Has the wife been 'complaining' again? I told you both to be careful. What have you and she been doing?"

"It is not us, sir, let us be thankful; Sally has not had a back turn this spring. It is Porteons whom you used to attend and get on his feet again in no time after his attacks of the influenza. He was buried yesterday."

"Sorry to hear it. But I'm not a god to slay or to keep alive. A man who has had genuine influenza already half-a-dozen times may look out for the seventh or eighth attack as not unlikely to deal the finishing stroke."

The doctor had to hire a cab for the convenience of Sandy rather than of himself, since it was Dr. Somerville who was bronzed a robust brown, Sandy could only boast a sickly yellow pallor. He was still too weak to walk once without exhaustion the miles he had been accustomed to trudge twice or thrice a day without a thought or a sense of fatigue.

Finally, when the cab stopped, an old school-fellow darted across the street and gave Sandy his arm from the cobble-stones to the pavement before the doctor's door.

It was a very tame home-coming. Certainly Sandy straightened himself and looked almost well in the flush of affection and gratitude with which he stood in the centre of his mother and Maggie and the great young tribe. He was conscious that all, from the biggest to the smallest, were brimming over with pride and joy, and were hanging on his words and looks. He had, nevertheless, a rueful air that was not far removed from the hanging head of defeat.

"I feel like a fraud, Maggie," he confided to his sister, "to come back safe and sound and only waiting for a few weeks of our blessed fresh air and cool summer sunshine to be as fit as ever, while I'm made as much of as if I had not come back alone, leaving poor young Blake and the Major behind me."

"It is not your fault, Sandy; you would have rescued them and restored them—Hal Blake to Katie Field and the Major to Mrs. Singleton and Sophy and the rest—if you only could."

Sandy shook his head dejectedly.

"I do not know how I am ever to look *her* in the face," he said.

"As if you yourself had got off scot-free!" Maggie cried almost angrily. "You are far from the lad you went out. You may have gained a knowledge of wounds and of treating them, but you are thrown back in your college course, for father says you must not dream of working this term; you cannot go in for your degree till next session. One of the worst things about these malarial fevers is that they are apt to return, and have to be guarded against. Though the poison will wear itself out in time, you may not be rid of every grain and quite the man you were entitled to be, after such a bad bout as you had, till you are middle-aged. Think of that for your share of the penalty of the war. Who on earth would be so unfair and unkind as to hold you responsible for what the Vicar calls 'a dispensation of Providence'—a grievous dispensation but God's will all the same?"

But Sandy would not be convinced. Possibly the weak health to which he had been so little used rendered him morbid when he maintained unreasonably—

"It feels mean of me to be here and them yonder."

"Then do you wish to go back and revenge them?" Maggie was provoked into asking, but he owned that was a very different thing; that would not bring Hal Blake and Major Singleton to life again, it would only plunge other households into mourning, and break more hearts.

Sandy was a little reconciled to the inevitable and reassured, while he was still abashed, when Mrs. Field brought over Katie—like her mother, looking so much older, no longer a girl, grown a woman since he went away—to see him. Mrs. Field kissed him on the forehead and called him through her tears her "poor boy," while Katie, in her tearless pensiveness, begged to hear when he had seen Hal Blake last, how Hal had looked,

what he had said, and devoured greedily every faltering recollection he could recall.

Yet Sandy Somerville would not go to the Bungalow with his story. He did not realise that Sophy was waiting for him, thirsting for what he could tell of the closing days of her father's life, hurt by his delay in coming to her. He would continue to implore Maggie to speak for him in explaining what he had done with her parting gift.

"Sandy wishes me to tell you something, Sophy." Maggie, having walked over to the Bungalow on her mission, herself somewhat overcome by its nature, waylaid Sophy in the garden, and drew her into one of the out-of-date "bowers" which have ceased to figure as elegant, sentimental adjuncts to a garden. "I do not see why he cannot tell you himself—I suppose his nerves have been shaken by his illness and he shrinks from anything agitating."

"That is, he hates a scene—like men in general; but he need not have feared a scene with me; he might have known me well enough for that," said Sophy half sadly, half resentfully.

"I do not know what he fears," declared Maggie. "It is about that cravat you gave him which he thought so much of."

"Oh, dear, what does it signify?" cried Sophy impatiently. "I suppose he lost it, or forgot and left it behind. I never thought he would bring it back, and I am sure I never cared whether he did or not. Don't look hurt, Maggie; he has brought himself back to his father and mother and you and the others, which is the great thing. But to think of lost lives—precious lives—and to reckon the loss of a wretched woollen rag like that!"

"He did not lose it; you are too hasty, Sophy; he gave it away," said Maggie confusedly.

"He was heartily welcome," said Sophy with superb indifference, to hide the least little grain of pique. ("After he made such a foolish fuss about it that I was affronted!" she was telling herself indignantly. "I remember now, but that was when I was a different person in a different world, whose sayings I have had time and reason to forget. What a boy he must be still, after all he has seen and gone through, to be rueful about such a trifle, and to fancy I shall be angry or mortified!")

"It was this way," Maggie was proceeding to relate deliberately. "When Sandy succeeded in getting an exchange with a young doctor in the hospital where he heard Major Singleton was lying, he found your father in one of the chills which alternate with the fever fits in their earlier stages. Having nothing else suitable, he wrapped the cravat about his throat and chest. It was a use to which he knew you would like it to be put. When your father heard it was your work, he was pleased and amused. As long as he was conscious, he would call for his little girl's muffler, and handle it as if the touch reminded him of you. When he was gone, Sandy spread it over him in his coffin; he believed it was the destination you would prefer for it."

"Tell Sandy he was right," said Sophy solemnly. "I am coming round to your house to tell him myself that I could kiss his hands, or go down on my knees to him if he would let me, for this that he did for my dear father."

From that day Sophy took her share with Maggie in nursing Sandy Somerville back to health. She would read to him, play ping-pong with him, coax him the little bit he could walk in the lanes and fields, and find the wild flowers from which he was to give her and Maggie a lesson in botany, retailing for their benefit what had already been part of his medical curriculum. Between his mother and the two girls, no invalid could have been better cared for, better entertained, or more beguiled into forgetfulness of the horrors and sufferings he had left behind.

But by the time summer was over the land, either Sophy's zeal for Sandy's welfare had abated, or a sudden shyness had laid hold of her. She withdrew from her tasks and left him to his mother and Maggie and the young fry who were always running his errands and hovering round him, his bond-slaves in return for a tale of the wars from which he had come. Sophy's intercourse with him would have dwindled into less than its old relations had it not been for the fidelity of friendship and gratitude which brought him still more to the Bungalow when Sophy went no longer, or at comparatively rare intervals, to the Somervilles' house in the village.

When autumn and winter had superseded summer, and Sandy Somerville had resumed his college lectures and was passing his examinations with such solid success that even his father was satisfied, Sandy's position at the Bungalow was established. It was that of the familiar family friend, well-nigh that of the son and brother of the house, who had not lived to fill his place, but had died in his tender infancy. He brought down all the most recent inventions and discoveries which bore on Mrs. Singleton's case of chronic weakness, and tried them for her benefit till she relied on him and clung to him more than to his father. He was as loyal and kindly a brother to Alice and Bea, who adored him, as to his own attached kith and kin. He was much more frequently met abroad with Alice and Bea than with Sophy. But the Fernley public saw through a millstone, and soon it was a generally received opinion that Sandy Somerville and Sophy Singleton were either an engaged couple or were in process of becoming so.

The prudent censors of such engagements shook their heads and said this was certain to be a long affair, to hang off and on

> "Till Phyllis was grey as a raven,
> And Corydon bald as a coot."

When was Sandy Somerville likely to work his way into such a practice as his father could not afford to buy for him, which would enable him to keep a wife? What were Dr. and Mrs. Somerville and Mrs. Singleton thinking of?

But many things come sooner or later to the brave who are also the dutiful and diligent. Dr. Somerville employed some of his leisure in writing a book on a medical subject. It was not a brilliant book, it was somewhat heavy and long-winded, but it was sound as a bell in its facts, and extraordinarily sagacious in its deductions. The book was accepted by the first authorities on the question as a noteworthy addition to medical knowledge and to the literature in which it was expressed. The book, and the high opinions it had called forth, came under the eye of the northern college, in which the author had taken his degree, with great credit, and with confident expectations formed of his future success.

The college did not stop to ask if the success had taken the shape of a huge fashionable practice and the opportunity of acquiring a large fortune. Adopting a loftier standard, the college accepted the book as the final fruit of its son's ability and experience, and shrewdly held it of infinitely greater value to his profession and to humanity in general than the longest record of noble

and wealthy patients, or the biggest deposit in a bank. The chair of medicine happening to be vacant in the college, its influential members petitioned the Crown to secure for it so able a professor as Dr. Somerville. What cared they that he was only a country practitioner of no great moment in his neighbourhood? What else was Jenner, to whom Parliament gave a vote of thanks and a substantial honorarium for laying an arresting hand on what was then the national scourge of small-pox?

The compliment paid to him by his college was one of the few compliments before which Dr. Somerville would bow his high grey head and blush, while he received it, together with its assurance of a modest but sufficient independence, with grateful pride.

When the doctor, his wife and family, with the exception of Sandy, removed to their native heath—Maggie and Sophy swearing eternal friendship and warm sisterly regard, to be fed by endless letters, and an annual exchange of visits—Sandy was left to step into his father's practice, of which some critics would have qualified the worth by the supercilious estimate "a poor thing" though "mine own."

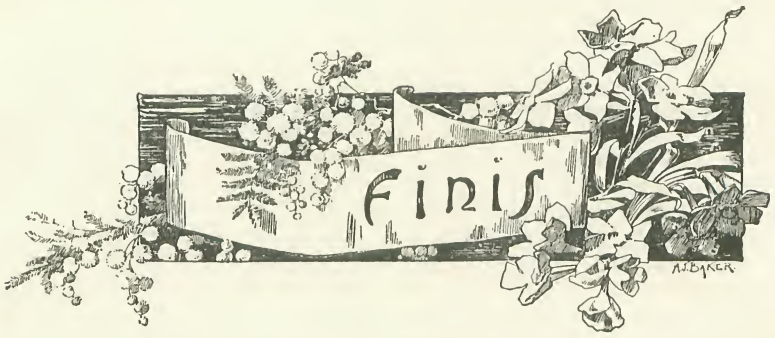
But what was indeed a poor thing for a man who ought to have been of eminence, middle-aged, with a large family to maintain, was not a bad beginning for a young doctor. In addition, the fortunes of the Somervilles seemed about to take a favourable turn. Dr. Sandy did not make his appearance among his future patients a stranger Scot, reserved, perhaps a trifle uncouth and repellent. Sandy was a son of the place, well known to the natives, well liked by those of them whose liking deserved to be prized, and about to connect himself with another Fernley family as much respected as his own. Wonderful tales were told of his adventures and sufferings in South Africa, so that he was not without a halo of romance crowning him, condoning his freckles and casting them into oblivion. His manners were not gruff like his father's, they were friendly and gracious like his mother's and Maggie's. Above all, the late distinction awarded to his father, the being offered a professorship in one of those hard-headed, high-reaching northern colleges—his own old college, moreover, reacted with advantage on Sandy. Fernley people began to have a rueful consciousness that they had undervalued their old doctor and were willing to atone for it to his son.

But Sandy did not occupy his father's old house in the village street, with the old-fashioned surgery and dispensary, in which he had served his apprenticeship, attached to it. It was not Sophy who made any objection to it; what was good enough for the man whom she had accepted for her husband was more than good enough for her. It was Sandy who played the thoughtful, unselfish, tender part of George Knightly in Jane Austen's *Emma*, when he said—

"My dear Sophy, though Alice is a dear, good girl, I think she is hardly fit as yet to take care of your mother and Bea, even with us two no farther off than the village; she would be over-burdened and you would be kept in constant anxiety. They cannot do without you, and I cannot take you from them. In the meantime you must let me plant my staff—my bag of instruments and drugs—here in a corner of the Bungalow. You want a man to look after you all, while you are still 'young and tender,' according to a Biblical expression. I hope your mother will not be disturbed by the night-bell—we must have it so arranged that the sound will not reach her in a deafened room. At least I will be at hand to be house-surgeon and physician."

Sophy fully appreciated his magnanimity and self-sacrifice; for, without doubt, a man of an independent temper prefers a house of his own, in which he can have his wife to himself and can move about without constantly consulting the convenience of others. She was so touched by it that she gave him *carte blanche* to perpetrate any number of jokes on the new "Fernley Matrons' Guild," which he pretended she was burning to institute the moment she donned symbolically the matron's curch.

Maggie's first return visit to Fernley was to grace the symbolic donning of the curch.



IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART X.

JEALOUSY! WHAT IS IT?

"Jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire."—Cant. viii. 6.

"I the Lord thy God am a jealous God."—Exodus xx. 5.

"For I am jealous over you with godly jealousy."—2 Cor. xi. 2.

QUITE a long time ago a dear girl friend in South Africa wrote to tell me that through acting upon the advice given in one of our early Talks, a friendship which was on the verge of being brought to an end had been cemented and the parties to it had become dearer to each other than ever.

The writer added, "There is one subject I wish you had said something about. It is not a nice one, and I suppose you never thought any of your girls could have such a mean trait as jealousy. I have struggled and prayed against it, but it still possesses me. If I see anyone I really like caring more for someone else than for me, the horrid feeling comes across me and makes me miserable. If you could help me to overcome it I should be so glad."

The words I have quoted are only a sample, for many of my girls have regretfully owned to being "of a jealous disposition," but usually the blame for its existence is laid upon others rather than on themselves.

Not infrequently there are complaints that "mother

thinks less of me than she does of the others," or "my sister has taken my friend from me. She was away when we first learned to like and trust each other, but since she left school everything is changed. Everybody cares most for her, and I am nowhere." Then perhaps follows the confession, "I used to reckon so much on my sister coming home, and now I wish she were away again, for I am learning to hate her for robbing me of my friend. I know it is wicked to feel like this towards anybody, much more to one so near to me, but I cannot help it."

Let us to-night try to understand what it is to be jealous, and what the word jealousy really means. The three texts which I have quoted show that it is used in as many different senses in the Bible.

I suppose we are all accustomed to consider jealousy as an evil passion, and yet we can associate nothing but holiness, purity, absolute justice, combined with love and mercy, patience, kindness and long-suffering, with our ideas of God. We are right in this, though the goodness, the greatness, the absolute holiness and perfection of the God we worship are beyond the feeble grasp of finite minds like ours. And yet God Himself declared from Sinai, "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God."

These words are repeated in several places in the Old Testament, but the context always explains their meaning. It tells how God has delivered His people from their oppressors "with a mighty hand and with an outstretched arm." That He fed them with bread from heaven in the desert, and that the barren rock had cleft asunder at His bidding and furnished water "in a dry land where no water was" to be found. In return for unbounded deliverances and blessings, He demands one thing—"Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." "Thou shalt not bow down to them nor serve them, for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God."

The one thing that God demanded then from His people was their love—the whole-hearted service due to Him Who had created them, delivered, sustained and blessed them in every way. You who are well acquainted with your Bibles will not need to be told how often, during their wanderings in the wilderness, the senseless idolatry of the Israelites "provoked Him to jealousy" and brought well-merited punishment on themselves.

Many ages later in the world's history, these words were written by the inspired prophet Isaiah: "Thus saith God the Lord, I am the Lord; that is My name: and My glory will I not give to another, neither My praise to graven images."

Still later on, when Jesus walked the earth in the manhood, the crafty Pharisee came to Him, tempting Him and saying, "Master, which is the great commandment in the law?" Jesus said unto him, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment."

Now, my dear girls, I think you will all understand from the passages quoted what is meant by the word "jealous" as applied to God. That He claimed from His ancient people, and claims from you and me to-day, the supreme love of our hearts, and the service of our lives. That by the lips of Jesus that first and great commandment was confirmed and is binding on us all, as much as it was upon the Jews when first given. The Bible tells us how often God was provoked to jealousy by the idolatry of the Israelites.

How about you and me to-day? We may not have bowed down before graven images, but ought we not individually to ask ourselves some searching questions, such as, "Do I love God supremely and give Him the first place in my heart and my life? Does my love show itself in whole-hearted service? Are heart, soul and mind at one in rendering it, or do I, by a poor spasmodic affection and half-hearted service, dishonour the Christian name and 'provoke the Lord to jealousy'?"

But what is implied in loving God with heart, soul and mind and strength? "He loves God with all his heart who loves nothing in comparison with Him and nothing but in reference to Him; who is ready to give up, do or suffer anything in order to please and glorify Him." "He loves God with all his soul," or rather with his life, who is ready to give up even life for His sake—to be deprived of all rather than dishonour God; who employs life with its comforts and conveniences to glorify God, in, by and through them all.

He loves God "with all his strength" who exerts the best powers of his body and soul in the service of God, who gives time, body, health, ease, for the honour of God, his Divine Master, and employs in His service his goods, talents, power, credit, authority and influence.

He loves God "with all his mind" who applies himself to know God and His holy Will, who receives with submissive gratitude and joy the sacred truths He has revealed to man; who banishes from his memory useless, foolish and dangerous thoughts with every idea that has a tendency to defile his soul. In short, he sees God in all things, thinks of Him at all times, and acknowledges Him in all His ways. Simply and constantly looking unto Jesus, he receives supplies of enlightening and sanctifying grace, and is thus fitted for every good word and work.

What a glorious picture is here given of the life of one who obeys that first great Commandment! Do you ask, "Who can realise it in her own life?" Doubtless it is a difficult task to keep that one command, but would it have been given were obedience impossible? "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect," were the words of Christ, in that wonderful Sermon on the Mount. Again the question suggests itself, "How can we, who are so weak and sinful, resemble our Father in Heaven or fully conform to His will on earth?"

No positive command would have been given to us, especially by our great Pattern, if there were no possibility of its being obeyed. Yet, when we honestly examine our own hearts and lives, can we acknowledge that God occupies the supreme place in them?

If we are honest with ourselves, we shall often have to confess at the close of the day that God has not been in all thoughts. Nay, more. We have hardly thought of Him at all. Our words have been spoken, our doings have been planned and carried out, without even a mental consideration of His will in regard to them.

We turn from such self-examination, dissatisfied and condemned. We are compelled to review our many idols, by which I mean so-called pleasures, occupations, and even our lawful affections. Most of these may be lawful, and even good in themselves, but they ought to take a place secondary to Him Who has said, "Give Me thine heart." In the doing He has had no place, and we have given Him no thought at all.

Are we so superior to those who provoked God to jealousy in the wilderness? With our open Bible, Christian privileges, and living in the full light of Gospel truth, we are too apt to deliberately leave God out of our thoughts and our lives. Do we not provoke Him to jealousy as much as did the wandering Israelites in the wilderness?

There is comfort, however, for those who want to give God the first place in their hearts, who grieve over the poverty of their service, and feel its hopeless imperfections. Our God foresaw our sinfulness, our imperfect love and service, our hopelessness to attain, and our longings after the perfection He commanded.

An old writer tells us that the true translation of the verse "Be ye perfect" includes both a command and a promise, and should be rendered, "Ye shall be therefore perfect—ye shall be filled with the spirit of Him Whose name is mercy, and Whose nature is love."

There is comfort to be found for every troubled soul and satisfaction for every longing one. All that we cannot do has been done for us by Jesus. He has fulfilled the law which we often break. He Who knew no sin was made to be sin, or a sin-offering, for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. God is too just to demand double payment. Christ having paid our debt, we, the real debtors, go free, but not to continue in sin, or to relax our watchfulness over self, or efforts after holiness. As His forgiven children through faith in all that Christ has done and suffered for us, we shall dedicate ourselves anew to

God's service. There will still be temptations to harass us, imperfections to lament, and ever-growing longings after a higher and holier life. But faith will have driven out fear, love will have strengthened faith, and our thankfulness will find vent in renewed efforts to do the will of God.

Believing in Christ's finished work on our behalf, we shall turn from self to Him, and, doing whole-hearted service, we shall no longer think of God as "a jealous God," but as our loving Father-God through Christ.

The words "jealous" and "jealousy" are also used in a totally different sense from that I have been talking about—and a very beautiful and comforting one it is. The prophet Zechariah wrote, "Thus said the Lord of hosts, I am jealous for Jerusalem and for Zion with a great jealousy. And I am very sore displeased with the heathen that are at ease, for I was but a little displeased and they helped forward the affliction."

Do not these words bring before us a lovely picture? God had been but "a little displeased" with His people, and "the heathen who were at ease" had helped forward the affliction of Jerusalem and Zion. God saw fit to punish these for their good, but, when oppressed by the heathen, He pitied them, was jealous for them, and sent word by the mouth of the prophet, "The Lord shall yet comfort Zion and shall yet choose Jerusalem."

You will understand, my dear ones, that jealousy is not merely a one-sided thing. St. Paul wrote the third of our quoted texts and called his jealousy a "godly jealousy." He was tenderly anxious for the purity and faithfulness of the church at Corinth.

You know how in different places Christ is compared to a Bridegroom and the Christian church to a Bride adorned for her husband. This is the figure in the mind of the Apostle when he alludes to his godly jealousy, on account of the young church at Corinth. It is thought too that Paul compared himself to the Shoshabinim among the Hebrews, or to the Harmosyni amongst the Lacedemonians, to whose oversight young girls were committed that they might be guarded from all impurity or contamination, well educated, and fitted for the solemn and sacred duties of wives and mothers. Naturally their charge was an onerous one, and those entrusted to their care were guarded most jealously by their chosen protectors. That is a godly jealousy which is anxious to protect its object against evil, and to elevate the higher nature whilst keeping the body pure from taint of sin.

Mothers may in this way be nobly jealous for the good of their children, and friends on behalf of friends, their object being to preserve from taint by care and watchfulness, to battle on their behalf against evil, and to rejoice with them in all their joys and successes.

Thus far I have not touched on the kind of jealousy which was indicated in the letters of some of my girls, and in which all the writers condemn themselves for having yielded to its baneful influence.

This kind of jealousy is described in the first text I quoted as being "cruel as the grave, and the coals thereof are coals of fire." It manifests itself in various ways, and is instrumental in spoiling some of the dearest relationships. Ever and always it is based on the idea that one whom we love prefers another to ourselves.

I will not here allude to the terrible results which must follow if its poison enters into the mind of husband and wife. But I may fitly warn my girls to be most careful not by word or act of theirs to rouse this passion in the minds of those with whom they look forward to spending their lives in the dearest of all relationships.

There are girls—who has not seen such?—who like to gratify vanity at the cost of pain to true hearts. It matters not to them that their *fiancés* have chosen them out of all the world, given them their honest affection, and count on their future union for life-long happiness. The girls think it nice to show their power and enhance their own value by little intermediate flirtations.

I have heard remarks like these: "It does him"—the *fiancé*—"good to make him a little jealous. I want him to feel that 'there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it,' and to understand that, though we are engaged, he was not the only one I might have had."

The *fiancé* probably knew all this equally well. His own affection being of a high order and his nature a true one, he had rejoiced in believing that he was accepted only because he held the first place in the girl's heart as she did in his. Hence how pitiful and paltry would such methods be in his eyes.

A mean nature would probably retaliate at the cost of humiliation on the girl's part, or a breach would be made between the pair which would end either in total severance or life-long recrimination.

A dear old friend of my own girlish days, who took a great interest in the young and rejoiced in their happy marriages, used to say in a humorous way, "People tell us that it is good to have two strings to our bow. Mind, my dears, you don't twist that old proverb by keeping two beaux in your string. One true heart should be enough for any girl, since she can only give one in return for it. You know how I stand up for you young folks, but if ever I see a girl trying to make the one who loves her and whom she really loves jealous by pretending to favour another, I can tell by the seed she is sowing what sort of a crop she will reap." There is another old saying about "coming to the ground between two stools." It may be her case, and if so, she will deserve no pity. Never play with fire. You may think you can play with jealousy, but don't forget what the grand old Book tells us—"Jealousy is cruel as the grave, the coals thereof are coals of fire." Don't you be the ones to kindle them.

In my girls' letters a feeling is called "jealousy" which would be better described as "envy." I have given you the Bible definitions of jealousy, as the word is variously used, and passages in illustration of them.

"Envy is an evil affection of the heart which makes men grieve and fret at the prosperity of others."

Some illustrations of this definition will go home to the hearts of many of you, dear ones. Rachel envied Leah because she had children, and motherhood was denied to herself. Joseph was envied of his brethren because his father loved him. The Jews envied Paul and Barnabas because they preached Christ. One of Israel's sweet singers, Asaph, in Psalm lxxiii. gives us a vivid picture of his feelings as he "saw the prosperity of the wicked." I would have all of you read that Psalm who have gone through the miserable mental conflicts that you have confided to me.

Now, I want you, my girls, to realise that the "jealous" spirit which torments you is really envy. It is not and never can be a right feeling, and it is one which engenders some of the worst passions of which human nature is capable. More than one of you have acknowledged that you had learned to hate some of your nearest kindred, not because there was anything in them to inspire such a feeling, but because others found them more lovable than yourselves.

I want you all to think what envy leads to. Confessedly hatred of the one preferred before you. Does not hatred invariably give birth to a desire to injure its object? Joseph's brethren hated him because they first envied him, and you know all that followed. It might have been murder and would have been, but for Reuben's intervention.

The beloved Apostle wrote, "He that hateth his brother is in darkness and walketh in darkness." "He that loveth not his brother abideth in death. Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer," that is, the same feeling exists in him that was in Cain, who slew his brother, "because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous."

Are you horrified at the thought that the feeling you have called jealousy, but which is really envy, can produce such terrible fruits? It can produce, and it has produced, such fruits. No sooner does the little seed of envy fructify than it begins to punish the one who cherishes it. It breeds malice and hatred of the very good in others. It pollutes the spirit, alienates us from God, for how can the Spirit of "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance," abide in the heart that is already possessed by feelings of envy, hatred, variance, emulations, strifes, and so on?

I can imagine you shrinking in horror from the picture of

what envy may lead to. You may say to yourselves, "I never wanted really to injure anyone." I believe this, but if you own to hating the one you envy, or say you "are jealous of," depend on it that the desire to injure them is at least lurking within you.

Fight against it, seeking strength from God. Let your minds dwell much on the thought of His love for you, and ask that the Holy Spirit may so fill your hearts that there may be no room for any of the evil thoughts and passions which have tortured you.

It is often a good thing for us to note the qualities in others which attract affection and retain it. These can only be good, for mere external appearance or showy accomplishments may attract admiration, even affection, for a time, but will not be strong enough to retain the latter. Imitate what is good, but ask God to show you by His Spirit how to "covet earnestly the best gifts" and give you power to retain them. Try to draw each day a little nearer in likeness to Christ. Console yourselves with the thought that His love is unfailing, and that, as His disciples, you are bound to drive away every unkind, jealous, or envious thought in regard to your neighbours.

Look at the beautiful picture of what true Christian love is as drawn for us in 1 Cor. xiii.

"Love," wrote a wise thinker, "is properly the image of God in the soul, for 'God is love.' By love we resemble God, and by it alone are we qualified to enjoy heaven, and be one with Him throughout eternity."



A CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING;

OR,

THE POSSIBILITIES OF LIP-READING.

CHAPTER V.

GUSSY reached the lawn breathless.

"We have five minutes to spare," shouted her hostess, coming out of the house to meet her. "So the good news has cheered you, lassie"—for a glance at Gussy showed she felt happier. "You must tell me all about it on our way to church."

Gussy looked up with a smile as they passed through the wicket-gate which led to the small church at the end of the lane.

"He was so kind, I mean Colonel Langley. He told me a lot of things, and I feel happier."

"Yes," said Mrs. Langley, "I am thankful to think what hearing by sight will do to brighten your life."

As they reached the picturesque old churchyard, with its quaint tombs on which lichen and moss had been growing for centuries, the old sexton met them. He was a little doubled-up old man, who had known the Colonel when in arms, and was always proud to have a word from his lady, who never passed him by without a kind remark. The bells were just ceasing to ring as they reached the church and took their seats in the Manor pew in front of the pulpit.

In the solemn hush of the dimly-lighted church Gussy's feelings began to be soothed. The service all seemed to be specially chosen to help her with the struggle of the future. She thought of the dream that had been sent her as a guiding star, and what could be more helpful and inspiring than the beautiful hymn selected by the Vicar for them to sing, as the organ pealed forth its grand notes? She was struck and awed as the music swept through the old church and felt the passion of her unutterable grief begin to subside.

"Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wayward feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thy own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when and where,
Until Thy Blessed Face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share. Amen."

The service ending, Gussy broke the silence of the walk home in the stillness of the quiet evening.

"The future looks brighter; I wonder if I shall be dreaming to-night of all we have been thinking of and planning to-day?"

"Far better, dear, bear out Kingsley's poem, 'Do noble things, not dream them all day long,' or all night long for the matter of that," said Mrs. Langley.

"But what am I to do? I don't know how to set about things, and I'm not a giant of strength."

"My dear, we must each have an undercurrent of faith in our lives; God will give you special strength as He sees best what He would have you do."

As Gussy dozed off to sleep that night—in sinking her trial, what was her duty to God and man?—she heard the far-off voices of the angels singing—

"That we may show forth Thy praise not only with our lips but in our lives."

ISABEL A. POLLOCK.

HOW A GIRL SHOULD DRESS.

By "NORMA."

I AM afraid, my dear girls, that I have nothing very startling to tell you for October, as it is early yet for winter fashions to have "set," but I have gathered a few hints from some of the best West End modistes, who always profess to have this season's fashions, and the next ready for American customers. On one point they seem unanimous, that our sleeves are not to be pouched at the wrist, or at least that the pouching is to be very much



Figure on the left wears a light green box-cloth costume with basques, strapped with slightly darker cloth and brown velvet collar and inner sleeves. The centre figure wears a very smart stitched costume built in deep *tabac* cloth with three blue enamel buttons. The third figure wears a gown of palest grey box-cloth with habit basques and smooth ivory buttons; the collar is of rather deeper grey velvet.

decreased. I cannot help thinking that this prophecy will come true, as the fulness and the pouchiness seem to have reached the exaggerated limit, which means a turn in the tide of fashion. Hint number two is that basques are to be greatly favoured, entirely cutting out the long coat tails which have been with us all summer. These basques are *chic*, and are often three in number, the shortest and top one being very small indeed. They are shaped much like the frills round the bottom of the skirts, and only reach as far as the seams of the front width of the skirt. The reason for their stopping there is because in the smartest skirts the front widths are inserted almost as panels. These saucy little basques are very becoming to slim figures, but stout short-waisted girls should avoid them. Hint number three — ruchings, shirrings and gagings are to be the new trimmings where embroideries are not employed; tucks have had their best day. Shirrings can, of course, only be successfully used on fine materials. A soft green Liberty silk, for instance, or a pale pink voile would be shirred round the hips to form a deep saddle, and again at the knees, where the fulness is allowed to spring out into a deep flounce, and trimmed with narrow cross-cut frills at the edge. The bodice must have a shirred yoke and shoulder caps and shirred wristbands. The old-fashioned ruchings are being used instead of strappings at the top of deep-shaped flounces.

Skirts are not to be plain, which is a pity for those who



Figure on the left wears a dress of chestnut brown cashmere trimmed with shaped bands of darker brown; pelerine collar of ivory lace; vest and puffs of sleeves of pale coral silk. Figure on the right wears dress of pale terra-cotta cloth, pleated panel in front; trimmings of black velvet covered with cream insertion, cream silk vest; felt hat same shade as dress, cream ostrich feathers.

have to make their frocks at home. If they are not ruched round the hips and full flowing all round, they are set into tight-fitting saddles reaching to the point of the hips, and no further in the front than to the front seams. The skirt is sometimes tucked into the saddle, the tucks continuing about four or five inches down the skirt and then allowed to flow; the front width looks like a narrow panel, and has a group of four narrow tucks on each side carried all the way down the skirt. Round the hem of the skirt, as far as the upward tucks which outline the front width, there is a group of tucks just the width of the ones running downwards. On the bodice there are tucks which look exactly as though the tucks on each side of the front width had been carried right up the bodice to the wide lace collar. On the subject of collars, even in winter we are not to be permitted to wear collar bands. Our throats are to be exposed to fogs and winds unless we have furs. It is considered very modish to wear heavy furs over the thinnest and most transparent blouses, and for those who go down to the West End in broughams, as Thackeray said, the idea is charming enough; but for the toilers in a penny 'bus, or for those who ride Shanks's pony, it is rather absurd. For rough tweeds, which will be more than ever fashionable this winter, strappings and rich oriental embroideries will have their modifications, their popularity will not diminish.

It is always difficult, I think, to make a black gown very smart if it is not to be very expensive. I have just seen one which would be more suitable to a young married woman than to a girl. It was made of the inevitable black voile, but it looked as though it were made of silk, for wide bands of silk were stitched on to the voile at each side about one inch apart. As the narrowest silk band was an inch and a half in width, and the widest one, at the foot of the skirt, about three inches, and as they were set on not more than an inch apart, the skirt naturally looked as though it were made of silk, for the bands were continued right up to the waist and only a peep of the voile showed. The skirt fitted the figure round the hips perfectly, just allowing the black silk bands to meet and hook with exquisite exactness. Of course, the skirt was made separate from the foundation. It is, I think, needless to remind you that this is essential with soft materials; they must always be quite free from the foundation slip.

A most difficult material to make up is tartan, and yet how smart it can look and how suitable it is for October wear. French women love all sorts and conditions of tartans, and Americans who visit Edinburgh in the autumn generally purchase a tartan suit to do their tramp abroad. I saw one fair daughter of Jonathan in a dark blue and green plaid with red and white lines strapped with dark blue cloth, and I assure you it was an exquisite gown. In point of style and fit it was perfect, and the way the white and red lines met and matched formed the real trimming of the costume. The skirt was severely plain but for these strappings of the dark blue, which, of course, only came round the skirt as far as the seams of the front width. This idea seems essential to make the front width distinct and very narrow. The bolero coat was pouched and fitted into a shaped stitched belt; the sleeves, which were not too full at the wrist, were set into a tight wristband; the triple collar, which left an open V at the throat, was strapped with dark blue; the bolero fastened up the front as far as the open collar with dark blue horn buttons.

Here is a pretty idea for brightening up a dark blue serge or a dull coloured tweed gown, and one which is absurdly inexpensive. Round a blue serge sailor collar make a lattice-work of blue serge strapping in this way. Make your strapping about one inch wide, cut part of it into pieces of an inch in length, tack these pieces on to your collar about one inch from the edge, not more than an inch and a half apart—upright I mean, of course. Now take the remainder of your strapping and tack it on over the rough ends of the up straps; the outer strapping will come to about an eighth of an inch from the edge of the collar. Now you will have formed a sort of lattice-work very similar to the braiding which we use for inserting our ribbons in our underclothing. Take some vivid green velvet ribbon and thread it through the openings and under the strappings and tie it in two long bows in front where the collar fastens. I saw this idea carried out on a poppy-coloured drill with a black silk ribbon. The lattice-work can be put equally as well round a bolero which has no collar but is cut in a point and low round the neck.

Long coats are to be longer still as the winter advances. You will notice that a fashion seldom lasts only one year; it goes through various modifications for about three seasons with the smart dressers if it is a becoming one, and dies a lingering death in the provinces in its fourth season. Hats made entirely of feathers are to be worn again this winter very much dashed up behind, and stitched cloth hats are among the newest headgear. Little felt hats like curates' wideawakes are just the thing at present for country wear; in black and brown they are picturesque and useful, but for seaside wear and on the water they have been more popular in pale blue and white. On large black felt or straw hats quite the smartest form of trimming is a ruching of bright-coloured ribbon standing up round the crown and one long drooping ostrich feather.

In our artist's sketches for tailor-made costumes we have two charming models with the new long basques and bell sleeves. One of them is made of light green box-cloth strapped with slightly darker cloth, a brown velvet collar and sleeves. The other is built in deep *tabac* cloth with blue enamel buttons. The third gown with the smart coat tails is of the palest grey cloth, smooth ivory buttons, with a collar of rather deeper grey velvet.

In our other illustration the lady holding the croquet mallet wears a gown of chestnut brown cashmere trimmed with shaped bands of darker brown, a pelerine collar of ivory lace. The figure on the left wears a dress of pale terra-cotta cloth with a pleated panel in front, trimmings of black velvet covered with cream insertions, a cream silk vest, and a felt hat the same colour as the dress with ostrich feathers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

QUO VADIS.—There is certainly power in your distressing story of "Only a Baby." It is almost too harrowing for anyone to care to read it. Yet the sketch might find acceptance in one of the temperance journals, for we believe it is not at all an overdrawn picture of the horrors of drink. You must beware of such florid and commonplace comparisons as that of a star to the "watching eyes of ever-guarding angels." It is incorrect to speak of "figures" as anxious to return to their cosy firesides. These are faults of inexperience. We can encourage you to persevere, taking great pains with your style and studying good prose as much as you possibly can.

SNOWDROP.—For full information about emigrating you should apply to the Emigrant's Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W. We can only answer one question at a time, but at any post-office you could obtain details of the stock to be redeemed at a certain date.

PEARL.—We give the following literal translation of your lines—

Comme les flots que les vents chassent,
Et viennent à mes pieds mourir
Tout passe, tout s'efface,
Tout excepté le souvenir.

"As the waves which the winds drive and which flow to perish at my feet, all passes away, all vanishes—all save remembrance only." Here is a free translation—

The gust-driven tide laps idly at my feet,
Flows but to ebb again;
So all earth's joys to nothingness shall fleet,
But memory will remain!

ST. CLAIR.—You will doubtless be able to obtain a copy of Robertson's play from French, 89, Strand. If you write to him, he will send you a catalogue, and will also post you the play on receipt of its price (probably 6d.).

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

ERICA II.—I welcome you heartily to our Circle. I am sorry you have to write, "One so often needs advice in the Christian path, but somehow we don't go to one another for it at home." It says little for the delicacy and good taste of those who praise you to your face for good looks, as if there were any merit in possessing them. These and special talents of any kind are God's good gifts, but the former bring with them the need for watchfulness against vanity, the latter great responsibility as to the right use of them. Only the great Giver can enable you to fight against the temptation in the one case and enable you to turn all your powers to good account for His glory and your neighbour's good. Such a friend as you describe ought to be a great blessing to you, but no outsider can judge whether you bestow extravagant affection upon her. Such a thing is possible and should be guarded against, especially if it comes between you and God's right to the first place in your heart. To your other query "Yes," and I will do my best if you send real name with full address.

MAGPIE.—You are three years too young for acceptance even as a probationer for hospital nursing. Girls of your age are frequently employed as nursery governesses, but the salaries given are often very small. Without knowing you personally, I can neither judge of your fitness for such a position nor of the remuneration to be expected. I wish I could be of more use to you, dear girl.

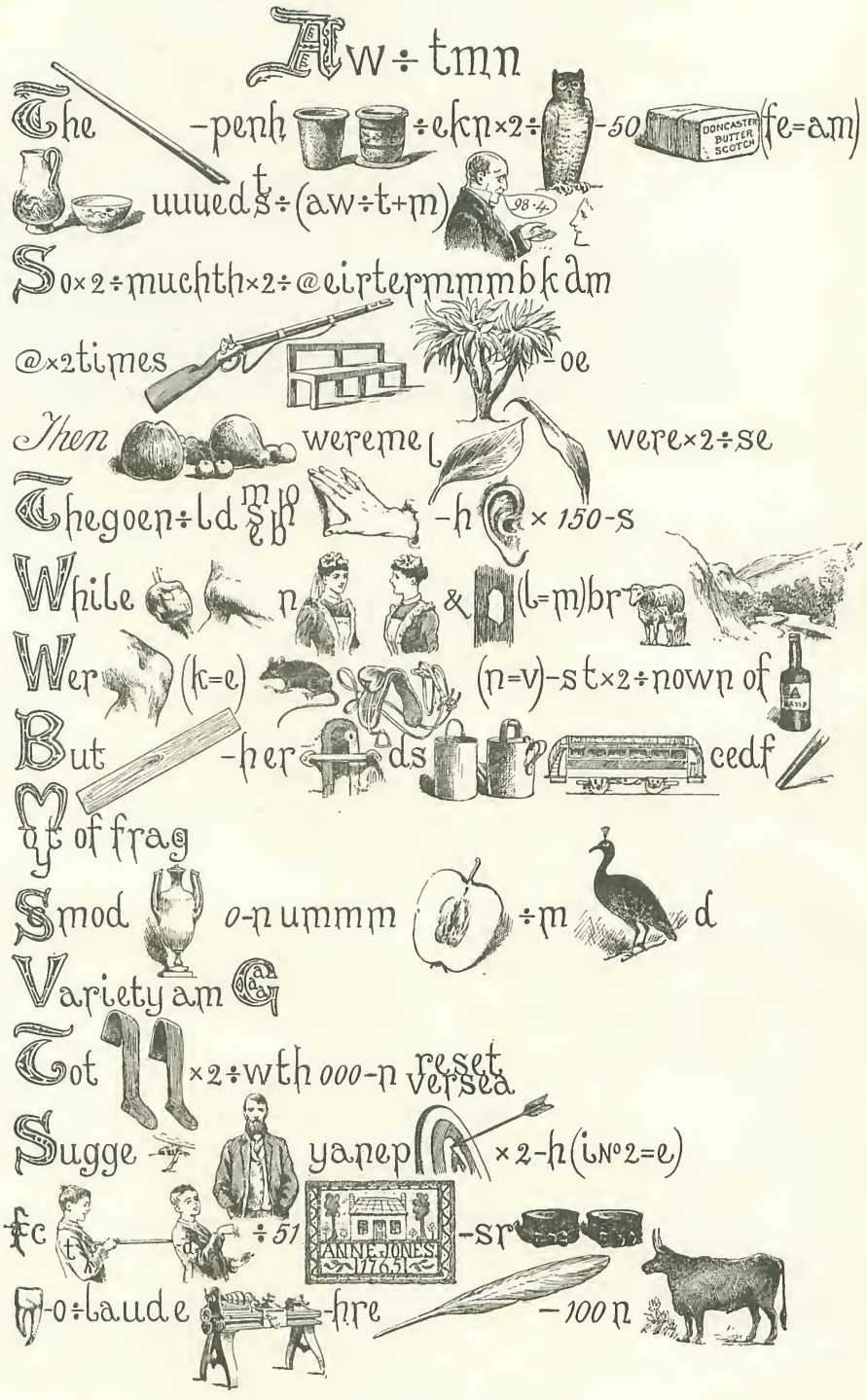
STRIVING EARNESTLY.—It is hard to keep from stumbling in the "narrow way," and the alternate seasons of light and darkness, faith and doubt, joy in believing and sorrow over relapses into besetting sins are well typified by the picture of a traveller stumbling along a rugged road with darkness overhead and no guiding hand to lean on. But the humblest follower of Christ, however doubtful of self, need not doubt his Lord's faithfulness. "Lo, I am with you always," is as much for the humblest disciple of these days as it was for the first chosen few. Be sure of His presence if you truly desire it and ask for it, no matter how rough and dark the way may seem. We always grieve that we have not done more for our loved ones whilst they were spared to us. I welcome you. I will not forget you. I feel that I may encourage you to look forward with hope and confidence to final conquest.

E. A. W.—I had not forgotten you, dear, and I heard lately from the correspondent who has been such a comfort to you. Good news from you both and delightful to read. I do sympathise with your longings for a wider sphere of work for Christ, but my heart was glad when I read, "Though I have always wanted to do more, I must not murmur at the place He has appointed for me." Be sure you will win happiness and reward there, despite its limitations.

A RAGGED ROBIN.—I do not wonder at your sense of loneliness, but after all you have many blessings to thank God for. The "ups and downs" in religious life and feeling are common to older and more advanced Christians than yourself; but in spite of these, the true follower of the Master will show signs of growth, and conquest over temptation will become easier after every effort to do right. Perhaps you could get permission to attend the service you find so helpful occasionally, and then try to prove how good its influence has been by more devoted service and attention to your duties.

YOURS-IN-LOVE.—Very many thanks for the pamphlet so kindly sent.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



NEW CONDITIONS.

The monotony of seeing the same names in the Prize List time after time leads us to impose New Conditions in the interest of the less expert solvers.

The Prizes will all be of the same amount—HALF-A-GUINEA each. Twelve will be awarded for each puzzle, including two for Competitors living abroad. No Competitor will be allowed to take more than one of these Prizes during the year; so that for each puzzle we shall have an entirely fresh list of Prize-winners.

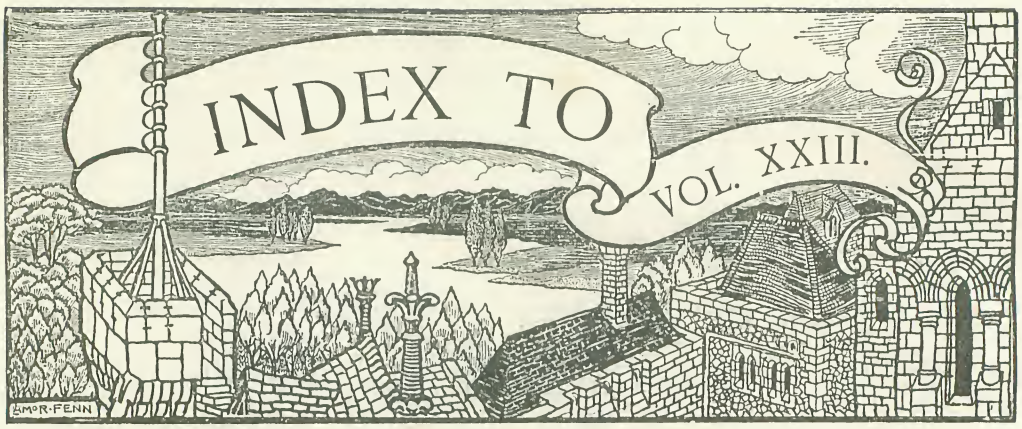
Two Special Prizes, TWO GUINEAS and ONE GUINEA, will be awarded at the end of the year to the two solvers, whether previous winners or not, who have secured the highest number of marks during the year. This condition is framed to induce the expert solvers to persevere after they are debarred from winning one of the monthly prizes.

Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only, and to be headed with the name and address of the sender.

Solutions must be addressed to The Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.

The last day for receiving solutions from the United Kingdom will be November 17th, 1902; from Abroad, January 16th, 1903.

This Competition is open to all, irrespective of sex or age.



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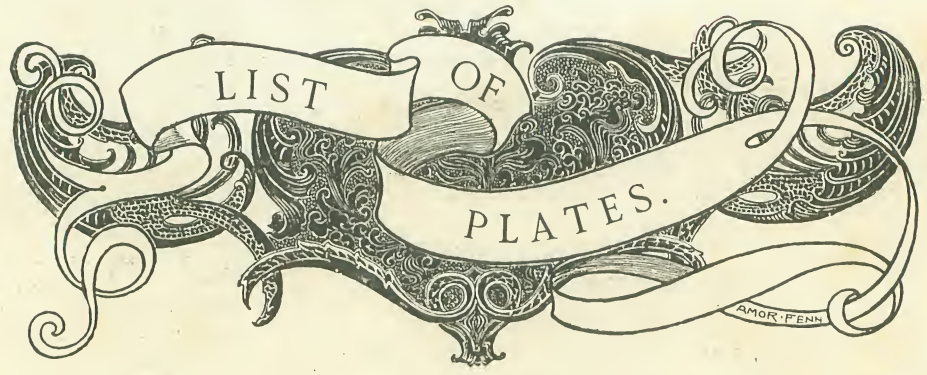
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